Photo by] [MESSRS. ANDERSON.

PAUL IV.

in S. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

LANDMARKS IN PAPAL HISTORY

BY FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND AND ENLARGED GERMAN EDITION, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, BY

R. W. SETON-WATSON

Author of

"MAXIMILIAN I"

Fructus mundi ruina.—POPE GREGORY I

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TO

MY GRANDFATHER

GEORGE SETON

ON HIS

EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

THIS translation was planned and commenced more than a year ago; but private reasons have long delayed alike its completion and publication. A sad chance has now placed its subject among the topics of the day; and the present volume will appear at a time when the Catholic world still mourns the loss of its venerable head, even amid the ceremonies which usher in his successor. Once more all eyes have turned towards the Eternal City; and few will dispute the fact that even in these latter days the main currents of history still surge around her walls.

Among the movements at the close of the nineteenth century, which will occupy the attention of the future historian, certainly one of the most remarkable is the strange revival of the Papal power and *prestige*. The word "strange" has escaped me unawares; and yet, to my mind at least, this singular revival is a natural consequence of the loss of the Temporal Power. To Catholics this opinion of an individual Protestant may seem a mere fanciful presumption, and yet I am convinced that we have here only one more fulfilment of the old words, "Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon." The Papacy has been forced,

very much against its will, to relinquish many of the tasks which it had formerly taken upon itself to achieve; and it is now reaping the consequences of this unwilling sacrifice, in the heightened respect and consideration which it enjoys in the world at large. Freed from the incubus of Matilda's fatal legacy, the Papal dynasty has seemed to gain a new lease of life, and this is typified in the long reigns of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. One further cause may fairly be assigned —the saintly personality of Leo XIII., which has ever compelled the respect and admiration of all, even of those most opposed to him in matters of dogma or of ritual. Among his many services to the Roman Church, special attention may be called to his wider and more intelligent outlook upon the facts of Science, the discoveries of Biblical research, and the propaganda of modern Socialism. One of the last actions of his Pontificate was to appoint a Commission to inquire into exegesis and the "Higher Criticism"; while every historian and reader of history must be grateful for the enlightened and generous act by which he threw open the secret Archives of the Vatican. Unlike his predecessor, he believed in the liberating power of Truth, and held with Pertz, that "the best defence of the Popes is the unveiling of their being."

The name of Gregorovius will live by his "History of Rome in the Middle Ages"—combining as it does historic accuracy and judgment with true poetic feeling and brilliancy of description. It has been called "a succession of historical paintings instinct with descriptive power, a series of portraits of Popes, heroes, and women." But if this be a fair estimate, then assuredly we have not far to seek for the original

groundwork. The germ of his "History" lies in the brilliant sketches of successive Popes in his "Tombs of the Popes." No apology is necessary for introducing it to the notice of English readers; the only wonder is that it has been left for the present translator.

I have preferred not to follow the example of the French version, which omits Gregorovius' introductory remarks. More than one of its phrases betrays the religious views of the author; but to omit it would be to suppress the clue to a most interesting personality, and to run counter to his own strong inclinations (see "Römische Tagebücher," p. 36). Living at the threshold of a new era alike for his own Fatherland and for Italy his foster-mother—surrounded by the ideas and the monuments of the Middle Ages, yet dowered with the spirit of Kant and of Luther—Gregorovius read Change and Decay upon every page of history. Standing amid the ruins of the Temporal Power, he could not believe that, during the centuries which must elapse before

> "that one far-off Divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves,"

the Papacy, alone of all earthly institutions, would resist the gnawing tooth of time. And yet, as he wrote, the prophetic notes of Macaulay's famous sentence re-echoed in his ear. Eternal Rome, ever glorious in her inconsistency, once more cast her glamour upon him, and he closed his essay with Bede's immortal words, "Quando cadet Roma, cadet et Mundus."

In his dedication to Clemens August Alertz (one of the dearest of his Roman friends) he explains the

idea upon which this outline of Papal history is based. It is sufficiently original to be quoted here—

"To the lover of history nothing is more agreeable and stimulating than to give form and feature to the past by the contemplation of her monuments. In this way History herself grows living as a portrait. In our own days she is slowly but surely rising in her strength above the other Sciences, and at the same time with transfigured countenance. Her documents, explored and examined more lovingly than ever before —in other words, the living representation of her scenes and her monuments—are laying the foundation of a new epoch in the cultivation of the Sciences. This is the sense in which the author would have his present study on the Papal monuments regarded.

"Its plan was conceived some years ago in St. Peter's, where one day the sight of Paul III.'s statue filled me with a sense of perplexity. As I gazed upon these mysterious figures grouped around the Church, and solemnly stretching forth their hands in blessing, like a Senate of gods or of guardians of this mighty temple, it struck me that it would surely be profitable to search out the scattered tombs of the Popes, and by their aid to depict the history of the Papacy, as though in a sculptor's relief.

"Many were the hours that I devoted to this study; and indeed, singular as it was, it was a typically Roman task, since in Rome more than in any other city of the world, Research follows closely in the footprints of Death. And in no other spot upon this globe is the human heart so frequently oppressed by the spirit of melancholy, as at the feet of Roma Immortalis, who still stands there amid the ruins of

centuries, beautiful and sorrowing, the mangled Nemesis of history, still holding in her hand the roll on which the fates of the nations are inscribed. These hours of labour I do not feel that I have spent in vain; and I have sought to free my spirit from the shadow of the dead, by laying this offering before their shrine." "To me," he tells us, "The 'Tombs of the Popes' have served as a compass for my larger work; and I regard the essay as in some sense a vestibule, within which I have fitted up, for my own edification and as a summary of historic eras, the busts, the sarcophagi, and the monuments of the Popes."

I am far from satisfied with my translation. My sole apology for its failings lies in the style of the original. Wholly suited to the subject with which it deals, it seems hewn from the solid marble, and reminds one, in its rugged yet concise and vivid lines, of Michael Angelo, to whose "Moses" it devotes a striking paragraph.

In one instance only have I departed from the scheme of the original. Gregorovius relegated the Latin epitaphs to an Appendix, and placed in the body of the text his own translations in German hexameters. In spite of his genuine poetic talent, these latter form the one weak point of the essay, and do not encourage me to venture upon a poetical version. I have therefore placed the Latin in the text, giving the translations in footnotes. More than one of these epitaphs is obscure and barbarous, and in such cases (see pp. 30, 52, 68) I have followed the reading given by Gregorovius in his German translation.

In the choice of illustrations, I have endeavoured to steer a middle course between the purely historical and the purely artistic points of view. Gregorovius

naturally lays most stress on the former of these. A good example of this is to be found in his attitude towards the exquisite tomb of Benedict XI. at Perugia, which he virtually ignores, because of that Pope's comparative insignificance. From the fact that Gregorovius gives the Cathedral as Benedict's place of interment—instead of S. Domenico, as it should be—one cannot but suspect that when this essay was written he was as yet unfamiliar with Perugia, and that the error escaped his notice in a subsequent edition. This tomb, and that of Gregory X., I have reproduced, on the ground of their architectural beauty. Objections may be raised to the omission of the tombs of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., the two mightiest of all the Popes—but, being limited to a definite number, I decided to confine myself to *contemporary* monuments. That in memory of Gregory VII. was only erected in 1573, and that of Innocent III. in 1890, so that they cannot possibly be regarded as characteristic of their own epochs. One further omission may be noticed—the tomb of Leo X. But I was unwilling to insult the memory of that Maecenas of the Papacy, by giving prominence to such an artistic monstrosity as his tomb, and have therefore substituted for it that of Adrian VI., the last foreigner who has occupied the throne of St. Peter—the singular beauty of which offers a striking contrast to his well-known aversion to all forms of Art. The tomb of Paul IV., though utterly devoid of artistic merit, has been thought worthy of insertion in the series, on account of the remarkably vivid description with which it is honoured by Gregorovius. That of Urban VIII. is given as a specimen of the work of Bernini. No lover of art will demand an apology

for the inclusion of three monuments from the hand of Canova; while the figure of Pius IX., "the Priam of the Papacy," is of such universal interest, that his monument could not well be passed over.

R. W. S. W.

August 1, 1903.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MEMOIR OF GREGOROVIUS.

Imagination is as much needed for the historian as the poet.—*Friends in Council.*

To be a great historian, and not a mere chronicler, he must be an artist as well as an artisan.—*Obiter Dicta.*

FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS (whose essay on the Papal tombs is now rendered into English for the first time) was born at Neidenburg, in East Prussia, close to the Polish frontier, on January 19, 1821. His father, whose ancestors for three generations had been Lutheran clergymen, held the post of *Kreis-justizrath*, and was a man of strict and earnest character—a disciplinarian who lived only for his work. His mother, a woman of tall stature and no mean beauty, succumbed to the curse of consumption, when Ferdinand was only ten years old. The chief feature of the little town is an old Castle of the Teutonic Knights; and this owed its restoration mainly to the efforts of Ferdinand's father, who took his family to live within its walls. Thus Romance and History—those two elements

NOTE.—My aim has been to prepare a short summary of Gregorovius' life and ideas, for the benefit of those who have not leisure to read through his interesting but rather bulky "Römische Tagebücher," or even his "Briefe an Hermann von Thile." I have therefore quoted his own words to a somewhat greater degree than the proportions of the essay may seem to justify.

which he has blended with equal charm and skill in all his works—surrounded the future historian from his childhood; and the impression was deepened by the grim scenes which he witnessed as a boy during the Polish Insurrection of 1830. At the gymnasium in Gumbinnen he early displayed a love of history and geography, and indulged these growing tastes by poring over books of travel. In 1833 his romantic tendencies received a fresh stimulus from the example of an elder brother, who took service under the Bavarian Otto, when he accepted the throne of Greece. In 1838 he went to the University of Königsberg, and, in accordance with his father's wish, applied himself to theology. But the study proved uncongenial, and although he passed his first public examination, and even preached on more than one occasion, he soon abandoned all thoughts of making the Church his profession. As the youngest of eight children, he could not rely upon much support from his father, who was a man of small means. Thrown largely upon his own resources, he supported himself for several years by private teaching, and graduated in the Philosophical faculty, with a dissertation on "The Neo-Platonists and their Conception of the Beautiful." Between 1845 and 1851 he wrote many lyrics of his own, and plunged eagerly into Italian literature, studying the "Divine Comedy" with more than ordinary enthusiasm. His thoughts were turning more and more towards Roman History; but as yet his eyes rested on the Rome of the Caesars, not the Rome of the Popes. In 1848 he completed a sketch of the Emperor Hadrian; but the events of that wild year of revolution rendered publication impossible, and it

did not appear in print until 1851. In this latter year he published a drama entitled "The Death of Tiberius," and it was doubtless his interest in this problematic figure of ancient history that first attracted him towards Capri. Like many another German man of letters, he has celebrated the praises of the fairy island, and few can resist the charm of his description.

His enthusiasm for the ideas of 1848, and his deep sympathy for the downtrodden Poles, led him to publish two essays on "The Idea of Polish Nationality" and "Polish and Magyar Songs." With all his passionate love of Germany and his confident belief in her great future, his was far too cosmopolitan a nature to rest satisfied with the dream of an United Germany. He espoused with almost equal zeal the cause of Italy, Greece and Poland, in their struggles towards the evasive goal of liberty. "I regard the independence of Italy," he wrote, "as a sacred national right, and were every Austrian in Lombardy my own brother, I would still urge on the Italians to drive them out." In one direction, however, he was frankly national in his prejudices—in his aversion to France. Doubtless his intense hatred and contempt for Napoleon III.—a sentiment which he shared with Carlyle—lay at the root of this dislike; certainly it was political rather than racial, for he counted many Frenchmen among his intimate friends. He could not bear that "such a man should reap the glory of freeing a nation," and heartily agreed with his Royalist friend Ampère, that "the just cause of Italy was poisoned by the adventurer Napoleon," so mercilessly branded as *une incapacité méconnue*. And it must in all fairness be admitted

that Gregorovius' dislike was largely justified by subsequent events. His attitude throughout the Italian War of Liberation was that of Laocoon—*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* In the spring of 1859 he records in his Roman Journal: "Napoleon is now deified. If I hold up his past to Italians in their enthusiasm, and draw my conclusions from his position and own necessities, they tell me, 'Should the Devil himself offer us a league, we would accept it, if he could but shake off the Austrian yoke.'" The closing year verified his assertion that Napoleon "did not wish Italy to be free, but only to keep his hold upon the country." The Peace of Villafranca revealed to Europe his double-faced and treacherous attitude. Gregorovius' commentary upon this event is highly characteristic. "That adventurer in the mask of Washington has conquered, and boldly builds up the great cardhouse of his lies before the eyes of Europe, without Truth finding breath enough to blow down the hollow phantom." And again, "Since the Nice-Savoy bargain, in which both sides were equally shameless, I do not parade my Italian sympathies any longer. The complete perversion of all right and all honour is too repellent. Now Mephistopheles rules in the world."

Nor was this the only occasion on which Gregorovius' historical judgment helped him to a sound estimate of contemporary events. Even before the war of 1859 he had called France "a mere whited sepulchre"; and his letters and journals make it quite evident that he at least never really feared the issue of a war between his own fatherland and the Empire of the third Napoleon. Every historian has his national prejudices, like other men.

But Gregorovius, unlike some of his compeers, realized his lack of sympathy with Gallic aspirations, and had the wisdom always to avoid France in his choice of a subject.

It was not until the year 1852 that his somewhat scanty means permitted him to cross the Alps, and to reach the Eternal City, the dream of all his early life. On his way a happy inspiration—the longing to "see an island" for the first time—led him to Corsica, whose beauties and romance he has celebrated in a delightful volume of travel pictures.[1] Leaving home as he did under a cloud of personal sorrow and bereavement, he found his salvation here. "Corsica," he says, "tore me away from my griefs; it purified and strengthened my nature; it freed me by offering me work, whose material I had gleaned from nature and from life; and it has set firm ground beneath my feet." The volume on Corsica was soon followed by other travel-sketches from various parts of Italy—sketches which can only be rivalled by those from the pen of John Addington Symonds, who is in many respects the English counterpart of Gregorovius.

In Rome he took up his abode in a tiny room on the highest story of a house near the Pincian Hill, where his window commanded an inspiring view across the Eternal City, and where "he envied no Emperor his Palace." Among the many wonders of Rome, those which appealed most to his imagination were the Ponte Molle, where the great Constantine beheld the heavenly vision of the Labarum—the Church of St. Lorenzo, where so many of the German Emperors

[1] This was translated no fewer than three times into English, and was reviewed by Lord Ellesmere in the "Quarterly Review" of 1854.

were crowned—the House of Rienzi the Tribune, and the vast tomb of Caecilia Metella on the Appian Way.

Gibbon conceived the idea of writing his immortal work, while musing among the ruins of the Capitol. Gregorovius took up the task which Gibbon had originally entertained—the history of Mediaeval Rome; and he too could give "a local habitation" to his dream. In October 1854 he makes the following entry in his Journal: "I intend to write the history of the City of Rome during the Middle Ages. For this work, it seems to me, one really needs a mandate from Jupiter Capitolinus himself. The thought came to me as I stood enraptured at the view of the City, as seen from the island bridge of St. Bartolomeo. I must take in hand something great, which shall impart meaning and substance to my life." For the next few years he devoted himself heart and soul to amassing material for his great work. "The history of Rome," he wrote, "stands above me in my nights like a distant star. Yet should fate only permit me to complete it, no suffering in all the world could be so great, that I would not bear it manfully." "Rome is the daemon with whom I struggle. If I am victorious in the strife—if I can shape this overpowering world-force into an object of penetrating inquiry and artistic treatment, then I too shall be a Triumphator." For many months after his arrival he lived a somewhat secluded life; but as time went on he entered more and more into the life of Rome, making acquaintances among the distinguished men of all nationalities, who found their way to the Eternal City, and never allowing the historian to degenerate into the pedant. Among his intimate

friends during the Roman period of his life, may be mentioned Count Paolo Perez, whose brilliant intellect and literary knowledge were all too soon buried from the world in a convent of the Rosminian Order; Clemens August Alertz, formerly physician to Gregory XVI., who for many years had been behind the scenes at the Vatican, and who generously placed his splendid private library at Gregorovius' disposal; De' Rossi, the great Roman archaeologist; Cornelius, the German painter; Baron von Thile, with whom Gregorovius kept up a life-long correspondence; François Sabatier, who translated into French his essay on the Papal Tombs, the Duke of Sermoneta, head of the great Roman family of Gaetani, whose steady friendship and influence opened to him the doors of many of the Roman archives; Minghetti, the Italian statesman and author of a life of Raphael; Don Luigi Tosti, of Monte Casino, the biographer of Boniface VIII.; Baron von Hübner, the Austrian ambassador and biographer of Sixtus V.; and the historians Giesebrecht, Gervinus and Alfred von Reumont. Among our own countrymen he enjoyed the friendship of the late Lord Acton, with whom he frequently discussed the Roman question; while during his visits to Florence he spent many a pleasant evening at the villa of the Brownings.

It was not till November 1856 that he committed to paper the first words of his history. "After I had put down my pen that afternoon, I went to the Forum. It was raining, but soon cleared. Then in the Colosseum I saw the most noble sunset cloud-effects; a flood of purple shed itself over the ruins of the Palatine, the Amphitheatre stood out in magic

conflagration. I enjoyed a consecrated hour, and returned home bright and happy."

All through the stirring events of 1859-60 Gregorovius worked steadily at his history, the first three volumes of which had ere then issued from Baron Cotta's press at Stuttgart. In the latter year, through the influence of his friend Von Thile, and Baron Bunsen, he received an annual grant of 200 thalers for two years from the Prussian Government, to enable him to pursue his studies in the mediaeval history of the City. This was several times renewed at a later date, and relieved him from much of the anxiety arising from his slight means and unremunerative occupation.

Meanwhile his Journal affords ample proof of his keen interest in every detail of the Italian Revolution. Its pages sparkle with succinct and brilliant summaries of questions of the day, which in a few words bring them into line with incidents of the historic past. Here in Rome, in the Eternal City, he became imbued with a sense of the passing nature of all human things, and it is this feeling which explains more than one passage in his essay on the Papal Tombs.[1] As he looked on at the Feast of Corpus Christi in the Lateran, with all its gorgeous ritual, he "thought of the long centuries whose powers had combined to produce all this, which now stands there as a symbol of mankind. They too will pass away: other temples will arise, and ivy will cling around the ruins of St. John's and St. Peter's, just as now around those of Ninfa." In October 1860 he writes, "The manner in which Piedmont possessed herself of the Papal States, and forced her way into Naples, certainly

[1] See pp. 3-7, 154-6.

recalls the days of Louis XIV. If the Italian Revolution has a great national result, then and only then will it be possible to overlook the means employed." And in November, "Pius IX. finds himself in a labyrinth, whose exit he does not see, and does not even seem to look for. His position, under the treacherous protection of France, which always puts him off, always deceives, always humbles him, fills one with pity. But this soft-hearted romanticist sighs prayers to the Madonna, and in his effeminate features there is no trace of deep feeling, only of lassitude." While the pictures of Mazzini, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were in everybody's hands, Gregorovius recorded in his Journal a brief sentence, which becomes infinitely suggestive when applied to the events passing before his eyes—"I find that in the history of Italy three types continually recur—Machiavelli, Caesar Borgia, and the Condottieri."

"I have no opinion," he writes to his friend Von Thile, "as to the result of this strange revolution, but I have always preferred an eager flowing stream, whose direction I do not know, to a sluggish, stagnant swamp; and to this Italy has gradually sunk. The Papacy, whose great civilizing (*kulturgeschichtliche*) task I marvel at, but must consider almost at an end, seems to me to-day an image of the Colosseum—a great moral ruin, propped up by new but faulty walls. It may still endure for centuries, but its great epoch lies behind it, and the beginning of its ruin dates from our Reformation. The States of the Church may have been a political necessity in the Middle Ages, but nowadays this is no longer the case, when Rome and the Papal throne have ceased

to be the apple of discord for kings and nations. . . . Yet though I sympathize with the Italian movement, Rome under a Monarchy would be unendurable to me, and I do not believe in its realization." Here for once Gregorovius was at fault. His pregnant sentence, "The history of the City of Rome is the drama, often renewed, of the protest of the Individual against the System," did not enable him to forecast the City's future. The glamour of Rome had wrapped him round, and his love for her, despite all her mediaeval anachronisms, blinded him to the possibility of a new birth.

In 1862, during a visit to Munich, Maximilian II. made an effort to retain him in the Bavarian Athens, as one of the brilliant literary côterie which he was then gathering around him. But Gregorovius gratefully yet firmly declined. "I have never been in any man's service. My nature would rebel against it. All I am I owe to myself, and I wish to remain free; this independence is my only good. . . . I have drunk too long at the breasts of the Roman she-wolf, who is also the goddess of Stoic Independence." Much as he admired the kindly King of Bavaria, he could not reconcile himself to being 'one of the show-plants in his literary hot-house'; and, more than all, his work demanded his presence in Rome. On very much the same grounds, when Amari, the distinguished historian, then Italian Minister of Instruction, sent him the Order of SS. Maurizio and Lazaro, he declined it, because he wished to remain free. "I am writing the History of Rome for no other party than that of Truth. I believe, too, that among my many faults and weaknesses vanity does not occupy the first place." In

1865 Giesebrecht sounded him as to whether he might be induced to accept a professorship in Germany. Once more he remained true to his principles, and refused to admit that he was suited for such a position, regarding himself only as "an author who engaged on historical studies without combining with them a practical calling—like many English historians." Here his modesty made him unjust alike to himself and to his English compeers; but the idea which underlies his words is manifest enough.

In spite of the absorbing nature of his great work, Gregorovius found time for other minor undertakings. Besides the first volume of his "Wanderjahre in Italien" (1855), he had published in 1856 a translation of the lyrics of the Sicilian poet, Giovanni Meli, and followed this up with "Euphorion," a charming idyll of Roman life in Pompeii. "The Tombs of the Popes" appeared in 1856, and two further volumes of the "Wanderjahre" in 1860 and 1863, entitled "A Latin Summer" and "Siciliana." These lesser efforts were mainly the product of his annual summer wanderings, when the heat of Rome drove him into the Campagna or across the Alps, and when he seldom returned without visiting some new and unfrequented district of Italy.

During the closing years of the Temporal Dominion, Gregorovius held frequent intercourse with men like Döllinger and Acton, whose attitude was one of loyalty towards the Church, but of active opposition to the Jesuit campaign and the dogma of Papal Infallibility. It was probably this intimacy, to which he owed the strictures of the violent Catholic party in Münster, and which earned him the reputation of

having written anti-Papal articles in the "Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung," the paper to which he had contributed so many of his Italian sketches. As a matter of fact, Gregorovius steadily refused to write upon the subject of the Vatican Council, and politely declined to furnish Döllinger with private contributions as to the march of events in Rome. Indeed his intercourse with the latter did not blind him to the fact that Döllinger was unfitted to be the leader of any religious movement; and in 1872 he wrote as follows: "Without the fire of Faith streaming from the heart, one cannot conceive of a Reformer. Döllinger possesses no single qualification, and the Old Catholic movement is only a trifling upheaval, whose force will expend itself in the lecture-room." His opinion on the celebrated work of "Janus" deserves to be recorded. "This book," he says, "is one of the most violent 'Reformation tracts' which has ever appeared against the Papacy since the days of Occam and Marsiglio of Padua. Luther has scarcely said more than stands written in its pages. Its author distinctly severs himself from the Roman Church."

With each sitting of the Council, feeling in Rome grew more embittered; the extremists of the Vatican were making their supreme effort. Even the noble Montalembert, ever one of the champions of the Catholic faith, was made the victim of their spiteful and ungenerous attacks. A climax was reached, when Strossmayer made a gallant stand against the scurrilous abuse of Protestants, in which certain members of the Council indulged; he was hooted down amid a scene of tumult worthy of the French revolutionary Committees. On March 28, 1870,

Gregorovius was denied access to certain manuscripts in the Vatican Library. In his Diary he has recorded the smile of malice upon the face of the Jesuit father who imparted this unwelcome news. But he felt that he too could wear a smiling face. His great work was now approaching completion; the Jesuits had delayed their blow too long. Not many weeks after, Theiner,[1] the librarian of the Secret Archives, was abruptly dismissed from his post. Wishing one morning to consult some documents, he found to his surprise that his private keys no longer fitted, and that the old locks had been removed. Such was his first intimation of the Papal displeasure—a typically Roman method of procedure. Pius IX. summoned Theiner to his presence, and indulged in a long tirade against him for his disloyalty in supplying Bishop Strossmayer with documents about the Tridentine Council, and in permitting Lord Acton to gain access to the Secret Archives.

Under the strain of these days of party feeling and mutual suspicion, Gregorovius expressed himself in his "Roman Journal" in a manner more than usually forcible:—

"The fanaticism is boundless. We have lost the feeling of security, and after eighteen years of my life in Rome, I feel more of a stranger than on the first day. The air is morally tainted; I loathe the very sight of these old and new idols, and this eternal condition of lies, hypocrisy, and crass superstition. I could almost despair of humanity, not on account

[1] Editor of the "Codex diplomaticus dominii temporalis S. Sedis" and of "Vetera Monumenta Hibernorum atque Scotorum historiam illustrantia."

of the priests—who, after all, must carry on their handiwork—but on account of those who are their slaves." (June 19, 1870.)

On July 4 Gregorovius left Rome for Munich, filled with the presentiment of mighty events in the near future. By the end of the month the thunder-clouds gathering on the far horizon had burst over Europe, and the world stood watching with bated breath, as the great whirlpool of war swept into its vortex the petty schemes and passions of the individual. Historical work was thrown aside, and a feverish expectancy seized upon Gregorovius, as upon so many of his countrymen. Yet his pen was by no means idle. In swift succession he put forth a series of articles bearing on events of the day—"Europe and the Declaration of War"; "Nemesis"; "Italy and the German Nation"; "France's Guilt and Punishment"; "Alsace and Lorraine once more"; "Pavia and Sedan"; "Paris and Rome." His poetic Muse, so long idle, was kindled by the dreadful siege of Strassburg. He paid a visit to the town, when still half in ruins after the bombardment, and composed an open letter to the German people, commending her citizens to their generous care. On October 7, he was a witness of the mighty struggle outside Metz, in which his brother took an honourable part as colonel of artillery (winning the Iron Cross for his brave conduct). It is only at the end of this month, when he had returned once more to his old quarters in Rome, that we find in his diary the first reference to the entrance of the Italian troops and the fall of the Temporal Dominion. So absorbed had he been in the fortunes of his own fatherland.

His attitude towards the great change can best be

realized by some additional extracts from his "Roman Journal":—

"Among the Italians I see only the courage of violent deeds, nowhere the courage of Faith in a great moral ideal. They can demolish; but reconstruction is inconceivable, so long as the nation is lacking in moral strength.

"If self-criticism is a symptom of a new birth of the national sentiment, the Italians are to-day on a good path. They carry this to the length of cynicism; they lay bare the weak points of their nation in the most unsparing fashion. They are unanimous in agreeing that the moral condition of the people offers a contrast to its political achievements. They have acquired a national form, as though over-night, and this form is without substance. They assert this even to the lengths of self-despair. . . . It is a true saying that a political revolution remains fruitless unless a moral revolution goes hand in hand with it. For this, the Italians are wanting in conscience and moral energy.

"The old Rome is perishing. In twenty years' time there will be a new world here. . . . New Rome belongs to the new race: I belong to the old Rome, in whose enchanted stillness my History of the City came into being. . . . Only in it could I have written my work.

"Rome has been a veritable whited sepulchre. . . . Now they are scraping off the rust of centuries, and one realizes for the first time how hideous Rome is, from an architectural point of view. This conversion of the Holy City into a temporal capital forms the reverse of that time when Pagan Rome was converted with equal zeal into a home of the Christian

Priesthood. The monasteries are being turned into bureaus: barred-up convent windows are opened, or new ones are let into the wall. After centuries, sun and air once more find their way into these haunts of monks and nuns. . . . The Middle Ages are blown away, as though by a Tramontana, with all the historic spirit of the past. Yes, this Rome is disenchanted indeed.

"I do not consider the Italians capable of reforming Catholicism, and of freeing themselves, by a spiritual effort, from the idolatrous cult of their Saints and dogmas. But it may well happen that the old Church should die out here in Indifferentism.

"The Papacy is a Latin form, and will cease only with the Latin race itself. If Gervinus had seen the many thousands who streamed to Rome for this festival, he would have altered his views about the endurance of the Papacy. The judgments of Protestants in this direction all err through a false conception of the Latin world, which they do not know, and whose spiritual impulses they estimate by a Teutonic measure. But the Papacy and Catholicism are forms firmly imprinted on the Latin nationality, and in them its life will long continue to express itself."

When Gervinus laid stress on Garibaldi's open hostility to Catholicism, Gregorovius told him that this was nothing new—that the Pope and the priesthood had in all ages been the objects of satire in Italy, and had yet ruled Italy in spite of this. He reminded him of Boccaccio's anecdote of the converted Jew, and told him that the Romans, if they drove out the Pope by one gate, would infallibly call him in at another.

In July 1872 Gregorovius received the flattering

offer, on behalf of the Roman Municipality, to bear the entire cost of the Italian translation of his History of Rome. He was, moreover, the first non-Catholic to be raised to the dignity of "Civis Romanus"—a title on which he set a higher value than on any other honour. And in February, 1874, he received the further distinction of being placed upon the Index. Had this step been taken after the appearance of his first two volumes, his design would have been nipped in the bud; for every library in Rome would have closed its doors upon him. But on January 19, 1871—his fiftieth birthday—he had penned the concluding words of the History of the City of Rome, and could afford to snap his fingers at the tardy, though venomous, onslaught of his enemies. Besides, as he had the penetration to discern, "this dart is launched not so much against me, as against Prussia, where Bismarck, as the priests cry, is like a new Diocletian persecuting Christianity—and perhaps too against the Municipality of Rome, at whose cost my book is being printed at Venice. My work is completed, and is spreading in the world; the Pope is now advertising it for me."

As a kind of afterthought to his History of Rome, he completed in May 1874 a study of "Lucrezia Borgia"—based mainly on the unpublished letters and documents which he had unearthed in the Archives of Rome and Mantua. Objections have been raised to this volume, as being too full of mere conjecture; but this was perhaps inevitable in the case of a subject that is so shrouded in mystery as the history of the Borgia. Certainly none can represent it as lacking in descriptive power or vivid portraiture.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

On July 14, 1874, after a long tour with his brother in Apulia, Gregorovius bade adieu to his lodgings on the Pincian, thus severing a connexion with the Eternal City which had lasted for twenty-two years. His reason for this all-important step may be given in his own words:

"My decision is final, to rejoin my family in Germany. My mission in Rome is ended. I was here an ambassador, in the most modest form, and yet perhaps in a higher sense than diplomatic ministers. I, too, can say what Flavius Blondus said of himself: — 'I created what was not yet there, I cleared up eleven dark centuries of the City, and gave to the Romans the history of their Middle Age. That is my monument here. Now I may depart in peace. . . . Yet it is a tremendous thought that all this inmost and most intimate part of my old self will soon belong to the past. In these days I have often started out of my sleep at night, wakened and tortured by the terrifying thought that my days in Rome are numbered . . . . When I gazed out of my window here in the Gregoriana, which almost bears my name, across the eternal Rome, I saw stretched out before me St. Peter's, the Vatican, Sant' Angelo, the Capitol, so many other monuments. Their shapes imprinted themselves upon the page before me, as I wrote at this table the History of Rome; they inspired and illustrated my work as it grew before me, and breathed into it some of their local colouring and historic personality. And now all this fades phantom-like away, as the day-dreams of Prospero in Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' Roma vale! Haeret vox et singultus intercipiunt verba dictantis."

With these pathetic words Gregorovius' "Roman

Journal" comes to an end, and with it the most important portion of his life. For the next seventeen years his headquarters were at Munich, where he lived with his brother Colonel Gregorovius and their widowed sister. But he was still drawn irresistibly to the City of the Seven Hills, and to Italy, his beloved second fatherland. "After one has lived so long in Rome, and has left on this holy soil the impress of one's joy and sorrow, one's work and hope, a fragment of one's heart remains behind." "'Ut liceat Romæ oblivisci, querendus mihi est aliquis fluvius Lethæus'; as 'Civis Romanus,' I may well take these words from the mouth of Erasmus." Germany and Italy are so fundamentally different in nature, that it is difficult for any solid bridge to exist between them. Gregorovius' life-work was the building of this bridge—raised by so many mediaeval Emperors and a few Italian visionaries—paved with such streams of German blood, and shattered a hundred times by adverse fate. In the years succeeding the occupation of Rome, his services in this cause of mutual understanding steadily acquired more general recognition; for, half-unconsciously it may have been, Gregorovius, in his study of mediaeval Rome, had pointed a moral to the new development of awakened Italy. In his living pages were to be found the answers to many an unsolved problem which the dead past had bequeathed to the present as a legacy of evil—the warning lessons of bitter experience, the encouragements of thwarted yet undying ideals, the bright visions of progress and enlightenment.

At the end of volume viii. he has distinctly stated his reasons for not bringing his "History" down to the present day. In his opinion, Rome after 1527 lay

outside the main currents of universal history, and the Imperial idea rested in oblivion. The Queen of Italy besought him to undertake a history of Savoy; but he declined the difficult task, wishing rather to devote his remaining energies to some strictly German field of inquiry. For some time he amassed material for a history of the Thirty Years' War; but its amount appalled even him, while his artistic feeling was outraged by the barbarism of German literary style in the seventeenth century. The only fruit of these labours was his essays on "Urban VIII. and his Quarrel with Venice," and on Russdorf, the diplomatist and friend of Oxenstierna. A visit to Athens in 1880 diverted his attention to other fields of historic research, and he spent the next eight years in doing for Athens what he had already achieved for Rome. As a precursor to his more important work, he published in 1882 a fascinating study of Athenäis, that daughter of Leontius the pagan Greek philosopher, who left her home in Alexandria to embrace Christianity and mount the Imperial throne as the wife of Theodosius II. His growing popularity as a writer may be estimated from the fact that a first edition of 1,600 copies was exhausted within two days of publication. About the same time he described in a delightful prose idyll his visit to the island of Corfu —"Ein Bild zum Bild, ein Traum zum Traum gereiht; das ist unser Wanderleben." In the Spring of 1882 he carried out a long wished-for tour to Jerusalem, Cairo, Beirut, and Constantinople. His "History of Athens during the Middle Ages" was published in 1889; and the following extract from his Introduction gives us a clear insight into the originality of his standpoint. "I have ever had a strong inclination to make great

historic cities the framework for any examination of the fates of states and nations. In them these fates become plastic and monumental. If cities are the artistic products of the nations, they are at the same time the life-like portraits of the genius of those nations which have produced them. Important cities outlive nations and empires. Many, indeed, which were once renowned, have vanished completely from the earth, but on others at their very foundation daemonic Nature has placed the stamp of eternal duration. The plan of some of them strikes one as a brilliant invention of the human spirit, such as can never more be lost. It is hard to imagine that cities like Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Damascus could ever be deserted. Other peoples will inhabit them in remote ages, and strange world-fates will be fulfilled within their walls; but they themselves, changing and renewing their forms, shall endure so long as the world endureth. Quando cadet Roma, cadet et Mundus. That Athens, too, belongs to the chosen Immortals, she seems already to have proved, when she arose from the ashes of centuries to new historic life."

The "History of Athens" is open to more than one objection. His idea—based on a chronicle discovered by Fallmerayer—that Athens was deserted for centuries during the Slavonic inroads, and that her inhabitants found a refuge on the island of Salamis, has now been exploded; while his vindication of Alaric from the charge of destructiveness is carried to uncritical lengths. Yet once more his literary charm and attractive method of treatment, the brilliant character-sketches and moralizing summaries, atone for its occasional blemishes; while, in view of the

scanty material available for the history of mediaeval Greece, his work is based on far too thorough a study of original documents, to be easily superseded.

Meanwhile, "l'inveterato amor di Roma" drew him yearly back to his old haunts beside the Pincian Hill. But every visit increased his dissatisfaction and sense of loss. He could not endure to see the violent metamorphosis of the Rome which he had known and loved, and he used all the influence in his power to rescue historic sites from the senseless mania for destruction. In 1886 he published an open letter in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" against the speculators and jerry-builders of Rome, thus drawing down upon his head a shower of abusive epithets. During the next few years he received numerous letters from members of the Clerical party, begging him to renew his threnody over vanishing Rome; but his interference had scarcely met with the success which it deserved, and for the future he remained silent. He paid his last visit to the Eternal City in the winter of 1889-90, and was more than ever disgusted by the building epidemic from which the new capital was suffering Above all else, his indignation was roused by the destruction of the Villa Ludovisi, with its noble gardens and cypress-groves.

His last effort was a short but brilliant essay on "The Great Monarchies, or the World-Empires of History." During the Spring of 1891, he was engaged on an episode from the history of the Crusades, when his last illness came upon him. On May 1, 1891, Gregorovius died at Munich from inflammation of the brain—not many months after reaching his seventieth birthday.

Among the great historians of Germany, Gregor-

ovius must be awarded a prominent place. He is well worthy to stand by the side of Ranke and Mommsen, of Hammer and Curtius, of Raumer and Giesebrecht, of Hefele and Neander. But his personality is unique. Unlike his famous contemporaries, he remained, on principle, a literary freelance; and the lasting and honourable recognition which he won, was won in spite of this unassured position. A romanticist and idealist among historians, he offers a striking contrast to the historian of ancient Rome, so terrible in his unsparing realism. Indeed, his methods are far more akin to those of the Catholic historians Janssen and Pastor, who disguise a profusion of facts beneath an appeal to the reader's imagination. His temperament was as much that of the artist and the poet as of the historian; and those who support the paradox that history is one of the least of a historian's requirements, would regard him with greater favour than many of his countrymen. His Italian sketches, the idyll of "Euphorion," the posthumous volume of his poetry, and, not least of all, his essay on the Papal Tombs, prove how liberally the elements were mixed in him.

Gregorovius is the natural enemy of those stern pedants who frown upon an attractive style, and who, thanks to their foolish renunciation, have bequeathed so many musty volumes to the top shelves of posterity. He recognized as fully as Macaulay or Froude, that history, if it is to appeal to the masses, must throw off the dull garb and mannerisms of the study, that the historian must also be a man of the world, not making accuracy his solitary aim. History must not be mere dates of battles and articles of treaties. Her loom must weave the threads of life in all its gorgeous

variety, and not rest content with the endless drudgery of facts. Gregorovius had little sympathy with the anatomical school of history, where the corpse of unhappy Clio is dissected by callous and unflinching hands. He would have agreed with our own Savage Landor, that "history, when she has lost her muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name." This attitude naturally resulted in a somewhat tardy and grudging recognition among the professional historians of Germany. "The Professors," as he said, "will not take me into account, because I create in free activity, accept no official post, and *horribile dictu* possess some measure of poetic talent. My eye for beauty of form is to them a mortal offence and the History of the City of Rome has been greeted by the pedants of Germany with silence and a shrug of the shoulders." But his merits as a historian and a writer were far too conspicuous to be affected by academic jealousies; and even before his death his reputation had overcome the assaults of his critics.

In a most unique manner Gregorovious realized the ideal of the Wandering Humanist of the Renaissance. He is the literary descendant of such men as Erasmus and Pirkheimer and Celtes. Above all else, he was cosmopolitan by nature. Yielding to none in his affection for his own country, he had identified himself with the fortunes of Italy and of Rome, until intercourse with the Latin nationalities became a necessity for him. He frankly recognized the curse of Militarism, and deeply mourned the tragic death of Frederick III., whom he had regarded as a possible champion of disarmament. The distant ideal of Universal Peace stood above him in his dreams, even before the vivid

scenes of the great war had burned themselves into his soul. He firmly believed that a time would come, when Europe would no longer decide her quarrels by the sword, and when all the nations would unite in a great and peaceful Federation.

If it be true that the visitor to Rome only finds there what he has brought with him, then assuredly no wiser advice can be given him than to make the acquaintance of Gregorovius. His great work on Rome opens up to its reader a whole world of unimagined and never-failing pleasure and instruction. The dead past and its heroes live once more before us, and amid "the secular dust of Rome" we feel ourselves the heirs of all the ages. All roads lead to the Eternal City, and no guide can equal in charm or penetration the glowing pages of Ferdinand Gregorovius.

R. W. S. W.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

Ut liceat Romae oblivisci, querendus mihi est aliquis fluvius Lethaeus.—ERASMUS

A TIME will come when the Papal monuments will have very much the same importance as have the busts and statues of the Roman Caesars at the present day. There will no longer be any Popes. Religion will have expressed itself in a new form, a form as yet unknown to us; and to mankind under the new dispensation the long line of the historic Papacy will, beyond all doubt, appear a far more marvellous creation than to us who behold it in close perspective.

Is it not the mightiest of all social systems, limitless in its wide embrace?—a democracy permeating every organ of a body devoid of exact political limits, a strictly regulated aristocracy, an absolutism dispensing with the claims of inheritance, absolute, and yet again resting on a democratic basis? In the immeasurable spiritual sphere that embraces, divides and governs heaven and earth, with a policy and a strange phantasy, the mere thought of which dazzles the imagination, the Pope has placed himself as the central point—the Pope, so often but a weak old man. In a trembling hand are laid the thunderbolts of Heaven. Assuredly, after countless ages, men will marvel at these greybeards of St. Peter's as wondrous beings of the past. Some of their monuments will have withstood the onslaughts of time, and before

these old men in their stern majesty of dominion—crowned with the triple tiara and clad in stately flowing robes, with long beards and countenances mild or forbidding, attractive or fanatical, and hands raised on high to bless men or to curse—men will pause in astonishment and exclaim, "These were the Popes, spiritual overlords of the world of their day! How senile and gloomy must that world have been!"

It was, and it was not. From these old men proceeded alike old age and darkness, youth and light; and not a few of them carried a fresher heart than Kings grown old before their time. But truly no man can withhold a feeling of astonishment, as he stands before those priestly forms in St. Peter's, and pictures to himself what stupendous power the unanimous voice of mankind adjudged to these old men for so many centuries in unbroken succession.

It is not enough that they, weak and defenceless as they were, quelled the resistance of warlike princes, humbled and drove them from their thrones: that in anger they bade monarchs wait before their gates, barefoot and in lowly sinner's garb, and in friendship graciously permitted them to serve at meals, or hold their palfrey's bridle.

They rose up from the darkness of the commonplace, not as kings who have been born in the purple, but often reared in poverty and obscurity; yet hereditary kings and emperors have stooped to kiss their feet and owned themselves the vassals of their grace.

But yesterday, they were unheeded and unknown, and to-day they hold the reins of universal history and decide the outcome of whole nations' fates. In the cowl of the beggar or the hermit they mounted the throne of the earth, and the world marvelled not.

Neither family nor nation influenced their choice; Greeks or Syrians, Germans or Spaniards, French, English or Italian—men scarce knew which of these they were, for all nations heeded their command. And as they had acquired the throne all unsuspecting of the call, so too they laid down their office all ignorant of the choice which Fortune's passing fancy might ordain. In the hour of death no one of them knew his successor, and yet their elective kingdom, than none more open to the whims of chance, has proved immoveable as Divine Necessity.

Their pronouncements were the whole world's laws. More terrible than Jehovah Himself, they imposed with a mere word despair and the stillness of death, and spread over wide continents the desolation of the grave.

They could proclaim war and peace, found and dissolve empires. Lands and seas they granted away, though they were not theirs to grant; and they, who possessed nothing, divided among princes still undiscovered coasts, as if this planet were their own. A stroke of their pen across the map of the world prescribed boundaries to nations and to kings.

They set limits to the march of human thought, or permitted progress as to them seemed good. Knowledge they measured out with sparing hand, and freedom yet more grudgingly—thwarting the intellect's rapid expansion by the artificial barriers of a poetic mystery, by playing upon the love and the fear of Man. With these three chains they girt mankind and brought them to kiss their rod of chastisement.

They were masters of the world's conscience. Their power, incorporeal and weaponless, rested solely upon belief and superstition. They ruled in

the realm of spirits with the magic wand of phantasy.

They banished men not only from the earthly, but also from the heavenly Paradise; they hurled men's souls into the abyss of Hell, and then drew them forth again in safety; they pushed their pretensions into the farthest future and the long-vanished past. They had the power to loose and to bind. They gave to men the name of 'Blessed,' raised them up amid the saints of heaven, and sanctioned their miraculous repute. They were the judges of the dead and of the living.

Their whole being was mythical, and their whole Empire, so real and so potent, a veritable poem blending earth and heaven.

What was the origin of this enigmatic power of a weak and mortal man, a power which had never before appeared in history, and which no future age will ever witness?

It is rooted in Monotheism and in their Christian theocracy, which has conceived of mankind as one single Christian republic. In its central point the Pope has placed himself. The nations of Christendom have recognized and honoured him as the salvation-bearing Father of mankind, as Head of the Church Universal, which shall gather all races and all peoples into one family of God. As the human soul holds mastery over the body, so the Pope has drawn the whole organism of mankind, the commune of the world, beneath his sole sway. Nay more, he has made universal in its extension that harmony of being, which the Church embraces and controls. He has blended earth with heaven in an eternal unity, making himself the while God's deputy on earth.

Much then as we may marvel at the political world-

empire of the Romans as a solitary fact of history, it is surely but a sorry dream, when compared with the conception formed by the Roman Pontiff of his own position.

But his mighty mission seems now to be fulfilled. His power has long fallen to decay. The old ideal of a Catholic world-policy received its death-blow at the Reformation, and the Papacy, deprived of its political basis also amid the catastrophes of the present age, preserves but the ruins of its former greatness.

Let us then strive to realize the changeful epochs of its history by the inspection of the Papal monuments.

I

THE reader of this essay must imagine to himself a sort of "Via Appia" of the Papacy, stretching out across all the centuries to our own times. On either side he will perceive monuments rising like those of the ancient Romans beside the Appian Way. Many have perished, others have come down to us in fragments or in ruins; many still stand triumphant over time.

But in this connexion the course of time brought into favour a very different principle from that which had prevailed among the Romans. With the latter it remained architectonic, while with the Christians the plastic element was introduced. The Roman Emperors reared noble mausoleums to receive their own burial-urns; the Roman Popes were for many centuries buried in sarcophagi of very much the same kind, inscribed with suitable epitaphs. But later, as Art arose from barbarism, they added effigies to their mausoleums. They wished to be perpetuated in full personality, and hoped that even after death their marble presence might exercise its influence upon the Church. Many of them became lasting forces in the public worship of the faithful.

To this principle—I mean the desire for commemorating the visible form of the Princes of the Church, for their own glory and for the edification of

the faithful—we owe the long series of historical monuments which have escaped the ravages of time. Compared, however, with what has perished they are not really numerous; for of the 265 Popes, there are scarcely more than sixty tombs in Rome, while in other Italian cities—in Perugia, Viterbo, Florence and Naples, Arezzo, Pisa, Verona and Salerno, Ferrara and Bologna, Recanati, Aquila and Monte Cassino—there are not twenty in all. The Avignon Popes are buried in France; while in Germany Bamberg alone possesses a Papal monument.

The great majority of the Popes are buried in Rome itself, indeed more than 150 are believed to lie in St. Peter's alone; but a large number of their tombs perished during the rebuilding of churches, notably of the old Vatican and Lateran basilicas, with the result that nothing remains of the more ancient monuments save a few inscriptions preserved in writing. It is not till the return of the Popes from Avignon in the fourteenth century that we begin to find the Papal monuments in almost unbroken succession up to the present day. From two distinct points of view they form a continuous history—that of the Papacy, to which they belong, and that of Art, which they reveal.

According to the registers of Papal history, the earliest Bishops of Rome were interred in the Crypt of the Vatican, the traditional site of the tomb of St. Peter himself. This custom lasted, with but few exceptions, until the begining of the third century, after which the Roman Bishops were buried in the Catacombs or cemeteries outside the city gates. Twenty-six of them rest by the side of the Via Consularis. The most saintly repute, however, attached to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus on the

Via Appia, which had originally served as the burial vault of the noble family of the Caecilii. In the year 197 Zephyrinus and Calixtus constructed a vault there, specially for the use of the Popes;[1] but their place of interment was not invariably the same. In the third, fourth and fifth centuries the Bishops were also buried in the Catacombs of Priscilla, Calepodius, Praetextatus, Balbina, Domitilla and elsewhere. In the Catacombs of Priscilla in the year 335 was interred Pope Silvester, in whose time the Emperor Constantine made Christianity the religion of the whole Empire.

After the middle of the fifth century the place generally chosen for their interment was St. Peter's, where its founder, the great Constantine, is believed to have laid to rest, in a bronze sarcophagus, the body of the Prince of the Apostles. Henceforward the Vatican has always been deemed the Holy of Holies of Christian burial. Not only Bishops, but also Roman magnates, consuls and praefects, and even Emperors sought their tomb in the Portico of the Apostle's Church. Honorius was the first Christian Emperor to be buried there.

This tomb of a Caesar, placed so modestly amid those of bishops and other private individuals in the vestibule of a Christian church, not far distant from the splendid and, as yet, uninjured mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, proved how decided was the victory won by Christianity over the ancient religion.

[1] The great Christian archaeologist, De Rossi, of Rome, discovered this Papal vault in the year 1854; since then he has given an entirely fresh interpretation to the scientific history of the Catacombs.

Beside St. Peter's also lay the two wives of Honorius, the sisters Maria and Thermantia, daughters of Stilicho. The tomb of the Empress Maria was accidentally discovered, after an interval of more than a thousand years, on February 4, 1544, during the demolition of the chapel of St. Petronilla in St. Peter's. The daughter of Stilicho, whose imperial marriage had been celebrated by Claudian, the last poet of Pagan Rome, lay in a marble coffin, within a walled arch; her remains were clothed in robes and veil of delicate gold thread, and at her side were found jewels, pearls, gems and numerous ornaments of the most artistic workmanship. It may well have been a portion of her bridal adornments which Claudian has described, and which were placed beside the Empress even in the grave.[1] When this remarkable treasure-trove was handed over to Pope Paul III, he was highly delighted at so unhoped-for a contribution to his building designs at St. Peter's, and ordered these beautiful works of art to be melted down. They yielded forty pounds of pure

[1] *Claudianus de Nuptiis Honorii et Mariae*; a fine poem, addressed in heathen phraseology by a pagan to a Christian Imperial bride (and Maria is indeed a strange name for an Empress of old Rome). Verse 10 is as follows:—

iam munera nuptae
Praeparat: et pulchros Mariae sed luce minores
Eligit ornatus: quicquid venerabilis olim
Livia, divorumque nurus gessere superbae.

Maria was related to Honorius, since her mother Serena was a daughter of the brother of Theodosius, who was likewise called Honorius. The young Emperor was only fourteen when he married Maria; he lived with her ten years, and then upon her death took her sister Thermantia to wife. At the close of his Epithalamium Claudian had sketched, as though prophetically, the fate of Thermantia:

Aurea sic videat similes Thermantia tedas.

gold. So utilitarian, or so beggarly was the age; and yet every bone of an imaginary martyr was carefully scraped up from the Catacombs, and every r agment of a "Blutflasche"[1] consigned to some hallowed spot.

The second, and at the same time the last, Roman Emperor to find his grave in the Galilee of the Vatican, was the nephew of Honorius, Valentinian III., son of the Princess Placidia and husband of that Eudoxia who, but three months after his murder, was carried off prisoner to Africa by Genseric, King of the Vandals. In later centuries we shall find in the same Atrium the graves of three Anglo-Saxon Kings, and a monument of a German Emperor.

From the middle of the fifth century onwards Bishops of Rome have shared this hall with the greatest of the laity, and for this reason it has been named the Portico of the Popes.[2] Many of them were buried in the subterranean vaults, by the side of the Apostle, and were then commemorated by a monument in the atrium of the church. For in those early centuries men were still afraid to set up tombs within the basilica itself, as an action out of keeping with the sacred character of the building. It was only in the porch that the dead were permitted to rest. Hence it came about that up to the seventh century the atrium of Old St. Peter's gradually became filled with Papal monuments. None of these have survived, but we may conclude

[1] A phial containing the blood of a saint or martyr.

[2] Here too was buried the Sicilian Helpis, the first wife of Boethius. The beautiful inscription in distichs has come down to us; it was, perhaps, composed by the unfortunate philosopher himself.

from the graves in the Catacombs that they consisted of simple slabs of stone or marble or of carved sarcophagi; the idea of personal portraiture had not as yet gained ground. Inscriptions in prose or in distichs proclaimed the glory of the deceased.[1]

[1] Though the inscription over Celestine I (422–432) is put forward as the earliest on any Papal tomb, I have preferred to begin the series with the sixth century only, because the earlier inscriptions seemed to me hardly reliable. They are to be found scattered through many works, e.g. in Gruter, Baronius, Galletti, Ciaconius, Papebroch, Torrigius, Giacobbe, in "Roma subterranea," etc. For the Vatican Crypts the principal work of reference is Dionysius and Aemilianus Sarti, "Appendix ad Philippi Laurentii Dionysii opus de Vaticanis Cryptis, Romae 1840," in which the oldest inscriptions copied from a Vatican Codex, and the writing of Petrus Mallius upon the basilica of St. Peter's, are well and systematically arranged.

II

THERE is no Papal monument dating from the eventful fifth century, which saw the ruin of the Roman Empire. Till then the Bishops of Rome possessed no power beyond that of their priestly office, but the fall of the Imperial dignity and the growing misery caused in Italy by the barbarian inroads served to augment their moral influence and reputation.

The greatest Pope of the fifth century was Leo I. (440–461), the founder of the Primacy of the Roman Bishops, the Saviour of Rome as ambassador before the terrible King of the Huns, and the protector of the city during its sack by Genseric the Vandal. His tomb originally stood in the Porch of St. Peter's but it was removed thence in the year 668, and a monument was erected inside the cathedral in memory of the beatified Pope. Leo the Great was the first Pontiff to be thus honoured. His tomb perished; but an altar was dedicated anew to his memory by Clement XI. in 1715, in the chapel of the Madonna Colonna in St. Peter's, and above it has been placed the famous relief of Algardi, which represents Attila shrinking back in terror before Leo and the Apostles Peter and Paul. This legend has been further depicted by Raphael in the Stanza di Eleodoro in the Vatican.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

There is an equal absence of monuments dating from the time when Theodoric and his Goths were masters of Rome and of Italy, or when his gallant successors perished in the dreadful war of annihilation waged by the troops of far Byzantium. The Popes of this Gothic period were buried in the portico of St. Peter's. Among them was the Roman Pelagius I. (555–560), the contemporary of Belisarius aud Narses. The inscription on his tomb has been preserved.

Terrenum corpus claudant haec forte sepulchra,
Nil sancti meritis derogatura viri.
Vivit in arce poli caelesti luce beatus,
Vivit et hic cunctis per pia facta locis:
Surgere judicio certus dextramque tenere
Angelica partem se rapiente manu.
Virtutum numeret titulos ecclesia Dei,
Quos ventura velut saecula ferre queant!
Rector apostolicae fidei veneranda retexit
Dogmata, quae clari constituere patres,
Eloquio curans errorum schismate lapsos,
Ut verum teneant corda placata fidem.
Sacravit multos divina lege ministros,
Nil pretio faciens immaculata manus:
Captivos redimens, miseris succurrere promptus.
Pauperibus nunquam parta negare sibi.
Tristia participans laeti moderator opimus
Alterius gemitus credidit esse suos.

Hic requiescit Pelagius Papa. Qui sedit annos IV.
Menses X. Dies XVIII. Depositus IV. Nonas Martii.[1]

[1] May this sepulchre for ever enclose his earthly remains;
It will ne'er detract from the merits of this holy man.
Now he lives in the heavenly citadel, amid the blessings of eternal light;
And here below too he lives, beloved in all lands for his pious deeds.
Assuredly he will rise at the Judgment and stand upon God's right hand,

There followed days of horror and disaster, when Rome, abandoned to her fate by the Eastern Emperor, found herself hard pressed by the Lombards, and began to grow desolate and depopulated. The Popes were at this time the sole protectors and preservers of the city. Never have they deserved more unstinted praise than during those gloomy centuries of decay, when the ancient capital of the Caesars sank into ruins and barbarism.

One among them has earned a truly immortal renown—Gregory the Great (590–604), a Roman of the old Patrician family of the Anicii. He saved and preserved Rome when sorely pressed by the Lombards, and elevated the Papacy to be the highest moral and spiritual power of the Western world. A church upon the Coelian Hill, where he had once founded a monastery, takes from him the name

Borne up by guardian angels.
May the Church of God tell forth the names of his virtues,
And may future ages bear them ever in their memory!
Director of the Apostolic faith, he set forth its venerable dogmas,
Which illustrious fathers of the Church had established.
His eloquence cured of their errors those who had fallen into schism,
So that their hearts were soothed into the true faith.
Many priests did he consecrate according to the Law Divine;
His unstained hands did nought for gain.
He ransomed the captives, and was ever ready to succour the wretched,
Nor did he ever withhold from the poor the goods allotted to his share.
Partaking in men's sorrows and lavishing joy around,
He felt the groans of others as his own.

Here lies Pope Pelagius, who reigned 4 years 10 months and 18 days.
Laid to rest on the 4th of the Nones of March (A.D. 560).

of San Gregorio super Clivo Scauri. He was buried in the atrium of St. Peter's, but in the year 729 his remains were transferred to the interior of the basilica, where Gregory IV. erected an altar in his honour. His tomb has perished, and his marble effigy in the Vatican Crypt was never a part of the original monument, but served merely as a decoration of the Ciborium of Innocent VIII. Only the inscription has been preserved by Bede and other writers.

Suscipe terra tuo corpus de corpore sumptum,
Reddere quod valeas, vivificante Deo.
Spiritus astra petit: leti nil jura nocebunt,
Cui vitae alterius mors magis ipsa via est.
Pontificis summi hoc clauduntur membra sepulchro,
Qui innumeris semper vivit ubique bonis.
Esuriem dapibus superavit, frigora veste,
Atque animas monitis texit ab hoste sacris.
Implebatque actu, quicquid sermone docebat,
Esset ut exemplum, mystica verba loquens.
Ad Christum Anglos convertit pietate magistra,
Sic fidei acquirens agmina gente nova.
Hic labor, hoc studium, haec tibi cura, hoc pastor agebas,
Ut Domino offerres plurima lucra gregis.
Hisque Dei Consul factus laetare triumphis:
Nam mercedem operum jam sine fine tenes.

Hic requiescit Gregorius I. PP. qui sedit Annos XIII. Menses VI. dies X. Depositus IV. Idus Martii.[1]

[1] Take to thy breast, O earth, the dust which once was part of thine,
To God thou shalt render it back, when God restores its breath.
The spirit seeks the stars; the rites of death shall ne'er harm him
To whom death seemed but the path to another life.
This tomb enshrines the remains of a mighty Pontiff
Whose name all times and lands shall honour for his noble works.

As may be seen from the closing lines, the spirit of this poet of the year 604 still inclined towards antique models.

For many a long year after Gregory the Great, Rome lay submerged beneath the angry waves of barbarism: Science and Art were extinguished, and the City of Augustus and Trajan fell into complete decay. Nothing from this period speaks to us during our wanderings through Rome, save a chance mosaic, gloomy and expressionless, in one of the older churches.

In the course of the seventh and eighth centuries, countless pilgrims from the West and North swarmed to Rome, to receive baptism at the tomb of the Apostle. English Kings, whose country owed its first missionaries to Gregory the Great, offered to St. Peter their crowns and their flowing locks of hair, and received upon the steps of the Vatican the white robe of a novice as their highest reward. Ceadwalla, King of

Hunger he overcame with food, and Cold with raiment;
While by the sacred Scriptures he preserved souls from the enemy.
His actions ever fulfilled what his words had taught;
And he so spake the mystic words of life, as ever to be himself an example.
By his pious fervour he turned the English unto Christ,
Thus adding fresh peoples to the armies of the faith.
Such thy labour, such thy zeal and care, such thy efforts as a shepherd,
That thou might'st offer to the Lord the richest gains of the flock.
Thou wert the Consul of God: rejoice now in thy triumphs!
For the eternal reward of thy deeds is already thine.

Here reposes Pope Gregory I, who reigned 13 years 6 months 10 days.
Laid to rest on the 4th day of the Ides of March.

the West Saxons, Offa, King of the Mercians, and Conrad all found a last resting-place in the atrium of the basilica, close beside the Papal monuments.[1]

We have seen that already in the seventh century the tombs of those Popes who were regarded with special reverence, began to be transferred from the Portico of St. Peter's to the interior of the basilica. The feeling of religious awe which characterized earlier times had vanished, the dead effected an entrance into the sanctuary, and indeed came themselves to be objects of religious veneration. Altars were erected above their remains; and ere long these came to be so deeply revered, that a Pope would often choose his burial-place close to the altar of some canonized predecessor.

None the less, throughout the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, the Portico of St. Peter's continued to be the usual burial-place of the Popes. All the Roman Pontiffs of the seventh century were buried there, with the solitary exception of the luckless Martin I. (649–653) who died in exile in the Crimea. At a later date his remains were brought to Rome and interred in the basilica of S. Martino ai Monti.

The epitaph of another Pope of this century, Boniface IV. (608–615), may still be read in the Vatican Crypt, in common with various other inscriptions rescued from Old St. Peter's. It does not however date from his own age, having been put up by Gregory IV., and afterwards restored by Boniface VIII. It is written in leonine verses, and contains the remarkable statement that Boniface IV. received

[1] The vainglorious epitaph upon Ceadwalla, King of Wessex, who died in Rome in 689, is to be found in Bede and in Baronius.

the Pantheon as a present from the Emperor Phocas, and after cleansing it from the daemons of ancient worship, dedicated it to All Saints.

In the seventh century Rome and the Papacy were subjected by the Greek Emperor, whose Exarch in Ravenna ruled all those provinces of Italy which had not fallen beneath the Lombard sway. It was only under Gregory II. and Gregory III. (715–741), that the Western Church, in consequence of the great Iconoclastic struggle, gradually shook off the yoke of the Byzantines. The dogmatic controversy with the Eastern Empire was transformed into a national Italian uprising, from which the Popes finally emerged as masters of Rome and of the states of the Church. They called in Frankish aid, and, displacing without any show of scruples the legitimate Merovingian dynasty, recognized the family of Pipin as their successors upon the throne of France. The valuable services involved in this recognition were amply rewarded by the extinction of the Lombard power in Italy by Pipin and his still mightier son Charles, by the destruction of the Byzantine Exarchate, and by the momentous concession of a temporal dominion. To-day there are no traces of the tombs of the two Gregorys who began the struggle with Byzantium, nor of Zacharias (741–752), nor of Stephen II. (752–757), who anointed the usurper Pipin and who received from him in 754 the document sanctioning his possession of the Papal States. All these four Popes were buried in St. Peter's.

Close to the altar of Leo I. within St. Peter's stood the tomb of the celebrated Adrian I. (772–795), the friend of Charles the Great, the benefactor and

restorer of the City, the wary priest whose wise rule preserved intact the newly won territory of the Church, beneath the protection of the powerful Frankish King. Charles himself is responsible for Adrian's epitaph, which forms one of the most remarkable monuments of the Papacy, commemorating as it does its union with the great Monarch of the Franks, shortly before the restoration of the Empire. This inscription, upon a slab of black marble, has been let into the wall of the Portico of St. Peter's, and may still be seen there.

Hic pater ecclesiae, Romae decus, inclytus auctor
Hadrianus requiem Papa beatus habet:
Vir cui vita Deus, pietas lex, gloria Christus,
Pastor apostolicus, promptus ad omne bonum:
Nobilis ex magna genitus jam gente parentum,
Sed sacris longe nobilior meritis:
Exornare studens devoto pectore Pastor
Semper ubique suo templa sacrata Deo,
Ecclesias donis populos et dogmate sancto
Imbuit, et cunctis pandit ad astra viam.
Pauperibus largus, nulli pietate secundus,
Et pro plebe sacris pervigil in precibus:
Doctrinis, opibus, muris erexerat arces,
Urbis et orbis honor, inclyta Roma, tuas.
Mors cui nil nocuit, Christi quae morte perempta est,
Janua sed vitae mox melioris erat.
Post patrem lacrymans Carolus haec carmina scripsi,
Tu mihi dulcis amor, te modo plango Pater.
Tu memor esto mei: sequitur te mens mea semper,
Cum Christo teneas regna beata poli.
Te Clerus, Populus magno dilexit amore,
Omnibus unus amor, optime Praesul, eras.
Nomina jungo simul titulis, clarissime, nostra
Hadrianus, Carolus, Rex ego, tuque Pater.
Quisquis legas versus, devoto pectore supplex
Amborum mitis, dic, miserere Deus.
Haec tua nunc teneat requies, carissime, membra,
Cum sanctis anima gaudeat alma Dei.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

Ultima quippe tuas donec tuba clamet in aures,
Principe cum Petro surge videre Deum.
Auditurus eris vocem, scio, judicis almam:
Intra nunc Domini gaudia magna tui.
Tum memor sis tui nati, pater optime, posco,
Cum Patre, dic, natus pergat et iste meus.
O pete Regna, Pater felix, coelestia Christi:
Inde tuum precibus auxiliare gregem.
Dum sol ignicomo rutilus splendescit ab axe,
Laus tua, Sancte Pater, semper in orbe manet.

Sedit Beatae Mem. Hadrianus Papa Annos XXIII.
Mens. X. D. XVII. Obiit VII. Kal. Jan.[1]

[1] Here has Pope Adrian found his rest—the Father of the Church,
The ornament of Rome, the immortal writer.
For him, to live was God: Piety was his Law, his glory, Christ;
He was an apostolic shepherd, ready for every good deed.
He was noble by birth, and sprung from an ancient race;
Yet nobler far by reason of his holy merits.
The devout soul of this good Shepherd burned ever and in all places
To adorn the temples dedicated to God.
He heaped gifts upon the churches, and imbued the people with the sacred dogmas;
To all he opened the narrow way to Heaven.
Generous to the poor, unequalled in piety, and instant in devout prayers for all men,
He was the glory of the City and the World;
By his doctrines, by his treasures, by the walls he built,
He raised thy citadels to honour, O noble Rome!
Death has not harmed him, since Death was conquered by the Saviour's death—
Nay rather, Death has become the gate of a better life.
I, Charles, have writ these lines, in tears over my father.
O my father, my sweet love, for thee I mourn.
O forget me not! My thoughts are ever with thee.
Mayst thou abide with Christ in the blissful realms of Heaven!
Clergy and People alike loved thee with ardent love;
Thou alone wert loved of all, O best of Pontiffs.
Most illustrious of men, I link thy names and titles with my own—
I, Charles the King, thou, Adrian the Pope.
Ye who may chance to read these lines, say, with devout and suppliant heart,
"Have pity upon them both, most merciful God!"

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

May this thy body rest in peace, beloved Father,
And may thy gentle soul joy with the saints of God—
Yea, till the last trump shall sound in thine ears.
Then rise with Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to behold thy God.
Thou wilt hear, I know, thy Judge's clement voice,
"Enter now upon the great joys of thy Lord!"
Then, most loving Father, be mindful, I beseech thee, of thy son!
And say, "Let this my son gain entrance with his father!"
O Blessed Father, seek Christ's heavenly Kingdom,
And thence aid with thy prayers thine earthly flock!
While yet the ruddy sun shines forth from his flaming chariot,
Thy praise, Holy Father, shall never cease on earth.

Pope Adrian, of blessed memory, reigned 23 years 10 months 17 days, and died on the 7th of the Kalends of January.

III

EVER since the eighth century an insatiable lust for power has made the Roman Pontiffs regard Italy as a possible Patrimony of the Church; and it was at the very time of their alliance with Pipin that that most monstrous of all their weapons—the Donation of Constantine—came into existence. It is not, however, to the Roman Emperor, who from motives of policy made Christianity the State religion, but to Charles the Great and his father Pipin that the title of founder of the Temporal Power of the Papacy justly belongs. Against him and not against Constantine should Dante have directed his famous lament upon the evil caused to the Church herself by a bestowal of a worldly dominion.

> Ahi Costantino, di quanto mal fu matre
> Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
> Che da te presè il primo ricco patre.[1]

In the year 800 Charles was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III., and a barbarian monarch mounted the throne of all the Caesars. But this mighty landmark in the history of mankind—the restoration of the Roman Empire—has left no monu-

[1] Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy father gained from thee (*Carey*).

ments in Rome. The tomb of Leo III. has perished. At a later date he was buried in the Vatican in the same grave as his namesakes Leo I., II., and IV. Even the famous mosaic-portrait from the tribune of a Triclinium or refectory built by Leo III. in the Lateran, has only come down to us in the copy which stands to-day in an isolated niche of the chapel Sancta Sanctorum near the Lateran. The figure of Our Lord, of a more than human stature, stands in the midst of His Apostles; on either side of this central group we see another figure of the Saviour handing the keys to St. Peter and the banner to Constantine; while Peter from his throne presents Pope Leo III. with the stole and the Emperor Charles with the banner. The old inscription runs as follows:

Beate Petrus Dona
Vita Leoni PPe Bicto
Ria Carulo Regi Dona.

When we come to Paschal I. (817–824) there is no longer the same dearth of monuments. There still survive three mosaics dating from his reign, in Santa Prassede, in Santa Cecilia and in Santa Maria in Domnica on the Coelian. All three churches were rebuilt by this Pope, and adorned with mosaics, among which his own likeness was included. His portraits, full length and holding a building in his hands, agree in both pictures, and thus give us an undoubtedly genuine likeness of him. This is the more remarkable, since the portraits of the earlier Popes, which adorn the frieze of St. Paul's-without-the-Walls, in unbroken succession from St. Peter downwards, have been invented quite as boldly and arbitrarily as the typical heads of St. Peter and St. Paul and so many other saints of the Church.

By this time the Papal monuments in St. Peter's had grown very numerous, and, instead of being erected in the atrium, were now generally placed in the interior of the Church. Here they stood along the sides of the two aisles, until Pius II. ordered them to be placed in something approaching order, against the right wall of the basilica. But of all the many tombs which St. Peter's contained before its rebuilding under Julius II., only a few dating from the 15th century have survived. The precipitate haste with which Julius II. tore down the ancient basilica was equally fatal to the tombs of his predecessors. The scanty fragments which escaped his ravages were placed in the subterranean crypt of St. Peter's, which is still full of mediaeval sarcophagi and inscriptions.

The sarcophagi are square chests of hewn stone or marble, often devoid of all sculpture on the sides. Above lies the effigy of the Pope, in the austere attitude of death rather than in the milder pose of sleep, which became the common mode of representation in the later sepulchral monuments. His head, crowned by the tiara, rests upon a cushion or pillow, the body is robed in stole and planeta, while the hands are invariably gloved and crossed upon the breast, the left lying above the right; a circular jewel is attached to the left glove, and the finger bears the Papal ring of office. The sarcophagi are simple and unassuming, as was only fitting in days when Art was wholly barbarized, and when no sculptor could have been found to design a sarcophagus of the same merit as that of Junius Bassus. The sculptor's profession being virtually non-existent, it became a very common practice to employ early Christian carved sarcophagi as last resting-places for the Popes. Indeed, they so far

mastered their prejudices as to make use of genuine antique pagan urns, a proceeding which must have caused even more heart-burnings than the conversion of sedilia from the ruins of ancient Baths (Thermi) into episcopal thrones.

The loss of these ancient monuments is a genuine disaster. Not a single tomb has survived from the 9th and 10th centuries, the period at which Rome and Italy alike reached their lowest depths of ruin and degradation, and when the history of the Popes in particular reveals a gloomy picture of turbulent and barbaric depravity. Even the bare catalogue of names suggests a hideous tale—the Counts of Tusculum who ruled the terrorized City; Marozia and Theodora, the shameless women who made and unmade Popes at will; Crescentius, in whose days Sant' Angelo, tomb, prison, and fortress alike, commenced its ghastly history. No other building in the world can boast so many memories of horror—not even the Vatican itself. Side by side they stand, ever bearing an equal part in the grim events of history, neighbour-monuments throughout the Christian centuries.

It was the time, also, of the three Ottos, by whom the fates of Italy and Germany were so indissolubly linked; and the tomb of the Emperor Otto II., who died in the Imperial City on December 7, 983, is the one solitary monument of that age, which still lingers on in Rome. It was only fitting that the ambitious young monarch should find his grave in the City which he had hoped to restore to the position of capital alike of his Empire and of the known world. He was buried in the Galilee of St. Peter's;[1] and till

[1] Otto of Freisingen, Bk. vi. chap. 25—"Ipse vero Otho Secundus

October 20, 1609, his remains lay there undisturbed. But when Paul V. had the atrium of the old basilica removed to make way for the imposing new façade, the Imperial sarcophagus was broken up. When the skeleton was laid bare to view, the Emperor was found to have been a man of but slight stature. The marble coffin in which he lay had once belonged to an ancient Roman, as was proved by half-length figures of a consul and his wife; while the lid, wrought out of splendid porphyry, had been taken from Sant' Angelo, and indeed from the sarcophagus of Hadrian himself. The dead Emperor was robbed of both coffin and lid; the former was employed for a fountain in the Court of the Quirinal Palace, while the latter now serves as a font in St. Peter's. This ancient porphyry was once dewed by the tears of Theophano, the beautiful consort of Otto, who left luxurious Byzantium for the as yet uncultured Court of Germany, and who was so soon to stand a widow by her youthful husband's tomb. The remains of Otto now rest beneath a wide hewn archway overlaid with stucco, in the crypt of the Vatican. In another part of the crypt a mosaic which had once adorned Otto's tomb in St. Peter's has been let into the solid wall; it represents Christ enthroned between the Apostles Peter and Paul. In it St. Peter holds not two but three keys—a strange design, which may perhaps be meant to symbolize the power to bind and to loose, in Heaven, on earth, and in purgatory.

Not far from the grave of Otto stands the sarcophagus of the first Pope of German origin—Gregory

nono Imperii sui anno Romæ moritur et ante Divi Petri Ecclesiam in concha marmorea honorifice humatur."

V.—Bruno (996-999). It was erected by his cousin Otto III. With him the Dark Ages came to an end, and the era of the Hildebrandine Reforms begins to dawn. A fortunate accident has preserved his coffin and its inscription; and its time-worn characters, in barbarous Latin, make the past live once more before us. It was an age full of glory for the German nation, but dismal enough in the history of the Eternal City. On April 29, 998, the castle of Sant' Angelo fell into the power of the young Emperor, and with it Crescentius, the forerunner of Arnold of Brescia and Cola di Rienzo. For this daring Roman, sprung from a noble Latian family, was the first in the long series of patriots who sought to free the city of their fathers from the tyranny alike of Pope and German Emperor. He had succeeded in expelling Gregory V., but Otto III. ere long restored his favourite to power; and the luckless champion of Liberty was beheaded in Sant'Angelo, and his corpse hurled with savage insults from the battlements.[1]

Gregory V. died young, like his kinsmen the Ottos,

[1] Crescentius was buried in the basilica of St. Pancrazio, and on his tomb the sorrowing Romans placed the following inscription

Vermis homo, putredo, cinis, laquearia quaeris,
His aptandus eris sed brevibus gyaris.
Qui tenuit totam feliciter ordine Romam,
His latebris tegitur pauper et exiguus.
Pulcher in aspectu dominus Crescentius et dux
Inclyta progenies quem peperit sobolem.
Tempore sub cuius valuit Tyberinaque tellus,
Ius ad Apostolici valde quieta stetit.
Nam fortuna suos convertit lusibus annos
Et dedit extremum finis habere tetrum.
Sorte sub hac quisquis vitae spiramina carpis.
Da vel huic gemitum, te recolens socium.

after a troubled reign of less than two years and a half; he was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Otto III., who had loved him with youthful enthusiasm and had received from his hands the Imperial crown, had the dead Pope interred close to Gregory the Great, in a white marble sarcophagus, covered with rudely executed reliefs representing scenes from scripture.

Hic quem claudit humus, oculis vultuque decorum,
Papa fuit Quintus nomine Gregorius,
Ante tamen Bruno Francorum regia proles,
Filius Ottonis de genitrice Judith.
Lingua Teutonicus Vuangia doctus in Urbe,
Sed iuvenis cathedram sedit Apostolicam.
Ad binos annos et menses circiter octo,
Ter senos Februo connumerante dies.
Pauperibus dives, per singula sabbata vestes
Divisit, numero cautus Apostolico.
Usus Francisca, vulgari, et voce Latina
Instituit populos eloquio triplici.
Tertius Otto sibi Petri commisit ovile,
Cognatis manibus unctus in imperium.
Exuit et postquam terrenae vincula carnis
Aequivoci dextro sustituit lateri.

Decessit XII Kal. Mai.[1]

[1] He who rests here, of noble eyes and countenance,
Was once called Gregory, fifth of the name.
His early name was Bruno, of the royal Frankish race,
The son of Otto and of Judith his spouse.
A German in speech, he was brought up in the city of Worms;*
He yet mounted the Apostolic throne, when young in years.
(He reigned) two years and almost eight months,
(Dying) when February had numbered thrice six days.
Generous to the poor, each Sunday he gave out vestments among them.
Careful to observe the apostolic number.

* Vangia is Worms. This famous old city has the honour of bearing quite a number of different names—Wormatia, Gormetia, Guarmacia, Borbitomagus, Vangio, Vangiona and Augusta Vangionum.

One more Pope is closely connected with the career of Otto III.—namely Sylvester II., the first Frenchman to fill the Papal See. This was no other than Gerbert, a Benedictine, Archbishop first of Rheims and afterwards of Ravenna—the most intellectual man of his age, unrivalled as a mathematician, an astrologer, and a sophist. On the death of Gregory V., the Emperor, enthralled by Gerbert's learning and genius, raised him to the Papal dignity. Rheims, Ravenna, and Rome were thus the three bishoprics which he successively occupied, and we are told that he composed the following verse with reference to the mysterious letter R, which haunted him through life.

Scandit ab R Gerbertus ad R, post Papa viget R.

Legend has busied herself with his name, and has made of him a powerful magician, the prototype of Faust.[1] His astounding knowledge of mathematics and mechanics—a concrete example of which is still to be seen at Magdeburg, in the shape of Gerbert's astronomical sundial—seemed to the men of his century something superhuman, and in the career of intrigue which led none the less surely to the Papal throne, they fancied that they discerned

Familiar with the vulgar tongue and the French and Latin languages,
His threefold eloquence instructed the peoples.
The third Otto entrusted him with the sheepfold of Peter,
And was anointed to the Empire by his kinsman's hand.
And when he put off the chains of our human flesh,
Otto laid him to rest at his namesake's right hand. †
He died on the 12th day of the Kalends of May.

[1] [See article on Gerbert in "English Historical Review," 1892, by Roland Allen.—Tr.]

† His namesake (aequi vocus) is Gregory I.

the helping hand of the Evil One himself. The well-known chronicle of Martinus Polonus relates this in all the simplicity of conviction. Gerbert, urged on, as it was believed, by ambition and love of power, won first Rheims and then Ravenna by means of bribery, and finally secured the Papacy by the help of the devil, but on the condition that after death his soul should become the possession of him whose cunning had won him such exalted honour. When Gerbert enquired of the Fiend how long he would enjoy the Papal dignity, the Enemy of Mankind replied—"If thou dost not set foot within Jerusalem thou wilt live long." Now it so happened that in the fourth year, the first month, and on the tenth day he celebrated the Holy Office in the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. Here he suddenly bethought him of his destiny and of his coming end; full of repentance, he confessed his errors to the assembled people, exhorting them to beware of ambition and devilish lusts, and to lead a good and holy way of life. He then besought those present to dismember his body after death, according to his deserts, then to place it in a two-wheeled chariot, give free rein to the horses and bury him at the spot to which chance might lead them. The legend goes on to relate, that, at the bidding of Divine Providence, which sought to convince evildoers that a place of pardon lay ever open for them if they did but repent, the horses went of themselves to the Lateran Basilica, and there the corpse was duly interred. The same Martinus asserts that ever since then the Holy Father's approaching death has been foretold by the rattling of bones and the appearance of moisture on the Papal wizard's tomb. This superstition may be

traced to a mistaken rendering of the first distich of Sylvester's epitaph. This ancient inscription is still to be read upon a stone-slab in the Lateran Basilica; but the actual tomb has perished.

Iste locus mundi Sylvestri membra sepulti
Venturo Domino conferet ad sonitum.
Quem dederat mundo celebrem doctissima virgo,
Atque caput mundi culmina Romulea,
Primum Gerbertus meruit Francigena sede
Rhemensis populi Metropolim patriae.
Inde Ravennatis meruit conscendere summum
Ecclesiae regimen nobile, fitque potens.
Post annum Romam mutato nomine sumpsit,
Ut toto Pastor fieret Orbe novus.
Cui nimium placuit sociali mente fidelis,
Obtulit hoc Caesar Tertius Otto sibi.
Tempus uterque comit clara virtute sophiae,
Gaudet et omne seculum, frangitur omne reum
Clavigeri instar erat Caelorum sede potitus,
Terna suffectus cui vice Pastor erat.
Iste vicem Petri postquam suscepit, abegit
Lustrali spatio secula morte sui.
Obriguit mundus discussa pace triumphos
Ecclesiae nutans dedidicit requiem.
Sergius hunc loculum miti pietate sacerdos,
Successorque suus compsit, amore sui.
Quisquis ad hunc tumulum devexa lumina vertes
Omnipotens Domine, dic, miserere sui.

Obiit A. Dominicae Incarnationis MIII. Indictione I.
Mensis Mai Die XII.[1]

[1] This spot will yield up the remains of Sylvester,
When the Lord cometh at the last trump.
This famous man was given to the world by a most learned virgin,
And the seven-hilled city of Romulus, head of all the world.
At first Gerbert was deemed worthy to rule
The metropolis of Rheims, filling a Frankish See,
And later to acquire the chief sway
Over the noble city of Ravenna, thus waxing powerful.
After a year, under an altered name he acquired Rome,
And became the new Shepherd of the world.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

Sylvester, whom one of his successors, Sergius IV., has honoured with a monument, was not the first Pope to be buried in the Lateran. Sergius III. (904-911) rebuilt the ancient basilica of Constantine—the mother-church of Rome and of Christendom, of which every Pope after his consecration takes solemn possession—and for long afterwards it became the practice to bury the Popes there, at first in the vestibule, but afterwards inside the church. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Lateran was the favourite place of burial, perhaps because the Popes generally dwelt there, and still more because the disorders arising from the citizens' republican tendencies confined the Papal authority in Rome to little more than this church and its immediate neighbourhood. St. Peter's on the other hand, was generally in the hands of the Antipope and his party.

He to whom this loyal and friendly mind were all too dear—
Otto, third Caesar of the name—has raised this tomb.
Each of the two sheds lustre on the age by his conspicuous virtue and wisdom;
The whole age rejoiced, and every guilty thing was shattered.
Like the Apostolic Bearer of the Keys, he gained a place in Heaven,
Having thrice been chosen to fill his place on earth.
After filling the See of Peter for the space of five years,
Death carried him into eternity.
The world was stupefied by the loss of its peace,
And, wavering, unlearned its repose and the triumphs of the Church.
Sergius the priest, his successor, has adorned this humble tomb
With gentle piety, and as a sign of love.
Thou who may'st chance to turn thy gaze upon his tomb,
Pronounce the prayer, "Almighty God, have mercy on him!"
He died in the year of our Lord's Incarnation 1003, in the first indiction,
On the twelfth day of the month of May.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

The old tombs of the Lateran have shared the fate of so many others, and with them have perished the monuments of an important period of Roman history The splendid basilica of Sergius was ravaged by fire in the year 1308, and scarcely had it been restored by Clement V., when it became once more a prey to the flames in 1360. The little that may have escaped these conflagrations and the rebuilding under Clement must have perished during the restoration of the Lateran under Urban V. (1362-1370). At the present day only scanty fragments of ancient monuments are to be seen in the cloisters and behind the tribune of the church, the most remarkable being the statues of the Apostles Peter and Paul and the kneeling figure of an unknown Pope.

IV

ON the death of Sylvester II. the Roman Church was plunged once more into deep confusion and anarchy; the Holy See became the object of ferocious party struggles and fell under the sway of the powerful Counts of Tusculum. Indeed there came a day when Rome held three Popes, who fought each other for the tiara. Once again, it was a German King who put an end to such scenes of horror. At the Synod of Sutri the masterful Henry III. dispossessed the three rival Popes—Gregory VI., Benedict IX., and Sylvester III. As Dictator of the Church, he assumed for himself the right of electing a Pope, and imposed his choice upon the faithful. Four German Bishops in succession were raised by him to the Papal throne—Clement II., Damasus II., Leo IX. and Victor II.

Clement II. was crowned Pope at Christmas, 1046, and on the same day placed the Imperial crown upon the brows of Henry and his consort Agnes. Not long after, on October 9, 1047, he died at Pesaro, and his death was commonly ascribed to poison. His body was conveyed to his former bishopric of Bamberg, where a monument was erected in the Cathedral to his memory.[1] He alone of all the Popes

[1] Papebroch gives an illustration of the tomb in the 6th volume of the Bollandists, Month of May, p. 186.

lies buried in Germany; for Benedict V., who had been interred at Hamburg in the year 965, was afterwards brought back to the Eternal City.

Damasus II. only survived his election 23 days, and dying on the 23rd of August at Palestrina, was buried in S. Lorenzo-fuori-le-Mura.

His successor was Leo IX. (1049-1054), an Alsatian named Bruno — a man of eminent talents, the friend of the great Hildebrand, who owed to him the dignity of Cardinal-deacon, a zealous reformer, and an untiring traveller during the whole course of his pontificate in Germany, France and Italy. He was the first Pope to establish an army of his own, and he actually led it in person against Benevento, in order to wrest that city from the Normans, who had recently made good their footing in Southern Italy. At the battle of Civita (June 18, 1053) the warlike sons of Tancred took the Holy Father prisoner, but, wise in their generation, they came fresh from their victory to kneel humbly at his feet, they escorted him to Benevento with every honour, received Apulia in fief from his hands and thus became the vassals of the Roman Church. Thus, though defeated, the Pope returned victorious to Rome; and soon afterwards he died, on April 19, 1054.

He was interred in the Vatican, close to the altar of Gregory I. In the year 1605 his sarcophagus was discovered and placed beneath another altar in St. Peter's. The old incription runs as follows:

Victrix Roma dolet nono viduata Leone,
Ex multis talem non habitura Patrem.[1]

His successors, the German Victor II. and the

[1] "For her ninth Leo mourns victorious Rome,
Many shall fade, ere one like him shall come."

Lorrainer Stephen IX., were interred in Florence. The premature death of Henry III. proved a serious blow to the German Monarchy; for his heir, the luckless Henry IV., was still a mere boy. Hence the Papacy, which the commanding personality of Henry III. had subjected to the Imperial Crown, succeeded by means of a revolution which was at once social, political and hierarchical, not merely in casting off the yoke but even in enthralling the Empire itself. The leadership in this revolution fell to the lot of the high-minded and masterful Cardinal Hildebrand, the greatest Churchman of his age. For several pontificates after that of Stephen IX., all Christendom felt the impact of the mighty struggle. His immediate successor, Nicholas II., made a bold stand against the German King and his pretensions. He is responsible for the famous decree which forever deprived not merely the Roman people and nobility, but even the Emperor, of all share in the Papal elections, and placed the decision unreservedly in the hands of the College of Cardinals. The reigns of these Popes were but a period of transition and preparation; and the powerful Hildebrand, who had used them merely as instruments towards the one great aim of securing freedom and sole supremacy for the Church, at length himself mounted the chair of Peter in the year 1073. The spiritual order he subjected to the Papacy by the firm enforcement of celibacy, the Emperor he combated by disputing his claims of investiture, the turbulent populace of Rome he terrified into submission by the swords of the Normans, whose usurped dominion in Southern Italy was formally sanctioned by the Roman Church, and who became the very bulwark of the Papacy.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

In the bitter quarrel which ensued between the Papacy and the Empire, a bigoted but heroic amazon espoused with her whole soul the cause of Gregory VII. As long as she lived, Matilda defended the Papacy with shield and spear, and, dying, bequeathed her rich inheritance as a fresh nucleus for the expanding states of the Church.

With rash hand Gregory kindled the torch that was to set a whole world aflame, under the spell of hatred and of war. Fearlessly he hurled the thunderbolt of anathema against the loftiest head in Christendom, and at Canossa trod without pity the majesty of the Empire in the dust. After this unequalled humiliation Henry IV. recovered heart; he marched with an army against Rome, occupied St. Peter's, received the Imperial Crown at the hands of an Antipope, and besieged his redoubtable enemy in Sant' Angelo. But Robert Guiscard came to the rescue of the Pope, and carried him off to Salerno, after ravaging the Eternal City with fire and sword.

Gregory VII. died on May 25, 1085, repeating the immortal words, "Because I have loved justice and hated iniquity, I die here in exile!" He was buried by Guiscard in the beautiful city of Salerno.

The tomb has perished, and even its ancient inscription has shared a like fate. In the year 1573 Gregory's remains were discovered, and interred in a chapel of the Cathedral at Salerno, which the celebrated John of Procida had adorned with paintings in the days when he was still a councillor of King Manfred, and when the Sicilian Vespers were as yet an event of the future. Upon the altar above the ashes of Gregory stands his modern bust,

characterless because imaginary; and the inscription is equally inadequate and valueless.[1]

The tomb of Gregory VII. at Salerno is a spot which marks an era and a turning-point in the history of mankind. It stirs up very similar memories to those which greet us when we stand beside Napoleon's grave beneath the golden dome of the Invalides. These two impetuous spirits have shaken the world and overturned its very foundations; the character of each alike was based upon a boundless resolution to lay the world at their feet. Only behind the ambition of Gregory VII. lies concealed a loftier and universal principle, the Church. But unhappily he falsified the Christian ideal of the Church and set the Papacy in its place; and it was reserved for the Reformation to rescue the world from the priestly supremacy which Hildebrand had inaugurated.

That no Pope should ever have thought of transferring the ashes of the mightiest of his predecessors to Rome and of honouring them with a mausoleum in St. Peter's, cannot fail to excite our lively astonishment. So far as we are aware, the idea never occurred to

[1] Before Gregory became Pope, Alphanus of Salerno wrote a hymn in his honour—"Ad Hildebrandum archidiaconum!" It contains the following lines:

Quanta vis anathematis?
Quicquid et Marius pius
Quodque Julius egerant
Maxima nece militum,
Voce tu modica facis.
Roma quid Scipionibus
Caeterisque Quiritibus
Debuit magis quam tibi
Cuius est studiis suae
Nacta via potentiæ.

The hymns of Alphanus are printed in the *Italia sacra* of Ughelli.

Urban VIII., though it would have been entirely in keeping with his character. And yet he erected a monument in St. Peter's to Gregory's staunchest friend, the Countess Matilda. Five hundred years after her death, her remains were privately removed to Rome from the convent of S. Benedetto at Mantua, and consigned to a magnificent monument prepared by Bernini for their reception. As the true heroine of Papal history, Matilda stands, a beautiful maidenly figure, above the carved sarcophagus. In her hands she holds the Papal crown and the keys of St. Peter, as the genius of the hierarchy. The relief below the figure represents the great drama of Canossa. And here we may point out the fact that the two other great champions of Papal dominion were also honoured with monuments in Rome during the reign of Urban VIII. The equestrian statues of Constantine, by Bernini, and of Charles the Great, by Cornacchini, stand at either end of the great vestibule of St. Peter's.

From Salerno we are led still further afield by the great Gregory's successor. Desiderius, who took the name of Victor III. on succeeding to the Papacy (1086–7), lies in the celebrated Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino, of which he was abbot. He loved this monastery, the venerable home of Science in the West, with a far deeper passion than the Papal throne. Sprung from the princely Lombard race of Benevento, Desiderius renounced the world, that he might devote himself to solitude and study. He became a Benedictine, like his friend the poet Alphanus, who belonged to the family of the Lombard Princes of Salerno. This beautiful city was then the home of science and poetry, when, as yet, most of the rest of

Italy lay sunk in the gloom of barbarism. In the year 1077 Robert Guiscard won Salerno from Gisulf, her last Duke; three years later her splendid cathedral was dedicated by him to St. Matthew and adorned with mosaics by Alphanus, the first of her Archbishops. Here this friend of Desiderius interred the fugitive Gregory VII., and was himself buried near him in October 1085. The heroic Robert Guiscard, their common friend, had died in Cephalonia in the same year on July 17, 1085.[1]

At this date Desiderius, or Dauferius, to give him his Lombard name, had already long been Abbot of Monte Cassino. On May 24, 1086, after a whole year's interregnum, the Cardinals forced him to accept the Papal dignity. But on the very fourth day after his election, he fled from Rome and sought refuge in his scholarly seclusion at Monte Cassino. A second time the tiara was pressed upon him—in Capua, on March 21, 1087—and on the 9th of May Victor III. was consecrated in Rome. But even then he returned once more to Monte Cassino, nor would he permit the appointment of another Abbot in his place. From time to time he stopped as Pope in his beloved monastery, round which he seemed to hover longingly like a bird that is driven from its nest. There he suddenly died on September 16, 1087, and was buried in the monastic chapter-house. The fair cloister, in whose gardens Kings and Kings' sons have delved in the garb of monks, was the fitting home of a Pope

[1] Robert Guiscard's haughty epitaph, at Venosa, is given by Baronius:—

Hic terror mundi Guiscardus, Hic expulit Urbe
Quem Ligures, Regem, Roma, Alemannus habet.
Parthus, Arabs, Macedumque phalanx non texit Alexim,
At fuga; sed Venetum, nec fuga, nec pelagus.

who died of longing for the vanished stillness of his cell. The learned Benedictines composed for him an epitaph in the best and chastest Latin :—

Quis fuerim, vel quid, qualis, quantusque doceri,
Si quis forte velit aurea scripta docent.
Stirps mihi Magnatum, Beneventus patria, nomen
Est Desiderius, tuque Casine decus:
Intactam sponsam, matrem, patriamque propinquos
Spernens huc propero, Monachus efficior.
Abbas deinc factus, studui pro tempore totum,
Ut nunc adspicitur, hunc renovare locum.
Interea fueram Romana clarus in Urbe
Presbyter Ecclesiae Petre beatae tuae.
Hoc senis lustris minus anno functus honore,
Victor Apostolicum scando dehinc solium,
Quatuor et semis vix mensibus inde peractis.
Bis sex lustra gerens, mortuus hic tumulor.
Solis virgineo stabat lux ultima signo,
Cum me sol verus hinc tulit ipse Deus.[1]

[1] He who may seek to know, who, what, and how great I have been,
May learn it from these letters of gold.
My lineage was princely: my home was Benevento;
Desiderius was my name, and thou, Monte Casino, my glory.
Leaving in contempt my unwon bride, my mother, my kin and country,
Hither I hastened to don the monkly garb.
Then chosen Abbot, I was ever zealous to restore
The whole convent, as ye behold it now.
Meantime I had grown famous in the City of Rome,
As Presbyter of thy blessed Church, O Peter.
For six lustres save one year, I filled this honourable office,
Then mounted, as Victor, the Apostolic throne.
Scarce four months had passed, and I now rest
In this grave, at the age of twice six lustres.
The sun was already deserting the sign of Virgo,
When God, the true Sun, bore me hence.

V

FROM this date until the close of the twelfth century, the Popes were generally buried in the Lateran, and their tombs perished in the conflagration of the Basilica. It is doubtful whether Urban II. (1088–1099), who preached the first crusade at Clermont, was buried in St. Peter's or in the Lateran. The luckless Paschal II. (1099–1118), whom the Emperor Henry V. cast into prison, that he might win by force the cession of the Papal claims in the question of Investiture, found his last resting-place in the Lateran. His successor Gelasius II. (1118–1119) died a fugitive in the monastery of Cluny, and was buried in the abbey church; while we should search the Lateran in vain for the tomb of Calixtus II. (1119–1124), who closed the struggle of Investiture by the Concordat of Worms, and for those of Honorius II. (1124–1130) and Innocent II. (1130–1143).

Driven from Rome by the Antipope Anacletus, Innocent II., a Roman from Trastevere, found, like his predecessors, an asylum in France, and then once more returned to the City. Here he died on September 23, 1143, while the Roman populace rose valiantly in revolt and restored the Republic upon the ruined Capitol, introducing government by Senators and restricting the Pope to his spiritual office. Innocent II. was interred in the Lateran, in the porphyry sar-

cophagus of the Emperor Hadrian. The Lateran conflagration destroyed this monument; the fragments of its magnificent urn were thrown into the Court, and the Pope's remains were removed to Santa Maria in Trastevere, which Innocent had restored and adorned with mosaics. Pius IX. has dedicated a new tomb in his honour—a simple marble coffin bearing the record of his name.

Unhappily no monuments have survived from that memorable time, when the Popes struggled fiercely with the Roman Republic, then inspired by the vigour of Arnold of Brescia, the famous prophet, heretic and statesman, and when the great Hohenstauffen dynasty first acquired the Imperial dignity. Innocent's four successors—Celestine II., Lucius II., Eugenius III., and Anastasius IV.—after brief and stormy reigns, marked by anathemas and exile, were all buried in the Lateran. Adrian IV., however, who died in 1159, found his last resting-place in St. Peter's, and his sarcophagus is still to be seen there.

Adrian IV. was the only Englishman who has ever mounted the Papal throne. Sprung from the dust, he had begged his bread in youth, and then becoming a monk, rose to the loftiest dignity in the Church solely by force of intellect and strength of will. The mightiest of the Hohenstauffen, Frederick Barbarossa, held the stirrup of the former beggar-boy of St. Alban's, when he came to Rome to receive from Adrian the Imperial crown. On the very day of Frederick's coronation, Arnold of Brescia, sacrificed by the Emperor to his political necessities, was burnt as a heretic by Adrian's orders. The Pope died at Anagni and was buried in Rome; his sarcophagus of Oriental granite still stands in the crypt of the

Vatican. It had once been the coffin of an ancient Roman, as is shown by the skulls of oxen which are carved upon it. The sole inscription is: "Hadrianus Papa IV."

The long rivalry of the Church and the Empire continued under the Hohenstauffen. Alexander III., Cardinal Roland Bandinelli (1159–1181), Adrian's brilliant successor, was the bitter enemy of Frederick Barbarossa. Leagued with the democracy of the powerful Lombard cities, the great Pope, after a stormy reign, issued completely victorious from the struggle. He died on August 30, 1181, in Cività Castellana, and was buried in the Lateran. Here at a later date, Alexander VII. Chigi, his fellow-citizen from Siena, raised a monument in his honour, in the right aisle of the basilica—a monstrous erection from the *barocco* age of art and utterly unworthy of so famous a Pope. His portrait in medallion rests on a cylindrical pedestal of black marble, bearing a long inscription. The quaint monument is richly ornamented, and is supported by columns of alabaster on a base of yellow marble. Far more worthily, and this time with all the pride of the Church Triumphant, has Alexander III. been immortalized in the Sala Regia of the Vatican. Here a fresco painting of Vasari depicts him in the great scene at Venice, seated on the steps of the basilica of S. Marco and placing his foot upon the neck of the Emperor Frederick, who had just concluded peace with the Lombard Republics and the Church. This is, it is true, nothing more than an arrogant clerical legend, according to which the Pope employed the haughty words: "I will tread upon the snake and the basilisk, upon the lion and the dragon." At this the humiliated Emperor is said to have cried

out, "Non tibi sed Petro," on which the Pope responded, "Et mihi et Petro." In any case the story was indeed a telling one in favour of Papal pretensions. The same scene has been more skilfully portrayed by Federigo Zuccari in the Palace of the Doge at Venice.

After the death of Alexander, the Romans drove out his successor, Ubaldo Allucignole, a noble Lucchese, who had taken the name of Lucius III. (1181–1185). Before his election he had been Cardinal Bishop of Ostia. Dying in exile at Verona, he was laid to rest in the Cathedral of that city, in a tomb which bore the following melancholy inscription:

Luci Luca tibi dedit ortum, Pontificatum
Ostia, Papatum Roma, Verona mori.
Immo Verona dedit verum tibi vivere, Roma
Exilium, curas Ostia, Luca mori.

Obitt S. Pater D. D. Lucius Papa III. A. MCLXXXV. Die XXV .[1]

Urban III. (1185–1187), a Milanese of the house of Crivelli, was elected Pope in Verona, but to him too the gates of free Rome remained sternly closed. He died at Ferrara on February 19, 1187, and his tomb still stands in the Cathedral—a handsome sarcophagus resting on four columns. His successor, Gregory VIII., reigned barely two months, and dying at Pisa, was buried in the cathedral there; but his monument was destroyed during the great fire of 1600.

Once more we find two Popes interred in the Lateran, Clement III. and Celestine III., but neither tomb has survived. Indeed no monument is left in

[1] O Lucius, Lucca gave thee birth—Ostia, the purple—
Rome, the Papacy—and Verona, death.
Nay, rather, Verona gave to thee true life—
Rome, exile—Ostia, sorrows—and Lucca, death.

Rome of the fierce struggle of the Papacy with the Hohenstauffen, with the sole exception of the remarkable statue which the Romans had erected upon the Capitol to Charles of Anjou, the conqueror of Naples, after they proclaimed him Senator.

The powerful Innocent III. Conti (1198–1216) has no monument in Rome. This, the greatest of all the Popes, drove the Germans from Italy: granted the Imperial Crown to the Guelf Prince Otto IV.: ere long deprived him of it once more to bestow it on Frederick II., the brilliant and versatile son of Henry VI.: and then found that he had welcomed to his breast the Papacy's most deadly foe. Before him the haughty Philip of France was forced to humble himself; from him the worthless John of England received his crown in fief. He extirpated the Albigensians, he introduced the Inquisition. In his reign the Latin Empire arose in Byzantium. Innocent died in Perugia on July 16, 1216, and was buried in the cathedral. An urn upon a lofty pedestal contains his ashes, together with those of Urban IV. and Martin IV.

Honorius III. Savelli, his successor (1216–1229) is buried in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, beside the altar of the Manger. He was a man of fine character, a son of Amalrico of the noble Roman house of Savelli, and bearing their favourite family name, Cencius. Brought up at the church of Santa Maria, he became a Canon there, and later Camerarius or Chancellor under Celestine III. He is the author of the famous Codex which is preserved in the Vatican Library under the name of Cencius Camerarius, a work of great importance for the history of Rome in the Middle Ages. As Pope he authorized the Order

of the Dominicans on December 20, 1216, and gave fresh sanction to the Franciscans in the year 1223. These were the days of the Albigensian Crusades, of the Latin Empire of Byzantium, of Frederick II., "The Wonder of the World." And yet no monument speaks to us to-day of these mighty events, save here and there in the Churches of Rome a worn inscription on the tombstone of some ancient Guelf or Ghibelline. Thus in the Crypt of the Vatican we find, amid the sombre sarcophagi of the Popes, a stone let into the wall, which reminds us of the epoch of the Troubadours and the Albigensians of Provence. The inscription is as follows:

Here lies Amalric, Count of Montfort, Constable of France. He fought often against the Albigenses for the Catholic faith. Then he took ship to Syria to fight the Saracens, by whom he was captured in war and long held a prisoner, and, set free at length by the truce, he died on his return at Hydruntum, in the year of the Lord 1241.[1]

Frederick II.'s deadliest enemy, Gregory IX. Conti (1227–1241) was buried in the Vatican; and Innocent IV. Fieschi Count Lavagna (1243–1254), who, after daring to depose the great Hohenstauffen at the Synod of Lyons, survived his secular rival's death, and witnessed the ancient German Empire share the same fate as the dissolving power of the Ghibellines in Italy, lies in the Cathedral of San Gennaro at Naples. A magnificent tomb was erected to his memory in 1318 by Archbishop Umberto of Montorio.

[1] Hic iacet Amauricus comes Montis Fortis Franciae connestabilis. Contra Albigenses pro fide catholica saepius dimicavit. Postea contra Saracenos ad partes Syriae transfretavit, a quibus in bello captus fuit, et diu in ea captivitate detentus, tandem per tregam liberatus, dum rediret ad propria apud Hidrontum expiravit anno Dom. 1241.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

The Pope, crowned with the triple tiara, rests upon a sarcophagus—a figure with powerful head and regular but somewhat heavy features. The tomb is made up of several stories, one above the other, richly inlaid with mosaics, and culminates in a semicircular arch, in which the Virgin is represented, with the Pope and the Archbishop kneeling in adoration. An inscription breathing the fiercest hatred towards the Hohenstauffen proclaims the fame of the leader of the triumphant Guelfs.

Hic superis dignus, requiescit Papa benignus,
Laetus de Flisco, sepultus tempore prisco.
Vir sacer, et rectus, sancto velamine tectus.
Ut iam collapso mundo temeraria passo,
Sancta ministrari urbs posset quoque rectificari,
Concilium fecit, veteraque jussa refecit.
Haeresis illisa tunc extitit atque recisa,
Moenia direxit, recte sibi credita rexit,
Stravit inimicum Christi colubrum Fridericum.
Janua de nato gaudet sic clarificato.
Laudibus immensis, urbs tu quoq; Parthenopensis.
Pulchra decore satis, dedit hic sibi plurima gratis.
Hoc titulavit ita Umbertus Metropolita.[1]

Here rests, long buried, the kindly Pope, Laetus de' Fieschi, worthy of the heavenly kingdom—
A holy and upright man, robed in the veil of sanctity.
He assembled a council and renewed ancient laws,
In order that, when the world was fallen on evil days and suffered every kind of violence, the Holy City might be governed and led in the right way.
Heresy was then wiped out and extinguished.
He governed the cities and ruled justly what was committed to his charge.
He trampled under foot that serpent Frederick, the enemy of Christ.
Genoa is proud of her noble son,
And thou, too, city of Naples, dost render high praises to his name;
Beautiful enough in thy charms, thou owest him many a gift.
This was inscribed by Humbert the Metropolitan.

Another inscription in prose reads as follows:

D. O. M.
Innocentio IV Pont. Max.
De Omni Christiana Rep. Optime Merito
Qui Natali S. Joannis Baptistae
Ann. MCCXLIII
Pontifex Renunciatus
Die Apostolor. Principi Sacra Coronatus
Quum Purpureo Primus Pileo
Cardinales Exornasset
Neapolim A Conrado Eversam
S. P. Restituendam Curasset
Innumerisque Aliis Praeclare Et Prope
Divine Gestis Pontificatum Suum
Quam Maxime Illustrem Reddidisset
Anni MCCXLIV
B. Luciae Virginis Luce Hac Luce Cessit
Annibal De Capua Archiep. Neap.
In Sanctissimi Viri Memoriam
Aboletum Vetustate Epigramma Restituit.[1]

After Innocent IV., Viterbo was for some time the refuge and the residence of the Popes. For when in 1257 the valiant Senator, Brancaleone di Andalò had

[1] To Innocent IV., Supreme Pontiff,
Who hath deserved well of the whole Christian Republic,
Who was proclaimed Pope
On the day of St. John Baptist, in the year 1243,
And was crowned on the sacred day of the Prince of Apostles,
And who,
Having decorated for the first time the Cardinals with the purple hat,
Having secured the restoration to St. Peter
Of the Kingdom seized by Conrad,
And having made his reign illustrious
By countless other famous and almost divine achievements
Departed from this light
On St. Lucy's Day 1244.
Annibale of Capua, Archbishop of Naples,
In memory of the holy man,
Has restored this epitaph injured by time.

driven Alexander IV. and the Cardinals from the city, the Popes found themselves forced to take up their abode in Anagni, Perugia, and Viterbo. We therefore find the tomb of Alexander IV. Conti (1254–1261) in the Cathedral of Viterbo, and that of his successor Urban IV. (1261–1264) in the Cathedral of Perugia.[1] Clement IV. also, the contemporary of St. Thomas Aquinas, lies buried in Viterbo, where he died on November 29, 1268. A Frenchman from Languedoc, and for a long time secretary to Louis IX., he had offered to the ambitious Charles of Anjou the crown of the Hohenstauffen in Sicily, and survived the fall alike of Manfred and of Conradin. He stood upon the walls of Viterbo, as the last of the Hohenstauffen passed by with his army on the march to Rome, and foretold his coming destruction. That he made no effort to prevent Conradin's shameful death, suggests his implication in that judicial murder, even if he had come to no express understanding with the savage Charles of Anjou.

[1] Urban IV.'s epitaph is as follows :—

Archilevita fui, Pastorque gregis Patriarcha,
Tunc Jacobus, Posui mihi nomen ab urbe Monarcha.
Tuno Civis exivi, Tumuli post condor in archa,
Te sine fine frui, Tribuas mihi summe gerarcha.

"Archdeacon was I, and shepherd and Patriarch of the flock. Once called James (Pantaleon), I took the name of the city whose monarch I was. Then I went out from the city (into exile); now I rest within the tomb. Highest lord of the world, grant that I may enjoy thee without end."

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

GREGORY X.
in Arezzo Cathedral.

VI

THE struggle of the Papacy with the Hohenstauffen was now at an end. The Papacy had emerged from it victorious, yet deeply shaken; and simultaneously it had overcome the heresy of the Albigenses. But when a native French Pope appointed a Prince of the House of France to be the executor of his vengeance and the heir of the Swabian power in Italy, he plunged the Papacy and Italy itself into ruin. The See of St. Peter became the spoil of France, the Pope soon came to occupy the position of her vassal; whilst Italy, thanks to internal disunion and interference from without, was doomed to ceaseless confusion, as the bone of contention for foreign Princes. This period was initiated by Clement IV.

We may pass more quickly by the tombs of the last half of the thirteenth century—that in the Cathedral of Arezzo, of Gregory X.,[1] during whose reign the House of Hapsburg attained to the Imperial dignity, and those of Adrian V. and John XXI. in the

[1] Gregory X.'s epitaph is as follows:—

Gregorius denus virtutum Luce serenus
Dormit in hac arca, dignus Romae patriarcha
Quem genuit Placentia, urbs Aretina tenet.

"The tenth Gregory, shining in the light of his virtues, sleeps in this tomb—a worthy Patriarch of Rome. Born at Piacenza, his remains rest at Arezzo."

Cathedral of Viterbo. Both the latter, and indeed their predecessor, Innocent V,, who was buried in the Lateran, died in the year 1276--mere passing shadows, leaving no traces among their fellow-men.

Nicholas III. Orsini (1277–1280) would arrest our attention longer if his tomb still survived in St. Peter's. This masterful Prince of the Church is of especial importance, in that he concluded a lasting peace with the pliant Rudolf of Hapsburg. By it the great donation of the Countess Matilda, which had once kindled a fierce war with the House of Hohenstauffen, was ratified in favour of the Pope. The Imperial power renounced all its arrogant pretensions in Italy, and recognized the Pope's claim to bestow the Imperial crown.

The figure of Martin IV. (1281–1285) demands a moment's notice. He was a Frenchman, and a creature of Charles of Anjou; his short reign saw the wild outburst of Sicilian Vespers, and the death of his savage patron Charles in deep humiliation. Two months later he himself followed him to the grave, while the Sicilians whom he had anathematized made good their independence under the sway of Manfred's grandson, Pedro of Arragon, against whom he had vainly launched the curses of the Church. Martin died at Perugia on March 29, 1285; and in the cathedral church of S. Lorenzo he shares the same urn as Innocent III. It is but a narrow space that holds the dust of men who in their day convulsed the history of the world.

The mighty thirteenth century, now fast drawing to its close, gives us the names of four more Popes. The first of these carries us to the beautiful basilica of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, on the Capitol. There stands

the ancient tomb of Honorius IV. Savelli (1285–1287), which had been placed originally in St. Peter's, and was only transferred to this church by Paul III., who also adorned it with a bust. The chapel in which it now rests had been built by the Savelli in honour of St. Francis, and contains two monuments of this family. Of these, the most remarkable is that on the left, a Gothic structure of the thirteenth century, for the completion of which use has been made of an ancient sarcophagus; here lie Luca Savelli, the father of the Pope, and his brother Pandolfo, once famous as Senator of Rome. On the right lies Honorius himself, in the same tomb as his mother, Vana Aldobrandesca, in a white marble sarcophagus inlaid in front with gold and mosaic, and bearing the arms of the Savelli, red lions rampant and eagles upon a field of or. At the base is inscribed: DŇA VANA DE SABELLIS. Above the sarcophagus lies the effigy of the Pope, his head resting upon a cushion. With the exception of a few single sarcophagi or fragments of tombs from Old St. Peter's, now in the Grotte, this monument is the oldest Papal tomb in Rome, which has come down to us entire.

The successor of Honorius IV., Nicholas IV. Masci (1288–1292), has a handsome monument in Santa Maria Maggiore. It is, however, the work, not of the thirteenth, but of the sixteenth century, having been erected to the memory of Nicholas by Sixtus V. when he was still a Cardinal, and thus bears the impress of a later age. Within a niche the Pope is seated, in the act of benediction; beside him stand the allegorical figures of Justice and Religion, conceptions which were alien to these earlier centuries. This tomb is none the less the noblest of all the

monuments in the church, and the best achievement of Leonardo da Sarzana. Nicholas IV., an upstart from the very dust, had sought support by the side of the powerful family of Colonna, and had shown it high favour. His friend, Cardinal Giacomo Colonna, contributed with him to the restoration of the mosaics in the Tribune of Santa Maria Maggiore; and hence the portraits of both are to be seen among them. It was during the reign of Nicholas IV. that Ptolemaïs, the last foothold of the Christians in Asia, fell into the power of the Mohammedans. So closes the age of the Crusades.

The last Pope but one of the eventful thirteenth century was Celestine V. To find his tomb we must pay a pilgrimage to the Celestinian convent in the little town of Aquila in the Abruzzi. Here we pause willingly to recall to mind a Pope whose strange adventures belong more to the realm of the imagination than to that of History, and who is a true type of the simplicity of this wonderful age, which saw Roman legend and painting emerge from the lethargy of the Dark Ages.

For more than two years after the death of Nicholas IV. the Holy See remained vacant, owing to the dissensions of rival factions among the Cardinals—the French and Neapolitans on the one side and the Romans on the other. At length the Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia put forward the name of a hermit who had long remained hidden in the wild solitudes of Apulia; and his unanimous election seemed to fall little short of a miracle. His name was Pietro, the son of a peasant from Castell Molise in the Terra di Lavoro, the eleventh of twelve brothers. At the age of twenty he had become a Benedictine, and ere

long found his way to Monte Murrone, where he spent five years in the strict seclusion of a hermit. He then withdrew to the Majella range in Apulia and gathered round him other hermits, who afterwards came to bear the name of Celestinians. Here he lived far from human ken, until the day when Archbishops and Protonotaries appeared before him to summon him from the forest wilds of the Majella to assume the highest dignity in Christendom. The terrified old man refused vehemently the proferred honour. Two Kings—Charles II. of Naples and Andrew III. of Hungary—visited him in his seclusion, and throwing themselves upon their knees, besought him to accept the Papal crown and thus to restore peace to distracted Christendom. With tears and sighs he yielded to their exhortations. Their procession was set in motion towards Aquila, and the peasants flocking in from all the countryside saw the new Pope make his entry into the town, lowly, and riding upon an ass—his bridle held by the two Kings walking barefoot beside him, and followed by the dignitaries of the Church and a gleaming cavalcade of Neapolitan Barons. On August 29, 1294, the poor hermit was crowned in the Church of Santa Maria di Collemmaggio. He took the name of Celestine V.

It was not to Rome, but to Naples that he summoned the Cardinals; and there he remained, a mere passive instrument in the hands of Charles, timid and unhappy, for ever yearning after the tranquil solitudes from which he had been so cruelly snatched. The ambitious Cardinal Gaetani is said to have aroused his superstitious terror at nights by the blowing of trumpets and by mysterious spirit-voices, as though Heaven itself were bidding him resign an office for

which he had proved himself unworthy. On December 13 he abdicated[1] and vanished once more into the deserts of the Majella. But no sooner had Gaetani been proclaimed Pope—only eleven days later—than, fearing a schism in the Church, he sent out to capture the luckless fugitive. Celestine fled through the woods of Apulia, till he reached the sea, then flung himself into a little bark and steered for the Dalmatian coast. But a storm hurled his boat on shore at Viesta in the Capitanata, where the authorities recognized and detained the fugitive. He was brought to the palace of Boniface VIII. at Anagni, and thence removed to the tower of Fumone at Ferentino. Here in a narrow and unhealthy cell the old man of eighty-one still lived for ten weary months, dying on May 19, 1296. The unhappy hermit sleeps his last sleep in Aquila. Some years after his death Clement V. at Avignon numbered him among the Saints of the Church. Strange and startling times were these, and it is truly a wondrous spirit which breathes out from these old tombs and scarcely decipherable inscriptions.

In the crypt of the Vatican, upon the lid of an ancient marble coffin, tasteless and defaced by age, we may still trace the features of the celebrated Boniface VIII. of Anagni. He stood at the deathbed of the thirteenth century, and saw the fourteenth

[1] In the 3rd Canto of the "Inferno" Dante says:

Vidi e conobbi la ombra di colui,
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto . . .

"I saw, and knew the shade of him who, to base fear
Yielding, abjured his high estate" (Carey)—

verses which are said to have been prompted by Celestine V.'s abdication.

The history of the choice of Fra Morone is related by the "Chronicon Januense Jacobi de Varagine," in Muratori, xi. p. 50.

born; he is one of the great representatives of the age of Dante. The mighty poet once appeared before him as Florentine ambassador; and in the first Jubilee Year of Rome Giovanni Villani conceived the plan of his Chronicle, the greatest triumph of Italian historical genius. It was in the year 1300 that Boniface proclaimed this festival, and we are still reminded of it to-day by a precious memorial—a picture of Giotto, which is preserved under glass in the right aisle of the Lateran. It represents Boniface standing between two Cardinals, in the act of announcing the Year of Jubilee. This Pope was daring enough to renew once more the mighty struggle between Church and State. In the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which he laid claim to an overlordship above all Kings and countries, he rashly bade defiance to the forces of Nationality hitherto latent, but invincible when once awakened. In excommunicating Philip the Fair, King of France, he roused up an enemy who eventually worked his ruin. Attacked and outraged in his palace at Anagni by French and Roman magnates, he was, it is true, rescued and brought back to Rome by the burghers of his native city[1]; but here he fell into the power of the Orsini family, and died a prisoner in the Vatican, in an outburst of frenzy, brought on by mingled grief and rage at the insult which he had suffered. His death occurred only thirty-seven days after the tragedy at Anagni. Though a man of proud, imperious and

[1] See Dante's "Purgatorio," canto xx:

Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
E nel Vicario suo Cristo esser catto.

. . . . "Io! the flower-de-luce
Enters Alagna: in his Vicar Christ
Himself a captive, and his mockery
Acted again." (Carey.)

overbearing character, he was also high-spirited and majestic, the last Pontiff whose conception of the Papacy was that of Gregory VII., Alexander III., and Innocent III. After Boniface VIII., no other Pope aspired to such lofty ideas.

His corpse was conveyed to St. Peter's by a great procession of knights and nobles, headed by Charles II., King of Naples. He was interred in a chapel which he had himself designed and adorned with mosaics, and a handsome tomb was erected to him there. When this chapel was destroyed owing to the building of the new basilica, by a strange stroke of fate his corpse, still in good preservation, was discovered on the 302nd anniversary of his death. The dead Pope was clothed in pallium and planeta, and wore white gloves embroidered with pearls, and a small white mitre of woollen material; a sapphire upon his finger was not worth more than thirty scudi. Boniface VIII. must have been unusually tall, for his body measured 7¾ palms; according to the opinion of the doctors he was bald and beardless.[1] His coffin stands to this day in the crypt of the Vatican, and above it he himself is represented in the attitude of death. The head is handsome, severe and noble in its outlines; it agrees thoroughly with his portrait from the hand of Giotto, which also shows a beardless face, finely ovalled. The head is covered by a long mitre shaped like a sugar-loaf, on which two crowns are to be observed. For this arrogant priest was the first to assume the double crown, all previous Popes having borne only a single-crowned mitre. Afterwards Urban V. added yet a third crown, thus producing the familiar triple tiara.

[1] A good portrait of Boniface VIII. is to be found in Dionysius.

There exists in the Grotte Vaticane yet another statue of Boniface VIII., in half-figure, which once belonged to his monument. It represents him as stretching forth his right hand in blessing, while in his left he clasps the keys of Peter. No inscription upon him has been preserved.

VII

WITH Boniface VIII. the mediaeval power and glory of the Papacy came to an end. Ever since the days of Gregory VII. the Church had laid claim to universal and unassailed supremacy. But she could not retain her foothold on such dizzy heights; indeed the long struggle with the secular power of the Hohenstauffen had left her tottering and exhausted. It is true that she issued triumphant from her struggle with heresy; but the *Weltgeist* whom she had so long enslaved, revealed an unsuspected strength in the new principle of Monarchy, which acquired sufficient power in France to offer a successful resistance to Papal aggression. So complete was the triumph of secular brute-force, that the Sovereign Pontiff took up his abode in France, and became a satellite of the House of Capet.

In each succeeding epoch, though forms may vary and principles become obscured, the broad trend of affairs is ever the same. For, after the Avignon Captivity was over, the old strife of Pope and Emperor was taken up once more; and the self-restraint by which it was characterized rendered it all the more deadly. Evangelical heresy is no longer exterminated, but cast out root and branch, and, under the name of Reformation, is torn asunder from the Church. The Papacy's loftiest conception, that of the moral unity of the

Photo by] [ANDERSON.

BENEDICT XI.
in S. Domenico at Perugia.

human race, is destroyed, and the guardianship of this idea is entrusted to the individual. Meanwhile a new Church system and a new spiritual lordship are already being fashioned, and ere very long a Caesarian state-policy is destined to debase the Papacy, to place it once more for a time at the mercy of France, and then in our own days to deliver it up to the peoples rising in their might.

We shall see that the history of the Popes from the fourteenth century onwards can be fairly adequately treated by reference to their tombs.

The immediate successor of Boniface VIII., Benedict XI.—an Italian from Treviso—has a beautiful tomb in S. Domenico at Perugia. But from the historical standpoint it deserves but passing mention, since Benedict only filled the Holy See for eight months and left little mark upon the history of his times.

After Benedict XI. follow the seven Popes of the Avignon Captivity, the last of whom restored the Papacy to Rome. Their history withdraws us from the Eternal City, the central point of the Christian world, to an obscure corner of France; and the French character which they impressed upon the Papacy cannot but detract from the interest with which we regard their achievements. Gregory XI. is the first of them to have a monument in Rome; his six predecessors all found their resting-place in French soil.

Clement V. (1305-1314), who has been rendered so notorious by his illegal dissolution of the Knights Templars, lies buried in the little church of Sainte Marie d'Uzès in the county of Narbonne. The handsome Gothic monument of John XXII. (1316–

1334), and that of his successor Benedict XII. (1334–1342) are still to be seen in the Cathedral of Avignon. Clement VI. (1342-1352), a man of deep learning and considerable talent, was buried at Chaise Dieu near Avignon; but both his monument and the magnificent tomb of Clement V. only survive in a fragmentary state, having been demolished by the Calvinists in the French Wars of Religion.

The bulky Gothic tomb of Innocent VI. (1352-1362), is to be seen in the Chartreuse at Villeneuve, near Avignon; the handsome monument of Urban V., in the monastery of St. Victor at Marseilles. Of all these French Popes, Urban alone saw the Christian capital. The pressing appeals of despot-ridden Italy came home to him with added force when he learnt of the disorganization of his own territories. On October 16, 1367, Urban entered Rome, but, terror-stricken by the desolation and barbarism of the City, he soon withdrew to Viterbo and Montefiascone, and in September 1370 returned to the more secure asylum of Avignon, dying at Marseilles before the year was out. Any mention of either Urban or his predecessors must recall to our minds the two greatest names of Rome in the fourteenth century—Gil d'Albornoz and Cola di Rienzo—the great Cardinal, who, during the absence of the Popes in France, had wrested their disintegrated territory from the hands of its petty tyrants, and thus made possible the eventual return of the Papacy to Rome,—and the brilliant Tribune of the People, who had dazzled and enchanted an admiring world by the strange drama of a restored Roman Republic.

In the Roman Forum, beside the Via Sacra, stands the church of Santa Francesca Romana, formerly

known as Santa Maria Nuova. Here lies the last Pope of the Avignon Captivity. The sarcophagus is raised upon a lofty marble pedestal, in a pediment formed by four alabaster pillars. The outline of the gable is broken through by an armorial coat—six roses and a cord. The effigy is wanting, and in its place a large relief has been inserted, representing the entry of a Pope into Rome. The chair of St. Peter is being let down from the clouds which hang above the Eternal City, as though angels were carrying it back in triumph from Avignon. Indeed, an angel hovers in the sky, bearing the keys and the tiara in his hands. The Pope rides beneath a baldacchino borne by the Senator and ecclesiastics of Rome; men with ostrich-fans walk on either side of him, behind him come halberdiers, and then follow cardinals on steeds with fantastic caparisons, and a crowd of armed nobles. From the city gate the figure of Helm-bearing Rome moves forth to meet the procession, and the populace flocks out behind. Roma is introduced in the fair ideal form of Minerva. But alas! in those days Roma wore a very different countenance, and had the sculptor desired to reproduce her to the life, he would have portrayed her as she is described by his great contemporary Petrarch—as a widow with tattered garments, pallid care-worn face, fierce looks and flowing hair. For thus did Rome truly appear to the last of the Avignon Popes, Gregory XI., when he made his melancholy entry. On October 12, 1376, he had embarked in Marseilles: after encountering more than one violent gale, he reached Ostia on January 3, 1377; and taking ship up the Tiber, entered Rome on the 17th of the same month.

The Eternal City, for many centuries mistress of

the world, consecrated by the destinies of mankind, had during the "Babylonian Captivity" been left entirely to her own resources. She had seen the Republic of Rienzi flash like a gleaming meteor across the sky, doomed to sink all too swiftly amid the ruins of the Capitol. The City of the Caesars and of the Popes had suffered almost beyond recognition, and was now desolated, disfigured and decayed. Grass grew in the very centre of the town, cattle browsed in many of the churches, wretched hovels stood up amid heaps of ruins, and beside the Tiber the whole Campus Martius had become a mere swamp. Incredible as it may seem, the population had dwindled to 20,000 souls—the sole remnant of a people which under the Emperors had numbered more than two millions. Hence the return of the Pope from France was a turning-point in the history of Rome, as in the history of the Church. But Gregory XI. died only one year after his return, at the end of March 1378, deeply respected and mourned by the citizens of Rome. He was the last Frenchman who has attained the Papal dignity. He was buried in Santa Francesca Romana, the church to which he had owed his title when Cardinal. The monument, however, is of later date; the Roman Senate decreed its erection in 1584, in memory of the great event of Gregory's reign, and entrusted the sculptor Pietro Oliveri with the task. It bears the following inscription:

Chr. Sal.
Gregorio XI. Lemovicensi
Humanitate Doctrina Pietateque Admirabili Qui
Ut Italiae Seditionibus Laboranti Mederetur Sedem
Pontificiam Avenioni Diu Translatam Divino
Afflatus Numine Hominumque Maximo Plausu

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

Post Annos Septuaginta Romam Feliciter Reduxit
Pontificatus Sui Anno VII.
S. P. Q. R. Tantae Religionis Et Beneficii Non
Immemor Gregorio XIII Pont. Opt. Max Compro-
bante Anno Ab Orbe Redempto CICIↃLXXXIIII
Pos.
Joanne Petro Draco
Cyriaco Matthaeio Coss
Jo Baptista Albero
Thoma Bubalo De Cancellariis Priore.[1]

[1] "To Gregory XI, of Limoges, admirable for his humanity, learning and uprightness. Eager to rescue Italy sick to death by reason of her confusion, and moved by the Holy Ghost and the rejoicing of mankind, he gloriously restored the Papal See to Rome, after an absence of seventy years, in the seventh year of his Pontificate.

"The Senate and people of Rome, in memory of such great uprightness and well-doing, with the approval of Gregory XIII.

"In the year 1584 after the redemption of the world.
Johannes Petrus Draco
Cyriacus Matthaeus, Consuls
Jo. Battista Albero
Thomas Bubalo De Cancellariis, Prior."

VIII

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Gregory XI. began the Great Schism, in consequence of the hostile division of the College of Cardinals into a French and an Italian faction, a division which soon spread to the various States and peoples of Europe. The Christian world split into two halves, each subject to a Pope who claimed to be the sole legitimate Pontiff, launched spiritual curses at his opponent's head, and disputed his pretensions by force of arms.

These terrible times were ushered in by the Neapolitan Pope, Urban VI., whose harsh and irascible nature was aggravated by party hatred till it became scarcely human. He died in the year 1389. A monument was erected to him in St. Peter's, but it has perished, and only his sarcophagus still remains in the Grotte. Its strange inscription has been preserved:

Hac animo magnus, sapiens, iustusque Monarcha
Parthenopeus adest Urbanus Sextus in archa.
Fervebat fidei latebras conferre magistris
O decus his fretus semper post prandia sistris.
Schismatibus magnis animo maiore regebat
Omne Simoniacum tanto sub Patre tremebat.
Quid iuvat hunc terris mortali tollere laude
Pro meritis caeli splendet sibi gloria valde.[1]

[1] "In this tomb lies Urban the Sixth, sprung from the city of Naples.

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

JOHN XXIII.
in the Baptistery at Florence.

That the tomb of Urban VI., despite its absurd and barbarous inscription, must have been truly magnificent, is proved by the drawings of it made before it was destroyed to make way for the new Church. Old St. Peter's also contained the tombs of his two successors, Boniface IX Tomacelli (1389–1404) and Innocent VII Migliorati (1404–1406). Papal History at this period is complicated by the Great Schism and the Reforming Councils. It was the time of Huss and Jerome of Prague, the time when the elements of the approaching reformation began to ferment in Germany, whilst the Italian democracies sank beneath the rule of petty tyrants and their families.

In the Cathedral of Recanati lies Gregory XII., Angelo Correr, a Venetian (1406-1409): in the Franciscan Church at Bologna his successor Alexander V., a native of Candia (1409-1410); while the Baptistery at Florence received the ashes of John XXIII. Baldassare Cossa. This ambitious and unscrupulous Pontiff, by birth a Neapolitan, was deposed by the Council of Constance, after seeking by an ignominious flight to escape from their accusations. For three years he was imprisoned in Heidelberg by the Elector Palatine, and only owed his release to the

a monarch magnanimous, wise and just. In his zeal he offered a safe refuge to the teachers of the faith.

* * * * *

"He opposed a great schism with yet greater courage; every approach to simony trembled before such a Pontiff. What profits it to extol him upon earth by human praises? Assuredly the glory of heaven shines upon him as the reward of his merits!" The obscurity of the fourth line is so great, that I have preferred to leave it untranslated: Gregorovius's German version of it leaves confusion worse confounded!—*Translator.*

intercession of Cosimo de' Medici or to the payment of a substantial sum of money. He then withdrew to Florence, and, to the astonishment of the world, threw himself at the feet of his successor Martin V. By him he was named Cardinal of Tusculum, but only survived his humiliation a few months. He died at Florence, and there Cosimo, heir, as report would have it, to the great riches of the ex-Pope, erected a costly monument in his honour, with the bare inscription:

"In this tomb lies the body of Baldassare Cossa, formerly Pope John XXIII."

This tomb, like that of Gregory XI., forms an important landmark in the history of the nations. It is at once the sepulchre of the great schism in the Church, and the last Papal tomb which is outside Rome itself.

The long, weary schism was at length closed by Martin V., the Pope chosen at Constance by unanimous consent of the nations (November 12, 1417), and the auspicious herald of the restored unity of the Church. With him, too, came to an end the anarchical conditions of the City, which henceforth was to rise gradually from her debasement to renewed splendour. Martin was a Roman by birth, the first Pope from the renowned Ghibelline House of the Colonna, and for this very reason welcome to the populace of Rome. When he made his entry into the City in September, 1421, he found it, as Gregory XI. before him had found it, sunk in the deepest misery, shattered by the feuds of its turbulent nobility, its streets scarcely passable, blocked by baronial towers, its churches deserted or fallen in, its population degraded by poverty and vendettas. Martin restored peace and order; but the

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

MARTIN V.
in the Lateran, Rome.

City had to buy his benefactions at the price of her republican freedom. For the first time, the Popes reduced to thorough submission that *Senatus Populusque Romanus* which had so long held its ground upon the hoary Capitol.

Upon the tomb of Martin V. stands inscribed "Felicitas Temporum Suorum." It still survives before the high altar of the Lateran Basilica—a bronze slab on which the Pope is represented in basso-relievo. With Antonio Filarete, the author of this design, began the Renaissance of the Arts in Rome.

IX

THE fifteenth century is pre-eminently that of the Renaissance, and for the Papacy itself forms a new epoch. Its great theological and theocratic tasks had now been brought to completion; it had encompassed the whole world with its two systems of hierarchic administration and canon law; it had overpowered the Germanic Empire, converting it into a mere Papal fief, and had exalted itself into a tribunal between peoples and princes. Then it had sunk slowly down from these heights, and its prestige had suffered first from the exile to Avignon, then from the long schism that disturbed the Church. Now that it had regained its catholicity under Martin V. it found the spirit of the age (the Weltgeist) flowing around it in new currents. Mankind was revivified by the newly-awakened knowledge and art of the heathen world; and for its part the Papacy realized what the new age demanded of it. As in the epoch of the Crusades, so too now it placed itself boldly at the head of the great movement. The Pope assumed the rôle of Maecenas in the pagan Renaissance, and continued to play the part until the evangelical Renaissance—the Reformation—deprived the Popes even of this moral supremacy.

The line of Renaissance Popes began with Eugenius

IV. (1431–1447) — Gabriele Condulmer, a Venetian. The struggle with the Council of Basel, where an attempt was made to subject the Pope's authority to assemblies of the Church, was prolonged throughout the greater part of his restless Pontificate. Yet in the end Eugenius issued victorious from the fray. The Romans drove him out—and this was the last flight of a Pope from the Eternal City until the days of Pius IX. He withdrew to Florence, and transferred the Council thither, braving the wrath of the Emperor Sigismund, whom he had crowned in Rome. As suppliant for aid against the threatening Turk, Eugenius IV. saw the Greek Emperor, John Palaeologus, at his feet.

The original inscription upon his tomb in St. Peter's, destroyed at a later date, sang his praises as follows:

Eugenius iacet hic quartus, cor nobile cuius
Testantur vitae splendida facta suae,
Istius ante sacros se praebuit alter ab ortu,
Alter ab occasu Caesar uterque pedes.
Alter ut accipiat fidei documenta Latinae,
Alter ut aurato cingat honore caput.
Quo duce, et Armenii Graecorum exempla secuti
Romanam agnorunt, Aethiopesque fidem.
Inde Syri, ac Arabes, mundique e finibus Indi,
Magna, sed haec animo cuncta minora suo.
Nam valida rursum Turcos jam classe petebat,
Dum petit, ast illum sustulit atra dies.
Qui semper vanos mundi contempsit honores,
Atque hac impressa condite, dixit, humo.
Sed non quem Rubro decoraverat ille Galero,
Non hoc Franciscus stirps sua clara tulit.
Suscepitque memor meriti tam nobile, quod nunc
Cernis tam praestans suoque iussu opus.[1]

[1] Here lies the fourth Eugenius, to whose noble heart
The splendid deeds of his life bear witness.

In this boastful epitaph we can already trace the altered spirit of the times. Yet Eugenius' monument in St. Peter's perished. To-day in the little Church of S. Salvatore in Lauro may be read this proud epitaph upon the same Pontiff:

Urbs. Venetum. Dedit. Ortum. Quid. Roma. Urbis.
Et. Orbis. Jura. Det. Optanti. Caelica. Regna. Deus.
Memoriae
Eugenii. IIII.
Summi. Atq. Optimi. Pontificis
Hic. In. Pace. Gravis. In. Bellis. Pro. Christi.
Ecclesia. Impiger
In Iniuriis. Patiens. Religiosorum. Amator. Ac. In
Eruditos. Viros. Munificus
Concilii. Basileensis. Insolentiam
Adversus. Pontificiam. Romanam. Potestatem
Concilio Florentiae. Celebrato. Refrenavit. Ac. Fregit
In. Quo
Joannes. Paleologus. Graeciae. Imperator
Romanum. Caput. Agnoscens
Eius. Pedibus. Se. Multasq. Externas. Et. Remotas
Nationes, Humill. Substravit.

Before his sacred feet two Caesars bent their heads,
One from the rising, one from the setting sun—
One beseeching him to accept the proofs of the Latin faith,
And one, to receive upon his brows the golden crown of Empire.
Led by the Greeks' example, the Armenians and Ethiopians
Recognized the Roman faith,
Then the Syrians and Arabs, and the Indians from the ends of the globe;
Verily great deeds—yet none so great as the spirit of Eugenius
For he moved against the Turks once more with a powerful fleet:
But while he moved, grim death bore him away.
He ever despised the empty honours of this world,
And exclaimed, 'Bury me in this earth trampled beneath the feet of men.'
But Francis, of his illustrious family, could not endure this—
He whom he had once adorned with the red hat.
No, mindful of his merits, he undertook the noble
And excellent monument which ye now behold."

Congregatio. Canonicorum. S. Gregorii. In. Alga. Venet. Fundatori. Religiosissimo. Pietatis. Caussa. P. C.[1]

Here the inscription takes care to remind us of the insult offered to the Pope by his expulsion; and the distich speaks of his sway over the City. For Eugenius IV., though he long lived in exile, did eventually reduce the Romans; but his success was entirely due to the iron strength of the Patriarch Giovanni Vitelleschi, that terrible Cardinal who takes a place of honour as a warrior beside his famous contemporaries, Fortebraccio da Montone, Piccinino, and Francesco Sforza. But when Vitelleschi won back Rome and the patrimony by his valour, Eugenius IV., at the instance of the Florentines, rewarded him with the basest ingratitude; a treacherous onslaught was made upon him on the Bridge of the Tiber, and he was left to die in the dungeons of Sant' Angelo.

The above inscription in S. Salvatore in Lauro was placed upon the restored tomb of Eugenius IV., by the congregation of the Canonici of S. Giorgio in Alga in Venice, out of gratitude for their own foundation. Even this monument dates from the fifteenth century and is one of the few ancient tombs in Tuscan-

[1] "Venice did give thee life, Rome, rule o'er the world and the City
Grant, O Father on high, grant him the Kingdom of Heav'n.

In Memory of Eugenius IV.
The best and noblest of the Popes.
"Renowned in peace, most valiant in war for the sake of Christ's Church, patient under injury, a friend of the religious, and liberal towards the learned, he restrained and broke down the insolence of the Council at Basel, which threatened the power of the Roman Pontiffs, by holding the celebrated Council of Florence, at which John Palaeologus, Emperor of Greece, recognized the supremacy of Rome and humbly prostrated himself and many distant nations at his feet."

Romanesque style. The figure of Eugenius reclines at full length upon a white marble sarcophagus surmounted by an entablature borne on columns. In accordance with an almost invariable practice in the monuments of the later middle ages, the Virgin between two Angels is represented in relief, above the recumbent figure. The niches in the delicately-wrought pillars contain small figures of saints. Their execution, however, is crude and affected, and is far inferior to those other sepulchral adornments of the fifteenth century, in which Rome is so rich.

Indeed, under Eugenius IV. and his successors, rich prelates vied with the Popes themselves in the empty ambition of erecting splendid tombs and of assuring themselves even before death of a marble immortality. Those countless monuments of bishops, abbots, and cardinals which throng the cloisters and churches of Rome, date from this period, when a new impulse was given to the sculptor's art by the celebrated Mino da Fiesole, by Paolo Romano, Antonio Filarete, Pollaiuolo and many others.

Though, unhappily, we no longer possess the two finest monuments of this age—the tombs of Nicholas V. and Paul II. in Old St. Peter's—yet from the fragments preserved in the crypt, we may still gather some idea of the grandeur and extent of their artistic design.

With Nicholas V., Thomas of Sarzana (1447–1455), the most liberal of all promoters of knowledge, the Humanism of the century actually mounted the Papal throne. The Papacy had once more repressed and turned to its own advantage those efforts after Church Reform which had been so much in evidence since

the Council of Constance; and no sooner was it freed from all anxiety in this quarter, than it surrendered itself unreservedly to the temporal needs of the time. It began to encircle itself with pomp and power. The Muses and the gods of old Olympus invaded the Vatican.

The Papacy immortalized itself in wonderful monuments, in the very way adopted by the Imperial House of Ancient Rome. Nicholas V., during whose reign Byzantium fell into the power of the Turks, rescued the treasures of classic literature by transporting them from thence to Rome, gave a fresh impulse to Greek studies, and gathered round him such men as Poggio Bracciolini, Gregory of Trebizond, Nicola Perotto, Lorenzo Valla, Theodore of Gaza and Cardinal Bessarion. In the last year of his pontificate the art of printing made its first appearance in Rome, where it was hospitably received by the noble family of the Massimi.

It was the same Pope who founded the Vatican Library, by despatching agents into every country, charged with the purchase of manuscripts. Lastly, he conceived the project—worthy of the Flavian Emperors—of enlarging the Vatican Palace into a Papal City, an apostolic Palatine hill, and of converting St. Peter's into the mightiest temple of the world. The realization of this scheme was reserved for the daring mind of Julius II. But the latter, though he inherited his colossal ideas from Nicholas V., had no respect for the monument of so honourable a predecessor. He allowed it to perish during the demolition of the ancient Church, and thus only a few remnants have been preserved in the Grotte Vaticane —statues of the Apostles Matthew, James and John, figures of angels and other fragments.

The remains of the immortal friend of the Muses, Nicholas V., are enclosed in a square urn of white marble, surmounted by his full-length effigy. The inscription, composed by his secretary Mafeo Vegio, is the last Papal epitaph written in verse.

Hic sita sunt Quinti Nicolai Antistitis ossa,
Aurea qui dederat secula Roma tibi.
Consilio illustris, virtute illustrior omni
Excoluit doctos doctior ipse viros.
Abstulit errorem, quo Schisma infecerat Orbem,
Restituit mores, moenia, Templa, domos.
Tum Bernardino statuit sua sacra Senensi,
Sancta Jobelei tempora dum celebrat.
Cinxit honore caput Friderici, et conjugis aureo,
Res Italas icto foedere composuit.
Attica Romanae complura volumina linguae
Prodidit: en tumulo fundite thura sacro.[1]

On the death of Nicholas V., the vacant throne very nearly came to be filled by the Greek Bessarion, the most learned of all the Cardinals.[2] The successful

[1] "Here rest the bones of the Sovereign Pontiff Nicholas V.
Who had brought back to thee, O Rome, the Golden Age.
Illustrious for his wisdom, yet more illustrious for every virtue,
He honoured learned men, himself more learned than them all.
He removed those errors with which the Schism had infected the globe,
He reformed Manners, he restored the walls, the temples, and the abodes of Rome.
He gave to Bernardino of Siena the saintly meed,
While celebrating the Holy Year of Jubilee.
He crowned with golden honour the heads of Frederick and his spouse;
By the treaty which he concluded he settled the affairs of Italy.
At his command many Greek works were transcribed into the Latin tongue.
Burn incense before this sacred tomb!"

[2] Bessarion had become Cardinal under Eugenius IV., in the year 1431; he died in 1472. His tomb is to be found in the cloisters of

candidate, however, proved to be a Spaniard, Calixtus III., uncle of Rodrigo Borgia. He too had a handsome tomb in St. Peter's, of which only a few fragments are now to be seen in the Crypt.

Happier than his two predecessors was Pius II.—if indeed it can be said to contribute aught of happiness to the dead to be handed down to posterity in tombs piled high with marble or with bronze. His monument, originally erected in Old St. Peter's, was afterwards transferred to Sant'Andrea della Valle, and has been preserved uninjured. It cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, since it belongs to one of the most celebrated of the Popes, so remarkable for his attractive and stimulating personality.

Aeneas Sylvius was the son of a poor nobleman of the family of Piccolomini in Sieni, which owed its greatness to his genius. His brilliant talents alike as poet, courtier, and man of the world, rapidly transformed him from a literary adventurer into a man of wide fame and popularity. In early life he was secretary to the Antipope Felix V., and ambassador to the Emperor Frederick III., who solemnly invested him with the poet's laurel crown, and whose history Aeneas wrote. At the Council of Basel he

the Santi Apostoli, where he put up his epitaph in his own lifetime:

Bessarion Episcopus Thusculanus, Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalis,
Patriarcha Constantinopolitanus. Nobili Graecia Ortus Oriundusque Sibi Vivens Posuit. Anno Salutis MCCCLXVI.

Τούτετι Βησσαρίων ζῶν ἄνυσα σώματι σῆμα
πνεῦμα δὲ φευξεῖται πρὸς θεὸν ἀθάνατον.

To this monument there was afterwards added an inscription and the portrait of the Cardinal—a noble head with long hair and beard, fully worthy of a philosopher.

eloquently championed the rights of General Councils as opposed to those of the Roman Pontiffs, but afterwards seceded to the party of Eugenius IV., and laid the final foundations of his good fortune as Secretary to three successive Popes, until Calixtus III. raised him to the rank of Cardinal. When eventually he succeeded the latter on the Papal throne, he renounced all the traditions of his past life. During an all too brief reign, the cause that lay nearest to his heart was the destruction of the Turkish power. His ardent desire was to place himself at the head of a Crusading army, and he died with weapon already in hand, full of warlike enthusiasm, amid the din of arming hosts assembled at the seaport of Ancona.

His tomb is an architectural monstrosity, four separate stories in height. In fact, so large a space does it occupy between two pillars in the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, that there is still ample room left beneath it for an organ-loft. The four stories are divided off from each other by mouldings; and an architrave rounds off the whole with a highly curious effect. The height of the structure renders it impossible to identify the numerous reliefs which adorn the various panels. The central division is taken up with the sarcophagus, on which lies the full-length figure of the Pope: he was small of stature, and had grown old before his time through loose living and hard study. The pilasters are adorned, according to ancient fashion, with figures of Saints in the niches. Vasari ascribes this monument to two pupils of Paolo Romano—Nicola della Guardia and Pietro da Todi. Fully in keeping with the pedantry of this

monument is the diffuse prose inscription, giving, as becomes the custom from this time forward, a life-sketch of the Pontiff interred below.

Pius II. Pont. Max. Natione Hetruscus, Patria Senensis, Gente Picolominea, sedit Ann. VI. Brevis pont., ingens fuit gloria. Conventum Christi pro fide habuit. Oppugnatoribus Rom. Sedis intra atque extra Italiam restitit. Catharinam Senensem inter SS. Christi retulit. Pragmaticam in Gallia abrogavit. Ferdinandum Arrag. in Reg. Siciliae cis fretum restituit. Rem Eccles. auxit. Fodinas inventi tum primum aluminis apud Tolpham instituit. Cultor iustitiae et religionis, admirabilis eloquio, vadens in bellum quod Turcis indixerat Anconae decessit. Ibi et classem paratam et Ducem Venetorum cum suo senatu Commilitones Christi habuit. Relatus in Urbem Patrum decreto est hic conditus, ubi caput Andreae Apostoli ad se ex Peloponneso advectum Collocari iusserat. Vixit annos quinquaginta octo menses Novem. dies XXVII. Franciscus Cardinalis Senensis avunculo suo sanctissimo fecit MCDLXIV.[1]

The monument of Paul II., Pietro Barbo, a Venetian (1464-1471) was far finer even than that of Nicholas

[1] "Pius II., Pont. Max., a Tuscan, born in Siena, of the race of the Piccolomini, reigned six years. Short was his pontificate, long his fame. At Mantua he held a Council of the Christian faith. He resisted the enemies of the Roman See, both within and without Italy. Catherine of Siena he included among the Saints of Christ. He annulled the Pragmatic Sanction in France. He reinstated Ferdinand of Arragon in the Kingdom of Naples. He increased the power of the Church. He opened up mines of alum, which had recently been discovered at Tolfa. He favoured justice and religion, and was admirable as an orator. While preparing for the war which he had declared against the Turks, he died at Ancona. There he had the fleet ready armed and the Doge of Venice with his Senate as companions-in-arms for Christ's cause. At the bidding of the fathers he was borne back to the City, and here laid to rest, where he had disposed the head of the Apostle Andrew, brought to him from the Peloponnese. He lived fifty-eight years nine months twenty-seven days.

"This tomb was erected to his uncle by Francesco Cardinal of Siena in the year 1464."

V., for it came from the hand of Mino da Fiesole. A large fragment of it, in the shape of lunettes, representing the Last Judgment, and a number of figures of Saints and moral virtues, convey some idea of the richness of the original design. The actual coffin is square and simpler than Paul II. had himself wished; for by his orders the great porphyry sarcophagus of Constantia (now in the Vatican Museum) was removed to his Palace of S. Marco from the Cappella dei Santi near Sant' Agnese, and set apart for the reception of his own remains.

The inscription boasts that this Pope was pre-eminent among the ancient race of the Barbi for noble gifts of nature, and was in no way inferior to his uncle Eugenius IV. Paul came of the Venetian family of Condulmer, which in a brief space of time saw three of its members elevated to the Papacy. For Angelo Condulmer was at once the brother of Gregory XII., the father of Eugenius IV., and the uncle of Paul II. Pietro Barbo was a man of noble aspect. When he emerged from the Conclave as supreme Pontiff, he wished to adopt the name of Formosus, but the Cardinals pointed out to him that the assumption of such a title would seem a mere idle allusion to his handsome figure. Men mocked at his vanity, because he loved nothing better than to show himself in procession, where he towered above the heads of other men. He decked himself out like a conceited woman, before he went to attend the solemn functions of the Church. He squandered vast sums upon the adornment of his person. He had sapphires, chrysolites, smaragdi, diamonds and pearls sent to him from all parts of the world, that he might adorn his mitre, and then displayed himself in it

before the populace as the most handsome of all the Popes. Nicholas V. had collected manuscripts for his library with the passion of a humanist and an antiquary; Paul II., with equal zeal, collected antique gems, medals, statues, and works of art of every kind. He was the first to lay out, in his palace of S. Marco, a cabinet of curiosities and an antiquarian museum.

Rome still can show many traces of this voluptuous Venetian—more especially the splendid palace of S. Marco, and the name of the Corso, where he was the first to introduce the races of the Carnival. To the sciences he showed no favour; indeed he even persecuted and suppressed the Roman Academy, whose head was the celebrated Pomponius Laetus.

His successor Sixtus IV. della Rovere (1471-1484) is the first of a series of Popes who had nothing spiritual about them save their priestly robes. Pursuing purely secular aims, they were free from every scruple as to the means for their attainment. The Papacy was ere long converted into a tyranny; the States of the Church were founded anew, while the Church itself sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of vice and corruption. The Holy Father modelled his conduct only too exactly on that of secular Princes, and each succeeding Pontificate was made up of intrigues and plots and aggressive wars against the neighbouring States. The Italian hegemony was at this time contested between Venice, Milan, Florence, Naples and numberless petty principalities; and amid the ever recurring leagues and conspiracies, the cunning schemes and labyrinthine negotiations, the successor of Peter

sailed with the wind and cast his broad net upon the doubtful waters.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Sixtus IV. was the prime instigator of the murderous Conspiracy of the Pazzi in Florence. To him also attaches the infamy of introducing the system of Papal nepotism. For in granting Imola and Forlì to his nephew Girolamo Riario, he was the first Pope to invest a kinsman with a temporal sovereignty. His political aspirations were elaborated by the Borgia with truly diabolical skill.

The nephew of Sixtus, Pope Julius II., when still Cardinal erected a monument to his terrible uncle. It formerly stood in the chapel of the choir of Old St. Peter's, but has been removed to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. It consists of a bronze slab, designed by the Florentine Antonio Pollaiuolo, in the year 1493. The sides of the pedestal are covered with allegorical figures; above rests the full-length figure of the Pope. The base is surrounded by female forms in relief, representing Arithmetic, Astrology, Dialectics, Rhetoric and Grammar, Perspective and Music, Geometry, Philosophy and Theology. Sixtus was, it is true, a learned Franciscan, the friend of Bessarion, and a teacher at six of the most famous Universities of Italy in succession, and thus far are these allegorical figures suited to his professional calling; but they offer a most startling contrast to the modern conception of the Papal dignity. The half-naked figures are meagre and strikingly affected, and appear all the more extraordinary owing to the arbitrary choice of their attributes. For what can be stranger than to represent Theology as a woman carrying a quiver full

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

SIXTUS IV.
in St. Peter's, Rome.

of arrows on her shoulder, like the heathen goddess Diana—as though, instead of sitting gravely amid Fathers of the Church and dogmas, she should have plunged into the forest in pursuit of a gallant stag? The combination of ideas in the artist's mind is in the highest degree mysterious, and even Winckelmann, who fell into such deep error as to the relationship of Allegory and Art and busied himself so much with the invention of new allegories, stood bewildered before this quiver-bearing Theology. What impresses one most in the tomb of Sixtus is not so much the employment of allegorical figures—these were indispensable for tombs of the Popes, since, after all, their whole being and activity rests upon a moral basis; far rather is it the singular blending of Christian and pagan conceptions. The figure of the Pope, with head full of expression and character, with strongly projecting chin and aquiline nose, is the most striking feature of this strange work of art, at which Pollaiuolo worked for ten whole years.

The same sculptor wrought also the bronze tomb of Innocent VIII. Cibò (1484-1492). It stands in St. Peter's, against a pillar close to the chapel of the choir, and raised high above the ground. Like the tomb of Sixtus, it is paltry and full of affectation. The Pope lies upon a bronze sarcophagus, resting on piers. Above the tomb he is represented once more, as in life, enthroned and raising his right hand in blessing, while he holds in his left the Holy Lance which came as a present from the Sultan Bayezid. On either side the niches of the pillars are filled with theological and moral virtues—Faith, Love and Hope, Justice, Courage, Moderation and Wisdom. The inscription acclaims Innocent as the unwearied

preserver of peace in Italy, and as the glory of the new world which was discovered in his reign.

The epigrams composed upon the mediaeval Popes were often beautiful and ingenious, nay often breathed a noble spirit and a penetrating wit. Compared with these, how sorry and unworthy seem the inscriptions of later Popes, such as Pius II. and Innocent VIII., who died at the very threshold of such portentous events. Only thirty years before his election Constantinople had fallen into the power of the Osmanlis; but what Christendom had lost in the East she was ere long destined to recover in the West. Innocent lived to see the Conquest of Granada by Ferdinand of Arragon. The Spanish and Portuguese branches of the Latin race rose to the height of a genuine religious power, which won fresh victories and new worlds for the Church, The terrible Inquisition had been introduced by Ferdinand, and now Innocent saw the stake once more in flames to receive the heretics, just as his predecessor, third of the name, had beheld it during the Albigensian War. In later times the gloomy fervour of Spain's religious faith was to give birth to the Order of Jesus, the doughtiest opponent of that German monk whose birth had taken place but a few months before Innocent VIII.'s accession. What mighty changes were at hand, what fiery struggles and overpowering losses, such as the slothful Pontiff dreamt not of! He only saw the Catholic faith advancing in triumph over the expanding world. Bartholomew Diaz had already discovered the Cape of Good Hope; the route to India lay open. But the Pope could still boldly regard himself as overlord of the world, and invested John II. of Portugal with all the lands of Africa already discovered and yet to be explored, as a

free gift. Then he died—a weak and worthless character, devoid of genius or strength of will, on July 26, 1492. Only a week later his daring countryman sailed from the harbour of Palos to discover a new hemisphere.

X

ALEXANDER VI. Borgia (1492-1503)! In the eyes of those who love to personify whole epochs in a single name, the name of Borgia, rendered doubly terrible by the father and the son, has become a symbol of depravity as expressive as the name of Tiberius among the Roman Caesars. Amid the bright rays of the dawning Reformation, the blackest shadows fall upon the Papacy and upon Italy. Columbus and Luther are the antitheses which reconcile us to the age.

Pope Alexander VI. will never free himself from the judgment of being the representative of his times—times of bloodthirsty self-interest and infamous vice, when nought was considered holy save egotistic aims, and nought more creditable than skill in attaining them. The drama in which such passions are revealed is rendered the more impressive by the narrow limits of the stage, but at the same time inspires the philosopher with so much the more contempt. The struggles of Julius Caesar and Octavian for the possession of the world seem noble by reason of their very vastness, and through their commanding influence upon the fate of mankind. The efforts of a Caesar Borgia, on the contrary, seem to us to-day little short of absurd, when we consider to what depths of crime and infamy he stooped that he might scrape together a petty kingdom for himself from a

few scattered cities of Italy. His end was a pleasant contrast to his bloodstained career. He found an honourable soldier's death in the service of his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre.[1]

His infamous father is reputed to have died from the effects of poison which he had sought to administer to one of the richer cardinals; but this story is probably little more than an idle rumour. Throughout life he was favoured by a boundless fortune. Nature had endowed him with a majestic presence and a lively understanding. The motives of his fearful crimes are to be found not so much in his ambition as in his sensuality and love for his bastard children. His reign brought with it universal ruin; it was the curse of Italy, whom he delivered over to the mercy of French and Spanish armies, and the curse of the Church, in whose eyes his pontificate must remain an eternal disgrace. And indeed a dreadful Nemesis was at hand. The voice of Savonarola, it is true, was stifled in the flames of the stake; but Luther still lived, and no succeeding Pope has ever availed to undo his mighty work.

With what moral virtues shall we find the tomb of an Alexander VI. adorned? Will Theology appear as Diana with quiver full of darts, or as Venus, or as the poisoner Locusta?—The Borgia Pope has no monu-

[1] Caesar Borgia lies buried in Pampluna. A Spanish poet composed this indifferent epitaph:

A qui yaze en poca tierra
El que toda la temia;
En esto vulto se encierra
El que la paz y la guerra
En su mano lo tenia.

"Here lies in scanty earth he whom all the world feared; in this place is shut in he who held peace and war in his hand."

ment,—not even a grave. Julius II., his second successor and former enemy, ordered the removal of Alexander's remains from the Vatican Crypt to the Church of San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, and when that church fell into ruins, they were transferred to Santa Maria di Monserrato, the other national church of the Spaniards in Rome. Here they still lie without a tomb, in the wooden chest in the sacristy, together with the remains of Calixtus III. On the chest is the following inscription:

Los guesos de dos Papas estàn en esta caseta, y son Calisto y Alexandro VI., y eran Espaňoles.

In the same way the Sarcophagus in the Vatican crypt, which is shown as that of Alexander, also belongs to his uncle Calixtus III., whose full length figure lies above.[1]

[1] Sannazzaro wrote the following inscription upon Alexander:

Fortasse nescis, cuius hic tumulus siet
Adsta viator, ni piget.
Titulum quem Alexandri vides, haud illius
Magni est, sed huius, qui modo
Libidinosa sanguinis captus siti
Tot civitates inclytas
Tot regna evertit, tot duces letho dedit,
Natos ut impleat suos.
Orbem rapinis, ferro et igne funditus
Vastavit, hausit, eruit.
Humana iura, nec minus coelestia
Ipsosque sustulit Deos.
Ut scilicet liceret, heu scelus! patri
Natae sinum permingere
Nec venerandis abstinere nuptis
Timore sublato semel.

So far as concerns the allusion to the Pope's criminal intercourse with his daughter Lucrezia, I may refer my readers to my "Lucrezia Borgia, nach Urkunden und Correspondenzen ihrer Zeit."

Borgia's successor was a Piccolomini, Pius III., a sister's son of Aeneas Sylvius. He reigned only twenty-six days, and died in the year 1503. His tomb is in Sant' Andrea della Valle, opposite that of his uncle; it is in the same form, and from the hand of the same sculptor. It was the last tomb which was erected in Old St. Peter's, whence it was removed to Sant' Andrea. For the successor of Pius III. was no other than the masterful Julius II., who demolished the old basilica of St. Peter's.

When Michel Angelo had prepared a model for his bronze statue of Julius II. in Bologna, the Pope inquired of him whether the vigorous poise of the hand signified blessing or a curse. The tactful artist was ready with an answer; it was intended, he said, to teach the Bolognese to be sensible. He asked Pope Julius whether he should place a book in his left hand. "No," replied the fiery greybeard, "give me a sword, for I am no Scholasticus!" In the hand of a Pope who, as an old man of seventy stormed the breach of conquered Mirandola, the Gospel would have seemed inappropriate. The Shepherd, who should pasture the flock of Christ, cast away his staff, and boldly grasped the sword. Men have lavished their admiration upon this adventurous Pontiff, because he possessed many conspicuous qualities of a statesman and a ruler, and was undoubtedly one of the foremost characters of an age rich in great men. Looked upon as a priest, however, one must admit that he was but a caricature of his sacred office—a representative of the Church at a time when she was steeped in selfishness, greed of power, and the most profound worldliness. While

still a Cardinal, he became habituated to all the vices of the age; at first he was the bitter enemy of Alexander VI., but later on, self-interest prompted him to ally himself with Caesar Borgia and even to become one of the most zealous promoters of Charles VIII.'s Italian Expedition, which was destined to plunge his fatherland into such awful depths of misery. His hatred towards the Borgia never rested upon *moral* grounds; nor indeed did considerations of morality ever influence his outlook upon the world. Throughout life statecraft and policy were his sole guides. During his eventful reign he sought to expel the French once more from Italy, but he could only rid himself of one invader by calling in another; and from his Pontificate dates the long Spanish predominance in the Peninsula. He subjected Bologna, Piacenza, Parma, Reggio and Urbino to the Church, and became the second founder of the Papal Monarchy. This has appeared his greatest glory in the eyes of those who deem it not unbecoming to the office of a Pope to conquer and to administer wide temporal domains. To-day the Papal States, as organized by Julius II., exist no longer; but happily for this Pontiff other titles to fame have survived. His name can never be dissociated from the great masterpieces of the Renaissance, which owe to him their origin. The immortality of Raphael and Michel Angelo has embraced the haughty Pontiff within its folds, and in them alone he lives. Raphael has painted his portrait, and from the noble fresco of Heliodorus Julius looks forth lofty and resolute—borne into the temple upon his chair, his stern gaze fixed upon the cowering robbers, so that one cannot say who has caused this panic among the polluters of the temple—the Heavenly

Rider, glowing with fierce anger, or the calm and silent Pope. This allegory denotes the expulsion of the foe from the States of the Church, and as such is characteristic of Julius II.

It may be observed that for centuries before him no Pope had worn a beard. It was indeed befitting that he, of all the Popes, should be the first to assume this sign of manly power. His example was followed by Francis I., Charles V., and their courtiers, and though the immediate successors of Julius II. were once more beardless, yet Clement VII. gave some permanence to the custom, when, after the sack of Rome by Bourbon's mercenaries, he allowed his beard to grow as a sign of grief and mourning. From the days of Clement VII. till well into the eighteenth century we shall continue to see these bearded figures upon the Papal monuments. They are not invariably beards such as those of the Apostolic age; sometimes indeed, to our amazement, we see long mustachios and "imperials" similar to those worn by Wallenstein and Tilly. In the century of Henri Quatre and the Thirty Years' War, all the Popes had the appearance of commanders-in-chief and cavalry officers. Julius II., on the contrary, wore the beard of a Patriarch or an Apostle.

This ambitious creator of the Papacy in the monarchical spirit of the times had the further desire of glorifying himself and his acts, like a second Augustus. He resumed the plans of Nicholas V. All Rome was to be his monument. To give expression to his dreams, he found ready at hand the genius of Bramante and Raphael, and above all of Michel Angelo. St. Peter's, whose foundations he laid, the paintings of the Sistine Chapel, the Loggie of

Bramante, the Stanze of Raphael, are the imperishable monuments of Julius II.

We, however, are concerned solely with his tomb. Long before his death he had commissioned the great Michel Angelo to design it. The plan was fully in keeping with the temporal ambition of the Pope; and that it was not completed according to the original design is a permanent loss to Art in general. Let one but imagine what such a monument from the hand of Michel Angelo would have been! It was to have been eighteen feet in height and twelve feet in breadth, and would have included more than thirty statues, among them Moses, Saints Peter and Paul, Rachel and Leah, the Arts and Provinces captive in chains, and further, figures representing Heaven and Earth, which, in accordance with a truly titanic conception, were to support the sarcophagus of a Roman Pontiff.

The death of Julius II. in the year 1513 made the execution of so vast a design impossible; and it was only after long negotiations that Paul III. arranged a compromise between Michel Angelo and Julius's heir, the Duke of Urbino, by which the original plan was abandoned in favour of the existing figures. This monument, which has won universal fame through the figure of Moses, is the noblest of all the Papal tombs, since it draws its inspiration from the genius of Michel Angelo. It stands in the church of S. Pietro in Vinculis, from which Julius had taken his title as Cardinal. All the remaining figures which are grouped around it, whether of real excellence or wholly inadequate, like the cramped architectonic composition—all are banished completely from the mind by the central figure of Moses.

This supreme masterpiece of plastic Art since the days of the Greeks seems as it were the incorporation of Michel Angelo's own genius. The figure sits in the central niche, with a long beard flowing downwards to the waist; the furrowed countenance, with its deepset eyes that flame beneath their brows, as though from the depths of the Burning Bush, is stamped with the dreadful majesty of Wrath, the majesty of a being intoxicated with fire. The positive and the negative in this mighty figure of Moses are alike terrifying. Were he to rise up, he would assuredly proclaim laws that no earthly mind has grasped, laws that would annihilate rather than create a world. His voice, like the voices of the Homeric gods, would echo in the ear in sounds too awful for the comprehension of mortal man. A faint ray of melancholy lingers about the brow and seems to be slowly filling the eyes; and this alone avails to soften the terror which this dream in stone inspires. It is the same deep melancholy which clouds the face of the great artist himself. But even this trait is, in the case of the "Moses," less reassuring than terrifying. The Greeks would scarcely have endured to look upon such a figure, and would have searched its lines in vain for a breath of that atoning calm and mildness, which pervaded all their own creations. It is, then, the prototype of a nobility which is beyond all approach. The figure might well have stood within the holy place of a colossal temple of Jupiter Ammon; but for the tomb of Julius II. it is utterly unsuited, and, even apart from all the other figures, would in itself be far too mighty for so paltry a frame.

Close to the "Moses" stand the Dantesque figures

of Active and Contemplative Life, personified in Leah and Rachel. They too are from the hand of Michel Angelo, and indeed Rachel displays the robust character of all his female figures. The statues in the upper portion of the tomb have been executed after his models—the Sibyl and the Prophet, by his most talented pupil, Raffaelle da Montelupo—but they are devoid of all artistic merit, and hence the upper portion of the tomb presents a harsh contrast to the lower. The Pope, reposing upon the small sarcophagus, forms but a very modest part of the whole design. He has dwindled to an unreal and insignificant ornament of his own tomb. Besides, his attitude is somewhat unusual; for he is not represented as a dead man (as was the practice on other Papal tombs), but he lies there waking, and leans his crowned and bearded head upon his hand, gazing down upon the figure of Moses. In fact the figure of Julius is the worst of the whole group; its artist, Maso da Bosco, might perhaps plead in his excuse that his ideas were stifled and dwarfed by the great central creation of the "Moses." Of higher merit is the Madonna and child—by Scherano da Settignano—which rounds off the whole design.

Hence this tomb of the celebrated Julius II.—or rather his monument, since he himself lies buried in St. Peter's, beside his uncle Sixtus IV.—is only worthy of him in its central figure. For the rest, as we gaze upon this famous "Moses" with its bold outlines, the flowing beard and the robe flung in powerful folds across the knee, we see in dim perspective the whole of Roman statuary in the seventeenth century—all the Papal monuments and

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

JULIUS II.

in S. Pietro-in-Vinculis, Rome.

other works of the over-inventive Bernini, of Rusconi, Le Gros, and the others. It is as though the whole of this strange brood had been betrayed into its effects of mock-magnificence by the one supreme example.

XI

THE tomb of Leo X. Medici (1513–1521)! This might well stand also for a monument of the Golden Age of Italy, which is for ever associated with the names of Leo and the Medici, just as the Age of Horace was linked with those of Maecenas and Augustus. For the tomb of Leo neither Moses, nor Leah and Rachel were suitable, but far rather the pagan Apollo and the Muses. For beneath his magic wand the gods of Greece came once more to life; the secularized Papacy—under Alexander VI. tyrannical, under Julius II. monarchical—had become under the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent sybaritic. In no age has the spirit been so free to indulge its passions, nor has any age shown so boundless a capacity for enjoyment; and it was to these two qualities of the age that, amid the decay of morals and of purity of life, the rich blossoms of Art in all her branches were directly due. The after-world, which has condemned the crimes of the Popes of that epoch, should at least be grateful for their frankly pagan aesthetic tastes; for they have flooded the human soul with that feeling for beauty which so pervades modern life; and, but for them, the stern abnegating spirit of the Reformation would have robbed us of the other half of culture.

Giovanni de' Medici was born at Florence on December 11, 1475, and even in the cradle was marked out by his father for the Papacy. At the age

of seven he received the tonsure; at thirteen he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal. At thirty-eight he mounted the Papal throne as Leo X. While still Cardinal-legate he was taken prisoner at the bloody battle of Ravenna. Mounted on the same white horse which he had ridden on that eventful day, he passed through Rome to take possession of the Lateran.

At his Coronation the purely pagan spirit of the age displayed itself in the festivities held in his honour. The city was resplendent with triumphal arches, altars, carpets, festoons and garlands of flowers, paintings and statues, which crowded the public streets and piazzas. It was as though Leo X. were making his entry into Athens. On the bridge of Sant' Angelo, one of the arches of triumph bore this inscription:

> Olim habuit Cypria sua tempora, tempora Mavors
> Olim habuit; nunc sua tempora Pallas habet.[1]

Such was the strange mode of greeting a Pope—by reminding him that he had owned allegiance first to Venus, then to Mars, and now worshipped at the feet of Minerva. Others however, with perhaps a better show of reason, have referred this inscription to the reigns of Alexander VI. and Julius II., and to that of Leo X. which was now commencing. But lest the goddess Venus should be passed over at this act of Papal homage, her statue was erected close to the same triumphal arch, and the following inscription placed upon it:

> Mars fuit: est Pallas: Cypria semper ero.[2]

[1] "Venus and Mars have once had their day; it is now the turn of Pallas."

[2] "Mars has been: now Pallas has her day: but I, Venus, shall ever be with you."

Leo X. was a lover of all that was bright and witty, Music and Poetry, the plastic Arts and Platonic Philosophy. Under him the Opera found its origin; and the first Italian tragedy, the "Sophonisba" of Trissino, was acted before him. That luxuriant age, which re-echoes with the magic lines of Ariosto, could boast a constellation of geniuses such as few single epochs in the history of mankind have ever beheld. When Raphael went to the Court of Leo, where he filled just such a rôle as Michel Angelo with Julius II., he brought with him a whole crowd of artists, and welcomed in the Vatican a throng of poets and *savants*. Here might be seen Bembo, Sadoleto, Bibbiena, Navagero, Tebaldeo, Accolti and so many others. Raphael has painted almost all of them. As we wander through the Stanze, how vividly we are reminded of that sway of the Graces when the humanizing spirit was free and unrestrained. What can give a clearer conception of the condition of the Papacy under Julius and Leo than the painting of the Disputa in the Vatican, representing Theology and the Sacraments, facing each other on the most equal terms—here the school of pagan Athens, and there Parnassus, with Apollo playing upon the viol, and the listening Muses and Poets?

The combination of pagan and Christian ideas at that time was startling and extraordinary. Erasmus in one of his public addresses compared Pope Julius with Zeus, the sufferings of Christ with the fates of Socrates and Iphigenia. Indeed it was quite a common practice to employ the names of Jupiter for the Deity, Aesculapius for our Lord, and Diana for the Blessed Virgin. Even in the churches and on the sepulchral monuments of the time, one may trace

this astonishing blend of Christianity and Paganism.[1]

The portrait of Leo X., painted more than once by the brush of Raphael, is a striking contrast to that of the manly Julius II. His head is unusually big, and his beardless face is effeminate in its indolence and sensuality: the eye is intelligent and not unkindly, the mouth seemingly formed for words of genuine wit and friendship: the hand, which he loved to adorn with costly gems, soft and sensual: the general expression, that of calm self-consciousness, mild and benevolent, but lacking in vigour. Leo enjoyed the glory of life with Hellenic delight, and died on receiving the joyful news of the capture of Milan by his Imperial allies. Carried off in the full flower of his manhood, he did not live to witness those heavy defeats which the Papacy suffered at the hands of the German Reformation, and which were so largely due to his secular and profanizing tendencies. When he died, these mighty events were but a black thunder-cloud on the far horizon. Wholly Epicurean in sympathies, and deadened to the most important

[1] I found in S. Benedetto in Piscinula, beyond the island in the Tiber, the following epitaph upon a daughter of the Trasteveran family of the Castellani:—

Olympiae Castellanae agenti menses uno de viginti et dies octo. Olympum ascendit Laurentius Castellanus Pater non sine moerore posuit.

A similar pagan phrase is to be read on the tomb of the Senator Petrus Jacobus Cima, in Santa Maria in Ara Coeli.

Hic corpus linquens Anima repetivit Olympum.

On the tomb of Paolo Boccapaduli in the same church, dating from the fifteenth century, we find:

Jupiter hunc primum sacris prefecerat: illum
Nunc superi gaudent astra tenere poli.

tasks of the Church, it was little wonder that he failed to grasp the meaning of this sudden ferment of the intellect in Germany. His debauchery and magnificence, and perhaps even more so his passion for building, gave a great impetus to the Lutheran Reformation. In fact it was the building-fund of St. Peter's which absorbed the German indulgence-money.

The tomb of Leo X. stands in the choir of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Even this accidental combination of the names Mary and Minerva, which reminds us of the historical process by which Christianity and Paganism were blended in Rome, is singularly appropriate for this Pope. But the monument is in keeping neither with his own character nor with that of the age. It is of large proportions, and contains a number of unimportant sculptures. Antonio da San Gallo had drawn the design, and Baccio Bandinelli carried most of it into execution. The figure of the Pope, on a somewhat clumsy pedestal, is seated in a niche formed between four Corinthian pillars; and these again support an attic with three large reliefs, surmounted by the Medici arms. Leo holds the keys in his left hand, while the right is raised in blessing. In later centuries we shall meet more and more frequently with this manner of representing the figures of the Popes in the act of blessing. It seems to have been adopted from Byzantine mosaics, which generally portray Our Lord enthroned, blessing the faithful: and to represent his vicegerent upon earth in exactly the same manner was a very natural idea. For in this solemn act is comprehended the whole energy of their spiritual office and functions, when all people of the

earth fling themselves upon their knees in eager reverence, to receive the benediction. Few scenes can rival in impressive grandeur the great festival when the Holy Father blesses the multitudes in St. Peter's, when he appears borne aloft upon his throne, crowned with the triple tiara and robed in wide folds of spotless white—as though some being from another world had flashed down from Heaven, and revealed itself to the kneeling crowd. In the credulous Middle Ages this scene of rapturous devotion must have been indeed overpowering. But we of to-day have seen too many of these Papal statues, each in the self-same attitude, and they strike the eye with a sense of weariness and monotony.

The actual figure of Leo X. is a work of indifferent workmanship, from the chisel of Raffaelle da Montelupo, and equally unimportant are the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in the niches on either side.

At the feet of Leo's monument is the sepulchral slab of Bembo, his brilliant and talented friend.[1]

Another monument; another Pope, and other times. After the flowers and music of Leo's carnival, a gaunt and voiceless Lent.

[1] The grave of Bembo, without any monument, in the recently-restored church, is covered by a new marble slab on which is inscribed: D.O.M. Petro Bembo Patritio Veneto. Ob eius singulares virtutes a Paolo III. P.M. in Sac. Collegium cooptati Torquatus Bembus P. Ob. xv. K. Feb. MDXLVII vixit an. LXXVI. M. VII. D. XXVIII. But the old half-pagan inscription says:

Hic Bembus iacet Aonidum laus maxima Phoebi
Cum sole, et luna vix perituris honos.
Hic et fama iacet, spes, et suprema galeri
Quam non ulla queat restituisse dies.
Hic iacet exemplar vitae omni fraude carentis,
Summa iacet, summa hic cum pietate fides.

Adrian VI. made his entry into Rome—Adrian of Utrecht, an upright and morose professor from the gloomy city of Liège, the former tutor of Charles V. The son of a ship's carpenter, he was brought up, not like Leo in the lap of luxury, but in the school of need and poverty. Artists and humanists alike were now banished from the Vatican. There were no more recitations of sonnets, no more Platonic dialogues; even musical instruments were hushed; the brush and the chisel were put aside. Adrian spent his days in prayer and work. He said, "I will not have the churches as ornaments of the priesthood, but the priests as ornaments of the churches." When he went out, he was surrounded no longer by poets, artists, and savants, but by beggars and cripples, whom he blessed and rewarded with liberal alms.

Thus Rome suffered a well merited penance for her sins; but a single year brought her deliverance, for Adrian died on September 14, 1523. Hated by the Roman courtiers and mocked at in their satires, because he had sought to check the Reformation by purifying the abuses and crimes of the Curia, the unhappy Adrian felt the tragedy of his position. His tomb bears the following lament:

Proh Dolor! Quantum Refert in Quae
Tempora cuiusque Virtus Incidat.[1]

Adrian VI. was the last German and the last foreigner to fill the Papal throne. Several Germans had held the office, and almost every one of them had striven for the reform of the Church. Adrian's tomb stands in Santa Maria dell' Anima, the church of the Germans in Rome; it was erected here in the presby-

[1] "Alas! how much depends upon the age in which even the most virtuous of men is placed!"

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

ADRIAN VI.

in S. Maria dell' Anima, Rome.

tery by Wilhelm Enkefort, the only cardinal created by Adrian, and faces the magnificent monument of Duke Charles Frederick of Cleves.

Strange to say, this tomb of a Pope who despised art and luxury, and abhorred the statues of the Greeks as idols, possesses greater artistic merit than that of the famous Medici Pope. Its design is from the hand of the gifted Baldassare Peruzzi, the sculptures are by Michel Angelo Sanese and Tribolo; both are of the highest merit. As usual in these monuments, architecture supplies a front to the tomb; but the spirit in which the Pope himself is represented is purely mediaeval, as indeed was his personal character. The figure reclines, propped up in slumber, upon a simple marble coffin. His face, which had once displayed great manly beauty, is now sunken and grief-stricken. In the lunette above him appears the Virgin with the Holy Child, between St. Peter and St. Paul. In the niches stand the four cardinal virtues; Courage holds an oak-branch, whilst a lion lies at her feet; Temperance carries a chain: Justice has the ostrich at her side, and Wisdom bears the mirror and the serpent. These figures are most chaste in their execution. Finally, below the sarcophagus, there is a large relief depicting Adrian VI.'s entry into Rome. He sits on horseback, clothed as a cardinal, while behind him ride cardinals and monks; the senator of the city kneels to do him homage, and from the gate the Genius of Rome comes forth to welcome him—that Cypria whom his predecessors had so lavishly adorned—not perhaps in the best of humours at being constrained to greet the austere Fleming. Even here the intrusion of pagan ideas reveals itself, since the Tiber is represented in one

corner of the relief as the river-god with his horn of plenty; and thus poor Adrian, who carried his devotion to the length of pedantry, could not prevent the spirit of the age from leaving its pagan traces upon his tomb.

Once more the Medicean *Zeitgeist* mounted the Papal throne in the person of Clement VII. (1523-1534), the son of that Giuliano who had lost his life through the Pazzi conspiracy in Florence. But his pontificate was very different from that of his cousin; and he was as unlucky as Leo had been fortunate. The long-threatened deluge burst upon Ecclesiastical Rome. By the aid of France, Clement sought to free Italy from the sway of the Emperor; but Charles V. pitilessly rent asunder the web of intrigue which this degenerate Medici had woven; and never in all history has a Pope suffered a more awful chastisement at the hands of an Emperor. Charles sent his army under Bourbon and Frundsberg against Rome. On May 6, 1527, Clement VII. beheld the same terrifying spectacle as his great predecessor Gregory VII. From his place of refuge in Sant' Angelo he could see the storm of the city, which the effeminate Romans yielded without resistance to the maddened soldiery of the Empire; he could see the long sack of the seven-hilled Babylon, more terrible than any of the outrages of Vandals and Saracens, and the intolerable insults offered to the Papacy by the Lutheran *lands-knechts*, who escorted to the Vatican an effigy of Clement fastened to the back of an ass, and dragged captive cardinals through the streets amid the most brutal outrages.[1]

[1] Bourbon fell before the walls of Rome. The Germans carried his body to Gaeta, buried him there in the Cathedral, and set the

Alike politically and morally, this catastrophe struck a death-blow to the authority of the Pope. Before the very eyes of the Apostle, a terrible Nemesis had shattered his prestige and destroyed the universality of his power.

The unlucky Clement remained for seven weary months a close prisoner in Sant' Angelo; but even after he regained his freedom fresh troubles and losses fell to his lot, for he lived to see the defection of England under Henry VIII. from the Roman faith and died, leaving the Church in ruins and despair.

His tomb faces that of Leo X. in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and was carried out after the same design of San Gallo and with the same indifferent workmanship. Thus are Fortune and Misfortune represented in the tombs of two kinsmen of a celebrated family—the two reverses of the coin of life.

The sympathy aroused by the fate of Clement VII. is, however, greatly diminished when we remember that this weak and clumsy disciple of the principles inculcated by Machiavelli's "Prince" was the man who cheated his native city, the glorious Republic of Florence, of her freedom, and brought her beneath the yoke of the Medici bastards.

Between these two graves there are but a few steps. Time measures them out by spans, and no Pope reigns long, since each one of them commences his career of fame at a time of life when, by a natural law, man must prepare himself for the grave. And hence the most significant ceremony at the coronation of a Pope is that in which a priest approaches him,

following vigorous inscription above his tomb: Aucto imperio, Gallo victo, superata Italia, Pontifice obsesso, Roma capta Carolus Borbonius in victoria caesus hic iacet.

bearing in one hand a candle and in the other a reed to which a handful of tow is attached. As he sets one alight by means of the other, he pronounces the words, "Sic transit gloria mundi," and another priest adds, "Sancte pater, non habebis annos Petri." The legendary reign of the Apostle as first Bishop of Rome extended to five and twenty years; the average duration of a Papal reign is no more than seven. Truly nothing demonstrates more clearly the transitory nature of all greatness than this triple crown, which Death hands on from greybeard to greybeard.

Once more we find ourselves in St. Peter's before a Papal tomb—the handsome monument of Paul III. Farnese (1534–1549), Guglielmo della Porta's masterpiece. The sarcophagus stands in a niche of the principal Tribune, to the left of the altar of the Canonized Popes, and is surmounted by the bronze seated figure of Paul III., a dignified old man whose bearded countenance bends forward as though in deep thought. In front of the coffin lie the female figures of Prudence and Justice, the former old and bearing the mirror, the latter youthful and holding the *Fasces*. Both alike reveal the impress of Michel Angelo's powerful style, and bear some likeness to the figures of Day and Night on the tombs of the Medici in S. Lorenzo at Florence. Prudence is the portrait of the Pope's mother, Giovanna Gaetani of Sermoneta, of the race of Boniface VIII.; while Justice is said to be a likeness of Paul's sister, the beautiful Giulia Farnese, the mistress of Alexander VI., to whom Paul himself owed his eminent position in the Church. Originally both figures were nude, till Bernini clothed them with shirts of plated metal, thus entirely destroying the effect of the two statues. It must, however, be

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

PAUL III.

in St. Peter's, Rome.

admitted that the voluptuous form of youthful Justice might well rouse the disgust of a Rome which had long left behind it the days of Alexander and of Paul.

Formerly the tomb was further adorned by two other corresponding figures—Mildness and Plenty—which are now preserved in a room of the Palazzo Farnese. The tomb was erected in the year 1562 in the old basilica, and in 1574 was removed to a spot in the new church now occupied by the figure of Veronica ; it was only in 1629 that it was placed in its present position, and the niche proved too narrow for the reception of the two pedestal figures.

This, the finest Papal tomb in St. Peter's, cost 24,000 Roman scudi, which were disbursed by the Papal treasury. But it was not always the State chest from which such contributions came ; for a Pope was but rarely honoured with a monument at the expense of his immediate successors, it being of the nature of the Papal elective monarchy that the new Pope is generally chosen from the Opposition party, and is the enemy of his predecessor. For this reason the Papal monuments have for the most part been erected either by the Papal nephews or by cardinals who owed their advancement to the particular Pontiff in question.

Paul III. was the first Roman Pope since the days of Martin V.—103 years. A pupil of Pomponius Laetus, he was learned and a good classical scholar, lively and witty in conversation. But his boundless ambition and nepotism remind one of the worst days of the Borgia, under whom his licentious youth had been spent. His natural son Pierluigi Farnese, a monster of immorality, but without a trace of Caesar Borgia's ability, was invested by Paul III.

with Parma, which was created a Duchy in his honour. Nor did the Pope pay much attention to the infamous deeds of his bastard, though even at this distant date their enormity is enough to make our blood boil. For his grandson Ottavio he secured the hand of Margaret, the natural daughter of Charles V., in after days Regent of the Netherlands.[1] We are still reminded of this marriage by the Palazzo Madama and the Villa Madama, which were both assigned to Margaret, after Paul III. had unjustly confiscated the goods of the Medici in Rome. The Pope himself is recalled to our memory by the sight of the most magnificent palace in all Rome, erected by him when he was still a cardinal; and the famous Farnesina also preserves the memory of a family which has played so great a part in the history of Italy, Spain and the Netherlands, and which is as intimately connected with the history of Art as were even the Medici. It is well-known how zealously Paul III. urged on the erection of St. Peter's by Michel Angelo, and how during his reign the mighty sculptor completed his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel.

This brilliant Pontiff died in the fulness of renown, beloved by the people and proud in the consciousness of having founded a princely house. But his family gave him ceaseless trouble; Pierluigi fell by the hand of an assassin, and Ottavio revolted against his grandfather. This last blow proved too much for the octogenarian Pope and brought him to the grave.

With Paul III. we reach the close of the classical period of the Papacy. All those mysterious influences

[1] The issue of this marriage was the famous Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, and leader of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands.

which the new age had silently matured, and which were so soon to revolutionize both Papacy and Church—all these he beheld at their birth, accepted without challenge, did but faintly comprehend, and never assimilated nor welcomed. Already new Orders had come into existence; for Gaetano da Thiene and Gian Pietro Caraffa had founded the Theatines in the year 1514, Ignatius Loyola had instituted his Company of Jesus, and had won the Papal sanction in 1543. The zealot Caraffa and Alvarez of Toledo, both Dominicans, had cajoled from Paul III. the Bull of July 20, 1542, by which the Inquisition was introduced; while in the year 1543 the Censorship was established in Rome. In front of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the beautiful resting place of Leo X. and Bembo, who once had smiled when his acquaintances in some brilliant mood denied Christianity, the Deity, or the Immortality of the Soul, scaffolds were now to be erected for burning Jews and heretics. Is this perchance why—in Guglielmo della Porta's monument—Paul Farnese, the pupil of Pomponius, the nursling of Athenian wisdom, and the genial lover of existence, bends his stately head and gazes so thoughtfully before him?

We now come to two gaps in the long series of Papal monuments. For Julius III. del Monte, who reigned for five years, and Marcellus II. Cervini, who only survived his election twenty-two days, have no monuments. Their unimportant reigns formed a breathing-space between the old and the new, a brief period of calm before the thunderstorm.

XII

IN a chapel of the Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, erected to St. Thomas Aquinas by Cardinal Olivieri Caraffa and adorned with paintings by Filippo Lippi, we find the monument of a Pope who arouses our interest in a very eminent degree. Seated upon a sarcophagus of yellow marble, the Pope is clothed in rich flowing robes, his right hand raised aloft in blessing or in anathema, while in his left rest the keys of Peter. The face, overshadowed by a scanty beard, is haggard and emaciated, with sharp and rigid features—a typical Dominican countenance. The eyes are sunk deeply in their sockets; the furrows on the brow and cheeks and round the determined imperious mouth, are not so much the lines of advanced old age, as so many evidences of a soul whose impetuous and glowing zeal had marked him out to be a ruler of men.

This keen personality stamped the impress of its will alike upon men and upon events; it distilled an atmosphere such as inspired all with passion or with fear. Even the terrible Duke of Alba, who never trembled before mortal man, confessed, after his interview with this redoubtable Pope, that no other countenance had stricken him with such fear as that of the fiery old man. This face which looks down

upon us in marble, belongs to Paul IV., of the Neapolitan race of the Caraffa.

He it was who inspired the Catholic Church with that energy which enabled it, not merely to resist the inroads of the Reformation, but even to recover ground in the heart of the enemy's country. He kindled the Church with a breath of enthusiasm which has only had its like in the thirteenth century, in the days of Dominic and Francis. The Inquisition, the torture-chambers, the Autos-da-fè, the censorship, are all alike his works. From him the Order of Jesus derived encouragement and support; to him in the first instance Loyola and Xavier had recourse—men filled with the same gloomy lust for battle as had spurred on Cortez and Pizarro on other fields of heroic energy.

The great breach which the Reformation had created among mankind had deprived the Papacy of its spiritual supremacy. It had become a mere part of the whole, in the same sense as the Protestant Church. But when this unpleasant fact was once driven home to her, she rallied all her forces, purged herself of all hostile elements, proclaimed martial law within her camp, intrenched herself behind a new and stricter discipline, and at length, after careful preparation, assumed the offensive, with newly discovered weapons, with newly devised battle-array and with freshly conceived tactics.

Whatever the Order of Jesus may have been, it will ever remain a wonderful product of the human genius, and notably because it first established the notion of the "Society" on a grand scale—of a society which, though based on a very definite and very simple principle, was yet related to the universal, and

embraced all human capabilities and tendencies in its calculations. This universal nature and power of adaptation lies at the root of the greatness of the Order; while it owed its ominous reputation to its combined ubiquity and secrecy. In later days men opposed to it the League of Freemasons, and this likewise they strove to make universal in its extension; but it lacked a middle point, a clearly working central principle, and hence it remained a mere ideal of cosmopolitan humanitarianism.

Thus under Paul IV. the Church became instinct with a fierce passion for the fray, and assumed once more the radiant robe of victory. All the pomp that Julius and Leo had lavished upon the worldly aspect of their dominion, was now diverted to the spiritual function. A gorgeous ritual was of far greater moment to the Church and her triumphs than to her supreme ruler upon earth.

Ere long Rome saw herself transformed into the city of Sixtus V., where even Antiquity, after triumphing in the reign of Leo X. over the Christian spirit, was once more thrown into subjection—where the obelisks of Egypt were surmounted by the Cross, and the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius by the figures of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

Nor did Paul IV. neglect the art of building—though his achievements in this direction were not pillared halls and loggias and picture-galleries, but a prison fortified with walls and gates, reserved for those objects of his peculiar hatred, the Jews. The Ghetto is his architectural monument. When he died, in the fifth year of his pontificate, at the age of eighty-three, the Roman populace rose in fury, plundered the palace of the Inquisition, attempted to set fire to the

Dominican cloister of the Minerva, and smashed to pieces the statues of the obnoxious Pope. The yellow hat which Paul had ordered all Jews to wear as a distinguishing mark of infamy, was drawn by a Hebrew over the tiara on Paul's own statue upon the Capitol.

The inscription on his tomb runs thus:

Jesu. Christo. Spei. Et. Vitae. Fidelium.
Paulo. IIII. Carrafae. Pont. Maximo.
Eloquentia. Doctrina. Sapientia. Singulari.
Innocentia. Liberalitate. Animi. Magnitudine.
Praestanti.
Scelerum. Vindici. Integerrimo.
Catholicae. Fidei. Acerrimo. Propugnatori.
Pius. V. Pontifex. Maximus.
Grati. Et. Pii. Animi. Monumentum.
Posuit.
Vixit. An. LXXXIII. Mens. I. D. XX. Obiit. MDLIX.
XVIII. Kal. Sept. Pont. Sui. Anno. V.[1]

The design of the tomb came from Pirro Ligorio, while the actual figure was prepared by Giacomo and Tommaso Casignola. From an artistic point of view it is quite valueless.

A simple tablet close to the high altar of Santa Maria degli Angeli is the only monument of Pius IV., Gian Angelo de' Medici, of Milan (1559–1565). He was a man of worldly instincts, a lover of the good things of this life.

1 To Jesus Christ, the hope and the life of the faithful. To Paul IV. Caraffa, Supreme Pontiff, pre-eminent for his eloquence, learning and wisdom, renowned for his innocence, liberality and greatness of soul, the unbending judge of iniquity, the most zealous champion of the Catholic Faith.—Pius V. erected this monument of a gracious and devout soul. He lived 83 years 1 month and 20 days. He died 1559, on August 14, in the fifth year of his pontificate.

An amusing incident is related of Pius IV. before his elevation to the Papacy. In the days of Paul IV., a number of friendly cardinals were seated together at table, and were listening to a handsome youth who improvised upon the lyre. Cardinal Alessandro Farnese laughingly beckoned to the boy, handed him a wreath, and bade him crown with it whichever of the cardinals present he believed would one day become Pope. Without hesitation he placed the crown upon the head of Angelo Medici; in after days the singer himself, Silvio Antoniano, wore the purple robes of a cardinal.

Under Pius IV. the reform of the Church continued to run its course; and the Papal nephew of this reign was a saint—the famous Carlo Borromeo. Paul IV.'s infamous nephews, the Caraffa, met with a tragic end; and Pius spared neither their high rank nor the memory of his predecessor. The fate of the Duke of Palliano, who with true Roman composure had ordered the execution of his own wife, struck terror into the nobility of the city; he was himself executed in the castle of Sant' Angelo, and Cardinal Carlo Caraffa shared the same fate. Henceforward the position of the Papal nephews was an altered one. They no longer acquired principalities; they only founded rich and distinguished families, which have beautified Rome with their sumptuous palaces and villas.

Under Pius IV. the Tridentine Council was brought to a successful issue; and the Church stood forth freshly organized in all her branches.

We must now pay a visit to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in which we have not seen a Papal tomb since the days of Nicholas IV. On either side

of the church stand two large chapels, each shaped like a Greek cross, and surmounted by a cupola. They are in every way identical; in both the senses are oppressed by a luxuriance of paintings, of Corinthian columns with gilded capitals, of every variety of costly stones, with which the walls and floor are encrusted. In either chapel two large tombs of the same style and dimensions occupy the two side walls; in each case one of the tombs is surmounted by the figure of a Pope in the act of blessing, while opposite another Papal figure kneels in silent prayer.

These monuments block up the whole extent of the walls, like some gorgeous Persian carpet, while at the same time they serve as decoration, for their sculptures, their columns of *verde antico*, their friezes and gables, encroach upon, rather than harmonize with, the architectural design of the chapel itself. All that was spiritualized and inward in the sepulchral monuments of the Middle Ages, all their naïveté and charm, has here perished, and left not a trace behind. All that remains is the empty flaunting pomp of ritual and Jesuitical display, to which the Catholic Church now resorted, conscious that her hopes lay in the counterpart of Protestantism. And nowhere can this soulless conception be better realized than in the monuments of these two chapels.

The other chapel, known as the Cappella del Presepio, was built by Sixtus V. Above the monument which it contains is seated the figure of a Pope, with the nimbus of a saint encircling the head. This is Pius V. Ghislieri (1566–1572), the consummator of the Catholic Reformation which the fanatical Caraffa had begun. Pius saw the outbreak of the bloody wars of Religion in France and the Netherlands; he survived

the great victory of Lepanto, and only died shortly before the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve, which was celebrated in Rome by fervent thanksgivings to the Almighty. Such horrors and triumphs of the faith form a faint halo of glory—perchance a haze of blood—for the head of the pious Dominican, who so often appeared bareheaded and barefooted in the midst of a procession.

His ostentatious monument is scarcely in keeping with so ascetic a character; but it was perhaps intended to commemorate, not so much Pius V., as the triumphs of the Catholic Church over heretics and unbelievers. Four columns stand at the sides of the tomb, supporting an entablature; and the Pope himself is seated in the central niche. On either side is a relief representing an event from the life of Pius V.; while in the upper section are three more—the fifth, which represents the coronation of Pius, being directly above the Pope's statue. Other niches contain the figures of St. Peter Martyr and of St. Dominic.

The figure of Pius V., a haggard monk shrunken almost to a shadow, is seated, in the act of blessing, upon the sarcophagus, on the front of which he is once more portrayed, in a gilded bronze-relief. It is the work of Leonardo da Sarzana; but the sculptor has been less successful with this than with the tomb of Nicholas IV. The reliefs were executed by various artists, notably the Flemings, Nicholas of Arras and Egidius; in all of them the most marked features are perspective, foreshortening, bold projection of the figures, and a true conception of the picturesque. They clearly demonstrate the fact that Sculpture in the beginning of the seventeenth century was steadily

sinking to the position of a slave to Painting, and was degenerating into a merely mechanical *relievo*-style. It is only from the historical aspect that these sculptures can attract us, in that they remind us of important events of the reign of Pius V. One of them sets forth the battle of Lepanto; the inscription boasts that Marcantonio Colonna was commander of the Papal fleet, that 30,000 Turks were killed and 10,000 taken prisoners, that 90 triremes were sunk, 180 captured, and that 15,000 Christian slaves were restored to liberty.[1] How wonderfully times have have altered! In those days, when Tasso penned his great epic against the Turks, and the Moslem suffered such a dreadful defeat at Lepanto, no one suspected that a time would come, when it would be of deep import for the Catholic Church, that these very Turks should continue to hold Constantinople undisturbed. This time has come. The ancient Madonna in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome is the bitter enemy of her sister at Kiew, who formerly fled to Russia from the desecrated Church of Santa Sophia.

In another relief we see Pius V. presenting the Admiral Colonna with a consecrated banner; while in a third the Pope places the commander's staff of office in the hands of Sforza, Duke of Santa Fiora This Sforza was leader of the troops which Pius sent to aid Charles IX. against the Huguenots. Lastly, we find depicted a battle from the war against the Protestants.

[1] Any one who has been in the Palazzo Colonna at Rome, will remember a large picture in the great reception-room, amid the ancestral portraits of this famous race; it represents the battle of Lepanto, according to a systematic plan by which every vessel appears. The Pope had another picture of the same battle put up in the Aula Regia of the Vatican.

The inscription sets forth that Pius V. had conquered the heretics, restored France and hung up the trophies of victory in the Lateran Basilica. From all these reliefs we may recognize that the Church has once more assumed the rôle of *Ecclesia Militans et Triumphans*.

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

ST. PIUS V.

in Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome.

XIII

THE successor of Pius V. was Gregory XIII. Ugo Buoncompagni, a learned jurist of a noble Bolognese family. He reigned from 1572 to 1585. The spirit which inspired him is manifest from the numerous institutions erected by him for the spread of the Catholic faith. He founded twenty-three colleges, among others in Rome the Germanicum, Britannicum and Romanum, the Collegia Neophytorum, Graecorum, and Maronitarum, the rest being in various foreign countries. His family bore a winged dragon in their armorial bearings, and this device was skilfully employed for his commemorative medals—a playful allusion to the myth of Triptolemos: a dragon draws a cart-full of sacks, from which ears of corn peep forth, and the inscription reads: "Semina desertis terris."

The name of Gregory has become deservedly immortal, thanks to the introduction of the new calendar —an achievement worthy of the metropolis of the world. This memorable event is commemorated by a relief upon his tomb—the Pope handing over his calendar to the astronomer, while a globe stands at his side.

This monument, in St. Peter's, was not erected till the year 1723, by his kinsman the Cardinal Buon-

compagni. It is the work of the skilful Camillo Rusconi, and though not free from a certain straining after effect, is yet not altogether unpleasing. The marble sarcophagus rests upon a pedestal; Wisdom in the guise of Minerva, armed with helmet and shield, is drawing back a covering from the coffin, in order to expose to view the relief which we have already referred to; whilst on the other side stands the figure of Faith holding the Bible and a tablet on which are inscribed the words: "Novi opera eius et fidem." The Pope sits above the sarcophagus in the act of blessing—a venerable figure, full of power and dignity. Gregory XIII. had reached the age of eighty-four.

And now we stand before the tomb of Sixtus V. Peretti (1585–1590). Of all the monuments that still await our inspection, surely none can vie in interest with that of this extraordinary man, who herded cattle in his youth and as an old man imposed his will upon princes and peoples, who filled Rome with so many public works, that almost every street re-echoes his name to the traveller of to-day.

We still marvel at the mysterious destiny that raised Napoleon to an imperial throne; but if in the history of temporal rulers a rare chance has permitted such wonderful events, in the history of the Papacy, on the other hand, they are by no means exceptional:—and indeed their frequency is of the very essence of Christianity, which takes account not of the outer man but only of the soul within.

Felice Peretti watched his father's swine in Montalto, and as a youth pushed on his studies by the scanty light of a Madonna's shrine. With a few men of rare genius a single drop of knowledge soon

acquires the volume of an ocean, and the wayward rays shed by one great idea break in upon them as a heavenly vision, while leaving the common herd in their former poverty.

As a Franciscan friar, he electrified the whole of Rome by his Lenten sermons in the Church of the Santi Apostoli. He became Bishop of Fermo, but ere long his appointment as cardinal brought him back to Rome, where he lived simply and without display. He owned a vineyard close by the wall of Servius Tullius. Here amid the mournful and untrodden solitudes of the Esquiline—now, alas! replaced by the hideous streets of modern Rome—embedded in a grove of gloomy cypresses, stood until within our own days a colossal figure of Minerva, as the solitary emblem of a Rome that is no more. The arms carved upon its pedestal—a lion holding three pears in his claws—proved the statue to have been erected by Felice Peretti. These arms, and the holm-oak of the house Della Rovere, are more frequently met with in Rome than those of any other family.

Sixtus became Pope in the year 1585. He filled the See of Peter for only five years, and yet so far did his passion for building outstrip that of all his predecessors that five years sufficed for him to renew Rome. What Julius II. and Leo X. had been in the classic period of the Papacy, Sixtus V. was in the time of its political and religious revival. His great and practical intellect took the measure of the age, rounded it off, and made of Rome its monument.

His tomb in the same chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, which contains the remains of Pius V., reminds us, in many ways, of what Sixtus was—a

genuine Latin character, like Marius of old, just as harsh, just as stern of will, equally unattractive, commanding and pitiless, never swayed by the soft influence of the Graces, but full of bold projects and lofty dreams, a born monarch over men. The five reliefs upon his tomb are naturally very similar in style to those on the monument of Pius V., dating, as they do, from the same period; that to the right of the Pope's figure is of peculiar interest. In the foreground we see the figures of Peace and War, in the centre and background battle-scenes, and men who, in true Turkish fashion, are grasping newly severed human heads by the hair. On ancient Christian sarcophagi are to be seen pictures of Our Saviour, the Apostles Peter and Paul, charming figures of angels, the Virgin and saintly martyrs or patriarchs: while mediaeval monuments are adorned with allegorical virtues; but here we have, upon a Papal tomb, depicted with a grim and brutal realism, the blood-smeared heads of bandits, which the headsman dangles by the hair, and which the Pope himself was not ashamed to commemorate upon his tomb, among the chief trophies of his life. So glaring is the contrast between any age and its artistic sentiments.

This relief recalls to our memory the merciless rigour with which Sixtus V. exterminated the brigands, who since the times of Gregory XIII. had made the whole Campagna and even Rome itself unsafe. Even nobles, such as Alfonso Piccolomini and Roberto Malatesta, played a leading part among them. The existence of these bands of robbers and outlaws was to some extent the result of the con-

fiscation of many baronial fiefs and of the curtailment of feudal rights.[1]

The other reliefs relate to political events, such as the reconciliation of Sigismund of Poland with Austria, or to the canonization of saints and the foundation of pious institutions. In every case the background is filled in with a certain type of architecture which owes its origin to this Pope. We see the obelisk of St. Peter's, which Sixtus V. caused to be erected by Fontana, his master of the works; the cupola of the cathedral, which was completed during his reign; the aqueduct of Acqua Felice, which bears his name, and was, of all his many undertakings, the most beneficial. For this latter alone he fully deserved that a bronze statue should be erected to him on the Capitol by the grateful Romans. It would be wellnigh impossible to name all the buildings which Rome owes to him. His buildings always had a practical character, or else tended towards the glorification of the Faith. His mind was too firmly centred upon the workaday side of life, for him to grasp the significance of Art in its idealized forms. He wished to remove the Laocoon and Apollo from the Vatican, and with thoughtless vandalism he destroyed the Septizonium of Severus; while it was only with difficulty that he was restrained from ruining the Colosseum and pulling down the tomb of Caecilia Metella.

And thus the refined spirit of Leo X. and Julius II.,

[1] Even to this day people in Rome amuse themselves with stories of the reign of Sixtus V., and many anecdotes are still told of his inexorable justice. When the Romans took to criticizing the rule of the Pope of the day, the common phrase ran:—Si vuol' un Sisto Quinto ("one needs a Sixtus V.").

which had revivified Antiquity and inspired it with a human interest, yielded ever more and more to a tasteless prosaic feeling, giving thought for nothing save the needs of the present hour.

Sixtus the Fortunate, honoured and feared alike as spiritual and temporal monarch, died at the age of sixty-nine, on August 27, 1590. His kneeling statue, with folded hands—a powerful work of Vasoldo—shows us an ugly, powerful, thick-set figure; the face is firm and massive, and indeed behind its broad forehead lay an ample understanding and a will of iron. His eyes were small and lively, his eyebrows thick and black, his beard white and flowing. Among the Franciscans of the Ara Coeli one may still occasionally see a man of robust physique, who bears a resemblance to Sixtus V.

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

SIXTUS V.

in Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome.

XIV

OF Sixtus V.'s three successors, Urban VII. Giambattista Castagna, reigned only twelve days, Gregory XIV. Sfondrato, only ten months, and Innocent IX. Facchinetti, only sixty days. Each was old and weakly when he succeeded to office, and each succeeded but to die. Urban has a large monument in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, executed in conventional manner by Ambrogio Buonvicino. A simple tomb in St. Peter's, devoid of all ornament or sculpture, reminds us of the second of these Popes, while the third has no monument at all.

But with Clement VIII. Ippolito Aldobrandini, of Florence (1592–1605), a man of strong character and well versed in legal matters, we find ourselves once more in Santa Maria Maggiore, in the chapel erected by Paul V. Borghese with such an overpowering profusion of marble. Here stand the tombs of the two Popes, built to correspond with those in the chapel of Sixtus V. The figure of Clement VIII., a man with handsome powerful head and noble beard, sits in the niche, raising his hand in blessing. The reliefs have reference to his achievements—the Peace concluded between France and Spain, and the occupation of the fair Duchy of Ferrara, which he wrested from Don Cesare, the heir of Alfonso II. To Clement VIII. also Rome owes the Palazzo Nuovo of the Vatican.

Opposite Clement's tomb stands that of the Roman Pope, Paul V. Camillo Borghese (1605–1621). Like Sixtus V., he is represented kneeling—a truly Herculean figure, with powerful head, in whose thick neck pride, violence and sensuality may be clearly traced. He was the first Pope to trim his beard in cavalier fashion, like Henri Quatre. He lived to see the beginnings of the Thirty Years' War, as far as the battle of the White Mountain. This countenance, thick-set, round, and almost insolent in its strength, was wholly in keeping with Paul's violent overbearing nature, so full of the sense of his majesty of dominion. Who has not heard of his quarrel with Venice, and of the task which his masterly opponent Paolo Sarpi executed with such invincible courage? The reliefs upon Paul's tomb represent the reception of envoys from Congo and Japan, the building of the fortress at Ferrara, the despatch of troops to Hungary to aid the Emperor Rudolf II., and the canonization of Francesca Romana and Carlo Borromeo.

Under Paul V. was completed the greatest monument of the Papacy, the mighty Dome of St. Peter's, which Julius II. had begun. On the frieze of the façade the name of Borghese is boastfully inscribed in huge letters, as a title to immortality. St. Peter's is the giant fortress of the Catholic religion, which the Popes erected as a defiance to the Reformation. It was their last exertion of power, the crown and the completion of the glory of the Catholic-Roman Church.[1] For since then the Papacy sank deeper and deeper into the impotence of weakness. The Thirty Years' War sealed with streams of blood the permanent existence of the Reformed faith. The centre of

[1] *Die Krone und der Schluss der katholisch-römischen Herrlichkeit.*

gravity for Europe was for ever transferred from Rome to the lands beyond the Alps.

Paul V. still survives in the family of his nephews, which eventually became allied by marriage with the Bonapartes. His nephew, Cardinal Scipio Borghese, built the splendid villa outside the Porta del Popolo, and acquired the largest palace in all the city. None of the many collections of art-treasures amassed by Papal families since the sixteenth century to perpetuate their name, can be compared with those of the Borghese. Palaces, villas, riches and titles were now the prizes which fell to the Papal nephews, instead of the princely crowns which they had won for themselves a century before; and Rome peopled itself with a new nobility, which found its origin in the Vatican.

We have passed over one monument—that of Leo XI. Medici, who succeeded Clement VIII., but only wore the tiara for twenty-six days. It stands in St. Peter's; under a wreath of flowers is inscribed the motto: "Sic Florui." This monument, though sharing the conventionality of the period, is yet one of Algardi's best achievements. The two virtues which stand on either side of the sarcophagus, Wisdom as Minerva, and Plenty pouring gold and jewels from her horn, create a good impression and are immensely superior to similar figures on other monuments.

Our way now leads us to a church which we have never as yet visited, since it only dates from the period of which we have just been speaking. The Jesuit Church of Sant' Ignazio, which is attached to the Collegio Romano, is a large and sumptuous building of the seventeenth century, and at the same time a remarkable testimony to the versatile talents of the

Jesuits; for not only have many of its sculptures and paintings been executed by Jesuits, but even the architectural design is partially the work of a member of the Order. Here, in a chapel close to the Tribune, stands the tomb of the Bolognese, Gregory XV. Ludovisi (1621-1623), the zealous promoter of Jesuitism. He it was who canonized the heroes of the Order, Loyola and Xavier, and founded the largest institution in the whole world, the Propaganda. His monument, designed and for the most part executed by Le Gros, is a startling example of the overladen taste of the seventeenth century, and of the magnificence of the Order of Jesus.

The Pope is seated in a niche above the sarcophagus, robed in gorgeous swelling garments, beneath a rich canopy, from the sides of which there hang down draperies of bright alabaster with golden tassels. From their folds genii lean out, flourishing forth his renown upon their trumpets.

At the foot of Gregory XV.'s sarcophagus stands that of his once all-powerful nephew, Cardinal Ludovico Ludovisi. It was he who built Sant' Ignazio, and laid out the noble Villa Ludovisi, so famous for its art-treasures. His name will always be associated with the most lovely marble bust of the goddess Juno which has survived from antiquity.

Since the sixteenth century we have frequently had cause to refer to the decay of Art, and have from time to time been made aware of the subversion of Michel Angelo's grandiose style by one of utter affectation, and finally of the picturesque or indeed theatrical treatment of the sculptor's art. This false tendency of Art found its genius in Bernini. He towered above the poverty of his age as much as Raphael and

Michel Angelo ever had over the brilliant crowd of their contemporaries. This century, which in all directions of spiritual activity was so high-flown, so affected, so fond of display, and which had degraded the human figure itself into a loathsome caricature, could not fail to leave its impress upon Bernini's work. In any other age such marvellous talent might have shone as a star of the first magnitude; the curse of his time hurried him down the steep paths of degeneracy. By the light of his works we may interpret his century.

XV

FOR the first time we stand before a work from the hand of Bernini, the tomb of Urban VIII. Barberini (1623-1644). This famous sculptor lived through the reigns of no less than nine Popes; but to Urban VIII. he was in every way what Raphael had been to Leo X. and Michel Angelo to Julius II. All the architectural achievements of Urban's reign were planned by Bernini—the fountain of Tritons on the Piazza Barberini, the vast family palace itself, the fountain on the Piazza di Spagna, the additions to Sant' Angelo and the walls of the city, and the colossal "Confession" in St. Peter's. Urban VIII., like more than one of his predecessors, had a passion for building, especially works of fortification, which he considered necessary for the preservation of his rule over Rome and the Papal States.

Entirely worldly in his outlook, he sought to be king rather than priest. To the States of the Church, re-created by Julius II. and extended by several later Pontiffs, he made their final addition by the annexation of the Duchy of Urbino, whose princely house of Della Rovere had become extinct.

By his orders the ashes of the famous Countess Matilda were transported from Tuscany to Rome, and

were interred in St. Peter's in a mausoleum designed by Bernini. On the sarcophagus he had the scene of Canossa portrayed, mainly as a demonstration against Ferdinand II. and the two branches of the House of Hapsburg.

His intense hatred for Spain-Austria, induced him to refuse his spiritual and temporal support at a time when the Thirty Years' War threatened Church and Empire with the gravest dangers; and this perverse attitude materially aided the Protestant cause. He rejoiced openly at the triumph of Gustavus Adolphus, compared the Swedish King to Alexander the Great, and lamented his untimely though heroic death. And thus, by reason of the temporal requirements of the States of the Church, whose independence was threatened by the Hapsburg predominance, the Pope was induced to act at open variance with his spiritual duties and with the pressing needs of the Catholic Church. Later on, it is true, circumstances forced him to make his peace with the House of Hapsburg.

Urban VIII. was a humane man, witty and highly cultured; but neither his classical learning nor the favour of the Muses can blot out one stain from the escutcheon of his fame. This was the condemnation of the greatest genius of his time—Galileo—by the Roman Inquisition. From wounded vanity, he permitted, nay rather procured, this ignoble verdict and the luckless astronomer's act of perjury.

Urban founded one of the last great families of Papal nephews; and it still flourishes in Rome to-day. His young nephew, Don Taddeo, married a daughter of the House of Colonna, and thus acquired Palestrina, their ancient family seat. The Cardinal-nephew

Francesco collected the library and picture gallery which still adorn the Palazzo Barberini.

Urban VIII. was a man of powerful frame and iron health; he reigned twenty-one years, and died at the age of seventy-six.

His tomb stands opposite that of Paul III. in the Tribune of St. Peter's, and, like it, is of bronze. At either side of the black marble sarcophagus stand Justice with torch and sword, and Charity carrying a child in her arms—worthless figures, insufferably affected. A winged, golden skeleton—more calculated to produce laughter than terror—is seated above the coffin, and seems to be engaged in inscribing the Pope's signature in the book of the dead. Urban himself is throned upon a pedestal, raising his hand to bless—a handsome, full-bearded man, his robes draped about him in disorder and gathered in a heap upon his knees. This profusion of drapery was a common trick in the art of the period. The Barberini arms—bearing bees—sets a seal to the design of the whole monument. The family arms of the Popes are seldom absent from their monuments, and are generally at the highest point.

The next Pope, Innocent X. Pamfili (1644-1655) is not so much remarkable for his achievements as notorious for his nepotism and the intrigues which his kinsfolk set in motion among and against each other. The infamous Donna Olympia Maldachini, his sister-in-law, ruled the weak and amiable old man, and the insatiate greed of this woman and his other relations won him the universal hatred of his subjects. Though the Roman Senate honoured him with a statue on the Capitol (he was extraordinarily ugly), yet this distinction was probably conferred on

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

URBAN VIII.

in St. Peter's, Rome.

account of his building the walls of Trastevere and the completion of the second palace of the Capitol. He had a great liking for the ample Piazza Navona; and he lies buried in the adjoining church of Sant' Agnese, which he had erected close to his family palace, and in front of which a beautiful fountain from a design of Bernini had been placed by his command. His bust is to be seen there above the entrance door; but there is a want of life and expression. It was Don Camillo, the son of Donna Olympia, who erected the gorgeous Palazzo Pamfili, in the Corso, and who laid out the large villa near the Porta S. Pancrazio. When one beholds these extravagant results of Papal nepotism, one cannot be astonished at the poverty of the Papal States.

Innocent X., who had relied so much on his insatiate kinsmen, was to earn, when he came to die, a just reward for his conduct. The contemporary account of this is too remarkable to be omitted here. "After three days," we read in one of the journals, "during which the Pope's remains were laid out in St. Peter's, no one could be found to take upon himself the task of burial. A message was sent to Donna Olympia, asking her to provide coffin and grave-clothes; but she replied that she was only a poor widow. None of his other relatives or nephews bestirred themselves, and the body was removed to a chamber where the masons engaged upon repairs stored their building material. Out of compassion one of them lighted a coarse tallow candle at his head, and when another remarked that the room was infested by mice, which might gnaw the neglected corpse, some one disbursed sufficient money to provide a watcher. After another day the majordomo, Monsignor Scotti, took pity

upon the dead Pope, and himself ordered a coffin of poplar-wood; while Monsignor Segni, a Canon of St. Peter's, who had once been Innocent's majordomo and had then been dismissed, rewarded evil with good by paying five dollars for his burial."[1]

The fate of Popes is no better than that of the lowliest of men; only in so exalted a position the common lot of ingratitude is all the more striking and revolting.

From this point we must begin to hasten our steps, since only a few monuments must be allowed to arrest our attention, in times when the Papacy has already lost its historical import as a world-power.

Here we have a second tomb by Bernini—that of Alexander VII. Chigi, of Siena (1655–1667)—at whose command the untiring sculptor constructed the magnificent Scala Regia in the Vatican, and the imposing colonnades of the Piazza di S. Pietro, thus setting the finishing touches upon this wonderful monument of the Papacy. In extreme old age, Bernini also erected Alexander's monument in St. Peter's. In it the *barocco* style has reached the extreme limit of affectation into which the sculptor's art has fallen. Above the door leading to the sacristy, a hideous gilded skeleton, stretching out an hourglass in its bony claws, rises out of a drapery of alabaster. Beside the bulky, ill-proportioned pedestal stand a repulsive figure of Truth, pressing her foot firmly upon a globe, and a most affected figure of Charity. The Pope, who was of slight but graceful build—and an eloquent and witty

[1] See the life of this Pope by Narvaes. Donna Olympia, who contrived to emerge unscathed from the process instituted against her by Innocent's successor, died of the plague, wretched and abandoned, in her country house at Viterbo.

man—kneels upon a cushion, with folded hands. Behind him, from the niche in which they are concealed, peep out the heads of two more of the Cardinal Virtues.

We pass more quickly by the monument of Clement IX. Rospigliosi (1667–1669), which faces that of Nicholas IV. in Santa Maria Maggiore, and was executed by Bernini's pupil, Ercole Ferrata. Nor need we stop to remark that of Clement X. Altieri (1670–1676) in St. Peter's, by De' Rossi, or that of Innocent XI. Odescalchi (1676–1689) by Stefano Monnot, after a design of Maratta's; the only point of interest about it is an indifferent relief, depicting the raising of the Siege of Vienna.

The bronze tomb of the learned Venetian, Alexander VIII. Ottoboni (1689–1691) in St. Peter's, by Giuseppe Berlosi and Angelo de' Rossi, is too profuse and elaborate. Marble, alabaster and gold have been squandered upon it, but the costliness of the material does not atone for the artistic worthlessness of the whole. Alexander's head is handsome and manly, a full-bearded countenance worthy of the best days of the Papacy.

In the history of the Papal tombs, the end of the seventeenth century is a period of degeneracy, of a style at once prosaic and exaggerated. It closes with the monument of the Neapolitan Antonio Pignatelli, Innocent XII., erected by Filippo Valle in St. Peter's, and a mere affected imitation of Bernini. Here we see for the last time a Pope wearing a cavalier beard; for with Innocent XII. the martial aspect of the Vicars of Christ, and the pointed beards of the age of Wallenstein, happily vanish for ever.

XVI

SMOOTH countenances are the order of the eighteenth century; and this is no mere accidental symbol of the birth of a new era—the century of Sentimentality, of humanitarian dreams, of Revolution; when men have the aspect of young Werther, or the Vicar of Wakefield; of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot; of Robespierre, Washington and Frederick the Great. This century commenced like a sickly girl, and ended as a mailed Minerva. Quickened and pervaded by the spirit of Philosophy, it brought to birth the most astounding contrasts of peace and war, the most splendid array of heroes and lawgivers, thinkers and poets, musicians and sculptors, lofty and noble souls. The whole age was indeed a dithyramb, with the struggle of humanity for light and freedom as its ennobling theme. It was man's second, philosophical Renaissance.

But whilst in all other spheres of human activity this wonderful century brought forth many mighty spirits, it passed the Papacy by. Two different centuries had seen the Popes at the height of fortune—the thirteenth, which had lavished every favour upon them, and the sixteenth, which had given them with one hand as much as it had taken from them with the other. In each of these epochs they struggled valiantly against the German intellect; but in the eigh-

teenth century circumstances combined against them. The crown was snatched from the head of Religion and placed upon the brows of Philosophy. The Papacy seemed as though borne down by mishaps; it was truly the period of its Passion.

The century opened with Clement XI. Albani (1700–1721), who reigned long, but achieved little. In the chapel of the choir in St. Peter's he lies buried beneath a marble slab with a simple inscription. His family name at once reminds us that the days of Winckelmann are at hand.

Innocent XIII. Conti (1721–1724), who was also buried in St. Peter's, has no monument. His successor, Benedict XIII., has a most uncouth monument in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, from the hand of Pietro Bracci. Only in one particular does it differ from the conventional rendering; the Pope, a bald-headed old man with features displaying all the fanaticism of a monk, is represented as absorbed in silent prayer, as though he had flung himself upon his knees in the midst of the sermon. Benedict was the eldest son of Ferdinand Orsini, Duke of Gravina; renouncing his right of succession, he became a Dominican, and with noble zeal strove to restore the Church to her former purity of morals. He reigned from 1724 to 1730.

His successor, Clement XII. Corsini (1730–1740), is the last Pope who was buried in the Lateran. Here he had erected one of the most magnificent chapels in Rome, in honour of his ancestor, Sant' Andrea Corsini, and as a burial place for himself and other members of his family. His mausoleum vies with the most gorgeous of the Papal monuments, in the richness of its decoration. His sarcophagus is formed

from an ancient bath of the time of Agrippa, which he had removed from the hall of the Pantheon. It is of the most costly porphyry, and of exquisite design. Above it stands the colossal bronze statue of the Pope, with gilded robes and gilded tiara, placed between two of the Cardinal Virtues—dazzling in its effect, and after all not wholly unpleasing.

But in the tomb of the learned Benedict XIV. Lambertini (1740–1758) in St. Peter's, Art, under the guidance of Pietro Bracci, has taken an altogether theatrical turn. The manner of presentment is entirely new, for the great marble statue of the Pope stands upright above one of the doors. The singular affectation of his attitude, with one hand stretched out before him, inevitably suggests, not a Pope blessing the multitude, but an actor delighted at the success with which he is declaiming his chosen periods.

Happily, this is the last Papal figure from the age of artistic decadence and mannerism. For the tomb of his successor, Clement XIII. Rezzonico, of Venice (1758–1769), is a work of Canova. On April 4, 1795, when the great sculptor himself unveiled it in St. Peter's before an admiring crowd, the final victory was won over the advocates of Bernini's style of art. Canova himself, disguised as an Abbé, listened to the judgments passed by the onlookers, and might well congratulate himself upon the general opinion. The return of Plastic Art to classical forms and examples celebrated here its first great triumph. It is true that Canova's first public work in Rome was the monument to Clement XIV.; but here the purity of conception was still marred by certain traces of affectation.

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

CLEMENT XIII.

in St. Peter's, Rome.

The tomb of Clement XIII. consists of a lofty substructure of marble, in which an ancient Doric portal leads directly into the vault. On its steps lie the two famous marble lions. To the left of the sarcophagus, which is entirely without ornament, stands Religion with the Cross, a figure whose attitude is somewhat stiff and massive; on the right leans the Genius of Death, with reversed torch. In the head of this genius, which Canova himself held to be one of his finest works, may be traced the influence of antique models upon the great sculptor, especially of the Apollo Belvedere. But with all its charm, the figure is certainly sentimental and not wholly free from mannerism. Clement is represented kneeling, with hands folded in prayer; and the artist has striven, not in vain, to give insight into a fervent soul and strongly marked character. To compare it with the monuments of the seventeenth century in St. Peter's is to heighten its artistic effectiveness; for it seems as though divided from them by an abyss of centuries.

The tomb of Clement XIII. arouses historical memories. During his reign the Order of Jesus was at length summoned before the tribunal of Europe. So deeply had philosophic enlightenment—the child of the Reformation—and the cosmopolitan ideal overturned the mighty structure reared by Caraffa. Men had come to see that Theory and Opinion, when once they become thoroughly assimilated by the race, will shatter even the world's most deeply rooted ordinances. On February 3, 1769, the Holy Consistory was to pronounce its decision upon the process, while the irresolute Pontiff was to offer at the shrine of the Zeitgeist the deadliest weapon wielded by Catholicism.

He died suddenly upon the eve of the fatal day—an old man of seventy-five.

What he had lacked the courage to complete, was carried out by his successor, Clement XIV. Ganganelli, a noble-minded man, more conspicuous for his elegance than for commanding genius. In his person that "Philosophy of Humanity," which is so characteristic of the eighteenth century, seemed to mount the Chair of St. Peter. We have seen it filled by many heroic and platonic Popes; and now we find there a philanthropist, full of the spirit of his age.[1]

In the year 1773 he annulled the Order of Jesus. As men hinted, this was as good as if he had taken poison. Soon afterwards his appearance altered, he complained of pains in his vitals, he wasted away like a shadow. "I am passing into eternity," he said, "and I know the reason why." On September 22, 1774, he died at the age of sixty-nine. His body became black immediately, and decayed so rapidly that it was impossible to lay out the body for the ceremony of kissing his feet. And yet he had possessed an iron constitution, such as seemed capable of lasting till a hundred.

His tomb stands in the Church of the Santi Apostoli. In this, Canova still verges on the manner of his precessors; for though he reveals a nobler taste and instincts far truer to nature, he yet shows too many traces of the beginner. The figure of Temperance is

1 [Not the least of Clement XIV.'s claims to greatness are his "Letters," which are still a model of elegant Italian style, and which reflect in every page the genial, acute and tolerant spirit of their writer. Thus Clement XIV. shares with Gregory the Great, Pius II., and the late venerable Pope Leo XIII. the honour of being one of the few Pontiffs distinguished for their literary talents.—Trans.]

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI

CLEMENT XIV.

in Santi Apostoli, Rome.

leaning over the sarcophagus, while Mildness is seated beside it, plunged in grief; the conception of both is chaste and skilful. Here, too, the Pope is represented in the act of blessing, enveloped in rich robes, whose folds are more natural than those of Bernini's statues, but yet not simple enough. Few subjects, it is true, within the whole realms of art, require more delicate treatment than the figure of a Pope; for while sculpture directs its efforts towards the nude human form, in this special instance it has to represent one whose office cannot be dissociated from elaborate vestments. Hence Bernini and his school played a foolhardy game with the Papal vestments, flinging their folds wildly in all directions, or heaping them up on the knees of the figure, as though the Pope were Zeus the cloud-gatherer.

In one further point Canova has departed from the usual custom; the Pope no longer raises his right hand in blessing, but stretches it forth with a motion of command. Perhaps the sculptor drew the idea for this innovation from the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol; but the strained effort and dictatorial temper which the movement suggests are quite out of keeping with the character of Ganganelli. For as we gaze upon this Pope's benevolent countenance, we are reminded what type of man he was—a Joseph II. among the Popes—and, like Joseph or all who strive to reform humanity by humanitarian laws, a tragic figure.

But still more unfortunate than Clement XIV. was his successor, Pius VI. Braschi. In his reign occurred the dreadful catastrophe of the French Revolution. If its predecessor, the Reformation, had wrested half Europe from the grasp of the Papacy,

this later event burst the chains of the nations, and bade them seek a new span of life amid the joys of Freedom, Independence and Unity. The Papal dominion was only possible so long as Italy remained dismembered and ruined, the slave of foreign powers.

Pius VI. reigned twenty-four years, from 1775 to 1799, seeing many changes and enduring much. He has no tomb in St. Peter's. His body rests in the Grotte Vaticane, his heart at Valence, where Napoleon raised a monument to his memory. Only his statue—by Canova—kneels upon the floor of the "Confession," and will kneel there so long as St. Peter's Dome endures above it. Gazing into its sombre depths beyond the circle of ever-burning lamps, one beholds in vague outline the figure of this luckless old man. Who does not know how Pius VI., in the days of the Franco-Roman Republic, was carried off forcibly from the Vatican, how place after place received the friendless exile, and how at length he died in a foreign land? And of the many who wander to-day through the gorgeous halls of the Museum Pio-Clementinum, how few remember, amid the endless profusion of ancient masterpieces, the tragic fate of the two Popes who reared it there as an eternal delight for mankind!

Thus the eighteenth century closed upon the Papacy in exile and despair.

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

PIUS VI.

in St. Peter's, Rome.

XVII

TWO decades are still wanting ere the nineteenth century shall have run its course[1]—the great century of machinery and steam, of industry and science, of unbelief and pessimism, of popular liberty and military despotism, of Jewish usury and taxation, of enormous capital and enormous misery. More barren in genius though richer in incident than the eighteenth century, possessing fewer great men, though more varied materials for culture, the nineteenth century must none the less, thanks to its marvellous discoveries, remain one of the most momentous epochs of mankind. New theories and new inventions have quickened the pulse of the world's life to fever-heat. Thought has conquered time and space, and the world has become its property.

In its first half our century lacked power and stamina. Then, after a breathing space, the reviving spirit of Europe rose from the lethargy of reaction, and since 1848 the work of three decades has sufficed to change the whole aspect of the political world. Questions bequeathed by the eighteenth century for solution the nineteenth has already par-

[1] [The reader is reminded that these words were written in the year 1880.—Trans.]

tially solved. It has introduced a loftier conception of mankind and of the individual; it has burst the fetters of all the ages—abolishing the Guild, Serfdom, Slavery. Regions of the globe till now inaccessible have been explored and opened out, and have been drawn into the system of universal culture. The problems of long ages have at length been worked out; Germany and Italy have recovered their independence and unity, France has revived the Republic. The empire of the Turks in Byzantium is in process of dissolution; the States of the Church have vanished, and the abandoned Papacy has been left to choose between perishing like her secular power, and renovating the time-worn fabric of the Church by freedom of thought and of inquiry. What the Church had formerly undertaken as a mission of faith—the great task of uniting mankind in a Christian Republic—has now become the task of Culture in general. But the masses, unchained and frenzy-stricken, now seem preparing a veritable inundation[1] of socialistic ideas; the old regime of law and order, the Christianity of past ages, and humanistic culture are alike threatened; and it is reserved for the twentieth century to behold and struggle with these stormy revolts, before that European Confederacy or Völkerbund can be formed, towards which the spirit of the nineteenth century has already laid the path.

Though hard hit amid the convulsions of the French Revolution, the long-suffering Papacy once more raised its head under Pius VII. Chiaramonti (1800–1823). This Pope concluded the Concordat with Napoleon Buonaparte and crowned the usurper as Emperor of the French. But though he was himself

[1] Eine Völkerwanderung socialistischer Ideen.

only treated as a political instrument, none the less in the very moment that he anointed the French Caesar, he was really deposing him from the lofty summit to which he had attained as genius of the new era. With an unconscious refinement of revenge, he hurled him back once more into the commonplace. This act of the Papacy, negative though it was, was one of the great events of the world's drama; since then, the Papacy has not moved in the van of history.

Pius VII. shared the sterling patience and endurance of his predecessor, and like him suffered much; he was hurried into exile, and his territories were annexed by strangers. By the Bull of August 7, 1814, he reinstated the Jesuits in their rights; he even renewed the Inquisition. Yet however much he might profit by the political restoration of 1815, the fact remained, that Napoleon had given a new birth to the old Ghibelline idea, that the Pope was only a bishop and a pastor; and since then the Italian nation has given historical expression to this long-flouted principle.

Pius VII. died in the Quirinal, at the age of eighty-one, after the remarkably long reign of twenty-three years, only two short of the traditional "years of Peter."[1] Thorwaldsen erected his tomb in St. Peter's. It is a work of great delicacy, grace and simplicity; and while it proclaims the dawn of the new epoch in Art, it also reveals the modern character of the Papacy, in which the spiritual and instructive side begins once more to be duly emphasized. The pomp

[1] See page 108. The Popes who have reigned more than twenty years are the following:—S. Sylvester, 23; Adrian I., 23; Leo III., 21, Alexander III., 21; Urban VIII., 21; Clement XI., 21; Pius VI., 20; Pius VII., 23; Pius IX., over 31; Leo XIII., 25.

and pride of life have vanished, but with them the vigour and majesty of world-empire. Overladen and decadent as the monuments of the seventeenth century invariably are, it is none the less true that the sculptors of those days had a far loftier conception of the Papacy than Canova, or still more Thorwaldsen, could possibly have had. It might even be objected to the tomb of Pius VII., that it is too Protestant in character. Be this as it may, to gain an impression of the striking contrasts of Papal history, one need only turn from Julius II., from the "Moses" of Michel Angelo, or from the figure of Paul III., to the work of the great Danish sculptor. The old man is seated upon a marble chair, composed, yet brooding on his fate—his hand raised in gentle exhortation. In the niche two winged genii are seated on either side; but their conception is altogether paltry and inadequate, and detracts greatly from the general effect of the monument. Besides, the tomb is not in keeping with the vast proportions of St. Peter's, and if in natural simplicity of style it is superior to Canova's tomb for Clement XIII., it certainly produces a far less vivid impression of power and vigour.

We have now reached the end of our wanderings through the underworld of the Papacy; for only three monuments still remain to be inspected. That of Leo XII. Genga (1823–1829) is from the hand of the sculptor Fabris, and consists of a life-size and only too modern figure, standing above a door. That of Pius VIII. Castiglione, who only reigned a year, was designed by Tenerani. Above the door leading to the sacristy is the marble figure of the Pope, kneeling in prayer; behind him, on a throne, is seated Our

Saviour, with the two Princes of the Apostles on either side—the whole is cold and lifeless. To the successor of Pius VIII., Gregory XVI. Capellari (1831–1846), the cardinals who owed their election to him have erected an imposing monument in St. Peter's, from the hand of Amici. In design it resembles the works of Canova; the Pope is represented seated and in the act of blessing.

XVIII

LET into the wall above a door near the chapel of the choir in St. Peter's is a simple coffin hewn out of white marble. To each living Pope it re-echoes the dismal refrain, "Memento Mori," for him too does it await, infallible as destiny. When a Pope dies, this coffin opens to receive him and to retain him till his dead successor bids him yield his place, or till he can be laid to rest in his own completed tomb. To-day this sarcophagus bears, in huge gleaming letters, the inscription:—[1]

PIUS IX.

When evening twilight peoples the noble Cathedral with shadowy forms, one might well imagine that the white sarcophagus up yonder was suspended in the air, like the coffin of Mahomet in Medina. For our present purpose it forms the last landmark of a long epoch in Papal history, now for ever relegated to the past.

The dead man who rested in this coffin [2] was destined to fulfil the mighty decrees of Fate, the theme of the sayings of sibyls and prophets. With

[1] [The reader is reminded that these words were written in the year 1880.—Trans.]

[2] [Until his monument was completed in S. Lorenzo-fuori-le-Mura.—Trans.]

him has passed away the temporal dominion of the Papacy, so often condemned, so fiercely hated, so fruitlessly attacked, alike by the Romans and the Italians, by German Emperors and by Reformers, by thinkers and patriots of every epoch.

That which all previous Popes had strained every effort to prevent—the Independence and Unity of Italy—became at length an accomplished fact before the eyes of Pius IX. Rome became the capital of the Italian Monarchy. The princely diadem fell from the brows of Pius IX.; but in losing an earthly crown he assumed the halo of godlike Infallibility. While the kingly power was slipping from his grasp, a servile senate or council acclaimed him as despot of the Church. And thus in spiritual, as in temporal history, the name of Pius betokens a catastrophe; for his reckless ambition consigned even the spiritual Papacy to the inevitable horrors of Revolution.

His memorable reign was so crowded with contradictions that one might well nigh write his whole history in epigrams.

Like Titus, he was at first the hope and delight of all mankind, and, ere he died, a subverted and forsaken idol.

Like a pupil in the magic arts, he invoked the spirit of the Revolution—and then in vain besought the Kings of Europe to free him from its thrall.

He welcomed Freedom with open arms, but could not bear to look upon her face, and ere long shrank back in terror, as from a Medusa's head.

Like Cola di Rienzo, he dreamt of a liberated Italy, and of a free and blissful era for mankind; then woke, an exile, in the arms of a harsh and brutal despot.

He mounted the throne amid the rejoicings of a

whole people, and yet came to rely for its support upon the weapons of foreign mercenaries.

What had won his blessing as Italian Prince, called forth a curse from his priestly office.

He peopled heaven with saints, and Italy with martyrs.

As a Moses he showed himself to the expectant world, and he brought down with him from Sinai, as Tables of Stone, nothing save meaningless monkish dogmas and the Syllabus.

And why, we may well ask, do we meet with these many contradictions in the life of a man of undoubted genius and spirit, and even of genuine patriotism? The answer is not difficult to find. In Pius IX. the political Papacy had run its course, and hence the two tendencies which have filled the breast of every Pope came into most violent opposition—that of the Prince and that of the Priest.

He died as voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, where he had remained secluded for seven long years; whilst his rival held his Court undisturbed in the Quirinal, felicitated by the world and fêted by the Italians, just as he himself had once been. He saw new rulers and new Empires arise, friends and foes alike pass into the silence of the tomb. In the wonderful length of his reign he has outstripped all his predecessors, even St. Peter himself.

It was early in the year 1878, that Death summoned mankind before the great world-stage of Rome, and offered to their view a drama so majestic that it can never fade from history. One after the other he laid the two rivals upon the funeral bier—in the Quirinal the first King of Italy, in the Vatican the last temporal Pope. It was one of those solemn pauses,

when the struggles of the nations are hushed, and when the war-god Mars seems to rest for a moment beside an open grave. There he sits, his wearied hand leaning the sword upon his knee, and gazes thoughtfully before him into the world, which an inexorable Necessity has condemned to eternal hatred and strife. It was thus that the ancients have portrayed the god Mars, like a crouching lion:

A guisa di leon quando si posa.

In the Pantheon of Agrippa the Italians laid to rest their first King on January 17, 1878. If Pius IX. could glean any satisfaction from the knowledge that the usurper of his lands lay dead within the Quirinal, such satisfaction was vouchsafed to him. But unlike Innocent IV., who burst forth in terms of unrestrained delight at the news of the death of his mighty enemy Frederick II., Pius IX. preserved a silence such as became his priestly office. He survived Victor Emmanuel by only twenty-nine days.

On February 9, the body was exposed in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Peter's, that the faithful might kiss the dead Pope's feet. Chance so ordained that the spot where Pius lay was directly opposite the niche containing the great Countess Matilda's statue. On February 9, 1878, Matilda of Tuscany beheld at her feet the last ruler of those States of the Church, which she had once so valiantly defended and so generously endowed.

On February 13, amid striking solemnities, the remains of Pius IX. were raised aloft and consigned to the white sarcophagus in the Tribune of St. Peter's.

The Catholic world will, it is believed, acclaim him

as a Saint, and will without doubt erect a monument to him in St. Peter's. What a task for an artist—the tomb of Pius IX.! The last memorial of the political Papacy, the very antithesis of the monument of Julius II., whose petty greatness as the second founder of the temporal power wrung from a Michel Angelo such grandiloquent designs.

And then the inscription for his tomb! His tragic death evoked neither the ode of a Manzoni nor the well turned epigram of a Bembo. Even garrulous Pasquino remained mute, though not a Pope since the fifteenth century but had suffered after death from his outspoken wit.

What inscription will Clio place upon his tomb? Perchance the record of human virtues and vanities which were his? But these would surely be too trivial for this Priam of the Papacy, who on his death-bed might have said, with better right than the melancholy Roman Caesar,

Omnia fui, et nil expedit.

What race, we may fairly exclaim in closing, will behold the last of the Popes laid within the silent tomb? An idle but pardonable question—since human thought, while gladly treading the paths of the historic past, hastens onward to the distant future. The Papacy, writes the most celebrated historian of our day, will still endure, when a traveller from New Zealand stands upon the broken arch of London Bridge and gazes upon the ruins of St. Paul's.[1]

According to an ancient prophecy of the twelfth century, the Papacy will endure until the fall of Rome; and as we reckon up the Papal reigns pre-

[1] Macaulay, in his essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes."

Photo by] [FRATELLI ALINARI.

PIUS IX.
in S. Lorenzo, outside Rome.

dicted in it, we find that this fall is drawing near. We give here the last characters of this prophecy, adding to them the corresponding names of Popes :

Peregrinus Apostolicus (Wandering Apostle)—Pius VI.

Aquila Rapax (Rapacious eagle)—Pius VII.

Canis et Coluber (Dog and serpent)—Leo XII.

Vir Religiosus (A man of piety)—Pius VIII.

De Balneis Hetruriae (From the baths of Etruria)—Gregory XVI.

Crux de Cruce (A Cross by a Cross)—Pius IX.

Lumen in Coelo (A light in heaven)—Leo XIII.

Ignis Ardens (A burning fire)—Pius X.

Religio Depopulata (Desolated religion)— . . . .

Fides Intrepida (Fearless faith)— . . . .

Pastor Angelicus (The angelic shepherd)— . . . .

Pastor et Nauta (Shepherd and sailor)— . . . .

Flos Florum (Flower of flowers)— . . . .

De Medietate Lunae (Of the half-moon)— . . . .

De Labore Solis (From the labour of the sun)— . . .

Gloria Olivae (Glory of the olive)— . . . .

"In persecutione extrema Sanctae Romanae Ecclesia esedebit Petrus Romanus (secundus), qui pascet oves in multis tribulationibus, quibus transactis civitas septicollis diruetur, et Judex tremendus iudicabit populum suum. Amen."

"In the final persecution of the Holy Roman Church, a second Peter, a Roman, shall reign, who shall pasture his sheep in many tribulations, and when these be ended, the City of the seven hills shall be destroyed, and the dreadful Judge shall judge his people. Amen." [1]

[1] The first edition of this prophecy is by Arnold Wion in the year 1595 ("Lignum vitae," lib. ii. c. 40).

These prophecies are usually ascribed to St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh in Ireland, who died in 1148. Others maintain that they were composed at the time of the Conclave in the year 1590. They commence with Celestine II. In the succession of the Popes, the words "*Peregrinus Apostolicus*" are assigned to Pius VI., reminding us of his journey to Vienne and his long exile; while the words "*Crux de Cruce*," which fall to Pius IX., inevitably suggest the displacement of the Cross of Mother Church by the Red Cross of Savoy. When Leo XIII. was elected Pope, it was observed that the armorial bearings of his family contain a star, and that thus here too the prophecy might seem to have attained fulfilment.

A thousand years ago the Venerable Bede said:—

When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
When falls the City, all the world shall fall.

Had he seen the dome of St. Peter's, he might well have exclaimed:—

When falls St. Peter's, Rome shall fall;
When Rome falls, all the world shall fall.

The Colosseum, St. Peter's, Rome, the world—all will some day perish.

CATALOGUE OF THE POPES.

CATALOGUE OF THE POPES

1st Century	S. Peter, according to tradition buried in the Vatican.
	S. Linus, from Volterra, buried in the Vatican.
	S. Anencletus, a Roman, ditto.
	S. Clement I. (?)
2nd Century	S. Evaristus, from Bethlehem, in the Vatican.
	S. Alexander I., a Roman, by the Via Nomentana.
A.D.	S. Sixtus I., a Roman, in the Vatican.
?-139	S. Telesphorus, a Greek, ditto.
139-?	S. Hyginus, Greek, ditto.
	S. Pius I., from Aquileia; ditto.
	S. Anicetus, Syrian, in the Cemetery of Calixtus (?).
168-?	S. Soter, from Fundi, ditto (?).
	S. Eleutherius, Greek, in the Vatican.
	S. Victor I., from Africa, ditto.
?-218	S. Zephirinus, Roman, in the Cem. of Calixtus.
218-223	S. Calixtus I., Roman, in the Cem. of Calepodius.
223-?	S. Urbanus I., Roman, in the Cem. of Praetextatus.
?-235	S. Pontianus, Roman, in the Cem. of Calixtus.
235-236	S. Anteros, Greek, ditto.
236-250	S. Fabianus, Roman, ditto.
?-252	S. Cornelius, Roman, ditto (*Novatianus*, Antipope).
253	S. Lucius I., Roman, ditto.
253-?	S. Stephanus I., Roman, ditto.
?-258	S. Sixtus II., Greek, ditto.
259-269	S. Dionysius, Greek, ditto.
269-274	S. Felix I., Roman, in the Cemetery of S. Felice on the Via Aurelia.
275-283	S. Eutychianus, from Lucca, in the Cemetery of Calixtus.
283-286	S. Caius, a Dalmatian, ditto.
286-304	S. Marcellinus, Roman, in the Cem. of Priscilla.
?-309	S. Marcellus I., Roman, ditto.
309-310	S. Eusebius, Greek, in the Cem. of Calixtus.

311-314	S. Melchiades, African, ditto.
314-335	S. Sylvester I., Roman, in the Cem. of Priscilla.
335-337	S. Marcus, Roman, in the Cem. of Balbina.
337-352	S. Julius I., Roman, in the Cem. of Calepodius.
352-366	S. Liberius, Roman, in the Cem. of Priscilla.
(355-365	*Felix II.*, Antipope, Roman, in the Baths of Trajan).
366-384	S. Damasus I., from Portugal, on the Via Ardeatina, then in S. Lorenzo in Damaso.
384-398	S. Siricius, Roman, in the Cem. of Priscilla.
398-?	S. Anastasius I., Roman, in the Cemetery of Ursus Pileatus.
402-417	S. Innocentius I., from Alba in Montferrat, ditto.
417-418	S. Zosimus, Greek, in S. Lorenzo in Via Tiburtina.
(418-419	*Eulalius*, Antipope.)
418-422	S. Bonifacius I., Roman, in the Cemetery of S. Felicitas on the Via Appia.
422-432	S. Coelestinus I., Roman, in the Cem. of Priscilla.
432-440	S. Sixtus III., Roman, in the Cemetery of S. Lorenzo in Via Tiburtina.
440-461	S. Leo I., the Great, Tuscan, in St. Peter's.
461-468	S. Hilarius, Sardinian, in the Cem. of S. Lorenzo.
468-483	S. Simplicius, from Tibur, in St. Peter's.
483-492	S. Felix III., Roman, in St. Paul's.
492-496	S. Gelasius I., Roman in the portico of St. Peter's.
496-498	S. Anastasius II., Roman, ditto.
498-514	S. Symmachus, Sardinian, ditto.
498-505	*Laurentius*, Antipope.
514-523	S. Hormisdas, from Frusino, in the portico of St. Peter's.
523-526	S. John I., from Siena, in St. Peter's.
526-530	S. Felix IV., Fimbrius, from Benevento, ditto.
530-532	S. Boniface II., son of Sigismund, a Goth from Rome, ditto.
532-535	S. John II., Mercurius, from Rome, ditto.
535-536	S. Agapitus I., Roman, died in Constantinople, buried in St. Peter's.
536-537	S. Silverius, from Frosinone in the Campagna, buried on the island of Palmaria.
537-555	Vigilius, Roman, died at Syracuse, buried in St. Peter's.
555-560	Pelagius I., Vicarianus, Roman, in St. Peter's.
560-573	S. John III., Catelinus, Roman, ditto.
574-578	Benedict I., Bonosus, Roman, ditto.

578–590	Pelagius II., Goth from Rome, ditto.
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604–606	Sabinianus, from Volterra, ditto.
607	Boniface III., Roman, ditto.
608–615	S. Boniface IV., from Valeria in the Abruzzi, ditto.
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619–625	Boniface V., from Naples, ditto.
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640	Severinus, Roman, ditto.
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642–649	Theodorus, Greek, ditto.
649–653	S. Martin I., from Todi, died in exile in the Crimea, buried in S. Martino ai Monti in Rome.
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686–687	Conon, Thracian, ditto.
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855–858 Benedict III., Roman, ditto.
858–867 S. Nicholas I., Roman, ditto.
867–872 Adrian II., Roman, ditto.
872–882 John VIII., Roman, ditto.
882–884 Marinus I., from Montefiascone, ditto.
884–885 Adrian III., Roman, in the cloister of Nonantola near Modena.
885–891 Stephen V., Roman, in St. Peter's.
891–896 Formosus, from Corsica, thrown into the Tiber, buried in St. Peter's.
896 Boniface VI., Roman, buried in St. Peter's.
896–897 Stephen VI., Roman, strangled in prison (?)
897 Romanus, from Gallese near Cività Castellana, in St. Peter's.
897 Theodorus II., Roman, ditto.
898–900 John IX., from Tivoli, ditto.
900–903 Benedict IV., Roman, ditto.
903 Leo V., from the Roman Campagna, in St. John Lateran.
903–904 Christoferus, Roman, in St. Peter's.
904–911 Sergius III., Roman, in St. Peter's or the Lateran.
911–913 Anastasius III., Roman, in St. Peter's.
913–914 Lando, a Sabine, ditto.
914–928 John X., Roman, strangled in prison (?)
928–929 Leo VI., Roman, in St. Peter's.
929–931 Stephen VII., Roman, ditto.
931–936 John XI., son of Alberic of Tusculum, died in prison, buried in the Lateran.
936–939 Leo VII., Roman, in St. Peter's.
939–942 Stephen VIII., Roman, ditto.
942–946 Marinus II., Roman, ditto.
946–955 Agapitus II., Roman, in the Lateran.
955–963 John XII., Octavian, of Tusculum, murdered, buried in the Lateran.
963–965 *Leo VIII.*, Antipope.
964 Benedict V., Grammaticus, Roman, buried first in Hamburg, then in Rome.
965–972 John XIII., Roman, in S. Paolo fuori le mura, Rome.
973–974 Benedict VI., Roman, strangled in Sant' Angelo.
974–983 Benedict VII., Roman, in Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, Rome.

983–984	John XIV., from Pavia, starved in Sant' Angelo.
984–985	Boniface VII. (?)
985–996	John XV., Roman, in St. Peter's.
996–999	Gregory V. Bruno, from Saxony, ditto.
999–1003	Sylvester II., Gerbert, Frenchman, in the Lateran.
1003	John XVII. Secchi (?)
1003–1009	John XVIII. Phazianus, in the Lateran.
1009–1012	Sergius IV. Bocca di porco, Roman (?)
1012–1024	Benedict VIII., from Tusculum, in St. Peter's.
1024–1033	John XIX., his brother, ditto.
1033–1043	Benedict IX., from Tusculum, buried at Grotta Ferrata, near Rome.
1045–1046	Gregory VI. Gratianus, Roman, died in the cloister of Clugny.
1046–1047	Clement II., Suidger, from Saxony, buried at Bamberg.
1048	Damasus II. Boppo, from Bavaria, in S. Lorenzo fuori-le-mura.
1049–1054	S. Leo IX. Bruno, from Alsace, in St. Peter's.
1055–1057	Victor II. Gebhard, German, in the old Cathedral of Santa Reparata at Florence.
1057–1058	Stephen IX., from Lorraine, ditto.
1058–1059	Benedict X. Mincius, from Tusculum, in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1059–1061	Nicholas II. Gerhard, from Burgundy, died at Florence (?).
1061–1073	Alexander II. Anselm di Badagio, from Milan, buried in the Lateran.
1073–1085	S. Gregory VII. Hildebrand, from Soana, in Salerno Cathedral.
1086–1087	Victor III. Desiderius, Lombard, from Benevento, at Monte Cassino.
1088–1099	Urban II. Otto, from Chatillon, near Rheims, probably buried in St. Peter's.
1099–1118	Paschal II. Raniero, from Bieda, near Viterbo, in the Lateran.
1118–1119	Gelasius II. Giovanni Gaetani, from Gaeta, buried at Clugny.
1119–1124	Calixtus II. son of Count William of Burgundy, in the Lateran.
1124–1130	Honorius II. Lambert, from Fagnano, near Bologna, ditto.
1130–1143	Innocent II. Gregorio Papareschi, from Trastevere, in S. Maria in Trastevere.

1143–1144	Celestine II. Guido, from Città di Castello, in the Lateran.
1144–1145	Lucius II. Caccianemici, from Bologna, ditto.
1145–1153	Eugenius III. Paganelli, Roman, in St. Peter's.
1153–1154	Anastasius IV. Conrad, Roman, in the Lateran.
1154–1159	Adrian IV. Breakspeare, English, in St. Peter's.
1159–1181	Alexander III. Roland Bandinelli, from Siena, in the Lateran.
1181–1185	Lucius III. Ubaldo Allucingoli, from Lucca, in Verona Cathedral.
1185–1187	Urban III. Uberto Crivelli, from Milan, in Ferrara Cathedral.
1187	Gregory VIII. Alberto de Morra, from Benevento, in Pisa Cathedral.
1187–1191	Clement III. Paolino Scolari, Roman, in the Lateran.
1191–1198	Celestine III. Giacinto Bobò Orsini, Roman, ditto.
1198–1216	Innocent III. Conti, from Anagni, buried in S. Lorenzo at Perugia.
1216–1227	Honorius III. Cencius Savelli, Roman, in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1227–1241	Gregory IX. Ugolino Conti, from Anagni, in St. Peter's.
1241	Celestine IV. Castiglione, from Milan, ditto.
1243–1254	Innocent IV. Sinibaldo de' Fieschi, Genoese, in Naples Cathedral.
1254–1261	Alexander IV. Orlando Conti, from Anagni, in Viterbo Cathedral.
1261–1264	Urban IV. Jacques Hyacinthe Pantaleon, from Troyes, in Perugia Cathedral.
1265–1268	Clement IV. Guido Fulcodi, from St. Gilles, in Viterbo Cathedral.
1271–1276	B. Gregory X. Teobaldo Visconti, from Piacenza, in Arezzo Cathedral.
1276	Innocent V. Pietro, from Tarantasia in Savoy, in the Lateran.
1276	Adrian V. Ottobono de' Fieschi, Genoese, in Viterbo Cathedral.
1276	John XXI. Pietro (Ispano), from Lisbon, in Viterbo Cathedral.
1277–1280	Nicholas III. Gian Gaetano Orsini, Roman, in St. Peter's.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

1281–1285	Martin IV. de Brion, from Monpencé in Brie, in Perugia Cathedral.
1285–1287	Honorius IV. Savelli, Roman, in Ara Coeli, in Rome.
1288–1292	Nicholas IV. Masci, born near Ascoli, in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1294	S. Celestine V. Pietro da Morone, from Molise, in Aquila Cathedral.
1294–1303	Boniface VIII. Gaetani, from Anagni, in St. Peter's.
1303–1304	B. Benedict XI. Niccolò Boccasini, from Treviso, in S. Domenico at Perugia.
1305–1314	Clement V. Bertrand de Got, from Villandran near Bordeaux, buried in Ste Marie d'Uzès in Gascony.
1316–1334	John XXII. Buse, from Cahors, a cobbler's son, in Avignon Cathedral.
1334–1342	B. Benedict XII. Jacques Fournier, from Saverdun near Toulouse, ditto.
1342–1352	Clement VI. Pierre Roger Beaufort, from Château Maumont near Limoges, buried in the cloister of Chaise Dieu, near Avignon.
1352–1362	Innocent VI. Etienne d'Albert, from Château Maumont near Limoges, buried at Villeneuve.
1362–1370	Urban V. Guillaume Grimoard, from Château de Grisac near Mande in Languedoc, in the cloister of St. Victor at Marseilles.
1370–1378	Gregory XI. Pierre Roger de Beaufort, from Château Maumont near Limoges, buried in Santa Francesca Romana, in Rome.
1378–1389	Urban VI. Bartolomeo Prignani, Neapolitan, in St. Peter's.
1389–1404	Boniface IX. Pietro Tomacelli, Neapolitan, ditto.
1404–1406	Innocent VII. Migliorati, from Sulmona, ditto.
1406–1409	Gregory XII. Angelo Correr, Venetian, in Recanati Cathedral.
1409–1410	Alexander V. Pietro Filargo, from Candia, in the Franciscan Church, at Bologna.
1410–1415	John XXIII. Baldassare Cossa, Neapolitan, in Baptistery of Florence.
1417–1431	Martin V. Oddo Colonna, Roman, in the Lateran.
1431–1447	Engenius IV. Gabriele Condulmer, Venetian, in S. Salvatore in Lauro, in Rome.
1447–1455	Nicholas V. Tommaso Parentucelli, from Sarzana, in St. Peter's.

1455–1458	Calixtus III. Alfonso Borgia, from Valencia in Spain, unburied in S. Maria di Monserrato, Rome.
1458–1464	Pius II. Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, from Siena, in Sant' Andrea della Valle, at Rome.
1464–1471	Paul II. Pietro Barbo, Venetian, in St. Peter's.
1471–1484	Sixtus IV. Francesco della Rovere, from Savona, ditto.
1484–1492	Innocent VIII. Cybò, Genoese, ditto.
1492–1503	Alexander VI. Rodrigo Borgia, from Valencia, unburied in S. Maria di Monserrato.
1503	Pius III. Piccolomini, from Siena, in Sant' Andrea della Valle.
1503–1513	Julius II. Giuliano della Rovere, from Savona, in St. Peter's.
1513–1521	Leo X. Giovanni de' Medici, from Florence, in Santa Maria sopra Minerva.
1522–1523	Adrian VI. Florence of Utrecht, in Santa Maria dell, Anima.
1523–1534	Clement VII. Giulio de' Medici, from Florence, in Santa Maria sopra Minerva.
1534–1549	Paul III. Alessandro Farnese, in St. Peter's.
1550–1555	Julius III. del Monte, from Monte Sansovino near Arezzo, ditto.
1555	Marcellus II. Marcello Cervini, from Montepulciano, ditto.
1555–1559	Paul IV. Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, from Naples, in Santa Maria sopra Minerva.
1559–1565	Pius IV. Giovan Angelo Medici, from Milan, in Santa Maria degli Angeli.
1566–1572	S. Pius V. Michele Ghislieri, from Bosco near Alessandria, in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1572–1585	Gregory XIII. Ugo Buoncompagno, from Bologna, in St. Peter's.
1585–1590	Sixtus V. Felice Peretti, from Montalto near Ancona. in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1590	Urban VII. Giambattista Castagna, Roman, in Santa Maria sopra Minerva.
1590–1591	Gregory XIV. Niccolo Sfondrati, from Milan, in St. Peter's.
1591	Innocent IX. Gianantonio Fachinetti, from Bologna, ditto.
1592–1605	Clement VIII. Ippolito Aldobrandini, from Fano, in Santa Maria Maggiore.

THE TOMBS OF THE POPES

1605	Leo XI. Alessandro Medici, from Florence, in St. Peter's.
1605–1621	Paul V. Camillo Borghese, Roman, in Santa Maria Maggiore.
1621–1623	Gregory XV. Alessandro Ludovisi, from Bologna in S. Ignazio, in Rome.
1623–1644	Urban VIII. Maffeo Barberini, from Florence, in St. Peter's.
1644–1655	Innocent X. Gian Battista Pamfili, Roman, in Sant' Agnese, in Rome.
1655–1667	Alexander VII. Fabio Chigi, from Siena, in St. Peter's.
1667–1669	Clement IX. Giulio Rospigliosi, from Pistoia, ditto.
1670–1676	Clement X. Emilio Altieri, Roman, ditto.
1676–1689	Innocent XI. Benedetto Odescalchi, from Como, ditto.
1689–1691	Alexander VIII. Pietro Ottoboni, Venetian, ditto.
1691–1700	Innocent XII. Antonio Pignatelli, Neapolitan, ditto.
1700–1721	Clement XI. Giovanni Francesco Albani, from Urbino, ditto.
1721–1724	Innocent XIII. Michel Angelo Conti, ditto.
1724–1730	Benedict XIII. Vincenzo Maria Orsini, in Santa Maria sopra Minerva.
1730–1740	Clement XII. Lorenzo Corsini, Roman, in the Lateran.
1740–1758	Benedict XIV. Prospero Lambertini, from Bologna, in St. Peter's.
1758–1769	Clement XIII. Carlo Rezzonico, Venetian, ditto.
1769–1774	Clement XIV. Lorenzo Francesco Ganganelli, from S. Angelo in Vado, buried in the SS. Apostoli, in Rome.
1775–1799	Pius VI. Angelo Braschi, from Cesena, in St. Peter's.
1800–1823	Pius VII. Chiaramonti, from Ceseno, ditto.
1823–1829	Leo XII. della Genga, from Spoleto, ditto.
1829–1830	Pius VIII. Castiglione, from Cingoli, ditto.
1831–1846	Gregory XVI. Capellari, from Belluno, ditto.
1846–1878	Pius IX. Mastai Ferretti, from Sinigaglia, in S. Lorenzo fuori-le-mura.
1878–1903	Leo XIII. Count Gioacchino Pecci, from Carpineto.
1903	Pius X. Giuseppe Sarto, from Riese near Asolo.

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