

Some Curious Particulars About the Illness and Habits of the Pope.

[Anne Brewster, in the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

A former physician of His Holiness imprudently, or rather carelessly, as it is now thought, put an issue in his leg; as is very common with an old person it turned into an ulcer; this little ulcer gives the Pope much pain at times; he never complains, is averse to having his ailments noticed; thus he will bear the suffering silently, thinking to conquer it by endurance, and a fainting fit ensues; but this has been going on for years. The Pope is also subject to rheumatic gout. The climate of Rome is apt to develop or throw out into the joints, with much advantage to the constitution, this malady. This spring the rheumatism has settled in the sciatic nerve, but it is only painful when the Pope moves suddenly; for this reason he is carried about at his daily audiences in a *portantino* or chair. In a few weeks when the warm weather sets in, His Holiness will be "all right" again. His medical advisers have prevailed upon him to remain in bed an hour later in the morning. His rising hour, summer and winter, has always been 5 o'clock, now he does not get up until 6 o'clock. At mass, the last few days, he has celebrated without leaning against the altar, as he had to do in the first part of the attack of rheumatism, showing that he is better. He has also been prevailed upon to take more food; added to his chocolate breakfast is a good cup of strong broth; this is at 7 o'clock. An hour before dinner, one o'clock, he takes another cup of broth and a glass of light Bordeaux. Toward evening, at sunset, an hour before supper, he drinks again a wine-glass of Bordeaux, with a biscuit. One of the favorite dinner dishes of the Pope is the delightful Roman "*fritto dorato*," a dish composed of calves' or lamb's brains, calves' liver, artichokes sliced fine, a few slivers of apples, some little, thin slices of bread, and slender, crisp cucumber slips; these are fried in eggs and lard or butter, and have a light amber color, hence the name "*fritto dorato*," golden fry. As there is no cucumber now, the Vatican cook picks fresh from the garden, at the very moment of frying, the young green *betiola*, or beet leaves. These are considered both healthful and cooling. Holy Father is in excellent spirits. His mind and memory show no signs of weakness; he is unusually submissive to the medical orders; has very wise, watchful physicians; has no unusual fatigue; has no especial mortal malady; comes of a long-lived family. Thus, although he is eighty-five, according to the *Gerarchia* (born May 13, 1792,) we may safely hope that the venerable and excellent head of the Roman Catholic Church may complete not only the years of St. Peter at Rome, but of the whole term of the Prince of Apostles, comprising the Antioch period, and probably a few years thrown in for tally weight. Pius IX. has seen one hundred and fourteen Cardinals die, and will probably outlive many more members of the Sacred College. Only seven remain of the creation of Gregory XVI., and it is not improbable that the Conclave which elects the successor of Pius IX. may be composed entirely of Cardinals of his creation.