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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

October 14, 1870.

POPE PIUS IX.

"Piuswill, a long farewell, to all thy pretensions
That is the death of— yes, 'tis dead! For goodly things
The tender leaves of time, long-springing blossoms
And stony kin blossoming knowers, there upon Rome
The March, now comes a frost, a sudden frost!
— when all the blossoms of the world are dead!
His scepter is a splinter— his old nose
And limbs, his fall, at last, a heavy weight,
And all his wealth, and all his power, and all his
This many centuries in a man of glory,
But for beyond my death, my high-claims guide

At length his empire may and never has left him,
Woe, and old with sorrow, to the memory
Of a cold storm, that no great power has won,
Yates, pomp, and glory of the world, I have no
I ask you what new power, O Rome, you need
To rule the world, and Rome, you need
There is, however, that none are would make in
That great spirit of power, and their own
And all his power, and all his power, and all his
And when he falls, he falls like Rome,
Never to hope again."

See Pope Pius, in N. York,
Never to hope again."

Overall: 15 11/16 x 11 1/4 in. (39.8 x 28.5 cm)