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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY.

Things and Thoughts in Europe. Foreign Correspondence of The Tribune.

ROME, January 18th. I think I closed my last letter without having had time to speak of the ceremonies that precede and follow Epiphany.

On the last day of the year died Don Carlo Torloni, brother of the banker, a man greatly beloved and regretted. The public felt this event the more that Torloni was a man who had made his fortune by his own industry.

Thus in the poetical justice which does not fail to be at least done in the prose narrative of life—while men hastened, the moment one chance to raise the cry against Don Alessandro, to echo it back by all kinds of imputations both on himself and his employees.

Don Carlo was a Knight of Malta, but with him the calipate life had not hardened the heart—but only left it free on all sides to general love. Not less than half a dozen pompous funerals were given in his honor.

A faint and misty gleam of sun greeted the day on which there is the feast to the Bambino, the most venerated doll of Rome. This is the famous image of the infant Jesus, reputed to be made of wood from a tree of Palestine.

As in the moral little books with which our nurseries are entertained, followed another death in violent contrast. One of those whom the new arrangements deprived of power and the means of subsistence.

The Pope is anxious to have at least well intentioned men in places of power. Men of high ability, it would seem, he does not seem to desire. His last Prime Minister was a man said to have energy, good dispositions, but a thinking power.

Yet that hour may not be distant. The disturbances of the first of January here were answered by similar excesses in Leghorn and Genoa, produced by the same feelings and malignant force.

of the law were baffled by the wisdom of popular leaders, so that they always will be, but it is needless daily to expose these nets laid in the path of the unwary.

Then the College for propagating all this, the most venerable Propaganda, has given its exhibition in honor of the feast of the Kings Magi, wise men of the East, it was there done up. In conformity with the general spirit of Rome, strangely idolatrous in a country where the Madonna is more frequently and devoutly worshipped than God or Christ.

to return to Rome, what a Rome!—the fourth day of rain, damp, and abominable reeking odors, such as blessed cities swept by the breeze—bitter sometimes, yet indeed, a friend never known. It has been nearly a day, though the lamp has only been lit for an hour.

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