

ROME.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION—COUNT ANTONELLI AT FLORENCE—THE JESUITS AND M. THIERS—ROMAN JOURNALISM—GASBARONI THE HIGHWAYMAN—PERSONAL AND OTHER GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, ITALY, August, 1871.

The results of the administrative or municipal election which took place last Sunday (Sunday is always election-day in United Italy), were only known on Thursday. The tellers of the votes are a little awkward in the manipulation of such work, not being accustomed to it. The people, too, seem dull in the matter. After making a grand rout for years, calling in the whole world to sympathize with their longings and aspirations for a free government, and "those rights dearest to man, the jury" and the ballot-box, now they have a chance to vote, they will not take the trouble to go to the polls. On Sunday only one-third of the registered electors of Rome gave in their votes! One reason may be, that a municipal election is not so interesting to them as a political or general election. There is a sort of pride in sending members to a national parliament; city officers seem of little account. But probably it was this abstaining from the polls of the two-thirds of voters, which has given us the favorable preponderance of moderates. Of the 22 new municipal officers elected 15 belong to the party of the *Destra*—the government or moderate party.

The journals of the *Sinistra* or *Rossi*—*Rompecolli*, or Breaknecks, as the party is also called, try to cover their disappointment by rejoicing over the late elections in Naples, in which the *Rompecolli* have had a triumph. Among the officers elected, Sunday for the municipal council of Rome is the Marchese Savorelli, a gentleman well known to many Americans, and in whose family history is a sad story, out of which About the French writer made the famous romance "Tolla." The sister of Marchese Savorelli was the original Tolla of About's book—the remains of the beautiful but unhappy young Countess Savorelli lie in the church of the SS. Apostoli, and her miserable lover, a Prince Doria, lives now an old man at Genoa; he has never dared to return to Rome, so strong has public opinion been against him.

Quite a stir has been made over the late visit of Count Antonelli to Florence. A variety of constructions were put upon it by the meddlesome, nagging little Roman journals,—they nag everything, and everybody, these little penny prints, and daily lecture the Municipality upon the silliest subjects, like an ill-bred house-creeper does her servants. At first these papers said it was the cardinal himself who had gone, instead of his brother, and now they inform us that the brother's mission has been to treat with the Italian government on the subject of the suppression of the religious orders and confiscation of the church lands. Another exciting announcement has been made by the "Reforms," a *Sinistra* journal of Florence,—that the Quirinal palace is to be restored to the Pope,—and this journal with all its brother and sister *Rompecolli* are raging like wild bulls at a bit of red drapery. The dislike of the Italian *petit peuple* to everything like Christianity is as startling as remarkable. The moderate or government party is doing the best to hold on to some shreds of national religion; but the *petit peuple* is as anxious to get rid of Christianity as their ancestors were to throw over Jupiter.

The other morning a company of soldiers marched along the Via Sestina under my windows. I noticed they looked at the portone of the house with great interest. There was a pilgrim seated there. He had on sandals, a brown mantle, on the shoulders of which were fastened a row of scallop-shells; on his peaked hat was an oyster-shell. He said he had walked over the mountains from Spain. I did not believe a word of his story, and make no doubt he was a bogus pilgrim. After the soldiers passed, a crowd assembled around him. Among them came a Capuchin brother with his alms-bag.

ister of foreign affairs, is at the Valentini Palace Piazza St. Apostolic.

The "Liberta" of this afternoon announces that Minister Lanza, the premier, is to leave St. Sylvestro *in capite* and go to the Palazza Braschi. Duke Braschi, who was so poor a year ago that he was accused of being ready to marry any rich American girl that would have him, and who received "the mitten" from two or three fast belles, is now rich for a Roman. The government is to pay him a million and a half of francs for his old palace.

The latest excitement in Rome is the arrival of the old highway robber and cut-throat Gasperoni, or Gasbaroni, as the Roman journals spell his name. Garibaldi and Dumas contributed to give this bad man a very fictitious and false reputation. Gasperoni was imprisoned with his band forty-six years ago by the Papal government, after having ravaged like wild beasts the territory of Frosinone. They had their hiding-place in the extensive marshes or thickets called *Faiola*, and were the terror of the Roman Campagna in the early part of this century. Of the twenty-two brigands imprisoned in 1825, only seven are living, and these are old men whose ages range from seventy to eighty. Four of them are threatened with blindness, and have been placed for treatment at the hospital called "Trinità dei Pellegrini."

Buchanan Read, the poet-artist, and some friends went to see Gasbaroni the other morning at an artist's studio, where the old man was sitting for his portrait. With him was Pietro Masi, the one that wrote Gasbaroni's life, the only one of the band who knew how to write, and who used to be called Gasbaroni's secretary. He has a horrible face, and looks as if capable of any crime. The artist who was taking Gasbaroni's portrait told the following horrible story of Masi to us in the presence of the two men—told it in Italian—and neither one denied it; on the contrary, looked as if it was all right:—

When Masi was young Gasbaroni entered his mother's cottage one night for refuge and food. Masi asked the chief to let him join his band.

"You!" said Gasbaroni sneeringly; "Why, you have not pluck enough to be a brigand."

"Have I not?" cried Masi; "I'll show you if I have." He seized his mother, stabbed her, cut her open, tore out her heart, and—but I cannot give the conclusion, it is too horrible. And these are the men sentimental sympathizers with human liberty have placed on the list of the noble army of martyrs!

A day or so ago, Gasbaroni visited the various remarkable buildings and piazzas of Rome. He was followed by a crowd of "*monelli*," as the Romans call ragamuffins. He wished to see the Ghetto, and expressed surprise at its illthiness. The poor Jews, to whom the name of Gasbaroni has been a synonym for all that was bad, and used to frighten children, were terribly alarmed at his appearance among them. At the Piazza Navona he said, "*Non mi piace*" (I don't like this), and added, with a brutal smile, "there are no thickets here"; at which the *monelli* gave a shout and laugh. When he reached the Pantheon piazza he stopped, took off his hat and remained silent. Then he burst out in an energetic manner, expressing his satisfaction, saying it made him feel young again, for the Pantheon looked just as it did forty-six years ago! The ugly little iron kiosques set up in the squares for the sale of newspapers caused him great surprise; whenever he saw one, he went up to it and looked at it and its contents curiously. When he was told that Buchanan Read was an American, he said to him:—

"I had an American with me once; he was one of the best and bravest men of my band."

But when he was questioned, I am happy to say it turned out that the man was a South American.

"Why not take me to America?" he said to Read; "I should like to go there. I am a young man yet."

He drew himself up with quite an air and added, "I have been told I have a great many friends in America."

them came a Capuchin brother with his alms-bag. The crowd, who had been listening to the story of the pilgrim's adventures with curiosity, began to jeer and insult the Capuchin; some of the fellows jostled him rather roughly. The Capuchin is one well known in Rome, especially to those who are familiar with the Piazza di Spagna and these Plinian Vias Gregoriana and Sestina. He is a tall, respectable-looking man of about 50; has a good, honest, kind face, a mild dark eye, and white beard. He is large and strong enough to have thrashed a dozen of the cowardly fellows who attacked him. I was heathen enough to wish he would. But he did not. He turned quietly and said:—

"Non dorest trattarme cost. Io appartengo a Dio; non posso risponderne: Vedete." (You should not treat me so. I belong to God and cannot reply to you. See!)

And he opened his mantle to show them a large crucifix which hung on his great broad chest. His manner was very simple and touching. But the rabble saw nothing in it but subject for ribaldry and scorn. Some spit at the crucifix, and all shouted out cries of derision. Just then the guard stationed at the Trinita del Monte marched in, dispersed the crowd, sent off the pilgrim and Capuchin, and quiet and order were restored.

There has been a report circulating through the journals that the Jesuits, with the father-general at the head, left Rome the 24th of this July, just ninety-eight years after Clement XIV. had dissolved their order. There is a nice little historical point in this, but no truth. The Jesuits and Father-General Bex are in Rome, and have no more idea of going away than has the Pope, who certainly never dreams of taking such an injudicious step. Another report is that the Jesuits have applied to Thiers for permission, in the event of the Pope's death, to hold the conclave at Toulouse. This is equally untrue. The Jesuits as a body have nothing to do with papal elections. The College of Cardinals is the body that attends to that business. Moreover, there is no need to think of a new Pope. Pius IX. is in excellent health; he is likely to hold the papacy as long as the old Venetian Dandolo was Doge. He is a younger and heartier man than most of his cardinals. The majority of the cardinals residing at Rome are aged, infirm men. The complement of cardinals is far from being full; twenty-two hats are vacant. Nearly 100 cardinals have died during the long papacy of Pius IX., and of those appointed by Gregory XVI. only nine are now living.

His Holiness has lately issued a prohibition against the little daily journals of Rome. According to our American notions and experience, the idea of repressing an obnoxious set of views or course of action by condemnation in an Index Expurgatorius is very curious and seems likely to produce just the opposite from the intended effect. We are accustomed to seeing censure arousing curiosity. Ever since the day of the Garden of Eden human nature has followed Eve's example and covered all forbidden fruit, whether of good or evil. The Roman journals it must be admitted are pretty rough, though some are quite clever. The comic papers are extremely amusing. One among them, Don Pirlone, is edited by a sort of Captain Boabdil, Chauvet by name, a man who abuses everything and everybody; he is a perfect fire-eater, not only ready and willing, but fiercely anxious, to fight duels with everybody. He is like Count Sircy in Paul Ferrari's popular play *Il Duello*—"bisogna ch'io intimidisca subito i miei nemici, e al primo attacco farò un duello." (I must intimidate instantly my enemies, and at the first attack I will fight a duel.) By this bullying system this person has succeeded in giving himself and his droll little journal a sort of notoriety. Lately he has changed the name of his paper to Don Pirlonino, and in the first number, apropos to the municipal elections, gave, as all the papers did, a list of his favorite candidates. The list was preceded by some characteristic remarks. He said his candidates were men of undoubted weight and force; they had never been known to bend their heads under the yoke of tyranny; they were immovable,

A BIRD WHICH I HAVE A GREAT MANY MARCHES IN AMERICA."

His eyes have heavy, shaggy brows; when he is excited his eyelids roll back like those of an eagle, and there is a great deal of fire in them. Indeed, Gasbaroni looks like a bird of prey, but Masi has the face of a brute. Once in a while Masi tries to control Gasbaroni, but with little effect. Yesterday he said about some appointment Gasbaroni was making,—

"No, it is too late; we have no time."
"What is it your business, Signore?" cried Gasbaroni, turning on him fiercely and striking his stick on the ground. "I say we have!"

The afternoon's "Liberta" says that yesterday there were sent to Valsayranche—where it is supposed the roaming King will be found—the decrees for the appropriation of the property of several Roman convents, among them the Collegio Romano and the Noviciato of the Gesù; at this last-named church lies the body of Victor Emmanuel's predecessor, King Charles Emmanuel IV., who abdicated in 1802, entered this convent, became a Jesuit, and died there in 1819. The area of land that will be thus seized upon by the government is to be appropriated to the new public buildings that are projected. Three new streets are to be laid out à la Haussmann—great arteries—one from the Piazza Venezia to the railway station, crossing the Quirinal in a direct line; a second from the Fountain of Trevi to the Terminus, passing through the Piazza Barberini; and the third from the Quirinal to the Janiculum, passing by Monte Citorio, the Pantheon, Piazza Navona, Campo di Fiore and Palazzo Farnese.

ANSE BREWSTER.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. OWENS AS MAJOR WELLINGTON DE BOOTS

Last evening Mr. Owens appeared for the first time this season as *Major Wellington de Boots* in the pleasant comedy of "Everybody's Friend." Those who remember the artistic impersonation of Mr. J. S. Clarke and the extravagantly funny caricature presented by Mr. Stuart Lobson would hardly have supposed that the character would be such a great success in Owens's hands. His genius is more imitative than creative, yet his rendering of the character was almost worthy a place beside the great creation which has more than anything else given Mr. Clarke the reputation which he enjoys, both in this country and in England. Never was Mr. Owens's facial expression more perfect, and his acting throughout showed a thorough appreciation of the *Major's* chicken heart and brazen face. To recall a single instance; in the last act where he suspects his wife of infidelity and is almost on the point of throwing off the yoke, but is subdued by the sharp "Major" of his wife, he walks off the stage to "confer with her in private" with the same jaunty step as ever, but the spring is all gone from his heels, and his every movement shows that he understands, as well as the audience, that the last chance to assert his rights is gone forever. Mr. Owens is assisted with legitimate means of pleasing his hearers, and never relapses into coarseness or extravagance. His careful avoidance of the many opportunities for such indiscretions is worthy of much commendation. One little thing—we cannot agree with Mr. Owens in his careless speaking of one of the catch phrases of the piece. "My dear Felix—I call you Felix because you are my best friend." As he says it, the delicate flattery of the complimentary expression is almost lost sight of.

Mr. Sheridan's acting as *Felix Featherly* was forced and starchy in the first act, but toward the end of the play he became more easy and natural, and an unpleasant tripping over the words was also remedied somewhat. Mr. McManus played *Frank Icebrook* with much spirit and grace, and Mrs. Barry and Miss Orton were quite pleasing in the female parts.

"Everybody's Friend" will be repeated tonight, and "Grimaldi" will be produced for the first time at this theatre, on Thursday evening. Several of Mr. Owens's comedies are also announced to be in preparation.

MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held last evening, Mayor Gaston in the chair.

RESIGNATIONS.—Communications were received from Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop, of Ward 7, Henry Burroughs of Ward 6, and Charles C. Shackford, of Ward 11, resigning their seats in this board. An order was adopted for a convention on the second Tuesday of October to fill the vacan-

under the yoke of tyranny; they were immovable, unflinching,—indeed the only men in the world of whom one could feel sure they would never change their regard of men and things; for a long period of years their characters had been known; then followed as a list the names of twenty-two well-known statues in Rome, Castor and Pollux, Marcus Aurelius, etc.

On the 10th of July a new clerical paper comes out. Its title is "Cacciapetri." The Barchi used to call the Pope's country guard "cacciapetri" in derision,—"hare hunters." The name has been taken from this just as we Americans adopted the name "Yankee Doodle." On Monday next the Florentine *quasi*-official journal *Opinione* will be published in Rome. There are three leading journals.—*Opinione*, which is governmental, or *désert* in politics; *Diritto*, centre, but leaning to *sinistra*, or the left; and *La Riforma, sinistra*. These are all to be published in Rome when the capital is fully settled in this city in November.

The public halls for the senate and house of deputies are nearly completed, and the members of the ministry are fast taking possession of their respective buildings. We imagine they show an increased degree of alertness since the late debate, at Versailles on the *interpellanza*, or bishops' petition. There is a constant going and coming between Rome and Florence; some of the ministers seem to live on the road. As for the King, like the Queen of England, he is anywhere but at the seat of government. When he is needed to give his signature to official acts his cabinet has to hunt him up at St. Rossore or out in the woods somewhere. No wonder the people begin to think they can do without kings and queens. It is strange to see the cool occupation by the government of the buildings belonging for centuries to the religious orders. The president of the councils of ministers and minister of the interior, Lanza, has quartered himself and his department at the convent of S. Silvestro *in capite*, as it is called, on account of the supposed possession of the head of John the Baptist, as an inscription on the wall of the church tells us. This church and convent buildings are in the Via della Convertite, to the left of the Corso. The convent is especially interesting as having been the residence of the beautiful widow of Pescara, Vittoria Colonna.

Gadda, the minister of public works, is in the Brasche Palace; Sella, the minister of finance, is at the Dominican convent of the St. Maria Sopra Minerva, the church which holds some of the most interesting monuments in all Rome,—the tomb of Fra Angelico, the body of St. Catharine of Siena, the graves and monuments of the severest and of the happiest Pope, Paul IV. (Carafa) and Leo X. (de' Medici), the Filippino Lippi frescoes, and the gravestone of Paulus Manutius, the printer. In this convent Galileo had his celebrated trial, and there now is the largest library in Rome next to the Vatican; it has 120,000 printed volumes and nearly 5000 famous manuscripts.

The minister of grace and justice, DeFalco, is at the old palace of Florence; Ricotti, the minister of war, is in the Franciscan convent of SS. Apostoli, where lived that grand Pope, Sixtus Quint, whose five years' papacy left so deep an architectural impression on Rome that after three centuries it is to be seen at every turn. In this convent he lived many years and drew crowds to the church by the eloquence of his sermons when he was simple Padre Feretti, a very devout monk.

Acton, minister of the navy or admiralty, is in the old zouave barracks at St. Augustine, the church in which is Raphael's Isaiah. St. Monica's remains are also in this church. It is called the Methodist meeting-house of Rome. The beautiful piece of sculpture of a Virgin and Child, by Sansovino, which stands near the west entrance, is covered with votive offerings, and the enthusiasm the lower classes display daily and hourly in front of it is curious to see.

Castagnolo, minister of commerce, is established at the famous printing-office of the Pope. The minister of public instruction, Correnti, is at the old military club-rooms of the Palazzo Colonna, just over the new post-office. Visconti-Venosta, min-

ister of the interior, is at the Palazzo del Senato. His office was adapted for a convention on the second Tuesday of October to fill the vacancies.

TEACHERS CONFIRMED.—Isadora Page, in the Croton-street primary school; Charles F. King, sub-master in the Lewis school; Lyman A. Dutton, assistant-teacher for the fourth division of boys, in the same school; Leander Waterman, sub-master in the Bigelow school.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—The committee on rules and regulations reported an order that section 13, chapter 8, be amended so as to read—"Corporal punishment shall not be inflicted on a pupil in a grammar school without the consent and approval of the master of the district, first obtained in each and every case." The order was rejected.

The committee say the order contemplated changing the word "girl" in the text to that of "pupil," thereby placing both sexes on an equality in respect to the infliction of corporal punishment. The present rule has been in force some time, and has given general satisfaction, and there does not seem to be any necessity for a change on the part of the teachers or parents, and should it be adopted it will impose an additional tax upon the time of the masters, perhaps to the neglect of other and more important duties.

ORDERS ADOPTED.—That the city council be requested to make provision for the free evening school of mechanical and industrial drawing, in accordance with the requirements of the statutes; that Mr. Charles J. Capen receive the maximum salary of master in the Latin school from the date of his election, November 31, 1870; that the salary of Luther W. Mason, director and teacher of music in the primary schools, for the present school year be \$3000; that Mr. Hiram Wilde be retained to give his services as musical assistant when required by the committee on music, at a salary of \$2000; that the primary schoolhouse on Fayette street be named the Skinner school, in memory of Rev. Otis A. Skinner, for several years chairman of the Brimmer district committee; that the public schools be closed on the afternoon of Monday, the 18th inst.

Adjourned.

CAMBRIDGE.

COMMON COUNCIL.—A weekly meeting of the common council was held last evening, President Converse in the chair. The order authorizing the purchase of land at the corner of Elliott and Mt. Auburn streets, at a sum not exceeding \$3000, was amended by striking out the sum named. The report of the water committee, which was laid on the table at a previous session, was taken up and again tabled. An order was referred to the committee on finance that the appropriation for the extension of the water works be increased by the sum of \$20,000. An order was adopted that until further ordered the council meet at 7½ P. M. Adjourned one week.

FIRE.—An alarm from box 72 at about nine o'clock last evening was caused by the light from a fire in the direction of Lexington. The fire department turned out, but as the chief engineer did not deem it advisable to visit the immediate scene of the conflagration the different companies returned to their respective homes.

ACCIDENT.—About 8 o'clock yesterday morning, as a party of boys were spinning tops on Fremont street, one of the tops, a large one, rebounded, and the point struck a lad 12 years of age named William Willis in the left eye, inflicting a shocking wound. The young sufferer was conveyed to his home on Weston avenue, and a physician was called, who pronounced the sight of the eye completely destroyed.

A burglar, valued at \$250, the property of Ezra Cummings, Esq., of Lexington, was upset and completely ruined by the sudden turning of the house attached on River street, while Mr. Cummings was temporarily absent about eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon.

CHELSEA.

POLICE COURT.—The only case before the court yesterday morning was that of William Riordan, a wholesale liquor dealer at 115 Haverhill street, Boston, who claimed three barrels of ale seized without a warrant by the city marshal from his wagon while standing at the corner of Malden and Chestnut streets, on the night of August 7th. Mr. Riordan claimed that the finding of the ale in a wagon was not sufficient to warrant its seizure, there being no proof that it was intended to be sold. The court, deciding against him, the case was appealed. Mr. Riordan proposes to bring a suit against the city for the purpose of testing the right of its officers to seize liquor without a warrant.

SALEM.

APPOINTMENT OF NEW CITY MARSHAL.—Assistant-Marshal Dalrymple was on Monday evening appointed by the mayor and aldermen city marshal, in place of the late George F. Browning.

WELLESLEY.

A NEW FEMALE SEMINARY.—A new female seminary, after the same plan as that at Holyoke, has been begun on the grounds of Mr. Henry F. Durant, on the north side of Lake Waban, fronting the estate of Mr. H. H. Hannewell. The building will be constructed under an act of incorporation, in which several gentlemen are named as incorporators, the leading one being Mr. Durant. Nothing is fully determined in regard to the edifice as yet. Only the cellar has been put under contract, and this will be completed the present season. Brick, with stone dressing, will probably comprise the material for building the seminary, which is to be four stories in height. The main building is to have a length of four hundred and thirty feet, with an extreme width or length of the transverse wings of one hundred and sixty feet. The style of architecture of the building remains to be settled. In whatever form it is built, it will cost probably about \$400,000.