
ITALY
AND HER
CAPITAL.

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BY

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TO

DANTE

IN THE DISTANT BUT EVER-LIVING

PAST;

TO

FILIPPO PISTRUCCI

IMPROVVISATORE AND EXILE,

THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH,

WHO NOW AWAITS ME IN A COUNTRY FAIRER THAN HIS OWN;

TO

GUISEPPE MAZZINI

AND

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI,

THE FATHERS OF ITALIAN LIBERTY,

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

On her return from a visit to Italy, to undertake which vivid sympathy with the destinies of that land at this critical juncture had been the chief inducement, the writer was urged to give an account of her experience. Conscious that by so doing she would not be burdening the world with another ordinary book of travels, or even with a mere recital of feminine adventure, she yielded to the wish, believing that she might be able to move the sympathies of some towards that country, in whose cause England has ever manifested a generous and steadfast interest.

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ONE OF THE CANTICI IN THE COLLECTION USED BY ITALIAN PROTESTANTS.

Signor! pietoso scendano
Le sante Tue ruggiade!
La prisca Fè rippulluli
Nell'Itale contrade.
Che risplendea sì splendida
Nella remota età.

Quando il beato Apostolo
Dicea con santo orgoglio
Che era modello al popolo
In vetta al Campidoglio,
La pura fè magnanima
L'ardente carità.

Or la città dei Cesari
Come cangio cambianza!
Dov'è che canti e celebri
Signor! la Tua possanza!
Ed in Gesù glorifichi
L'immenso, eterno Amor?

Sul campo in cui la fertile
Messa del ver crescea
Funesta e ria zizzania
Nemica man spargea;
Degli avi eletti i posteri
Vaneggian nell' error.

Ed ahi! più fiero turbine
Or sull' Italia mugge—
Scienza fatale, effimera
Il Vangel Tuo distrugge—
Ed osa infamia e scandalo
La Croce Tua chiamar.

Signor! Deh! Sorgi e dissipi
L'antico e il novo errore!
Discenda sull' Italia
Fecondo il Divo Amore!
S'alza al Tuo Cristo un cantico
Dall' uno all' altro mar.

(TRANSLATION.)

O Lord! send down in mercy
Thy gracious dews once more!
The primal faith re-kindle
On Italy's fair shore—
Which shone so brightly with Thy light
In the far days of yore.

With holy pride Thy servant
Could gladly testify
That Rome was brightly famous
Through distant realms and nigh;
Where men were speaking of her faith
And ardent charity.

But now the Cæsar's city
Well may our pity move;
Who there declares the power
Of the One God above?
And who in Jesus magnifies
The riches of His love?

Where thickly for the harvest
Grew precious wheat alone,
False tares and useless darnel
The Enemy hath sown.
The children of the flock of God
In error wander on.

And muttering sounds a fiercer
  Approaching storm proclaim ;
A vain and fleeting science
  Blasphemes the Saviour's Name,
And dares to call His glorious Cross
  A scandal and a shame.

O Lord! arise and scatter
  The new and ancient lie!
Come in Thy love resistless,
  Descend on Italy!
That to Thy Son from sea to sea
  One song may rise on high.

E. S. G. S.

ANOTHER OF THE ITALIAN CANTICI.

Se alla terra, O Re dei cieli!
  Larga sea la Tua bontà—
All' Italia Tu riveli
  L'infinita maestà.

Chiaro il Sol sovr' essa splende,
  Bella immagine di Te—
Puro il ciel su lei si stende,
  Doppio mar le bagna il piè.

Ubertosa la Natura
  Le largheggia e frutti e fior—
Pur sì bella, o rea sventura!
  Giace immersa in error.

Sol di grazia! A lei diffondi
  Il Tuo raggio redentor!
Che i frutti in lei fecondi
  Della fede e dell' amor.

(TRANSLATION.)

If on earth, O, Heavenly King!
Everywhere Thy grace we see,
Italy Thou makest sing
Of Thy boundless majesty.

Her clear sun that shines on high,
Symbol, Lord! of Thee, we own—
Pure above her spreads her sky,
Two bright oceans lave her throne.

Nature here, with liberal hand,
Fruit and flower doth e'er bestow;
Yet, alas! this beauteous land
Sunk in error lieth low.

Sun of Righteousness, appear!
On her let Thy glory shine!
Richer fruits she then shall bear,—
Precious Faith, and Love Divine.

E. S. G. S.

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CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY TO ITALY.

"On change de ciel."

From Newhaven to Dieppe, and from brilliant Paris, under the dark Jura mountains, lay my route to the land of Dante. Dawn was breaking as our train arrived at Macon. Thence to Geneva, the scenery resembles that of parts of Ireland, and, as it becomes darker and closer, of Wales. Geneva, which was reached in the early morning of September 18th, 1866, seemed stately and somewhat cold. The other side of the lake is much more beautiful. A singular purity characterizes the landscape from Lausanne.

Note.—The writer travelled as far as Venice by one of Cook's excursion tickets, available for two months, so that she was able to take up the ticket at Arona for the homeward journey. She found this arrangement both convenient and agreeable, and wishes to render her testimony in favour of the adoption of such a plan by all (especially ladies) who may be contemplating an excursion. Having objects of her own to accomplish along the route, she only actually travelled with the party from Paris to Geneva, and from Bellinzona to Milan, perfect independence of action being thus compatible with the other advantages of the ticket.

At Montreux (anciently Montrieux *), just beyond Clarens and Vevay, the air is milder than at Geneva, and the vine-clad hills give a warmth and brightness to the colouring on one side, while on the other, the Alps of Savoy stand in dark masses, the spiritual presence of the ghostly Dent du Midi being visible to the left. The Castle of Chillon, which I, of course, visited, is one of the chief attractions of the neighbourhood, and the sweet Protestant cemetery of Clarens, with its memorials of the just, lies a little further to the west. To this cemetery I walked with some friends, whom I found at Montreux, one fair evening in September, our road lying along the shores of the lake beneath the bordering trees (chiefly graceful Spanish chestnuts), and through the Bosquet de Julie, rendered famous by poor Rousseau; and there we conned the inscriptions testifying to the power of Christian faith to strengthen on life's journey, and to brighten the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"L'Eternel a été mon Berger."
"L'exilé a retrouvé la véritable patrie."

The next morning I left for Lucerne, passing Fribourg, Berne, and Ulm on my way thither. The Lake of Lucerne,

* Petrarch's brother, Gherardo, was at a Carthusian monastery at Montrieux, the name of which seems to have been Gallicized from the original Italian or Latin Monte Rio (the hill of the brook); an appellation to the present day strikingly appropriate, one of the purest and clearest of streams descending from the vine-covered hill to Lake Leman (as the eastern side of the lake is called), adding the sweet sound of falling waters to the other charms of the spot. Perhaps, however, Montreux or Montrieux means simply *mountainous*.

otherwise called the Lake of the Four Cantons, is less lovely than that of Geneva, but grander, with its shadowing mountains, the Righi on one side, and Mons Pilatus on the other, the legend respecting which is at least credible.*

Dark lake, by shadows blackened, and by thoughts
From that high mountain whence they say *he* fell,
Rushing to death,—who, when he feared the Jews,
Decreed the Just to die. 'Twas natural
That he who dreaded man, and scoffed at Truth,
Should dread his God, when left alone with Him,
With that low slavish fear which casts out hope;
And so he could not bear that mountain-top,
But maddened, fled from God into His sight.

Of legends to believe I hold this one.
His was the grand mistake, seeing his sin,
But seeing not salvation,—his own crime,
But not *His* Love Who, dying by his word,
Yet died *for him*. Is not this Satan's sin,
The sin of sins, discredit of God's Love?
This bolt bars Hell. The universe were healed
Would even Satan seek to be forgiven.

E. S. G. S.

The Monument erected at Lucerne, after the design of Thorwaldsen, to the memory of the Swiss guards who fell at Paris while defending Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, is both grand and appropriate. Reflected in a small artificial lake, the wounded lion reposes amid the shadows of maple boughs, whose leaves, when I saw them,

* It is said that Pontius Pilate ended his life by suicide from this mountain. It is only analogous with oft-repeated experience, if, indeed, he who so feared the wrath of man, fell by the yet greater madness of despair of the mercy of God, believing he had sinned

were rosy with their autumnal tints. The names of the guards who fell are inscribed on the rock, out of which the lion is carved. If the unreasoning fortitude of the noble brute be a suggestive illustration of a fidelity exhibited for *any* cause, it yet does truly typify the faithfulness of the Swiss, a quality too precious to be despised, and which has seldom failed to answer to the demands of danger.

The sky was gloomy and louring as the boat crossed the dark waters to Fluellen, a point a little beyond Tell's chapel, which is erected on the spot where the Swiss patriot sprang on shore from the tyrant Gessler. At Fluellen the boat was exchanged for the diligence. This was my first experience of that species of conveyance, and I wished to make acquaintance with it in good earnest, so mounted by the side of the driver. It was then five o'clock, September 21st. About seven, we passed through the picturesque village of Altdorf, with its statues of Tell and of Gessler. By the time the pass of St. Gothard was

beyond forgiveness. Milton implies (and with probable truth) that this is the radical sin of Satan himself.

> "Never can true reconcilement grow
> Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
> Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
> And heavier fall:—so should I purchase dear
> Short intermission gained with double smart.
> So farewell Hope!"

May it not indeed be this which bars his prison-house? Be the legend true or false, it mingles with and deepens the shadows cast by Mons Pilatus.

really entered, evening was closing in. We stopped at Andermatt about eleven, p.m., with appetites to appreciate the roughest fare, and senses quickened to enjoy all the picturesque and primitive appliances of the hostelry. Further on, another halt of short duration was made at Amweg, and then the crossing of the actual mountain began. The horses with their loose traces, seemingly as wild as the steeds of Phæton, dashed up the winding path, appearing at each turn of the road to be about to plunge over the precipice which yawned thousands of feet beneath. As many feet overhead rose the Alps, and in the distance gleamed the peaks of an eminence to which the driver gave the name of the Ghost's or the Ghostly Mountain. The moon, which had been long obscured, came out in full glory as we reached the Devil's Bridge, a name that, amid such trophies of *His* might, at Whose word the hills arose, was, to my mind, a peculiar misnomer. Speech was rendered inaudible by the torrent which came thundering down, hoary with the rush of ages, and gleaming in the moonlight. The mountains shone and gloomed above and below, and I felt that I had a memory for all time, aye, and for eternity, for His voice is as—

> "The sound of many waters"—
>
> "Who in His strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power."

That torrent is the commencement of the Reuss, the Swiss river which falls into the Lake of Lucerne. From a similar cataract, on the Italian side, flows the Italian Ticino, which has its mouth in the Lake of Como.

Soon after the Devil's Bridge, we gained the highest point of the St. Gothard, and began to descend. The alabaster gates of Italy unclosing, the path gradually widened, the horses carrying us along at breathless speed. Sleep fell upon me (I never so fully realised the force of the expression), and I was obliged to take shelter in the diligence as we traversed the pass of Dazio and Fadio, with which Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and Turner's glorious picture "The Gates of the Hills," had rendered me familiar. At length, at seven in the morning, the diligence stopped at Bellinzona, on the Lake of Como. All this part is included in Italian Switzerland; but these names with their sweet sounds, and the soft air, with the warmer and more luxurious colouring of the surrounding objects, told us that, at least, we were nearing Italy.

From Bellinzona the road lay through an avenue of chestnuts to a point where, just skirting the Lake of Como, it wound round that of Lugano to Camerlata. The Lake of Lugano, blue as a sapphire, lay amid the hills, its banks affording scenery in harmony with the delicious atmosphere. At Camerlata we could call ourselves in Italy indeed, and we proceeded thence by train to Milan, reaching the brilliant capital of Lombardy about six in the evening of September 22nd, in the glow of an Italian sunset.

CHAPTER II.

MILAN.

"Italia! Italia! Tu cui fece la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza."

Filicaja.

"Italia! O, Italia! thou that hast
The fatal gift of beauty."

Byron's translation.

Why "infelice?" Why "fatal?" Certain it is that the beauty of Italy overflows into all her scenes, and mingles with every aspect of even her ordinary life. The commonest wayside inn, spite of all deficiencies of comfort, and sometimes, it must be confessed, of cleanliness, has its clambering vine trailing in graceful festoons over its walls. The peasants, with all the neglected attire that the "dolce far niente" has produced, look at you with eyes of such touching sadness that you can think but of their message, which appeals to your very heart. Truly Italy is the land of beauty.

It was, however, to no common wayside inn that I accompanied the tourists' party on arriving at Milan. Our hotel was that de la Ville in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, and the digression with which this chapter commences is caused by the remembrance of the half-length statues in plaster that adorned the dining-hall in that building, which was quite enough of a palace to

remind one of the days of the Visconti and the Sforza. Some of these figures represented Sibylline female faces, partially concealed by drapery; one was the face of a young man, type of "La Giovane Italia," and some were those of aged men, who might have belonged to the prophets of old. But what struck me was that here was no mere French ornamentation, but exuberant imagination and feeling finding their way even into the decoration of a dining-room.

Milan is a bright, lively city. The costume of the ladies is well known as a black lace veil falling in graceful folds. It is not unlike the Spanish mantilla, and the forms and faces of the wearers, rather elegant than strikingly beautiful, also somewhat resemble those of the daughters of Spain.

The full moon, bathed in whose radiance I saw the Cathedral on the evening of my arrival, imparted to the marble an even additional purity. Fairy-like as this Cathedral undoubtedly is, elegant is the word most appropriate to it also, and it penetrated me with no satisfying sense of beauty, as its fretted workmanship gleamed in the moon's cold rays. Very different was it with the Duomo of Florence. An earnest English clergyman and his wife were then stationed at Milan, and, after the English service on Sunday evening, he (the Rev. — Williams) took me round to the Italian Protestant congregation—intelligent and sincere, so far as could be judged. Perfect religious liberty seems to be allowed in this city. Its great artistic attraction, as is well known, is the faded fresco of the

"Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of a convent in connection with the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. It is said that the French soldiers, in the time of the first Napoleon, used this refectory as a stable.* I believe Napoleon, when himself aware of this, ordered the room to be cleared, and the fresco cleaned. But then the work of mischief was nearly done. However, the forms and countenances are still perceptible, and the painting is far more beautiful in its expiring glory than any of its copies. Amid all the "changes and chances of this mortal life" a wonderful preservative law seems to watch over the productions of true art. Not but that, doubtless, many perish in the waves of Time. Still, it is marvellous how those waters often cleanse and crystallize when it might have been thought they would destroy.

Ascending the Cathedral, I had my first view of an Italian city spread beneath. The large use of brick tiles instead of the cold slate of the shattered-looking roofs of France, imparts an English warmth of colouring to the buildings, as seen from above. There lay before me the city, illustrious for the days of 1848, bathed in sunlight, in the centre of a verdant plain, o'er which the Alps kept distant guard. There was something English about the

* I have found that Ruskin, in "The Stones of Venice," tells us that it was the Austrians who quartered their soldiers here. He is far more likely to be right than my Milanese guide; and yet, possibly, the crime may have been committed both by Austrians and French.

whole. Of course the sunlight was brighter, and the smoke was absent, while there were present the square tower, that distinctive feature of all Italian towns, and the mountain peaks far away. Also, in England there would have been fewer domes and more spires. But still there was a home-look about it. In truth, England and Northern Italy are, in many respects, much nearer, though geographically more distant, than England and France.

Near the railway station is a fine statue to Cavour, whom we may, perhaps, call the Peel of Italy, a great, because an honest, statesman, although not a hero. A moat surrounds the city, the waters of a small stream, a branch of the Adda, I think, filling its channel.

Early in the morning of September 25th I left Milan for the road to Venice, stopping a few hours at Brescia, a wild, outlandish place, where the people talk an almost unintelligible patois. They are a noble, though a half savage race; hence the name, "Brescia la generosa." I had a card of introduction to Garibaldi, and the hope of seeing him for a few minutes was the reason of my leaving the train at Brescia. But the army was disbanding, and when I reached the villa where the general had been, just outside the town, the presence had departed. There was no other train that day, so I was forced to remain the night "Al Gambaro," one of those wayside inns referred to above, where a certain wild picturesqueness compensates for a most primitive simplicity of appointment.

CHAPTER III.

FROM BRESCIA TO VERONA AND PADUA.

"Fair Verona."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

THE road between these cities lay through the rich plain of Lombardy, where on many a field the tobacco plant waved luxuriantly, alternating with the maize, or Indian corn. The most frequent trees are acacias, of which they make pollards, like our willows. The feathery lightness and freshness of the foliage struck me particularly. Here were no rich masses of varied green, no glowing autumnal tints. It was like the budding verdure of our spring; and the approach of winter had only mingled some leaves of brilliant yellow among the green. In England, Nature seems to speak in more humanly sympathetic tones than elsewhere; and our Turners have some scenes of touching loveliness to depict, which it may be no other land can furnish.

The train waited some little while at Brescia previous to starting, on account of the many volunteers who were dispersing to their homes. As I sat in the carriage I had entered, I saw a group of these Garibaldians separating with signs of the close and brotherly affection evidently subsisting between the members of that band, which most surely possesses one chief element of strength —unity of spirit. Seeing my interest and my garb,

one of them intimated a wish that I should join them. 'Is there room?' I asked, in Italian. "O sì!" was the reply. So I obeyed the summons, thus adding another Garibaldian to their number. The warm grasp of these dear fellows' hands was heartily returned, for a common cause made us one. My costume and unconcealed sympathies made my journey through the North of Italy a sort of triumphal march. Of course, "the multitude was divided," and from Austrian officials I had plenty of those contemptuous glances, which it would have been an honour to receive, but for the fact that their rule was waning. This state of things afforded me many an opportunity of speaking a word to one and another of the enthusiastic and knightly volunteers, of the Saviour from the yoke of sin and death. I believe those words received His blessing Who often makes use of such feeble utterances. The "morale" of the Garibaldians was evidently excellent. They were not dispirited by the wearisome, and, as to overt results, the unsuccessful late campaign in the Tyrol; and, though glad to be now "homeward bound," because loving hearts were there awaiting them, they expressed their readiness and their desire to find themselves once again in the field.

At Peschiera, just at the southern extremity of the Lago di Garda, one of the cities of the Quadrilateral, where Austrian rule still lingered, though under "notice to quit," the ceremony of the examination of baggage had to be gone through. It did not, however, prove very formidable. My green case, containing my excursion

ticket, was taken from me by some official, so that, for the moment, I could not show it to the collector. This circumstance caused a little respectful pleasantry and pretended consternation on his part. I was ushered into an inner room, where sat two officials, one of them evidently Austrian, or belonging to one of the mongrel races nominally incorporated with Austria, the other as evidently Italian, sitting at the head and foot of a long table, with one of the well-known bull-dogs between them. I was requested to write down my name, age, and condition, also whence I came and whither I was going, with all of which requests I complied, except the third. 'My condition,' I said, 'I don't know. Stanchissima. Very tired.' I was then furnished with a paper to show to the English consul at Venice, and my precious green case was returned to me, so that I was now able to show my ticket to the guard. The Italian, of the two officials at the table, said, "Siete Patriotta;" (I was wearing a Garibaldian costume, partly for convenience of travelling, and partly as the true expression of my sentiments). On my leaving the inner room he rose, and laid one hand kindly on my shoulder. It was a small circumstance, but I was then a stranger in a strange land, and at such times we are sensitive. I realised vividly in that pressure the meaning of the words, "the good hand of my God upon me."

In the afternoon, Verona was reached. The untiring rain of Italy was falling, but as rain is never any impediment to my enjoyment, it did not in the least interfere with my appreciation of the grand old city. I sat down

in a dark little shop, opposite the house of Juliet, and wrote to a friend at home. Yes, it is still "Fair Verona," but fair now with a grave, sad beauty. Here Dante found his first resting place on his long journey of exile. The statue to him in the Piazza, in which stood the Scala Palace, which statue I saw first under heavy rain, and afterwards on my homeward route, under the raining blue of a cloudless Italian sky, is very fine; I think the sculptor's name is Zanzoni. The typical of every race ought to be taken as representative; and those who judge of the sons of Italy by the multitude now testifying to the exhausting effect of centuries of slavery, would do well to recollect that Dante was an Italian.

The amphitheatre at Verona is a miniature Colosseum, only that the former ruin is of dark warm-tinted brick, while the other is of stone, still white and fresh gleaming. Amid both up-spring the antiquarian weeds, and both, works of the old Romans, seem mightier in their massive decay than the slighter structures of more modern times in their entirety. Ruskin admires the churches of Verona, as pure specimens of Lombardic-Gothic. I did not enter any, but remember the exterior of one (San Zeno, I think) very distinctly. There is always, to my eye, something awkward when the tower rises immediately from a long flat roof (as in our St. Pancras, Euston-road), giving to the building the appearance of a couchant sphinx. This was the impression I received from these churches. Yet they have solidity and quiet strength, combined with warm colouring.

I visited the cemetery. How different from that sweet cemetery of Clarens, on the shore of Lake Leman, with its messages of peace, like smiles upon the face of the dead! Here the well-worn simile "the harvest of death" was distinctly realized. Small stones, either originally black or blackened by the moisture of decay, stood in long even rows, without an inscription, like the ears of some dark grain, in unvarying furrows. No individuality, no distinction. Nothing to speak of human tenderness, or of heavenly hope. Only an Austrian soldier keeping guard, who seemed uneasy at my prolonged gaze of wonderment. The only sound was the plash of the dismal, but yet (to the "pathetic fallacy,") the pitying rain.

I slept that night at Padua, a much livelier town. Its art-treasures (those at least contained in the small chapel of the Arena), I visited on my return from Venice, and will refer to presently. It was late when I arrived on this occasion; every inn was full, but I, happily, found shelter in a private house, where my hostess was a young lady-like person, with a delicate English-looking face. It was a warm night, and I was surprised at her haste to close the windows. I stopped her, to my cost, as the candle was burning. Thus and then began my acquaintance with the tormenting mosquitoes, which at Venice ripened (alas for me!) into a most distressing intimacy. Padua was already free from the yoke of the stranger, and beneath my window was stationed a soldier, whose sentry-box was attired not in the detested black and yellow, but in the loved and cheering tricolour of Italy.

It was five o'clock on a bright morning when I passed, by rows of acacias, with their sparse, but vivid foliage, and a somewhat desolate field, to the railway station, en route for Venice. The railway was at that time complete only as far as Murano, the late war having interrupted the communication thence by that means. At Murano, therefore, the train had to be quitted for post carriages. I soon found one, which I shared with a peasant woman going to Venice on some matter of daily business, and we scudded along to Mestre along the bright plain "del Veneto," our road being bordered with willows which loved the moist soil of the neighbourhood of the City of the Sea. Almost every house on the way bore an inscription of patriotic rejoicing; for the whole district, except Venice itself and the Quadrilateral, was entirely free from the yoke of Austria.

At Mestre, where the river Brenta meets the sea, my companion and I exchanged the carriage for a gondola. It was now about seven, a.m., for our transit from Padua had been speedily accomplished. The harbour of Mestre (if such it can be called), was one scene of confusion and vociferation. One of the far-famed beggars of Italy, a very monster of dwarfish deformity, sat on the steps leading to the water, loudly appealing for alms. Another passenger, a man with a large bag of flour, joined us, as, at length, we entered the open boat or barchetta (such being its legitimate name, as wanting the coffin-like cell of the orthodox gondola), which was soon softly floating towards Venice.

CHAPTER IV.

"VENEZIA LA BELLA."

"A dying glory smiles
O'er the far time."—*Byron.*

"Only a tear for Venice!"—*E. B. Browning.*

VENICE! Through pathways of dark green, silent water, the boat glided in. Past the Giudecca, the old Jewish quarter; by faded palaces, looking like garments once gorgeous, now moth-eaten with age. Stakes, painted with wreathed stripes of some bright colour, stand here and there along the canals, warning the gondoliers of dangerous places. Upon such stakes, I believe, the foundations of the houses themselves are laid.

The hotel, at which I again joined the tourist party, was the Barbesi, on the Grand Canal, not far from the Piazza San Marco. Drawing near the city, I saw, through the misty light, goblin-like figures standing on a bridge, the end of which was lost in space, who, with their unearthly genuflexions, seemed engaged in some idolatrous rite. These proved to be workmen repairing the railway bridge from the effects of the war. After a short time of rest, and a slight refreshment (while partaking of which I was entertained by the monotonous chant outside the window of some men who were at work on a higher story of the hotel, and who kept themselves in time at their

labour by chanting simultaneously in a rich musical voice), I set out for a ramble. For you *can walk* about Venice, a discovery which somewhat surprised me, as I had supposed the fluid highway to be the only one. Innumerable bridges connect the islands which constitute the city. The heat was oppressive; not a breath of air seemed stirring. I had expected to hear the moan of the waves, but silence reigned. A low plashing, following the strokes of the Gondoliers' oars, might be heard by an attentive ear, but that was all. I have read that during the winter and spring after my visit, the wind was so high on some days that it raised the waters into billows, and flooded the Piazza San Marco. Then the scene must have been glorious.

Venice is, indeed, *sui generis*; itself anomalous, and full of the most startling contrasts. Its narrow calli or passages, its busy mercerie, open into wide, desolate squares, whose very air is silence. There is the Rialto, as crowded as its representative in the days of Shakespeare, still principally, though not entirely, filled with jewellers' shops. There is the dazzling Piazza San Marco, and close behind are quiet nooks which never see the sun, and where you might hear a pin drop. The numbers of the houses are reckoned by thousands, and it was strange to come upon No. 4000 marked on a bright blue plate on some dwelling whose back door is in one of the calli, and whose front entrance is approached by water, the gondola lying by this latter approach, like the owner's private carriage.

Those gondolas, too, with their funereal coverings, looking like the barks of Charon, and yet gliding swiftly along water clearly reflecting a sky of cloudless blue. All these things produced on me an impression of the deepest sadness, especially as on most of the faces of the people you saw the heavy weariness of a hope so long "deferred," that it had made the heart "sick" well nigh to despair. At that time, trade being at the lowest ebb, the people were starving; and they had waited for freedom so long and so patiently that they had almost ceased to believe its arrival possible, although now, indeed, it was at hand. The typical Venetian face (for there, as elsewhere, the masses are ordinary-looking, and it is but the few who must be regarded as representative) I found very beautiful. Black hair and clearly cut features; a complexion of wondrous, almost transparent, paleness; large dark eyes, shining with a latent fire, though in their depths lay the story of centuries of patient waiting. The history of Venice is written in the faces of her sons.

Testolini, a dealer in the fine arts, in the Piazza San Marco, was one of these specimens. (It is unlikely he will ever see these pages; but, should he do so, it will gratify him to know that I reached Caprera safely, and delivered the book into Garibaldi's hand. He was most kind in giving me all the information possible as to the General's movements; though to obtain any certain news at that time in Venice was a difficulty, the Austrians clutching captiously at an authority which they knew was theirs no longer). There hung in his shop a picture

which I shall never forget—although it did not deserve admiration for its beauty—"The Saviour," by Giuseppini. The face, as has been said, was not beautiful. It would have been ugly but for that expression of sad tenderness. The painter was no genius, but you hoped he was a Christian.

At the Hotel Barbesi there was then an Englishman, named Captain Scott, who, in the Italian war of 1848, himself raised an English corps expressly for the liberation of Venice.* Venice was his dream, his idol, his mistress, he would say. So that now that by other means her freedom was at hand, he had come to her to witness her rejoicing. Poor man! His health had been devoted to, and lost in her cause. One leg was lamed and nearly useless from a wound in battle, and he had evidently received internal injuries. I saw that he was dying. For this reason, as well as from my conviction that in the knowledge of Jesus consists all true life here as well as hereafter, I spoke to him of a Greater than Garibaldi, of a love more wonderful than his, of a deliverance greater than any he had effected or could effect. I trust his heart responded. The heart speaks words audible to One Ear alone.

The first time I went out in a gondola (of course the orthodox mode of transit in Venice), was on an evening

* Once, on parting from Garibaldi, the latter had asked him what he could do for him to testify his sense of his services. "A letter in your own handwriting is enough for me," was the reply; "but don't forget *my* Venice." "Tu mi commovi colla *tua* Venezia," rejoined Garibaldi.

after I had been some days in the city. " You cannot see much at this hour," said Captain Scott. " But you are a poet," he added, as though in that title (which the writer thanked God she could accept in a limited sense), lay the explanation of every out-of-the-way taste and unusual method of proceeding. Whether, indeed, here was the secret, I know not, but certain it is that never could Venice have looked so fair and so wonderful, to me at least. The lower parts of the houses being hidden, they seemed indeed to rise " from out the waves." The stars, reflected in the dark water, half illuminated the palaces with that spiritual light which gives their true character to uncommon and imaginative scenes. I stepped out at the Piazetta, and having passed a few moments in the busy and brilliant Piazza San Marco, returned in the gondola to the hotel, fully satisfied that I had seen Venice in her unconscious and magic loveliness. I saw her more than once afterwards from the gondola, in " the light of common day." She was still fair, truly; but the spell was broken. The enchanter had dropped his wand.

The Ducal Palace has been so often described, that the reader will not thank me for adding to the list of descriptions. However, I find it impossible to " speak not, but pass on." The outside is, of course, familiar to all, from the paintings of Canaletto and of Turner. But enter, I pray you, fellow-traveller mine, whoever you be, and for a few minutes follow me—first along the now silent, deserted halls above, still terrible in their magnificence—their marble stairs a labour to the feet, and their gigantic

and gorgeous paintings a weariness to the eye;—and then, down, down to those fearful "pozzi," into which no breath of God's air, no ray of God's sun can penetrate. Ah! you shudder! but scarcely with surprise. You felt that there was cruelty, unrelenting and Satanic, hidden behind that hard splendour up above. You felt that there had stepped men whose hearts were cold and stony as the marble on which they trod—men belonging to the Council of Ten. Men like that Doge Loredano who, when his enemy died of woe, inscribed in his ledger, "He has paid me!" There is an air of self-satisfied materialism in those glowing pictures of Titian, and even in those here of Tintoretto, elsewhere known by better things, which speaks of those who were "not in trouble like other men," and whose hearts were, therefore "holden with pride, and overwhelmed with cruelty." Unmixed physical well-being has not done for man out of Paradise. Sad as has been the story of Venice during her centuries of sorrow, it has been grander—aye—and less mournful (to me at least), than her story during her prosperous but cruel years. God grant her a brighter history now; and at the same time give her that knowledge of Himself, which shall prevent a repetition of the crime-stained pages of the past!

This Palace was, to my mind, an allegory in stone of man himself. A "King's Palace" originally—and on whose walls still linger the paintings of the Divine Artist. Yes, ye who contend for the dignity of human nature—we deny it not. But in that very fact lies the sadness—that

such pictured halls as the human intellect and the human heart should be now so tenanted! And if ye say "we are righteous still"—we reply, are you very sure? May not your eyes be unopened to see "your bosom's black inhabitants?" And have you gone *all over* the building? Have you ever been down into the pozzi?

Some men live only in their upper rooms. And this might be a wise plan were it not that man must be his own habitation for ever, and that he will have to explore the whole some day; and were it not also for the folly of being led by ignorance to refuse when the Divine Architect Himself offers to re-build the structure. One day, if the refusal continue, will—

> "At home a stranger,
> Thought wander up and down, surprised, aghast,
> And wondering at her own."

And this Palace may also typify that Apostate Church, so attractive to many, who look only upon her outside, "decked with gold and precious stones and pearls,"—so terrible to those who know her as she is—

> A Palace and a Prison, such is Rome.
> Hers are apparent splendour, hidden gloom:
> Like to that fearful structure, where from halls
> Oppressive in their grandeur, you descend
> To cells where of the day no memory falls;
> But silence reigns, and darkness without end. * *
>
> E. S. G. S.

* * It should, perhaps, be mentioned that the lines in this volume marked thus, have appeared previously in a small publication, *The Protestant Vindicator*, to be obtained at the Protestant Electoral Union, 3, Craven Street, Strand.

The "piombi," or leads, sacred to the memory of Silvio Pellico, are no longer used.

I read somewhere a few weeks ago the remarks of some traveller who said that the pozzi were not so bad as he had expected, and not *so very dreadful* after all, because, forsooth, they are not below the sea-level. Perhaps they are not; but I know not what that writer's ideal of the terrible must be—if *entire* deprivation of light and air (the food of the prisoners having been thrown in through a round hole in the solid wall), and the only communication with the outer world being by a massive door at the end of a long stone passage—does not reach it.

The proverb "Save me from my friends" (the word "false" being, of course, understood), came from one of these pozzi. Byron, whom the world, while it remembers his vices, forgets often to thank for many a solid service, spent hours in these fearful dungeons, deciphering the inscriptions on the walls.

But is there any symptom of a dawn of spiritual life in Venice? This is certain, there are many ready to receive the truth. On the Sunday I spent there the English clergyman was absent, and there was no service. I wandered forth to see if I could either hear or speak of Him Whose Name is above every name. The then state of Venice afforded a suggestive text. All on the royal side had been prepared; the decision as to their freedom (ostensibly at least) remained with the people; so, on reaching a small market-place, I spoke to a man selling fruit, of Him Who beseeches men to be reconciled unto

Him, having Himself, and at so great a cost, secured their salvation if they will but accept it, and thus set their own seal to the treaty of peace. I had with me one of the Epistles to the Romans in Italian, from the Bible-stand in the Crystal Palace, and read a few words aloud. Much interest was excited, and a small crowd gathered, some of the number assenting heartily. I said, 'the life is the test of true faith.' "Yes," said one man, "life and death and eternity." At length an arm was laid on my shoulder, and I was told to desist. Having delivered the message, I obeyed at once. Surely among those people were some "*waiting*" to receive Him, Whom in some other places men were "beseeching to depart out of their coasts."

Venice has palaces of art-treasures, wherein lie hid "things new and old" in mingled confusion, like the tangled growths of some primeval wood, where the blossom of to-day gleams among the half-withered boughs of a century's duration. Salviati's mosaic works face an antiquarian museum on the other side of the canal. There strange old capitals of columns lay on the floors of many chambers, and outside the house in the garden, amid luxuriant vegetation, where the vine twined itself in endless wreaths of wild caprice around Italy's typical cypress, that rose dark and mournful, casting its long shadow into the blue waters of the canal beneath. The Accademia delle belle Arti contains several works of Titian and Tintoretto, and other painters of the gorgeous Venetian school. I turned from the mundane luxurious-

ness of Titian to Tintoretto's dark "Cain and Abel," a terrible reflection of the first on earth's long list of crimes. Titian is, "par éminence," a portrait-painter, *the* portrait-painter, with Giovanni Bellini, of all time. In the faces pourtrayed by these artists, with their expression vivid, as though that of still breathing men, and yet stamped as if for eternity, the story of old Venice lives for ever.

From the Campanile, in the Piazzetta, you see beyond the still waters of the canal to the Adriatic. On the summit of that tower a fresh breeze was blowing, a great refreshment after the sluggish oppressiveness of the motionless air below. Turning to the north, the whole of Venice was seen stretching out, somewhat sombre and quiet in colour, as far as the eye could reach, gradually diminishing in brightness from the Piazzetta, facing the centre of the Grand Canal, where Venice smiles on the sea, to the neighbourhood of Mestre and Murano. Below the Ducal Palace, and beyond it to the east, is the Riva degli Schiavoni, which would appear to derive its name from the Slaves or Sclavons, who, in the prosperous days of Venice, seem to have been as Helots among the more fortunate Venetians.

The Austrian military band came one evening and played in the court-yard of the hotel. The music was certainly very fine, and the then position of the Austrians, just lingering out the last days of their Venetian rule, broke into the painful feelings which would otherwise have prevented all enjoyment. From an upper window I looked down on the white coats, other specimens of

which one met continually, looking ragged and sullen, seeming to tell the Italians they were not leaving in deference to *them*. The *mode* of the acquisition of liberty for Venice was anything but pleasing to Italian patriots, and to those of other lands who had the cause of Italy at heart. Yet the dark eyes at the shop-doors brightened, and the tasteful tiny bouquets of the odorous Italian jasmine, combined with some blossom of deep red, and the unfailing green of *Hope*, the appropriate colour for earth's foliage, spoke the feelings of Venetians. Venice has wept almost long enough to fill her numberless gulfs, were they emptied of their natural waters, with waves briny with another salt. And she has fought bravely, as well as suffered patiently. May the future be rich in the fruits of these long years of sorrow! Above all, may hearts so long wearied with earthly bondage welcome Him Who delivereth from chains more ponderous, albeit invisible, than man can weave. So may there be "great joy" in that city whereof tears have been the emblem.*

About the day previous to myself, a young married couple left the Hotel Barbesi, to wend their way back to old England, after which their hearts were yearning, by some quiet route. The gentleman had recently returned from New Zealand. He had also been in India, where he had served under Havelock, and where he had married his bright young Irish wife. I never knew their names;

* A ring of waved silver, to imitate tears, was worn by Venetian and other Italian ladies (the patriotic at least) during the years of her servitude, and broken on her emancipation.

but should they happen to read these pages, they will be glad to know that I reached home safely, after accomplishing the objects of my journey. I hope it was equally well with them. I shall ever remember our pleasant intercourse, the most sympathetic I enjoyed at the Hotel Barbesi. In the early morning of the 3rd of October, the very day, as it afterwards proved, of the final ratification of peace between Italy and Austria, and, consequently, the first day of the freedom of Venice, I left in the steamboat for Mestre. The early mists yet shaded the sky; the palaces, stamped with those now faded but still rich decorations, of which Ruskin tells us in the "Stones of Venice," and of which the circle of the Casa Dario is specially impressed upon my memory, shone faintly against the pale blue of the heavens and of the sea. The Ducal Palace was gradually lost from sight. At length the Campanile, warden of that piazza where the old Winged Lion and St. George (or St. Theodore) overlook the Adriatic, as they have done for centuries, became thin as a finger, and at last disappeared. Then came the long reeds of the Lido, and Venice was a picture in my memory, a picture to which the paintings of Turner alone bear worthy resemblance.

CHAPTER V.

GIOTTO
and
" Padova la Dotta."

A BRISK ride from Mestre to Murano, along the willow-bordered road, and past the houses brightened with their rejoicing inscriptions, and a swift passage in the train from Murano, brought me back on my road as far as Padua. My two great objects were Caprera and Rome, and at this time (although afterwards I found it necessary to go on to Florence, and thence to Livorno,) I thought that from Genoa I could easily accomplish my first aim. To Genoa, therefore, *viâ* Milan, I was now bound. But reaching Padua about 1 p.m., I could not proceed without devoting a few hours to the contemplation of some of its paintings, for this was the city of my favourite Giotto. There was one great counteraction to my pleasure throughout Italy, viz., that the chief paintings were in the churches; and my entire conviction of the evil and sinfulness of such representations *there*, interfered with any enjoyment the paintings themselves might afford. At Florence, in the galleries of the Uffizi, and the Pitti, and at Rome, in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol, there was no drawback of the kind. One chapel, however, which seemed left in quietude, except for the

speech which the brush had written upon its walls long, long ago—I felt I must visit, that of the Arena at Padua. Entering, through high doors, one of those tangled gardens wherein all the natural growths of Italy live and die in unchecked luxuriance, and which I found to belong to one of those villas wherein most usually foreigners, and also, most probably, English foreigners, pass a retired and delicious life, I discovered that a side path led to a door similar to that through which I had come into the garden. Pomegranate trees stood on each side, bearing their ripe fruit, "pleasant" enough "to the eyes" to be considered the Old Fruit of fatal memory. This vestibule seemed to announce something wonderful at hand, and I entered, prepared in spirit, a treasure-house indeed. On the walls were the utterances of the poet of painters, now like whispers in their paleness, but how mighty still in the enduring might of earnestness and truth! Giotto must have seen by faith these scenes which he has here pictured, although with the deficiencies of infant art, yet with all the power of inward vision. In his weakness he is, to me, far beyond Titian in his strength. Especially the closing days of that Life lived for us, and that Death whereby we live, are pourtrayed with a simple pathos which makes you exclaim—Even thus it must have been! and which merges all criticism of the merits or demerits of the representation considered artistically, in thoughts of the events themselves. Yes—such was "His meritorious cross and passion, whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins,

and are made partakers of the kingdom of Heaven." Although it is probably a legendary error which has caused Mary Magdalene to be considered identical with the woman who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, yet the prevalence of the idea imparts a touching meaning to what I found to be a feature in almost all Italian paintings of the Crucifixion, but which I believe to be derived from Giotto, or at least from him and his contemporaries, viz., Mary Magdalene's position,—standing below the cross, and, in paintings of the entombment, by the figure thence removed, embracing those dear Feet now for her so sorely wounded, and bathing them with tears, expressive of the love of her who had been much forgiven. I cannot describe the details of these wonderful pictures, for I did not observe them. These paintings made me feel that I, too, was there. From the scene in the garden I heard a voice "Sleepest thou?" "Wilt thou also go away?" And from Him Who hung suspended on the tree, in more than human agony, came the words, in tones of more than human tenderness, "No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself." "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." This is the poetry of painting, just as it is the height of poetry itself, when the painter and the singer are, at the time, forgotten, and their message alone is regarded. Afterwards, in fullest gratitude, the verdict is given; this is true painting—this is poetry indeed.

I visited the University, where, in the cloisters sur-

rounding the court-yard, was a monument to a young lady who did everything, was everything, knew everything, and, of course, died early. I remember, also, sitting for a while to rest from weariness, and from the suffering caused by the mosquito-bites, which had now become intolerable, on the steps of an old stone fountain in a similar court-yard, belonging, in this case, I believe, to a deserted convent.

What we should call in England the Town Hall of Padua—where, if I mistake not, a sort of parliament still assembles—is a remarkable building: the large hall being very lofty and unsupported by pillars, and the walls being covered with strange allegorical devices and quaint arabesques.

I ascended the Observatory, otherwise called the Tower of Eccelino, having belonged to the palace of that tyrannical Duke of Padua. Beneath this tower were the prisons, an essential part of the regal mansions of those days. From such a tower at Arcetri, not far from Florence, Galileo contemplated the heavens. Milton, perhaps, had stood here. This tower commands a fine view of the surrounding country. To the north-east are the Euganean hills, among which lies Arqua, where Petrarch died. To the north-west is Monte Berici. On the south-east stretches the plain ending in Venice, while the old city itself lies around the base. Close beneath, the Brenta flows sluggishly, and the Botanical Gardens are seen near by.

On my way to the terminus, when proceeding to my

next halting-place on the way to Milan for Genoa, viz., Vicenza, I stopped for a moment at a house, once the dwelling of the Carrara family, with one of whom Dante stayed for some time, and where (as the inscription on the exterior testifies) through the friendship of its possessor and the companionship of Giotto, " ebbe men duro esiglio."

Small as is Vicenza, it was, perhaps, the liveliest city I saw in Italy, except Milan and Florence, and parts of Venice and of Genoa. The population seemed large for the place,—a rare thing in that country. Sweet faces, with brilliant eyes and colour, walked unbonnetted, beaming with the vivacity which admits every expression from arch merriment to the deepest pathos. This town had been free from Austria for some weeks, and was a-stir with life and joy. Many inns at which I applied were full. At length, somewhat attracted by the name of one, " Alla Luna," I thought I would try what accommodation that locality afforded. I was ushered into a fair-sized room, which appeared at first sight tidy, but where I found I was exposed to the assaults of my old enemies the mosquitoes, assisted by nameless allies. And no wonder; for the next room seemed the habitation of various species of the animal creation, especially of the much-valued and ever-present " polami." The dialect of the peasants in this part is atrocious. The old woman who waited on me (old in Italy, at least, where the women of the lower classes are old after thirty) would come and stand before me, and to any request which I made in the Italian tongue, would

respond in an incomprehensible jargon, and then bustle away with "Niente, niente, signora," to re-appear after a short interval, when the same pantomime was gone through with slight variations. About mid-day on the 4th October, I heard voices, the reverse of sweet, singing something with the chorus "Viva Italia, Italia bella;" and to judge from other sounds which penetrated into the inn, the whole town was in commotion. On inquiring the reason, I learned that the news of the signing of the treaty between Austria and Venice, which had taken place the day previous, had just reached the public ear. This joy was, therefore, sympathetic with Venice and the cities of the Quadrilateral, Vicenza herself, as before stated, having been free for some time. In the evening I witnessed the rejoicings in the piazza, which is the Piazza San Marco at Venice in miniature, and without San Marco. Two slender columns of red granite represent those of the greater city. I visited the picture gallery, containing a small, but interesting collection. The finest, as well as the largest painting, was one of Dante in exile, by a modern artist named Peterlino. It is hopeful as to the revival of art in Italy, as is also the statue of Dante, by Zanzoni, at Verona. The rough-hewn countenance of Cromwell appears here, as well as in a gallery at Florence, showing the close intercourse of England with foreign parts during the Protectorate. There are also specimens of the handiwork of the mystic Albert Durer, so powerful in the fantastic suggestiveness of the north. Being obliged to remain another night at Vicenza, I resolved not to pass it "Alla Luna." (It is to be hoped that our attendant

planet affords better quarters to her traditional inhabitant.) I found a much more desirable resting-place in the house of a Donna Petrasca.

Late in the afternoon of October 5th I reached Verona, whose antique grace and grave grandeur again struck me forcibly. The Hotel Torre di Londra provided me with comfortable accommodation, and the courtesy of the attendants was remarkable. A "Pilgrim's Progress," in Italian, which I presented to the hotel, was gratefully received, and I left the city the next morning with very favourable recollections. The sky was dazzling in its cloudless blue, and I asked the vetturino to diverge for a few moments from the road to the station, that I might once more gaze on the face of Dante, so tender even in its sternness, which now overlooks, at all seasons, his first resting-place in his exile. Again the train bore me to Peschiera, where it halted as before, and where the guard, who had waited so long for the sight of my ticket on my first passage through the place, recognised and greeted me with, "Bene! Ha fatto buon viaggio? Ha il biglietto." Then, long keeping in sight the blue waters of the Lago di Garda, we sped on to Milan. This city was reached shortly after 5 P.M., and as the train for Genoa left a little past six, I had only time to go into the town to obtain something whereof I was in need, and to see the Cathedral illuminated by the sunset. The road to Genoa runs direct south, through the western plain of Lombardy, passing many of the scenes of the wars of the first Napoleon. The fresh young green of the trees and

of the grass again struck me as remarkable at that season. Nature in Italy seems literally to *fade* in autumn; while in our latitude she puts on her richest robes ere lying down for her winter sleep. At 11 P.M., Saturday, Oct. 6, I reached Genoa, and a courteous fellow-traveller, an Italian, recommended me to go to the Hotel Nazionale, near the station. Seeing I was alone, and lest I should have any difficulty in securing reception on that account, he kindly conducted me himself across the piazza, where the fine statue of Christopher Columbus looks grandly and sadly down, and saw me safely and comfortably ensconced in the hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

GENOA AND THE RIVIERA.

"Genova la Superba."

It is somewhat doubtful in what sense those who first gave that designation to Genoa, intended the word to be understood, as it means both *grand* and *proud*. Probably, as in many such cases, we are right in receiving both ideas; certainly the city, as seen from the port, and in parts of the interior, is *grand*, and as to the *pride* of the Genoese of old, history renders that unquestionable. They are now a hard, money-loving people, uncourteous for Italians, and altogether unprepossessing, somewhat resembling our Yorkshiremen, if these latter be not slandered. But here, again, I think that the flowers of the plant should be considered as at least proving its capacity, and as, therefore, representing its real character. So I remember that Genoa has given to the world Columbus, and to Italy Mazzini. Along the Strada Nuova, where the latter was accosted, in his boyhood, by that suppliant for contributions for the political exiles by whom his thoughts were first turned towards Italian freedom, I walked the next morning to the English Church, in the Via Azzarotti. Our service is held, as is so frequent in Italy, in two large rooms in one of the old palaces. The

house is literally founded on a rock, which rises abruptly behind, adorned with wild flowers and thorny bushes. The Rev. Mr. Strettel preached a beautiful and touching sermon on Blind Bartimeus, and I vividly felt the incapacity of the obstructions of space to intercept the "communion of saints." They were singing when I entered. How sweetly sounded those English hymns! Other nations, it may be, are more scientifically musical than we, yet in spite of all that is said in our blame, there is a blending of joy and pathos, an ethereal character in our English hymns, when heartily sung, which seems to belong to them peculiarly. In the afternoon I went to the place of meeting of the Italian Protestants, in the Via Garibaldi, and attended their service in the evening. I wish more had been present, but unfortunately the Italian Reformer, Corrado, attempts to show the points of contact between Romanism and the truth, instead of urging all who receive the Gospel to "come out" of the mystical Babylon, according to God's command, without dubitancy and without delay. Thus he is, or was at that time, obnoxious to both parties, and fully trusted by neither. Our own Reformers (all honour to them!) if they erred at all, erred on the side of reforming *too little.* Reformation means *re-formation—i.e.*, the edification of a new building in place of the old, the substitution of truth for error. Indeed, only thus can error ever be successfully opposed, for the mind, even more than nature, abhors a vacuum, and men will never heartily cast away their idols till they learn to know the living God. It is to be

earnestly desired that the Holy Spirit may expound to this sincere, but (then at least) semi-enlightened man (many of whose vagaries are attributable to the fact that he is a convert from Irvingism, through God's blessing, as he told me, on the instrumentality of that large-hearted Christian, Mr. W. Hawke, of the Bible stand, Crystal Palace), "the way of God more perfectly," and, in the meantime, that the truth he preaches, albeit mixed with much "wood, hay, and stubble," may be blessed to souls; for, in spite of all, he faithfully declares salvation by Christ alone. May he, and many others, soon be taught that God is going to destroy Romanism, not correct! The singing* at this service surpassed in discord anything I ever heard before or since. The voices of the Genoese, harsh as their countenances (which, unfortunately, do little justice to their picturesque costume,—a white veil, thrown back from the face),—produced a result to which the croaking of frogs would have been melody. Before the service (which was the service of our English church translated into Italian, wherein it fully retains its simple beauty and grandness), they sang an "atto di fè, di speranza, e di carità," in the last of which each declared, rather vain-gloriously, "Amo a me prossimo come a me stesso;" "I love my neighbour as myself." For surely we need to respond to the command so to do with a prayer. I felt disposed to request one poor woman, especially, to prove the fact by silence. The witches of "Macbeth" must have resembled these

* A most cruel misnomer.

women, both in voice and features, and the "horrent sounds" they uttered haunted me for many days.

I was anxious to start the next day for Caprera, and all necessary inquiries were made for me by a young fellow-countryman then at Genoa, studying for the ministry in the English Church, and who, as he may prefer it, shall be nameless, but for whose kind courtesy I shall ever be sincerely grateful. He found that it would be impossible for me to go as I had proposed, as the boats were not then plying between Genoa and Caprera, and that I must go from Livorno, *viâ* Florence. To put myself "en route" for the latter city, for which my kind young friend gave me some most useful introductions, was, consequently, the most expeditious way of proceeding, and with that intent I mounted to the impériale of a diligence which left Genoa for Spezzia at 5 P.M., having previously had a fine view of the city, lying tranquilly on the curved shore of her silent sea, from the other side of the gardens crowning the Via Acqua Sola. For my fellow-travellers in that eminent position I had, besides the conduttore, a Milanese and his wife. The former had the almost feminine features so common in the Milanese; and when he exchanged his hat for a "fazzoletto," so tied as to correspond exactly to the ancient beretta, his face might have passed, had it not wanted the indescribable *something* of genius, for a portrait of Memmi or of Giotto. As the diligence passed the long lines of former palaces, I noticed in the outskirts of the city several houses with frescoes on the exterior,

after the manner of Verona and Padua, only that there the subjects were serious and chiefly sacred, and here they were of a comic character.

The shores of the Mediterranean from Nice to Spezzia (called the Cornice Road) are proverbial for their beauty. And, verily, that part which I traversed on that evening and night and through the following dawn, surpassed in loveliness anything I had ever seen in reality or picture. I will not attempt to describe the indescribable; and yet a few touches are but due to the reader. Imagine, then (for imagination alone can serve you here), bays (those of Nervi and Sori are such) enclosing small gulfs of the deep tender blue of that tideless sea, to which sloped cliffs whereon were solemn pines growing straight from their roots, and yet at every possible angle to the rock, and twisted olives with their contrasted foliage of greyish green. And, over all, a sky—sapphire above, but banded round the horizon with all rainbow hues, palpitating as though with some living though hidden consciousness—the evening star gazing from the midst as with human love and meaning. I had written that that star was Venus. But I like not to mingle with such scenes the names which bear sorrowful witness to the impotency of these "things that are made" to draw to Him Who made them the hearts of those who did not, and, alas! still *do not* "like to retain Him in their knowledge." Rather will we, who know Him in the Son, remember that He of Whom the heavens thus "declare the glory" is more mindful of man than of all these lower works of His

hands, and that while telling the number of the stars and calling them all by their names (having another name than Venus for that soft planet), He also

"Healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

At Chiavari, near to which I remember reading that there is a burial ground where lie the remains of some of Garibaldi's ancestors, I was forced to dismount, being impelled thereto by hunger, which acted as a reminder, amid the surrounding scenes of almost unearthly loveliness, that I was yet "in the body." The Villa Spinola, where Garibaldi passed some time after leaving Spezzia, while still disabled from the Aspromonte wound, is near to Chiavari, and thus the whole coast is full of associations with him and with his family. A most excellent portrait of him ornamented the primitive inn, where a cup of chocolate proved most acceptable. I then re-mounted, and the diligence rolled on through the night, which rendered spectral the scenes appearing through the intervals of sleep, and left little distinction between waking and sleeping dreams. Morning was breaking as we approached Spezzia, with its exquisite gulf filled with memories of poor Shelley, and, since, with those of the wounded hero, who lay here for weeks, in sufferings which the love and devotion of his people could not remove, though doubtless they did much to solace—as the sun first illuminated and then dispersed the rosy mists which clung around sea and shore. I entered the rooms at the Hotel de Ville, where Garibaldi rested at the time alluded to, and where he

was waited on with an affectionate solicitude, for which he "requests" travellers to favour the Hotel de Ville; and I sat in one of the chairs used by him at that time, but whether that sent by Alderman, of Soho Square, as a present from England, I could not exactly learn. I think not, however, for I believe I saw it afterwards at Caprera. The hotel commands, of course, a beautiful prospect, and it would have been pleasant to remain a little and explore the neighbourhood, but time, tide, and trains wait not, and at 8 o'clock a.m., the train started, which I entered for Florence.

CHAPTER VII.

"FIRENZE LA GENTILE."

FROM Pisa the train ran inland in a straight line to Florence. I did not stop at Pisa, which was clearly visible from the railway-station a little after the train started. It is the most desolate of the Italian cities I saw—grey and quiet. The Leaning Tower seemed an old acquaintance, and the Duomo stood afar off, coldly grand, not forming the central object, as at Florence. This position, like that of St. Peter's, at Rome, to my mind, detracts from the grandeur of the building. You pass on the road from thence to Florence many of those towns situated on hills, which are so picturesque and so characteristic of Italian scenery; for instance, Empoli, and Capraja, and Monte Lupo, which two latter now face each other in the amicable rivalry of contending claims for admiration. In the fields between Pisa and Florence, I remember observing some bushes of my favourite of all flowers (favourite for more than one reason), viz., the furze, otherwise called gorse, or whin, in bright bloom. I should scarcely have supposed it would have been found so far south as Italy.

At length Florence was reached about 2 o'clock p.m., on the 9th of October. Her title of "la bella," or,

according to others, "la gentile," was well supported by the general view as we approached, the cathedral at once securing the attention which was to ripen into admiring wonder. I drove to the Hotel or Pension Anglaise, in the Via del Sole, to which my friend at Genoa had recommended me. The title is also inscribed on the exterior in English. The house is, nevertheless, conducted by Italians, and I found it as pleasant, and, in all ways, as desirable a place of sojourn as I had been led to expect.

Florence is the Athens of Italy. The centre of interest, the metropolis of the country, she *is not*, nor *ever can be*. But a gallery of the fine arts, combining, like all such large towns, the refinements of civilised life with the seclusion of privacy, if such is desired—this is what she *is*. The birth-place of Dante—the death-place (if such a word is allowable) of Elizabeth B. Browning—the treasure-house of the paintings of Giotto and Fra Angelico—the town of which it may be said, without much fear of a dissentient voice,

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
> None is so fair as Florence."—*Rogers*.

(that is to say, in her own peculiar beauty, a blending of modern elegance with the dark grandeur of the structures of the past, standing, not in ruins, as at Rome, but whole in their massive sternness)—this is enough for her, without the attempt, which can never succeed, of transfering to her the intransferable associations of centuries. The "new capital of Italy?" No—that she is *not*. I

believe to make a new capital in an old country is as impossible as to make a new language.

There is a curious mixture of the ancient and the modern in Florence. Many of the narrow streets, paved with the freestone of Boboli, terminate in the square of the Signoria, whence diverge the omnibuses of the present to all parts of the city.

The Duomo of Florence was, to my eye and mind, the grandest building, exclusive of the power of association, that I saw in Italy. The saying of Michael Angelo respecting the cupola, "Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso,"* is well known. The walls of black and white marble, crowned with that stupendous dome, form an edifice which at noon, beneath the sapphire sky, and at night, beneath the starry or moonlit heavens, impresses the senses and the thoughts almost overpoweringly. Well might Dante love to sit on a chair at the point marked on the pavement as his "Sasso," and to contemplate that mighty mass. There is a mixture of the sublime and the tender in such monuments, the dark sadness of this Duomo representing in stone the spirit of the years during which she has watched over the destinies of the city. Close by rises the Campanile of Giotto, surely more beautiful as it is than if crowned with the spire he had proposed. Many such hindrances to the completion of works of art, according to the idea of the artist, which at the time are thought unfortunate, prove quite otherwise. I ascended that Campanile, and had a glorious view of the city and the

* "Like thee I will not; better I cannot."

country round. There went the Arno, its yellow waters slowly winding, the hills of San Miniato and Fiesole, crowned with cypresses, rising beyond. To the left, past the Duomo, the Badia pointed upward, its low red spire marking the street rendered sacred by the birth of Dante. Close by this last was the tower of the Bargello, often used in ancient times as well as in modern as a state prison, now as a musæum, and one of the most interesting Florentine monuments, to be described afterwards. In the centre of the city, beyond the Duomo, was the Palazzo Vecchio, with its high embattled tower, which, like the Duomo, is a most striking object in a distant view of Florence. The gallery of the Uffizi stretches from the Palazzo Vecchio to that of the Pitti, a covered way passing beneath the Arno, connecting them with each other. In another direction you saw the tower of Santa Maria Novella, a church very much admired for its architecture, so much so, that it was called La Sposa, or the Bride. Externally, however, it was not, to my eye, attractive, though blending well,—as in all general views, individual features, even though themselves uninviting, do blend, beauty being so much stronger than ugliness that it always overcomes in the mass,—with the rest of the structures forming the picture, among which structures, in the opposite quarter, was Santa Croce, in its ghostly whiteness. The art galleries of the Uffizi and the Pitti seem endless, and do indeed extend for miles. Anything like a full examination of them was, of course, impossible; and therefore, while there were objects which it was

absolutely essential to see, such as the Venus dei Medici, it was best to allow the paintings and statues to give their own message, and to follow the guidance of the feelings they inspired. To me, Giotto still spake as did none other. Passages by him from the life of Jesus, especially from its closing scenes on earth, chained my steps and riveted my eye. Further on was a picture of the Virgin and Child, by Fra Angelico (the Virgin being uncrowned, the Christian's heart is not distressed by the blasphemous adoration of the creature), in which the colouring, at once bright and delicate, the ethereal loveliness of the angels in the predella, and the pure beauty of the mother and the child, form a whole which both attracts and affects profoundly. While gazing on this and on other marvels of Italian genius, the question would suggest itself whether this perfection in pictorial art had any necessary connection with the deadening of spiritual life throughout the beautiful but unhappy country. My conclusion was *not necessary*, though perhaps it has been very close. Of course I exempt from this argument all pictures in which error is spoken by the pencil, as in paintings representing the Virgin crowned, or any mere creature as worshipped.* But where the delineation is simply Scriptural, I do not believe that it can produce any harmful effect, but wholly the contrary, when not employed, even in symbol, either

* It would seem that the earliest instances of this perversion of painting were of the Byzantine school, and that thus the idolatry of pictures, as well as other kinds of spiritual and material idolatry, had its origin in the East.

as an object of or an incentive to worship, in which relation we are forbidden to use "pleasant pictures," wherefore their introduction into churches must be always and for ever unlawful. Some, for this reason, consider all representations, even of the humanity of our Lord, to be unallowable, because they believe that, except when mere daubs, which offend by irreverence, they must lead us instinctively to adoration, and God has told us not to "make to ourselves any image" to which we should "bow down" or which we should "worship." However, I think this objection is met by the remembrance that Jesus voluntarily, for our sakes, put off His divine glory when, for us, "A Man of Sorrows;" and that His disciples when they worshipped Him during the days of His humiliation, did so in consequence of some evidence He had given in His acts of divine power, and in consequence of what they had read in the prophets, and believed concerning him. In a word, they worshipped Him from what they *knew* and *believed*, not from what they SAW. For although we are very sure that to those who loved Him, that "tender plant" had a beauty altogether Its own, and that to them that "visage marred more than any man's," was fair beyond all others, yet it is expressly mentioned after the Resurrection, that "when they *saw* Him they worshipped Him." If, therefore, any delineations of the Son of Man are unlawful, they are those that attempt to depict Him when His essential deity was no longer veiled as it was when He for us "made himself of no reputation." This unlaw-

fulness would, therefore, include such subjects as the Resurrection, the Supper at Emmaus, as well as the other scenes of those forty days, the Ascension, and perhaps, for the above reason, the Transfiguration. This whole question was suggested to my mind, some months after my return from Italy, by the earnest and noble homily of our church on the peril of idolatry. But while my iconoclastic zeal would go the length of willingness that the paintings even of Giotto and Angelico should perish from the earth ere such should be introduced into our sanctuaries, I yet honestly believe that it is perfectly allowable to attempt to depict, as imperfectly as needs must be, even in its humiliation, the human form of Him Who is also "equal with the Father as touching his Godhead," the two natures being whole and distinct, although "joined together in One Person, never to be divided."

This question apart, it does appear but too certain that the very exquisite beauty of such representations in Italy, has, too often, while satisfying the eye and the sense of the Italian, caused him to forget the necessity of fixing the eye of his soul upon Jesus Himself, who, though invisible to the outward sight, is present to the inward eye by faith, that "evidence of things *not seen*." *Nothing* will stand in stead of that "look of the soul." But man is ever and everywhere seeking to put something in its place. One day Jesus will appear again, so coming "as He was seen to go." Which of us will He not startle when He calls us, as He called Mary, by name?

Which of us will at once greet Him with mingled adoration and love as "Rabboni?" Only those who see Him now by *faith*. By that inner eye alone can we learn to know Him. No looking on the first among paintings will teach us *that*. They who *so* know Him *now*, will recognize Him *then*, and when they see Him will "worship Him" indeed. It is because He truly lives "THAT SAME JESUS," that we are forbidden to anticipate that worship of Himself, except by worshipping *Him* now *as invisible*, Who will one day be adored in His revealed glory. To those, however, who do "know Him now by faith," and who think not to put an illusory feeling in the place of that one source of true communion with Him here, I believe that representations of Him they love, in His humiliation, will be beneficial as well as precious. I cannot think that God has set a ban upon any channel of pure emotion, and I feel sure that nothing but Christian faith in its spiritual reality could have guided the pencil of such as Giotto. And while, alas, it is but too true that the rich artistic gifts of the sons of Italy seem in too many instances to have blinded the eyes of many amongst them, and to have been "as a very lovely song," lulling into the slumber of insensibility instead of guiding into the rest of faith, yet we must remember that the very *abuse* of such gifts proves the greatness of their power, and how noble is their USE when held and employed as He would have them to be Who gave them. The Painter of the sky loves painting; and, doubtless, He made this His glorious gift a means of teaching simple hearts many a valuable truth in days

when the "Word of the Lord was precious," or scarce, and there was little "open vision." Romanism has always hated and sought to hide the fact that "Jesus Christ is come in the flesh," *i.e.*, the essential humanity of the Saviour. This she virtually denies when she declares that His heart needs to be moved by the intercessions of His mother, as well as when she pretends to sacrifice afresh His precious body now raised, and glorified in Heaven. These touching stories on canvas spoke to many an eye that could not decipher or reach the pages of the Inspired Volume, and, without doubt, many a heart responded, "Lord, I believe." Some of these paintings are but hymns written with the brush; only another way of expressing—

> "When I survey the wondrous Cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

Of the paintings in the Accademia delle belle Arti, at Florence, two especially engaged my admiration—"The Adoration of the Magi," by Gentile da Fabriano, and "The Deposition from the Cross," by Fra Angelico. The former sparkles with brilliant colour, and yet so great and so true is the expression, that the scene itself occupies the thoughts. One of the kings has already taken off his crown, literally resplendent with gems, and is kneeling before the Infant; another is removing his; while the third stands awaiting his turn to approach. The Child is the centre of all attraction, the entire picture being sub-

dued to that principal object. The animals depicted in the predella, *i.e.*, the ox and the ass, overlooking the birth-place of the Infant, are marvellously given; the wonder almost reaching to inquiry with which they regard the scene, yet does not transcend the bounds of their lower faculties, so that there is nothing in it affected or unnatural. But this painting, beautiful as it is, yet sank into insignificance beside "The Deposition," the picture of pictures in Italy to me, with the exception of the works of Giotto.

"Friend of sinners! Spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me."

So says the painting. From that pale form, lying in the arms of sinners whom He has ransomed, every drop of that red stream, which is the life of our flesh, seems to have departed. But the majesty of Peace, the ineffable tenderness of Love, which breathe from the forsaken face and form, tell of the Holy One, Who triumphed by yielding Himself as a victim, through death destroying death. Hushed silence fills the picture as an atmosphere; deep grief, indeed, is on the faces of all around, but the whole scene speaks of a work fulfilled. He Who has thus "overcome the sharpness of death has, verily, opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

Gems of art are scattered all over Florence, herself, as we have said, a picture of such marvellous beauty. In my room at the hotel was one of the innumerable copies of the Virgin of Sassoferrato. In this, also, there is nothing to offend or to distress. It is simply the mother,

the woman, the Christian; the mother, through whom went so sharp a sword; the woman, who "hid all those things and pondered them in her heart," merging her own sorrow in the sympathy which, though it might not hinder the work of agony, yet, doubtless, soothed the true humanity of Him by Whose cross she stood; the Christian, who trusted in "God her Saviour." The tenderness and love of nature, and the faith and love of grace.

The wonderful head of the "Medusa," by Leonardo da Vinci, is in the gallery of the Uffizi.

In a dark, narrow street, leading from the Badia (Abbadia or Abbey), is a small house, seemingly just now uninhabited, bearing the inscription,

"Qui nacque il divino Poeta." *

Dante, then, entered earth by this small door. Not much beyond is the Bargello, in whose dungeons, cold and damp, though far superior to the "Pozzi" of Venice, lay Francesco and Rosa Madiai, those two among the many sufferers from Romanism in modern times. The upper rooms of the Bargello are used as a museum, and at the end of one is the fresco of "Paradise," by Giotto, one of the greatest treasures of Florence, wherein stands the youthful Dante, holding the mystic fruit. The figure is dim and shadowy, like one of those he met in his ghostly wanderings. Close by is Beatrice, equally ethereal in form; she is rather nearer to the central glory, and turns with a smile, as though both to

* "Here was born the divine poet."

welcome and encourage. Yes, they are near; there in symbol, but nearer now in reality.

The friendship of Giotto and Dante must have been one of those fellowships in which God provides for the loneliness of genius. They were kindred spirits, and must have been mutual comforters as well as artistic fellow-helpers. The poet-painter, earnest and tender (though no tenderer than Dante), very probably gained in power from the vivid utterances of his friend; while the painter-poet was, doubtless, often soothed in the fierce sufferings caused by the intensity and objectiveness of his genius by the calming sympathy of the more subjective Giotto. Dante was subjective* in character, from the self-consciousness of suffering; and, consequently, as is so often the case with such, was eminently objective in his works. John Bunyan was another similar instance. Giotto evidently drew his power in the objective art of painting from the strength of his subjective emotions. The expression of the works of Giotto and of Dante is very similar, although those of Giotto are gentler, and altogether less in degree; but every poem of Dante is a painting, and every painting of Giotto is a poem.

There are some frescoes on the walls of the large hall of the Bargello, fine in design, though poor as paintings. With few exceptions they are copies of the frescoes of

*Although the terms objective and subjective are sometimes characterized as affected, the charge is groundless, since, as there are no other words which express the same meaning, they must be used.

Andrea del Castagno. One of the exceptions is the "Calumny" and "Innocence" of Michael Angelo, the former being represented by one of his figures of the Three Fates, forcible as a specimen of his tragic power, while the figure of "Innocence" is light and graceful, with a delicacy rarely seen in the works of that Master of the Sublime. "The Cumæan Sibyl," and the alarming form of "Farinata degli Uberti" (whose one vote prevented the destruction of Florence when the removal of the capital of Tuscany to Empoli was proposed) in his grotesque costume, are noticeable among the frescoes of Andrea del Castagno.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

* " Quì scrisse e morì
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Che a scienza di dotta conciliava
cuore di donna e
genio di poeta,
e fece coi sui versi aureo anello
fra Italia ed Inghilterra.
Ponè questa memoria
Firenze grata.
1861."

THESE words are inscribed over the door of Casa Guidi, the house where died the greatest English poetess, if she were not also the greatest poet of modern times. Casa Guidi stands on the south side of the river, the Southwark of Florence, and is reached by crossing the Ponte delle Grazie. It is not far from the Pitti Palace, and the room where Elizabeth Browning died faces the Church of San Felice, at the back of the Lungarno. The bleak air of Florence, full of the chill of the Apennines (for the bright sun of the Etruscan city does not effectually temper the keenness of these winds in the winter and spring) was not

* Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who to a student's learning united a woman's heart and a poet's genius, and by her verses made a golden link between Italy and England. This memorial was erected by grateful Florence, 1861.

the most suitable atmosphere for a delicate chest. We will not say that it shortened the poet's life, for to do that is in the power of no outward influence. She went because God called her; but, perchance, His messenger was some sharp blast from the neighbouring mountains.

She is described by those who knew her as a slight, fragile creature; seemingly, to eyes that look on things after the outward appearance, too frail for the wear and tear of life. Perhaps, with almost the single exception of Shakespeare (and for this exception the reason is evident in the very character and width of his genius), all the greatest minds have tenanted such frail bodies: bodies frail, at least, to the eye, but proving, in most instances, better and more faithful servants than the stronger forms of robust health. Bodily, we say not weakness, but fragility, is in relation to genius both effect and aid. The mind, in such cases, while in some measure it "o'er informs its tenement of clay," yet keeps the material machinery going with an activity which often serves as an effectual defence against some of the worst "ills that flesh is heir to," while the susceptibility of the nerves, those wonderful links between mind and body, that is necessarily associated with a fragile organization, opens many an avenue of inward perception that had else remained closed, so that whole regions of thought and feeling are the heritage of such persons almost exclusively. They live by their minds (by which insufficient word we mean the whole inner nature, emotional as well as intellectual—for intellectual vigour alone has no necessary connection with genius), and, at the appointed

moment, die by them. What an intense inner life throbbed within these walls, until at last the doors of the flesh were opened, and the spirit fled! The thrilling phases of Italy's story, which, alas! have so often proved but bright figures in the kaleidoscope of change, had each a place in her heart's care as well as in her eye's vision, as "Casa Guidi windows" abundantly show. "Aurora Leigh," that typical poem of this nineteenth century, though true to the heart's history in all ages, was, I believe, written in England. However vivid and deep were her Italian sympathies, E. B. B. was an Englishwoman at heart, being, for that very reason, no mere nominal friend to the cause of Italy. Here, on the 21st July, 1861, she died. This house was, therefore, to me the most sacred spot in Florence, more sacred even than the small house in the dark street by the Badia. There Dante was born; here Elizabeth Browning died. The one was the entrance-door to earth; the other to heaven. For, thank God! we have no doubt whither has fled the spirit of the humble Christian.

New occupants are now in Casa Guidi, and the rooms she had tenanted were locked. Careless faces and heedless voices passed me as I sat for a few moments on the stair outside those rooms which had been so filled with "the mysteries of life and death." Poetry, faith, hope, love are immortal. It matters little that bodies perish and houses decay.

"Soon all vision waxes dull,
Men whisper, he is dying;
We cry no more 'Be pitiful!'
We have no strength for crying.

No strength? No need. Then, soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather;
Lo! in the depths of God's Divine
The Son adjures the Father,
Be pitiful, O God!"—E. B. B.

I visited her grave in the English cemetery, just outside one of the city gates, I think the Porta San Sebastiano. The tomb is of white marble, marked with the lily of Florence, and a medallion portrait of her whose ashes lie within, also carved in the marble. The only inscription is E. B. B., and the date of her death. The lines which close this chapter may well serve as her epitaph.

From the cemetery the eye wanders over the lovely environs of Florence, resting on the Vallambrosa of Milton, whose dark trees are visible not far beyond, lying, at the time I stood there, bathed in the blue of evening and of distance.

While her soul "goes marching on" upon earth in the undying life of a poet's song and influence, we who love her best can "thank God for her departure in His faith and fear." Her poet's course was well run; and had it been otherwise—had it seemed that death had met her half way, before her whole message had been delivered—what had even that regret been in comparison of the joy which can say as she asked—

"The fondest of us all;
Not a tear on her must fall:
He giveth His Beloved sleep."

"O, Death! O, crownèd Death! Pale-steeded Death!
Whose name doth make our respiration brief.
Thou of the Shrouded Face, whom to have seen
Is to be very awful like thyself.
Thou whom all Flesh shall see! Thou whose dread touch
Changes all Beauty into what we fear—
Changes all Glory into what we tread—
Genius to Silence—Strength to Nothingness—
And Love—not Love—thou hast *no change for Love.*

My heart is armèd not in panoply
Of Roman iron—nor assumes
The Stoic's valour. 'Tis a human heart,
And so confesses with a human fear,
That only for the Hope the Cross inspires,
That only for the Man Who Died and Lives,
'Twould crouch beneath thy sceptre's royalty
With faintness of the pulse, and backward cling
To life. But knowing what I soothly know,
High-seeming Death! I *dare thee.* And have hope,
In God's good time, to show before thy face
An unsuccumbing spirit, which sublime
Shall put away the low anxieties
That wait upon the Flesh,
And enter that Eternity to come,
Where live the dead, and only Death can die."—E. B. B.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, AND THE TOMBS OF THE MEDICI.

THE Italian Parliament now meets in the old Ducal Palace of Florence. You enter by a vestibule, in the centre of which is a circle of round pillars richly covered with arabesques, then mount a broad staircase to the rooms in which the Parliament is held, which are of vast size. The walls are adorned with frescoes by Vasari, representing various scenes of Florentine history. If outward grandeur were the secret of national greatness, these halls would secure it; but it is earnestly to be desired that the real may take the place of the apparent in Italy, and that what so often proves empty declamation may be exchanged for calm thought and resolute achievement. But, alas! she has so many grave questions yet unsettled. There is Rome, still the centre of darkness and oppression, and there are the masses of the people still lost in indifference and infidelity. Can there be progress before the right way is entered? If there *be*, it must be synonymous with decadence, not with elevation. The truth, God's truth, is what Italy needs, even to give form and substance to her glowing dreams.

Over the council-chambers are the rooms formerly tenanted by the Medici, with their luxurious appointments

and glittering ornaments, gaudy though unoccupied, the Senator who resides in the Palazzo seeming to make use of few of these rooms. There hangs the portrait of Leo X., with his satisfied and indolent intellectualism. In a corridor leading to the Uffizi galleries are the portraits of all the dukes of the house. With more intellectual vigour and force of character, the Medici somewhat resembled our Stuarts; though, perhaps, less of physical beauty fell to their share. Yet there are faces among those of the earlier members of the family which, in their refined voluptuousness and haughty self-complacency, recall the pictures at Holyrood. Some fine statues by Michael Angelo, amongst others his "Victory," adorn some of these apartments; and, returning to the Parliament-chamber, we observe at one end a remarkable group, by a sculptor whose name has escaped me, representing "The Fall." Eve stands holding out to Adam the fruit which she has already tasted, and which she received from the woman-faced serpent, whose head appears round the trunk of the tree, and who is watching the scene with an expression of triumphant malignity. That was a strange conceit of the writers of the middle ages which is here embodied in sculpture, *i.e.*, the giving of a female head to the Tempter. One scarcely knows what they intended to convey by it, nor has it any analogy in truth, for however easily deceived a woman may be, she is rarely so by another *woman*. It is remarkable, though the deliberators are hardly likely to think of it, that the sin whence sprang earth's after curse and sadness should be represented in the

hall where the concerns of the nation are debated. Would that men always and everywhere kept the Fall in remembrance! It would lead them joyfully to accept the offered restoration.

"Although our crown of bliss is gone,
Jesus died.
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in the land of pleasure reign.
Jesus died."

The abuses of a country will never be corrected so long as they are unacknowledged, and the labours for the improvement of a people, which are the work of every efficient Parliament, may well suggest to the labourers the question whether they themselves are still captives of the Tyrant of tyrants, or whether they have returned to their allegiance to Him "Whose service is perfect freedom."

The entrance to the Uffizi gallery is by a large door at the side of the building, near to which is the statue of David, by Michael Angelo. The stripling is setting out to confront the Philistine, and seems to be uttering the reproachful rejoinder to his haughty brother, "What have I *now* done? Is there not a cause?"

The dark loggia of Orcagna fronts the entrance to the Uffizi. This loggia is filled with master-pieces of sculpture, ancient and modern; but, as the arrangement is not yet completed, you are at present only allowed to see what you can from a respectful distance. A covered gallery, which must be subterranean as the Arno intervenes, unites the Uffizi with the Pitti Palace, where is an equally large

collection of painting and art treasures, so that the door of the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence admits to a gathered store of wonders, perhaps unparalleled in extent in the world—for Versailles does not, probably, equal in this respect the united galleries of the Uffizi and the Pitti; while, of course, their artistic merits cannot be for a moment compared. The Luxembourg at Paris was built on the model of the Pitti. Statues of Medicean dukes await you on the staircase leading to the Uffizi, and seem to bow you in with gracious dignity to inspect the treasures of which they still consider themselves the proprietors. All Florence speaks of the Medici. Cosmo, the founder of the house, sits in quiet ease in the Piazza della Signoria, and from the palazzo, which we have just visited, a short walk conducts us to the Church of San Lorenzo, containing the tombs of that family, and among them the celebrated monuments, by Michael Angelo, to Cosmo, the nephew of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Lorenzo the son of Cosmo and the father of Catherine dei Medici. Dawn and Twilight are at the feet of Cosmo; Night and Day at the feet of Lorenzo. Dawn and Night are female figures. Twilight is an elderly man, and Day a youth, going forth in his strength. Night lies calmly, as if lapped in happy dreams; but the sad face of Dawn, with its look of weary enquiry, is strikingly pathetic.

Rogers gives well the impression made by the Duke Lorenzo—

> "Nor yet forget that chamber of the dead,
> Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,

Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence, only to be felt:
A light, a darkness, blending each with each,
Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade, yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable."

CHAPTER X.

RELIGION IN FLORENCE.

"The cause for which I lay down my life shall gloriously triumph."—*John Bedford.*

THE city of Savonarola hears the glorious gospel of the grace of God, and is not altogether indifferent to it. Italy has never had a Luther. Savonarola was too simply a negative reformer; a "protester" against error, but scarcely a "witness" to the truth. The influence of such men is necessarily transitory. Negations neither satisfy the heart nor convert the soul. They have their indispensable work of opposing and condemning sin and error, but unless God's remedy for both is proclaimed and received the house is only emptied in preparation for the return of evil in sevenfold force. Our Lord's charge to every reformer and missionary is *this*—"Preach the Gospel to every creature." The Gospel *is* preached in Florence. In the Via Vittorio Emmanuele, a long, white, desolate-looking street, I found a pretty numerous assemblage of Italian Protestants and enquirers, who were addressed by Magrini from the words, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The hymns

sung by this and the other native congregations are very sweet, and full of the mingled pathos and exultation which belong to evangelical truth.

When I was in Florence, De Sanctis was preaching to a large congregation in a hall situated in a long street leading from the Lungárno. I heard him there one Sunday evening, and was delighted with the depth of loving thought which he manifested, while he showed the falsity of that too common mistake, that the sacrifice of Jesus propitiated the Father's heart towards us. A propitiatory sacrifice was necessary, and God's love provided it in the willing Victim of the cross.

> "He beheld the world undone,—
> *Loved the world*, and gave His Son."

Such is the teaching of Scripture, and it is to be deplored that so many noble hearts should be repelled from the precious doctrine of the atonement by the misplacing of different though connected truths, as though it had been said that God gave His Son for the world, and therefore loved it—a self-evident absurdity. The great fact for the attention of the sinner is just *this*, that God loves him.

The English clergymen at Florence were both faithful proclaimers of the good news of salvation. The Church of the Embassy was in a palazzo in the Lungárno. The vestibule contained some most interesting tablets, seemingly from the catacombs at Rome. The other English church is at the opposite extremity of far-stretching Florence, from the quarter where the Italian Protestants assemble,

being in the Via del Maglio, not far from the San Marco of Savonarola. The services of this sanctuary were spiritual and deeply earnest, and the sweet English hymns rose with a true home-like melody. The beloved and esteemed pastor (the Rev. F. S. H. Pendleton) and his wife, with whom I enjoyed short but most delightful intercourse, are evidently faithful witnesses to the truth amidst surrounding error and consequent ungodliness. An English lady near by concerns herself much with the spiritual interests of the Italians. It was most cheering to find these countrymen and countrywomen of ours thus centres of blessing to all around. While England is so mournfully silencing her witness at home, her testimony has not ceased abroad. Verily this is a "token for good."

I regretted much that the indisposition of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mac Dougal, prevented my seeing him. I had been furnished with an introduction, which was unavailing on that account.

Florence, it will be seen, is well off as concerns the proclamation of the Heavenly message. The sufferings of the Madiai, by the attention they drew, and the efforts which followed to counteract the tyranny of Romanism, doubtless went far towards securing the liberty now enjoyed. The great enemy of the Italians, at the present time, is their own indifference. They have been so long "wearied with lies," that too often, with Pilate, they ask "What is truth?" and go away despairing of an answer.

God grant that more and more, like that Italian to whom Peter proclaimed the great facts about Jesus of

Nazareth, whereby he and his house might be saved, may joyfully receive the message! The keys of the kingdom of heaven, the truths of the everlasting gospel, are the only keys which can unlock the still thrice-barred gates of Italy's political and spiritual servitude.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM FLORENCE TO LIVORNO, AND FROM LIVORNO TO CAPRERA.

"Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean—
Of the mountain, rock, and river—
Blessed be Thy Name for ever!"—*James Hogg.*

At length I was able to set out for Caprera, and for that purpose was obliged to return to Pisa to take the train from thence to Livorno. Having a message from a friend in England to deliver to a lady residing in the former city, I was unable to visit the Duomo and the Campo Santo. These were great omissions; nevertheless, I have carried away a very clear remembrance of Pisa in her deserted grandeur. She is grand because of her past power, and because of the very sadness of her present gloomy quietude. But no scene in Italy conveyed to me so melancholy an impression. I do not except Rome, because the colouring of that ever-chief of Italian cities is more vivid, and the sensations she arouses in every way more definite. Pisa is silent, grey, desolate, and ghostly. Somewhere between Pisa and Florence is, or was, the Torre di Fame of Ugolino.

The road between Pisa and Livorno consists, as it

approaches the latter, of wide level fields of tobacco and maize, allowing uninterrupted views of the golden sunset in which they were bathed as I reached Livorno, October 20th. In the central square are statues to two dukes of Savoy, one of whom is so hideously ugly, that it is to be hoped his face was not a faithful mirror to his mind. This, however, it most probably was; and as the ugliness lies not only in the rough, coarse features, one does not envy his subjects. My most vivid remembrance of Livorno is connected with its courteous station-master, Suatori, who told me, I believe, that he had been some years in France, and who certainly resembled a Frenchman of the old school rather than an Italian, in spite of his name, and of the honourable fact that he had been some years in prison for his devotion to the Italian cause. No want of recognition of Italian chivalry is implied here, for of that no one can be more sensible than myself; but Suatori's was something not greater, but different. Filled, I suppose, with the thought of the expedition on which I was at length starting, and hurried along by the decidedly uncourteous officials of Pisa, I had omitted to take up at that station the silver coins given me in change, a not very serious loss, but one which at the time was likely to cause me some inconvenience. Suatori interested himself most vividly in the matter, telegraphed to Pisa, and expressed the sincerest regret when his message, in consequence of the absence of the guard in question, met with no favourable reply. I shall always retain a grateful recollection of his kindness, as probably he would quickly

recognize, were we to meet again, the adventurous English lady to whom he showed such courteous attention.

It was now full moon, and the cold clear light illuminated the long road from the railway terminus to the harbour. I had with me a few tracts, and one little book containing a portion of Scripture in Italian. The boy who rowed me to the steamer begged so hard for this last, that I gave it to him. The name of the vessel was the "Umbria." Sardinian soldiers were the most numerous of the passengers. I remained all night on deck, and my memory preserves some ineffaceable pictures of the seamen walking the ship, wearing the capes of their cloaks over their heads, as stiff-peaked hoods, reminding one of the cowls of the inquisitors, or of Dante's hypocrites pacing on beneath their gold-covered mantles of lead; pictures, also, of the half-savage Sardinian soldiers (the Croats of Italy), lying as shapeless masses wrapped in their grey coats. To these visual objects the vocal accompaniment would be occasionally—as some Sardinian leaned lazily over the vessel's side—the wild chant of that race, called the "durrah durrah,"—hummed drowsily in a monotonous, never-ending whirr, somewhat resembling the drone of a bag-pipe. To this "durrah durrah," they are accustomed to dance their national dance, standing in a circle of men and women alternately, beginning slowly, and in a low tone, and gradually increasing in pitch and in velocity, until at length they have worked themselves into a state of frenzy, and are ready for anything. Suatori, to whom I was mentioning this barbaric chant, when again passing

through Livorno on my way back to Florence, assured me that he had witnessed Fetish dances in Africa (to which the dance of the Sardinians is closely akin), at the close of which he had actually seen a man begin to devour a live animal, a sheep, I believe,* so *beyond* all ordinary human instincts and sensations had he been brought by the unnatural excitement. May not the first stage of such a physical effect be found in the at last involuntary rapidity of motion in table-turning? I believe it may. But the animal natures of these rough soldiers did not despise sleep; so very soon the snatches of wild and certainly not melodious song were over, and all was still beneath the moon, whose light is itself visible silence. It shone full on the sea, making a broad bright river through the night-dyed waters.

> "Thou Who slumberest not nor sleepest,
> Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
> God of evening's parting ray,
> Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
> That riseth from the azure sea,
> Like breathings of eternity."—*Hogg.*

So rose the morning of the Sabbath on the Mediterranean. Had there been ANY choice, I would not have taken that day for journeying. There was none, however, and my mission to Garibaldi must have remained unaccomplished had I refused to make this single exception to my general law. But how best to spend it as God's day? Seeking His blessing, I determined to try if I could

* Without the wool, *I* suppose.

interest some of the Sardinian soldiers by reading to them some of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in Italian. I succeeded, to my own astonishment. The remarks of one of the more intelligent surprised me, till he told me that he had a Bible, and studied it. I learned afterwards that a most interesting and encouraging mission is carried on in Sardinia. At the end of the reading, I presented a "Pilgrim's Progress" (having more than one with me) to the before-mentioned soldier, and a comrade of his, for their joint use, and was amused at their perplexity as to how they should manage, as mountains divided their homes, and they did not see each other very often. To the best of my recollection, I settled the matter by suggesting that they each should keep the book for half a year alternately, and that they should pay each other, if possible, more frequent visits, in order to read it together.

The island of Elba was visible for some hours during the early part of this day. The "Umbria" touched at Bastia (in Corsica) to deposit some of the inhabitants who were returning from Livorno, and till evening approached we skirted the mountainous coast of that island. At length, after the moon had again risen, we passed one and another of the small islands standing as heralds to Caprera, and beneath her fullest rays stopped at La Maddalena. Here I landed at the same time with a Garibaldian volunteer, who kindly introduced me to Signor Ricciotti Garibaldi, who was standing on the shore. The Locanda at La Maddalena was full, so I passed the night at a neighbouring cottage, in a lofty room, hung round with quaint prints.

The dialect spoken in this island is very rough, and I found some difficulty in understanding and in being understood. I was to have crossed to Caprera the next morning in a boat with Signor Ricciotti and Signor Canzio and his wife, Garibaldi's daughter Teresa; but owing to some mistake I did not know the exact time of their departure, and therefore took a small boat, and was rowed over by the son of the mistress of the Locanda. He pointed out to me the yacht "Princess," lying off the side of Caprera. I thought of the great interest I, with numberless others, had felt in this small expression of affection which Garibaldi kindly accepted as the gift principally of the working people of England. At length the boat was brought alongside of a huge stone, lying by several others of equal size. My conductor assisted me to leap on to it, to gain, as I supposed, some particular view, for I had no idea at the moment that the port was attained. But so it was. I had landed at Caprera.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPRERA.

As his Rock amid the ocean
  Stands in its strength sublime,
'Mid the age's wild commotion
  Stands the hero of the time.
Now back in his island-dwelling,
  He hears in his soul once more
How the mighty waves are swelling
  Round the lone and solemn shore.
Lonely and sad as he left it,
  Swept by the wild winds still.—E. S. G. S.

When I now write, Garibaldi has been arrested by order of the Italian Government under Rattazzi, and, after a short imprisonment, has returned to his own typical island-home. He was arrested at Asinalunga, near Siena, on his way to help the Romans to free themselves from the living death of oppression—the plea for the arrest of this Italian citizen and truest patriot being a convention which he had never recognised, but into which men unworthy of the name of Italians had entered with a foreigner, and that foreigner the representative of diplomatic selfishness —Napoleon III. of France.

O Rome! wert thou any other city but what thou art, Italy had had thee and been free and united long ago—wert thou any other but the seat of "*the* apostasy," the

"mystery of iniquity." Happily it is but so. Thou art not *the Woman* herself, "drunken with the blood of the saints," who has made thy seven hills her throne. But that evil system must be dispossessed, and yet more, error must be replaced by truth ere thou wilt be free. I had seen Garibaldi at the time of his memorable visit to London in 1864. At his entry, when

> The enthusiasm of England burst forth,
> As when from thousand subterranean caves
> God's hand drew back the bolts, and, lo! at once
> The fountains of the deep were broken up. *

At the Crystal Palace, when he met his countrymen, and on that day when he met the gathered crowds of the working men of England, and at Guildhall. On all these occasions, and especially on the last, we

> Read his history in that face,
> Calm with unearthly calm, and yet whereon
> The shadow of a mighty sadness lay,
> Through which the slow, sweet smile, like sunlight, breathed,
> Speaking of hopes deferred, yet undestroyed. *—E. S. G. S.

Hopes now deferred again. But destroyed? No; never that.

I bore with me in this journey an introduction to the general from a friend in England. The boat with Signor Ricciotti and his sister had not arrived when that in which I came reached the shore. After stepping from one to another of the large stones which form the landing-ground, the boy who had rowed me directed me up a winding

* These lines appeared in Pawsey's *Ladies' Pocket-book* for 1865, published by Haddock, late Pawsey, Ancient House, Ipswich.

ascent, amid large blocks of granite, intermixed with aromatic shrubs, such as tamarisks and wild myrtle, to the long, low, white house, familiar to my eye as the face of an old friend, from its many faithful portraits, but which I had scarcely thought I should ever be privileged to visit. I entered the threshold, and gave my card of introduction to one of the soldier-like forms standing around variously occupied, which card he carried out. At length, walking slowly, still leaning on his stick (he was then suffering afresh from the Aspromonte wound, which had been reopened during the campaign in the Tyrol, by the accidental tread of one of his own soldiers, whom he did not let know what he had done), Garibaldi came in from the garden. "È il generale," said all voices—quite needlessly so far as I was concerned, for had I never seen him before, I should have required no information as to who stood before me. That fatherly kindness, that dignity, at once tender and martial, could belong to no other. I was too much moved to speak, for I knew this was a moment whose memory would brighten many an after hour of sorrow. With the considerate courtesy of the perfect gentleman, Garibaldi held out his hand and took mine with a manner calculated to banish all embarrassment. "Venga nella mia stanza,"* he said, and I followed him thither.

My chief object in thus visiting Caprera, was to put into his hand "The Pilgrim's Progress" (that first book in the world after the Bible) in Italian. The translation into that tongue has been most ably made by an American, and the

* "Come into my room."

Italian language, at once simple and sonorous, clothes grandly the true imaginings of the poet-dreamer. As might be expected, they do not well adapt themselves to French, nor French to them. I have never met with a German translation, but that language ought to be a congenial medium. Garibaldi received the book in his own kind, courteous way. "La ringrazio," he said, taking it, and examining the title. I ask all Christians, whose eyes may rest on these pages, to send up a prayer for a blessing on that clear enunciation of Scripture-truth to the heart of Italy's hero.

I then inquired the fate of another volume which I had forwarded to Caprera in 1864. He rose, and searched among the companions of his solitude arranged on the shelf. But it could not be found. I shall refer to this presently. "I offer you," said Garibaldi, "*una povera* ospitalità." These are *his* words, not *mine*. As though anything could be *poor* from *him*! Would that those blinded by the "pride of life" remembered that it is from whom it comes which gives value or worthlessness to every offering! The truly rich man is not he who has many bags in his treasury, but he whose own character imparts value to a cup of cold water from his hand.

I accepted the offer as freely as it was made, until the steam-boat returned from La Maddalena to Livorno, which was on the following afternoon. I, however, declared that a chair would accommodate me sufficiently for the night; but Garibaldi smiled, and told me that his eldest son being away, his room was at my service. "Then," he

said, "we shall dine." Noon is his ordinary dinner-hour. I was conducted by one of the afore-named soldiers out of harness to the door of the room above mentioned, where I found portraits of one or two of Garibaldi's fellow-combatants, all of whom, I believe, had fallen in battle. War-like implements also adorned the walls. I had some difficulty in finding my way to the dining-room, since the house is rather peculiarly constructed, and I had to pass through the kitchen on my road. Probably this is caused by part of the house having been annexed as a somewhat recent addition. The dining-room is large and long, uncarpeted (at least, it was so at that time), and its walls without paint or paper. But they were ornamented with some fine photographic landscapes, and over the fire-place hung a beautiful water-coloured painting, representing, I fancy, some part of the neighbourhood of Garibaldi's native Nice. I found assembled Garibaldi himself, Signor Albanese, a surgeon, who bore some honourable part in relation to the extraction of the memorable bullet of Aspromonte, and his wife, who occupied the head of the table, Garibaldi himself being seated on her left hand, a place being left for me opposite him, on the signora's right. Signor Ricciotti was my neighbour, and opposite to him sat his sister Teresa, her husband, Signor Canzio, at her side. Garibaldi's beloved Teresa, or Teresita, is of middle height, robust and rounded in form, a Spartan in vigour, though with all womanly gentleness. Her hair and eyes are dark—the latter kind and true. She was dressed in the Italian colours, and is evidently in character and spirit

a worthy daughter of her father. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that she is certainly not the original of Piero Magni's reading-girl.

The repast was plain but plentiful, including Indian corn and Indian figs, of which Garibaldi has now a good supply from the rugged soil of his island. I had never before tasted Indian figs, which are pleasant and refreshing, of a golden colour, with black seeds; probably, however, too well known to need description.

There were also scallops (they called them a sort of oyster, but they were evidently scallops), and some of a singular looking shell-fish, called in Italian "ricci," and in English, I think, sea urchins, of which Garibaldi seemed especially fond. He expressed his wonder that to any one "i frutti del mar" should be distasteful. I received one scallop from his own hand, and I can certainly say that, so received, nothing ever tasted to me so delicious. After dinner, Garibaldi retired immediately to his own room, and the rest of us dispersed. Teresa and her husband, Signor Ricciotti, and Signor and Signora Albanese, with their son, a boy of about eleven, commenced a game of mimic war, not exactly of attack and defence, but of taking prisoners and avoiding capture. They kindly asked me to join them, to which I agreed, although it happened to be to me a penance of no ordinary kind, since, having needed new boots at Florence, I had been obliged to provide myself with a pair of Italian ones, which to English feet are anything but agreeable, no foreigners being equally addicted with ourselves to the

peripatetic philosophy. The great misery consists in heels as of iron, without the least elasticity. The fact was (although I trust it then remained a hidden one) that I had been compelled to leave my hose with the owner of my apartment of the former night at La Maddalena, and was now wearing these unfortunate boots on my bare feet. The reader will, therefore, not wonder that I had often ignominiously to yield myself prisoner. But Teresita! She sped hither and thither like a young fawn, and I heard the remark, "She captured? No, never." I was amused, but not surprised, at the wondering way in which her kind gazelle-like eyes dwelt on me. Yes, dear child of Italy, we are in physique and, of course, in mental history, widely different. Yet have we common sympathies, "touches of nature" which "make us kin." She has four children (now five, one having been born since that time, and named *John Brown*), whom I saw; the three eldest, boys, of whom the third bears the honoured name of Lincoln—a permanent token of Garibaldi's recognition of the great American—while the baby girl has as her rich heritage the sacred name of Añita. It was, indeed, a privilege to kiss these little ones.

Teresa is fond of music, and has a sweet, powerful voice. We all retired early. The round moon filled the chamber of Menotti with her light, and as I sat by the window in a wheeled chair, which had probably given rest from the wound of Aspromonte, my heart swelled with thankfulness to Him Who in a world of sorrow does yet permit such wonderful and pure enjoyment, "as we are

able to bear it." I had, however, a desire yet unfulfilled. That book which I had sent in 1864 was one of no ordinary importance, and bore on the events of the present time.* I felt it was one which Garibaldi ought to read, his perfect acquaintance with English as a written language preventing all difficulty on that score. I could not think it had missed its destination. But how to bring it to light, and into Garibaldi's possession? I found that Signor Ricciotti was the referee on all English questions, on account of his education in our country, and that all books in English sent to Garibaldi passed through his hands. The next morning I prayed to Him Who bids us make our requests known unto Him "in everything," and then made my request to Signor Ricciotti that he would kindly search for the book. And I now again thank him for his kindness in acceding to my wish. He left the room, and, after an absence of about twenty minutes, returned, bearing the desired volume. Truly then did I praise God "with my whole heart."

I went out with the book to refresh my own memory with some of its contents while seated on one of the granite blocks of the island's stony wilderness, overlooking the sea. Garibaldi's favourite old hound, Bice, constituted herself my guard, accompanying me to my resting-place, and seating herself near to me, coming from time to time to receive a caress, and returning to her post when satisfied.

* "The Midnight Cry," by Rev. Samuel Garratt, M.A. The portion of this book relating to History and to Prophecy has since been enlarged and re-published under the title of "A Commentary on the book of Revelation," by the same Author. Seeley and Co.

At dinner that day Garibaldi spoke of his wish to dispose of some of the valuable grey granite with which the island abounds. He alluded to the result of his attempt to sell, at Genoa, some of the odoriferous and resinous wood of which the aromatic shrubs growing amid the island stones are composed. The Genoese not only rejected this wood, which, from its resinous nature, would have been invaluable as firewood, but, because it was not cut evenly and made into bundles, cast it into the sea.

The transit of granite from Caprera to England would be expensive, unless a devoted captain could be found to give it free passage. All granite is not Caprera granite, as surely some English hearts would feel. And in this world of graves there is a sure and constant demand for granite, if only for tombstones. I left the island that afternoon, being rowed, with Signor Ricciotti, to the steamer, in the boat in which he went to fetch the postal packet from "La Maddalena." Before leaving, I walked round to the ground at the side of the house where Garibaldi stood, with the long-missing volume in my hand. 'È trovato,' I said, 'lo leggerà?' "Lo leggerò,"* answered the voice that never uttered a promise afterwards falsified. "Mettetelo nella mia stanza,"† he said to his attendants, and with kind smiles from them, and a "Faccia buon viaggio," and a shake of the hand from Garibaldi, I left him with warm expressions of gratitude for his kindness, probably never again to see him in this world, but to be cheered during my future path by the remembrance of

* "It is found. You will read it?" "I will read it."

† "Put it in my room."

having been for one day the guest of the first gentleman of his age,—a knight, indeed, "without fear" and "without reproach" from man. If any one wishes to know in what true dignity consists, he may see it personified in Garibaldi, and may at the same time learn the secret which makes him the perfect gentleman that he is—viz., that he "looks not on his own things" only, but rather "on the things of others." Being "pitiful," he is, of necessity, "courteous." The White House being on somewhat rising ground, there is a slight descent to the shore. I walked quickly down with Signor Ricciotti, gathering a few sprigs of wild myrtle, &c., as memorials of my visit. It began to rain heavily in the impetuous Italian style, and the shower had become a torrent when I left the boat for the steam-packet. Many mingled feelings made my own mind stormy, so the weather and I were in harmony, and the mists through which Caprera was visible, till lost in distance, suited well its grey, desolate sublimity. The dark, solemn mountains of Sardinia loomed grandly forth; and the colouring of the scene made, as it were, a third compartment to its picture in my mind, as I had seen it before in the spiritual glory of moonlight, and then in the blue and gold of regal day. Now, the warring elements spoke of trouble and strife, and bitter tears; while amid all stood the *rocks*, grave but unshaken, in the steadfastness of truth. I invoked upon Caprera and its habitant the special blessing of Him "Whose righteousness standeth like the strong mountains."

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM CAPRERA BACK TO FLORENCE.

THERE was on the "Umbria," as she retraced her way to Livorno, a Corsican returning to Bastia, and thence to his home at Ajaccio. He was a kind and courteous fellow-passenger, and as I preferred remaining all night on deck, he very kindly brought me in the early morning some refreshment, which was not unacceptable in the chilly dawn, although I was enjoying the scene in its wildness and strangeness far too thoroughly to be prejudicially affected by rain or by cold. This Corsican was a fine specimen of that proverbially fine race, presenting a marked contrast to the half-savage Sards who had been my companions in my outward passage. I gave a "Pilgrim's Progress," in Italian, to the captain of the "Umbria," and my Corsican friend promised that, as he was in the habit of frequently passing and re-passing to and from La Maddalena, he would take the opportunity of reading it sometimes. I believe he will keep his word, for he was evidently "an honourable man." He told me much that was interesting respecting the house at Ajaccio where the first Napoleon was born, and which has been lately restored, but, as far as possible, unchanged. It is singular that Napoleon played as a baby on a hearth-rug

representing the god of war, so that the Champ de Mars was his first play-ground. The Corsican spoke of that "vendetta" which has rendered his island so darkly famous. He attributed it chiefly to the imperfect administration of justice. It is the lynch law of Corsica.

The Corsicans are evidently a race resembling the Highlanders of Scotland (in the finest type of the latter), the Basques of Spain, and other mountain tribes; bold, impetuous, firm as friends, and terrible as foes, like mountaineers everywhere, but wanting in that introspection and patient thoughtfulness which contribute to the earnestness and the endurance of the men of the plains. Those who live amid the grandest outward scenes are always in some measure transient in emotion and sensuous in intellect; always disposed to "look on things after the outward appearance;" while those who have fewer beauties of scenery to engage their vision, are brought to contemplate those wonders of the inward world which far exceed in grandeur and in loveliness the fairest scenes without; to turn their eyes to the stars which seem to gaze down lovingly from their low-spreading heavens, and to yearn after the calm fields of light which bound their wide horizon. Having less around, they are led the rather to look above. The Celtic races, still chiefly haunting their ancestral hills, have their bards of war and of traditional romance. The Gothic races, still tenting on their plains, produce the poets of the heart, of life's history, and of spiritual joy. Shakespeare tells the tale of man amid the greenery of Warwickshire; Cowper sings his songs of

"sweet sorrow" by the slow-winding Ouse; and Bunyan dreams of Heaven in the prison-cell, and in the quiet hedge-enclosed meadows of Bedfordshire.

Bastia is a picturesque town, at the foot and on the slope of dark-coloured rocks, by the sea, the small white houses of modern days interspersed amid the older dwellings more nearly toned by time to the hue of the surrounding cliffs. There is a row of arches, said to be of Roman origin, called Les Terrasses, which my Corsican friend showed me through a telescope, and which seemed part of an interesting ruin. At length the boat stopped, and I took leave of my temporary companion, receiving fresh kind wishes for a pleasant voyage, and, at length, a safe return to my own distant island-home.

Livorno was again reached at about five in the afternoon, and, as soon as I could, after obtaining some letters from England at the post-office, and partaking of some necessary refreshment, at the same time enjoying some more interesting conversation with my friend Suatori, I took the train once more, viâ Pisa, to Florence, where I arrived at night, much satisfied with my expedition, and kindly greeted at the Pension in the Via del Sole. Rome was now the goal of my projects; but thoughts of Dante and of the old Goths, making me desirous of seeing Ravenna on my way, I determined to go by Ancona, the longest, but yet as being, by uninterrupted railway, the swiftest and safest route, by which much annoyance, often experienced at Civita Vecchia, is avoided, and all fear of brigands prevented.

I could not start before the Monday, so had four more days to linger in beautiful Florence, amid her numberless gems of art, and with her cathedral casting its mighty shadow on my steps. That cathedral, and the structures telling of the feudalism of the Middle Ages, impart a grave dignity to Florence, which blends in the features and in the character of her sons, with the vivacity of their social kindness and the keenness of their intellectual life. But, I repeat, Florence neither is nor can be the capital of Italy. No true Florentine would desire it. The very gravity and depth of thought to which I have alluded makes these Tuscans cling more closely to the mother-city, owning as their parent and their queen that Rome, whose name is bound up with every memory of their country's glory. Italy's capital is not the city of the Medici, but the city of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAVENNA.

"The dead rule the world."

I LEFT Florence on the evening of Monday, October 29, bound for Rome. Although Ravenna is anything but in the direct route, yet, wishing to visit the old Gothic capital first, I took a northerly direction, passing the night at Bologna. About midnight the moon rose and filled my room in the quiet hotel, casting in pale jewels through the lattice-window. I started early the next morning; the hotel omnibus taking the track marked out for it through the centre of the streets of the city, which with its endless cloister-like arcades, seems a vast university. At Castel-Bolognese, I had to change for Ravenna, which I reached, however, early in the day. I went to the Albergo della Stella d'Oro, which I found had given lodgment to some celebrities—to Garibaldi and some of his family in the present, and to others in the past, specially poor Byron. The intelligent guide of the hotel, Cristoforo Stanganelli, had known Byron well, and spoke of him as he accompanied me to the tombs of Dante and Theodoric. I visited first the former. It is a small chapel-like building, not architecturally handsome. The story of the discovery of the bones in one of the churches

is well known. At the end of the interior is a statue of the poet, anything but flattering, as it seems to have suffered from sundry stones thrown at it, as though Dante's fate on earth, even in effigy, was not to be a peaceful one. Various votive offerings from Italian cities and from individuals adorn the walls. Here, then, were the mortal remains of Italy's greatest poet. That he died in this city is an honour which Florence may well envy. He entered earth from Florence and heaven from Ravenna. To think that some of his last footsteps were on the broken pebbles of these streets makes them all sacred ground. It has been often said that what is spoken in song has been learned in suffering; but, as there is comfort in the thought, it will bear repetition. Where had been the "Divina Commedia" without Dante's woes? Many envy a poet's powers. Few could stand his training.

I spoke of broken pebbles. Hawthorne says that the round pebbles of Rome make the ascent of her seven hills a perpetual penitential pilgrimage. This is true, as I afterwards proved. The streets of Ravenna are more level, but rougher still, the pebbles being broken and sharp. Very, very old Ravenna looks, but bowers of tranquil greenery surround her, of the freshest, youngest verdure. A grove of bright feathery acacias led to the sward on which stood the tomb of Theodoric the Goth. Surely the Goths and the Romans had much in common. The Gauls, or Celts were altogether different in character, and their incursions accordingly, though sharp, were short; the results for the most part ending with their departure.

Not so with the persistent Goths. They stayed. It seemed a new Roman race overcoming the old. But there is one marked distinction between all the Latin and the Gothic families. The former are made for consolidation and for national greatness; the latter for independence and individual greatness. Thus we see why, in the old prophetic vision, it was said that the Roman *iron* should be mixed with the Gothic *clay*. Statues are modelled in clay; clay therefore foreshows the Gothic individual greatness. Iron bands unite the limbs of ponderous machinery; iron therefore typifies the Roman associative instinct. But in massiveness of character and achievement the Goths and the Romans are alike. This tomb of Theodoric is a round stone chamber, roofed with one single stone, so huge that we wonder what leverage could have raised it to its place. Giants alone could have been equal to the effort. All was solemn silence. A little bird flew in suggestively through a small opening on one side of the chamber and passed out through a like opening on the other. The acacias, in their light spring-like green, waved tremblingly without, all down their long arcades, which were Byron's favourite morning walk. Within all was still. The bones of the old Goth lay there alone. These tombs and these memories are the glory of Ravenna. But not these only. Not far from the pine-wood of Dante, filled yet with the whispers of "La Vita Nuova," some way further on among the trees, is another tomb. Along the acacia-bordered road, leading from the tomb of Theodoric, Garibaldi and a few of his faithful followers

walked (so Stanganelli told me), in the autumn of 1849, bearing the body of Añita. There they left the remains of the loved and loving woman, in the wood haunted by the sighs of Dante, and visited by the murmurs of the sea. So, by strange coincidences, are the great of every age associated. The sternly simple monument of Theodoric witnessed the funeral procession of the Añita* of the verily Gothic Garibaldi, and the poet of the past, and the hero of the present, met in the pine-forest of Ravenna, and, invisibly, grasped hands.

* That walk must have been to her tomb; for I have since learned, from a reliable source, that Añita was buried by peasants in hurried secrecy.

CHAPTER XV.

RIMINI, AND FROM ANCONA TO ROME.

I MADE one more halt, on my way to Ancona, at Rimini, a small seaport town on the Adriatic. The Rubicon is somewhere between Ravenna and this town, so I must have crossed it unconsciously. I walked along the main street of Rimini, again over pebbles, round, though not so sharp as those of Ravenna—past the old palace, where poor Francesca must have spent her girlhood, in part of which house, I think my guide told me, an Englishman now resides—to the Roman arch built by Augustus, which terminates the road in massive grandeur, darkened but undestroyed by time. The inhabitants of the sombre old town seemed a lively set, fond of gay costume, like a fishing population as they are, and having affairs of their own engaging, but not absorbing, their thoughts; for, if I remember right, Rimini aided well in the struggle of 1849. Soon the train set forward once more, and bore me, often along the sea-shore, to Ancona, which I reached late at night, sleeping in an uncivilised inn outside the walls, and leaving in the morning, at length, for Rome. Through the Marches and Umbria lay the road across the Apennines, and, therefore, through frequent tracts of darkness; chiefly a stony, dreary way, realising many a scene

of desolation in Dante's journeyings. The sandstone of the Apennines gives a colouring of yellow ochre to the landscape, and sometimes of burnt umber, which latter word might be thought to have more than an accidental connection with the name of the district, but that that name was in all probability derived from some term alluding to the shade cast by the once numerous trees, of which these mountains have been so often and so ruthlessly despoiled. This ferruginous hue is but little varied with occasional green; but ever and anon there are features of striking grandeur in those cities set on a hill, which are one of the characteristic glories of Italian scenery. Trevi, for instance, whence is brought to Rome, by one of those aqueducts which must emulate the aqueducts of ancient days (if they are not the ancient aqueducts converted to new uses), the water of the fountain of the same name; and Terni, which boasts its celebrated waterfall. The fountain of Clitumnus, being close to Spoleto, between Trevi and Terni, it may be from that fountain that the waters of Trevi flow; perhaps, also, it is this very fountain which excursionists from Terni visit, but I am not sure on these heads. My travelling companions were a sister of charity, who had an old man under her charge, and who was returning to her *monastery* at Rome (for so cloisters for *women* are called in Italy), and a Roman family, consisting of a gentleman and his wife, and one or two sweet children. These latter were most courteous, and gave me some useful information. The nun, or sister of charity, was terribly frightened when we had to alight

(at Foligno) for the inspection of our baggage, and seemed to wish to hide behind me for protection. She must, I think, have been a nun, and had evidently been despatched on a special mission, under strict orders. She was of middle age, and looked sleek and comfortable, but certainly unaccustomed to travelling.

Evening fell, the gloom increasing gradually, till it was darkness, but for the stars. At last, not very far from midnight, the train stopped. We were at Rome, the Rome of Julius Cæsar and of the Gracchi, and also in the present (as I felt the more vividly that I was even then reading the life of that patriot), the Rome of Mazzini, and of Garibaldi, and Añita. Alas! now the Rome where Popery drags on its serpent-like existence! I will not say the Rome of the Pope. No; she is neither the city of the Pope nor of the Emperor. All sorrows endured cannot change the nature, nor give right to the inflictor of wrong. Only love can really possess; and only truth can really reign. It was the 31st of October, Hallowe'en. Verily the Dead were abroad that night, and the Invisible filled the air, as I set foot in Rome.

ROME.

THE CITY.

Rome! Rome! Thou art no more
As thou hast been;
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a Queen.
Thou had'st thy triumphs then,
Purpling the street;
Princes and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.
Rome! Rome! Thou art no more
As thou hast been.
Rome! Thine imperial brow
Never shall rise.
What hast thou left thee now?
Thou hast thy skies;
Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower.
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower.
Rome! Rome! Thou art no more
As thou hast been.

Mrs. Hemans.

ROME.* *

THE SYSTEM.

Rome! Rome! Thou art the same,
And e'er wilt be;
Thou bearest still the name
Of mystery.
Still wearing, as thy right,
The triple crown,
Life, liberty, and light
Thou treadest down.
Rome! Rome! Thou art the same,
And e'er wilt be.
Rome! Thou art still attired
In pearls and gold;
By kings and realms admired
Now as of old.
Ready thou dost remain
In force and wile
To kindle yet again
The martyr's pile.
Rome! Rome! Thou art the same,
And e'er wilt be.

E. S. G. S.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROME.

"Go thou to Rome, at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness."—
Shelley's Adonais.

"The orphans of the heart do turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires."—*Byron.*

"Roma l'Eterna."

To wake for the first time in Rome! Rogers speaks of the sensation which, to be understood, must be experienced. To know that that rich sunshine which bathes the room is from the sun of Rome the Eternal! Shall we say the "eternally-dying"? Alas! this expression of a recent writer has been, up to the present, too sadly, strangely true!

I had driven, on my arrival, to the Piazza di Spagna, in the English quarter, and was there this first morning, in an English boarding-house—that of the Misses Smith, of well-known fame. Their house, a large and comfortable upper piano, commanded a fine view, St. Peter's being clearly visible in the distance. I left this boarding-house that day, wishing to experience Roman life in Rome. I therefore went next to the Vincolo dei Greci, a turning out of the Via del Babuino. The internal cold of this house, however, compelled me to conclude my week in

Rome at an hotel. The Roman houses are chiefly built with the view of providing against the extreme heat of summer, so that the sun's rays are almost excluded. This, combined with the often uncarpeted rooms, and the floors of marble, real or imitated, makes the change from the outer to the inner atmosphere considerable. To dream that I dwelt in marble halls, would, after such experience of the reality, be anything but pleasant.

This morning, November 6th, 1867, the news has arrived of the arrest of Garibaldi at Terni, after his retreat from Monte Rotondo, and of his projected imprisonment in Fort Palmaria in the Gulf of Spezzia. Victor Emmanuel has not allowed the achievements of 1860 to be repeated at Rome, and this, because he is himself in terror of the French Emperor. What a position for the ruler of a nation! A king? Nay, a slave.

The Romans are bound with chains none the less strong because invisible. Garibaldi could have freed them. Victor Emmanuel can and will but deliver them over afresh unto the will of their enemies. That many of them are unconscious of their bondage only proves the more that they are in bonds, and that they must be *set free*, since they cannot free themselves. Alas for Rome! Her sorrows are not over yet!

In the afternoon I wandered out to gain a general view of the city from the Pincian hill. Having ascended a broad flight of stone steps, I supposed I had reached it, but found afterwards that I had then been standing on the elevation called the Trinità dei Monti, which connects the

Pincian with the Quirinal. From my point of observation I saw St. Peter's to the west, backed by the cypresses of Monte Mario. Ah! those cypresses! Present everywhere! It seems as if fair Italy had sung—

"Twine no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree."

The Pincian and the Janiculan, between which is St. Peter's, are not included in the seven hills. To the south lay the chief part of the modern city, with, as I could afterwards discover with an habituated eye, the ruins of ancient Rome to the extreme south-west. My first impression was of wonder that Rome was so much like other cities. Her distinctiveness I learned to know and to perceive; but at first, the marvel was that she was built of brick and stone (albeit with marble intermingled), like other towns that men inhabit. So the first thought on seeing Cæsar might have been of wonder to find him a man like others. Rome is a name—an idea—a dream! Yes; but she is also a solid reality, which reminds us, by the way, that the Romans are men and women, with hearts and souls; although, by long servitude, degraded, yet *men* of like necessities with ourselves.

Rome is the grandest, saddest city in the world. The modern city being built, as is well known, thirty feet above the ancient, is to it as one vast tomb.* And this is so also in another sense. The Present here buries the Past,

* But Jerusalem, as we learn from the excavations now being carried on by Lieut. Warren, has sunk 90 feet. "Under the whole heavens hath not been done as hath been done upon Jerusalem."

which lies hid beneath its weight, whence those dull earthquake-sounds telling of the volcano below. Will the Past arise? Assuredly; for there is no death without a resurrection. But whether that arising will be on the earth that now is, is a question.

The seven hills are (taking them in alphabetical order), the Aventine, the Cœlian, the Capitoline, the Esquiline, the Palatine, the Quirinal, and the Viminal. Taking them in the order in which you reach them from the modern city—the Quirinal, the Capitoline, the Palatine, the Esquiline, the Cœlian, the Viminal, and the Aventine. The modern city chiefly occupies the ancient Campus Martius, leaving, however, as has been said, the relics of the Past thirty feet below. This is clearly seen in the Forum of Trajan, not far from the Barberini Palace and from the Fountain of Trevi. The column, representing spirally on its surface the victories of Trajan over the Dacians, stands at the end, the statue of the emperor having been replaced by that of an apostle—St. Paul, I think—just as St. Peter supplants Marcus Antoninus in the Piazza Colonna. Napoleon I. had this forum excavated to its ancient level; and the pillars remain, though few of them entire, amid the grass which always grows so luxuriantly among ruins, as if it knew they, too, were graves. You look down through a railed enclosure upon this space, as into a deep well, and thus realize what is in a measure everywhere true, but at Rome is evident, that the Present builds upon the Past; and that our modern life is but a geological stratum, which causes, partly slowly cumulative, and partly

fiercely volcanic, have superposed on the preceding, which it crowns, not destroys. And the waves of time deal with the fossils of previous strata, turning many a plant of withered human hope into fuel to warm our hearts and aid us in our labours; many a black, hard stone into a priceless gem; but washing nothing into oblivion, sweeping nothing to destruction—hiding, burying, truly—but guarding well their stores till the day shall come for *that* sea also to give up its dead.

And so I stood that afternoon, looking across St. Peter's to the sunset, on whose amber ocean rose the cypresses, like the dark masts of some ship of doom, and then, turning, looked over the city spreading beneath, and lying there so tranquilly, as though she had never made a head to ache, nor sent her terrible mandates, first of war and then of persecution, over the trembling earth. Ah! I prayed that when He Who cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the world for their iniquity, visits guilty Rome, He may, while smiting the system which has cursed her people, spare the city, and save her children.

Rome! sorrowful, mighty, still glorious Rome! Turn from the vanities which have maddened and blinded thee, from thy false gods that cannot save—and learn of Him Who has prepared His salvation "before the face of ALL people"—before *thine!*

CHAPTER XVII.

ART IN ROME.

"Farewell! farewell! the heart that lives alone,
Housed in sweet dreams, at distance from the kind;
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne."

"If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay."—*Wordsworth.*

FOREIGNERS, chiefly English and American, and artists, also chiefly from America and England, have a Rome of their own all to themselves. And if they are sufficiently wealthy for their needs, and are strangers to those cares for others which disturb the heart, and thence the brain, they may here pretty easily delude themselves that earth is not so very much changed from old Eden after all. Always supposing, be it remembered, that they *do* live in a world of THEIR OWN, and not in *this* world of God's making and the Devil's marring. Of God's ruling still, nevertheless; for yet "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

How, in such a case, however, artists could be artists, is certainly a question difficult of solution. And so we must conclude that these are sad sometimes, even in Rome. Although the air is full of balm, as if those skies of purple-blue rained sweetness down; although the ignorant and degraded populace are yet so picturesque in the warm colouring wherewith the sun has painted them, and in their gesticulations so graceful and empathic, which unfortunately mean nothing, that every group and every figure is a study, especially when from the large languid eyes come flashes of dark fire which remind of what once was, and show what yet might be.

I visited the studios of Story, the American sculptor, and that where Gibson, the graceful artist and true-hearted man, laboured till his death, not long ago. Story is surely, in his own line, the first sculptor of the age, as his "Cleopatra" and "Libyan Sibyl," exhibited in London in 1862, prove—to me, at least. Hawthorne speaks of the first with his usual truthful criticism in that "Transformation" of his, which is as valuable as a guide to Rome as it is fascinating as a romance. That book and "Corinne" reflect faithfully Rome in the spirit. No paltry conventionalisms shackle Story in his work, and he can well dispense with them, since the power of his genius enables him to speak to us clearly in his own language. In his "Cleopatra" we have no turbaned, vulgar woman, utterly unable to move the hearts or sway the counsels of princes, but a woman self-contained and terrible; voluptuous, luxurious, but determined. A sort of female Napoleon I.,

equally powerful and equally unscrupulous. The "Libyan Sibyl" is another Cleopatra, only mightier and more evil still; a she-devil. A dark, mysterious power is Story's. He is a master of the sublime, not of the tender or the beautiful. Gibson has left behind him some specimens of these. His force, in his line, is less than Story's; but this may be because the fearful always tells more in representation than the lovely, which rather evades expression in the works of man. In God's works it is otherwise; and a loving smile on the commonest human face is mightier than the scowl of a tyrant. My favourites of the works of Gibson are, first, "Pandora;" and next, "Justice and Mercy," supporting the throne of our Queen, which is, as need not be said, in the robing-room at Westminster. Among the other casts of his sculptures, I saw his first work, "Mars and Cupid;" and his last, "Theseus Slaying the Robber," on which he was engaged at the time of his death. The studio, a quiet room in the Vincolo della Fontanella, a turning out of the Via del Babuino, opened into a small court-yard, where, beneath the dazzling blue of the sky, I noticed a plant, of which I had seen an insignificant specimen in England, without being able to discover its appellation, rising here to a great height, and with clusters of blossoms of varied colour amid its dark rough leaves. I asked its name of Baini, the talented assistant of Gibson, who now replaces him, and was told it was "Lontana Camera, or the Distant Room," a name suggestive and poetical, it will be confessed.

Lontana Camera! Whence came
The mystic pathos of thy name?
Did dead hands hold thee, that are gone
To wave the palm before the Throne?
Or didst thou hear Love's latest sigh,
And keep it as thy legacy?

I saw thee 'neath the sky of Rome,
And felt *that* blue must arch thy home.
I thought how cold thy rest must be,
Far from thy sunny Italy,
Where English vapours sadly lour
Chill welcome on the lonely flower.

But there thou stoodest at the door
Where he had toiled who toils no more.
There, 'mid thy dark leaves, richly grew
Thy clustered blooms of varied hue—
Orange, and gold, and rosy red,
Guarding the sculptures of the dead,

Lontana Camera! What heart
Hath not for thee a place apart,
Where she may turn her from annoy
Not to the roses of her joy,
But where the shades thy smile enhance
Safe from all winds of circumstance?

When Memory plucks thee as she sings,
She shows us unforgotten things—
The room where lay our dead—the room
Where we are greeted as we come
By unchanged voices, that we hear
Where'er we roam—no otherwhere.

I do believe, that far away
With Jesus in the realms of day—
Since Love and holy Memory
Immortal are, and cannot die—
If never more on earth's low plain,
I *there* shall see thee, flower, again.—E. S. G. S.

Baini was evidently much attached to Gibson, who, while he was a fine, if not a first-rate sculptor, was something better—a noble man. Some surprise at my lonely wanderings having been expressed by Baini, I answered, 'Viaggio con Dio.'* "Va bene! Brava!" was the reply.

The *paintings* at the Vatican are not numerous. The most noticeable are, Raphael's "Transfiguration," and the "Return of the Prodigal," by Murillo. *Sculpture* has there her palace. You enter those galleries, now connected with the cruellest, meanest despotism in the world, through a corridor lined with fragments from the Catacombs, telling of days when the *faith* of Rome (as now, alas! her blasphemy and mysteries of darkness) was "spoken of throughout the whole world." Then there are the celebrated loggie, adjoining a corner of the garden, and containing, each in its separate niche, some gem of sculpture, mostly, if not all, belonging to mythological times. There writhes the "Laocoon" in perpetual agony; there stands the "Apollo Belvedere" in defiant beauty, albeit a beauty heathen in its completeness, and belonging wholly to the life that now is.

The Capitol! We must look now for a few moments at its art-treasures. The line of old emperors is still here in reigning dignity, cold, powerful representations of men who were, with very few exceptions, as their portraits too faithfully show, morally worthless. But here, too, are

* "I travel with God." Rather, perhaps, from some inexplicable difference in the genius of languages, *we* should say, "God travels with me."

some choice gems of sculpture. The ever-playful "Faun," the ever-mournful "Antinous," "Juno," and "Venus," the famed "Venus of the Capitol." While the completed beauty of these trophies of heathenism forms, as has been said, a marked contrast to the works of Christian art, which are always sketches rather than realizations, shadows of some mystery of glory, whereof the substance is beyond this earth; yet these heathen works, in their best examples, bear a strange weight of sorrow. Witness the "Antinous." Sorrow? say, rather, despair. Among the paintings at the Capitol, those living in my memory are—the "Persian Sibyl," by Guercino (which shows that that painter had formed a wholly different theory respecting those mysterious women from that of Story, as embodied in the statue above-described); the "Holy Family," by Giorgione; the "Scourging of Jesus," and the "Magdalene," both by Tintoretto. Although, probably, it is a mistake to confound "Mary of Magdala," with the "Woman which was a Sinner," yet here we have the latter truly in her penitence. Tintoretto felt what he painted; felt it terribly, and therefore saw it, if not always in every point as it was, yet always as it might have been. But *the* picture of "Rome," is that of which Hawthorne speaks, and which hangs in the Barberini Palace,—a portrait from life — Guido's "Beatrice Cenci." Not far from Story's studio is this palace, containing the face of her whose life-tale he truly calls* "the saddest of all earth's

* In his "Roba di Roma;" a book full of the most graphic description of the outward life of Rome.

sorrowful histories." I felt that face alone was well worth crossing ocean and mountain to see; and, to be seen, it must be looked on in the original painting. I stood gazing, lost in an inner communing, spirit to spirit, with her whose soul looked out upon me from those eyes. One of those thousand copyists who have done their poor best to give the world outside a knowledge of her countenance, said to me in Italian, "the face speaks deep sorrow." 'No,' I said, 'not sorrow,—stanchezza e pace—weariness and peace.'

There are faces which are in themselves sermons; there are faces which are themselves evidences of Christianity. Only for heaven could they have grown to this mould. Only in heaven can the message which they speak be fully uttered. The face of Beatrice is one of these. When we meet there, my sister, the wondering inquiry in thy beseeching eyes will have found its answer. Their yearning tenderness will be in them still, by which, among the ransomed, I shall know thee. For those eyes tell us that thou didst leave this strange, sad world, with love in thy heart to all—even thy father.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY.

"A slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."
Shelley's Adonais.

THE Protestant Cemetery is just outside the walls of Rome, not far from the Porta San Sebastiano. As is well known by those acquainted with descriptions of the city, the pyramid erected to the memory of the old Roman, Caius Cestius, guards the entrance. The grand tower-tomb of Cecilia Metella is not far distant, and the Catacombs, at once the home and grave of the early Christians, wind close beneath. Thus the ancient city and the first time of Christianity, ere yet "the mystery of iniquity" had grown to strength, have both their memorials near this garden, whose "long homes" are tenanted chiefly by the English. Here, as every English heart knows, is the grave of Keats —the tomb raised by Severn, his artist-friend, still bright and fresh, even as the poetry of him whose ashes lie below. Poor boy! Shelley's *heart* lies not far off. It need not be told that, after Shelley's death, through that squall in the Gulf of Spezzia, his remains were burnt, with the exception of his heart, which was sent or brought by Byron to Rome, to lie in that spot of which he has written

so touchingly in "Adonais," near the dust of him to whom that poem is so sympathetic a tribute. The emotions raised by the graves of Keats and Shelley, and others like them, are, indeed, too deep for words, too deep even for thought.

> "The God that made them, He alone
> Decidedly can try them."

This is very certain, that MEN acted unkindly and unjustly to both, as they always do to such. Less so as to Keats;* although the world is readier to see and own its fault in his case. Had he not been ill, he could well have dealt with his reviewers; and it is probable that he died of consumption, and not of criticism. As to Shelley, I believe he was driven not intellectually, but morally mad, very greatly through the treatment of those who ought to have been his teachers, "speaking" to him "the truth in love." I do not say *the world*, for from it nothing better is to be expected, but I *do* say that *Christians* have much to answer for in similar cases. Amid all the labours of philanthropy —amid all the well-organized and industriously conducted schemes of benevolence, the grand Christian duty of individual, loving, heart-to-heart dealing with such souls as these, such *precious trusts from God*, is almost, without exception, neglected and ignored. That which is "lame" is "turned out of the way," when it ought to be "healed," and gently, lovingly led into the paths of peace. By what

* With Keats, I feel the evil was less, because his was a smaller nature than Shelley's, though more perfect in its own line. He had more talent; Shelley truer genius.

loss to mankind's best interests such neglect is followed, I believe the Great Day alone will declare. For souls like these, hearts so strong to love, minds so mighty to influence, as those of poets must be, are worth many of common men. I mean not to be "a respecter of persons," but, verily, these are of them who "take the world in tow," and if they go wrong, many lesser ones will follow. There is one living writer, who shall be nameless, whom society is doing her best to hound into dark scepticism, or if she fails in this, to make to glory in his shame.

A son of Story the sculptor is buried here; and the tomb of Gibson was preparing when I was in Rome. When I last visited the cemetery, a Danish funeral was going on. A tall, grave man, in a small black cap, like a Genevan reformer, was speaking, doubtless of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life," though in a tongue to me unknown.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

"Strong with old strength of great things fallen and fled."
Swinburne's Song of Italy.

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand.
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall.
And when Rome falls—the World."
Anglo-Saxon proverb.

Rome herself is a ruin, but a ruin majestic, mighty, imperial. She is as one not dead, but in a trance; and the question unavoidably suggests itself, Why does she not arise and grasp again the fallen sceptre? The answer would be a long one, and the secret undoubtedly is in the burden of that accursed system of lies, which weighs upon her like a night-mare, crushing her life, and in hers the life of Italy. That Anglo-Saxon proverb, quoted by Byron, will assuredly be verified.

Still the Colosseum stands. You pass to it along the Via Sacra, from the Forum, under the Arch of Titus. This last is as fresh as if raised yesterday, and the alto-relievos, which, being on the inside of the Arch, are preserved from the weather, tell the tale of Judah's captivity in tones as clear as ever. On the one side is Titus, in a triumphal chariot, heralded by Victory; on the other is the procession of laurel-crowned Romans, bearing the sacred vessels of the Temple: the candlestick, the

table of shew-bread, or the altar of incense, and the silver trumpets, the typical Jew walking beside, with his hands fastened behind him, and his head bowed in despair. I have heard that the captive Jews were the chief builders of the Colosseum, as they were of the Pyramids, 70,000 being employed in the construction, in this case, of an empire's tomb. The Jew is everywhere and always the secret of history. And there is something unspeakably suggestive and solemn in passing to that marvellous ruin, mightier, more massive in its decay than any structure of modern times, beneath that Arch which Time, in his flight, has been compelled to spare. "God hath not cast away his people," according to that word of His, "I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

And amid the stones of the Colosseum, that very type of Rome, these words re-echo :—

"Because thou hast spoiled many nations" (and specially *that* nation) "all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee."

Sitting on a projection of the Arch of Titus, was one of the well-known Roman beggars, who garrulously asked for alms. Speaking to her a word about Jesus, for she was blessing me in the name of the Virgin, I gave her a small coin. I could not refuse her. Sitting where she sat, she seemed to my eyes a type of Rome herself, once a queen, now a beggar,—once saying in her heart, "I shall see no sorrow"—now a mourner among the nations.

In sympathy with the mind and the heart of God, I pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and I love her for His

sake and for her own, for her woes, her endurance, her faithful griefs, her lasting hopes. But the sorrows of Rome, Italy's discrowned queen, make me also cling to *her* with a yearning love, which pleads with God, that while He destroys Romanism, that evil one, "drunken with the blood of the saints," and the "mother of the abominations of the earth," He may yet spare Rome, and not only spare, but bless! For is not this she whose faith was once "spoken of throughout the world"? Was it not a Roman at whom Jesus marvelled, saying that He had not "found so great faith, no, not in Israel"?

Passing up the Corso, the central seat of Rome, you reach the Capitol, which thus from this entrance dominates the modern city, and from the back, or rather from the side, overlooks the ancient. It is with the latter we have to do in this chapter. The Forum lies at the foot of the Capitol, intersected by the Via Sacra, the very stones of which you tread, when by a door, through which a porter near at hand admits you, you descend to the ancient level. There, on a sward of grass, of fresh, full green, stand the columns reared in long past years. A group, belonging to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and another group, the remains, according to some, of a temple to Concord, according to others, of a temple to Victory. To the left is the grand old arch of Septimius Severus, near to which, in the subterranean part of a ruined building, are the Mamertime prisons. A modern road, which joins the Via Sacra (raised, by time, some feet above the old level, but otherwise the same as in the

days of Horace), divides the Forum into two parts, and then diverging at a right angle, passes under the Arch of Titus. In the lower division of the Forum are some columns, supposed to belong to a temple, raised to Julius Cæsar; and Byron's "pillar, with a nameless base," but on which modern research has discovered an inscription, to the effect that it was reared to Phocas. Does it mean that emperor of the East who, by conferring new privileges on the bishop of Rome, turned him into a pope, and Rome into the seat of the apostasy? At any rate, it is remarkable that it should bear the *name* of him who loaded Italy with such a curse. In the division of the Forum, next to the Capitol, are the ruins of some building, close to which is believed to have been the ancient centre, and the spot where Curtius plunged into the open gulf. That legend has had many a verification in reality; and as I stood on the point under the stars, on my last night in Rome (for at that rather un-Roman hour I visited it for farewell), I could but think how many had plunged in full young life and love into the gulf of gloom and misery, gaping at the feet of Rome, because of the moral fires whereon her tyranny is based, hoping that, on their self-sacrifice, the yawning mouth would close. And has it closed? Alas! no. Rome is still built on a volcano, and hark! it rumbles still, and threateningly! I spoke to the guide who had led me along the underground passage of the Via Sacra, connecting the two divisions of the Forum,—a man of much intelligence,—of another city, not in ruins, but "eternal in the heavens," and of another Via Sacra lead-

ing to it—even Jesus Christ. He listened, and replied with interest, not, I believe, merely with Italian courtesy, but with thoughtfulness, if not with ready acquiescence, a thoughtfulness which showed that if they who lead this people "cause them to err," many of them are ready to learn from a better teacher.

Fragments of columns and loose stones, many of them of gleaming whiteness, strew the grass beneath these standing remains of the Past. The space once filled with the voice of Cicero, now echoes to the voice of Memory, and also (let us listen well and we shall hear it) to the voice of Hope. Weeds slender and feathery grow amid the crevices, and adorn the capitals with their natural mouldings of unrivalled grace. Verily, there is nothing earthly fairer than a ruin; and were it not for the thraldom and living death of the city of the Present, one might lose oneself in endless dreams in this city of the Past. But Rome herself, as she is, recalls us to grief and prayer and effort for her breathing slaves.

As we said, soon after quitting the Forum, you pass under the Arch of Titus, and leaving the richly-ornamented Arch of Constantine to the right, to the Colosseum. I stood within its circle, beneath a sky of dark, dazzling blue. High and yet higher rose the arches, to their original height in one part, and lowered, whether by time or depredation, in others. This truly colossal ruin far surpasses any picture or description. I will, therefore, not attempt to describe it. It must be seen and *felt*. The golden sunlight appears to radiate from its mighty masses

of unstained stone, casting shadows equally mighty, so that they seem eternal. On the intervening earth, in one of the higher arches, a thorny shrub had rooted itself, and hung down in yellow festoons, bright, yet mournful in its autumnal tints. I stood again, for a few moments, within the enclosure, beneath the stars, having for this to ask leave of passage of the French sentry. The moon was not visible while I was in Rome, so that I had not to *ask French leave* to enter by moon-light the typical monument of Rome.

Short grass covers the ground once red with the blood of gladiators, and, afterwards, with the blood of saints. Verily, old Rome was cruel! But that was in imperial times, when luxury reigned, bringing, as she always does, mercilessness in her train. The glorious days of Rome were the days of the republic; and I truly believe that (whatever may be the case in other lands, in our dear old England, for instance, where we have indeed no reason to wish for a change in the form of government) for Rome, a republic would be the most likely arrangement to bring glory and happiness again. Rome had to expel her kings for villany, and her emperors brought her to the dust. The very name of emperor is fatal for Rome. The whole of the Palatine hill (the hill of Romulus) is covered with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. The magnificent remains of the Baths of Caracalla are not far distant. It was among these latter, amid the roses which then clambered luxuriantly along the arches, and of which there are still some relics at the base (the place having been ruth-

lessly despoiled, when I visited it, for some English fête), that Shelley wrote his, perhaps, finest poem, certainly his finest of any length—"Prometheus Unbound."

One can fancy the boy, angelic in his beauty, forgetting for the while "the whips and scorns of the time," or rather weaving them, even if unconsciously, into the drama of his dream, lying beneath *that* sky (earth can have but few like it), and singing his sweet melodies alone. Again, poor boy! What, after all, are the Colosseum, and the Palace of the Cæsars, to such wrecks as he was? Oh! let us help our brethren with the help of love ere they go beyond our reaching! Dead walls may be left to moulder, but living souls! To win such to hope and to salvation when "ready to perish," there is no wisdom like *that*. But for it there is needed not only *truth*, but *love*. I have but pointed to some of the ruins of Rome. At Florence it was useless to think of investigating and describing every treasure of art. But at Rome every fragment has a history. The city herself is a ruin. The houses of the Present are built with the stones of the Past. And while antiquarian labour has there a vast sphere still unexplored, I would rather that the reader should join me in love for Rome as she is, and in prayer that she may rise yet again, "great, glorious, and free"—free, both in political liberty and in the freedom of true, and no longer spurious, Christianity.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CITY OF ROME.

"And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God and teaching the things which concern our Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

SOMEWHERE in the old city was this house. We do not know the exact spot, but among all the numberless associations of Rome the words referred to supply at once the most sacred and the most interesting, based on no mere legendary tradition, but on the sure word of Scripture. The Apostle of the Gentiles trod these streets (a little below us truly), for assuredly he did not spend those two whole years without air and exercise; but, chained to his guard, must have walked in the sunshine and beneath the sky of Rome. The quarter of his "brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites, of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came"—the world-renowned Ghetto—lies not far from the base of the Capitol (to the left on leaving it), whence it is the shortest way to the modern city. Thus it is not much distant from the arch commemorating the commencement of their latest wanderings. In this Jews' quarter, as nowhere else in Rome, are there evidences of life and industry. The people are at work, and the dream-like silence which reigns over much of the rest of the city is broken here. The Ghetto terminates on one side in the Piazza Navona, the noisy market-place

garrulous and bustling, though scarcely with the proofs of steady industry seen amongst the Jews. And on the other side in the Piazza delle Lagrime (so called from the church of Santa Agnese delle Lagrime), the suggestive name of the square close to which is the Palazzo Cenci, once the dwelling of Beatrice. The gates of the Ghetto have been removed of late, but the people, whether from necessity or from habit, chiefly confine themselves to their old quarter. "Theirs are the promises." And the evening shadows of their long day of woe are already falling. "The night cometh, and also the morning."

I remember, on my first ramble, directing my steps instinctively to the ancient part of Rome, which, happily, is not very distant from any point of the city, only that the seven hills (though less lofty to the eye than I anticipated, having doubtless been lowered through the raising, by time, of the soil at their base), and the round stones above alluded to, lengthen the process,—and I shall never forget my sensations on finding myself on the Hill of the Capitol. I entered a small shop on the ascent, and sat down to write a letter to a friend. It was early in November, but a sudden storm came on, darkening the air, while the thunder rolled, and the impetuous rain of Rome came down in torrents. In a moment the streets were flooded, and seemed turned into the pebbly bed of some mountain stream, so sudden and tremendous are the storms of Rome.

The streets of the modern city are chiefly narrow, though the frequent and unexpected appearance of some

work of antiquity (it may be in the frieze of a modern building), and the glimpses of distant edifices of world-wide fame, relieve them of meanness. On the Quirinal is the palace of the Pope, said to be much grander than that of the Vatican, where he now resides. But as it was from the former that he made his famous escape to Naples in 1848 he has since avoided even the sight of it. A walk up one of the steep sides of the Quirinal brought me one afternoon to the Via delle quattro Fontane, where the nieces of my dear old friend, Filippo Pistrucci, pursue their artistic profession of the cutting of cameos, for which Rome is so celebrated. It may not be generally known that the spirited design of St. George slaying the dragon on our English sovereigns of the reign of George III. was the work of their father. So they inherit talent in that line. Alas! they are deeds of ancient heroism that are commemorated in these intaglie. The very palaces of modern Rome, wherein reside an effete race of so-called princes, whose nobility of rank is proved chiefly by their indolence and cowardice, are constructed with the stones of the past. Story, in his Roba di Roma, gives a long list of buildings of old renown, with the spoils of which the Farnese palace, the residence of the ex-royal family of Naples, was compiled; amongst others, the Colosseum, the Baths of Diocletian, the theatre of Marcellus, and the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. This palace stands in or near the Piazza Colonna.

On leaving the Vincolo dei Greci, I went for the remaining days of my stay to an hotel in the Via di

Pietra, kept by a kind old man of the name of Cesari, who proved to have known, in his youth, my friend Filippo Pistrucci, and to have heard him improvise in the hall near the Fountain of Trevi. I suppose that is the hall in which were exhibited, when I was in Rome, a series of illustrations of the Divina Commedia which I had seen before in London. The paintings are large and fine, especially in the figures of Virgil and of the sad but heroic poet himself. Was Dante ever in Rome? I am not sure whether his works decide that question. If he never was, the intellectual state of that city must have been low; the Popes must have effected much of their depressing work even at that time, if no Roman was found like Della Scala of Verona, or Carrara of Padua, to lighten the exile of Italy's greatest child. And was Petrarch crowned at the Capitol, and were there no laurels there for the brow of the greater Dante?* However, here he was now in Rome at last; his poems reflected outwardly in these pictures, faithful as ever in their sublime allegory to the sorrow and the mystery of life and of humanity. Is it remembered that this Dante ends his mighty poem, perhaps the saddest ever written, by striking the chord of Hope? He tells us that he saw

> "In one volume, *clasped of Love*,
> All that the universe contains."

The Fountain of Trevi, near by, with its clear waters

* If, as is probable, political causes, the dissensions between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, were the secret, the above reflections are by no means invalidated.

falling ceaselessly over their triple stage of rock, made a fitting accompaniment, Dantesque in its terza-rima, to the illustrative paintings.

The statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar fell, is now in the Palazzo Spada. I stood before it one evening, and through the dim light pictured it as it "ran blood" in the Capitol on that morning of the ides of March.

> "Thou dread statue!
> Thou who beheldest 'mid the assassins' din
> At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
> Folding his robe in dying dignity."—*Childe Harold.*

If the face be a portrait, Pompey's beauty must have been of colour and complexion, and not of feature or expression. Very different is this from the grand melancholy head of Julius.

On the 5th of November, when, as I thought, some passive representatives of Guy Fawkes were, perhaps, looming through the golden haze of a London fog, I stood on the steps of St. John Lateran, overlooking the Campagna. The sun-light poured down in what to us would be summer warmth; the vast encircling plains were bounded on one side by the purple hills of Albano, and crossed here and there by the lines of some aqueduct, now a channel for the stream of thought, as they stretched seemingly to the horizon, or were broken off as by some abrupt stroke of circumstance. What a scene it was! How fair in its beauty! How terrible in its significance! For I turned and entered the pillared church, where, on his installation, the Pope sits "as God." All there

around was cold—splendid indeed—costly—even priceless as to the world's estimate, for all in that church is pure gold and solid marble. But cold—cold—striking to the very heart, as to me it always is with everything belonging to the repressive system of Romanism, which, to my mind, is indeed outwardly as an adorned and fretted sepulchre, with all the chill of the sepulchre within. I am always at a loss to comprehend what people mean by talking of the warmth of Romish ceremonial. Gorgeousness granted; but this is no more warmth than jewels are sun-light. The contrast between the truth of God with its vivifying and transforming power, and the "will-worship" and "voluntary humility" of the Papal system, is but faintly typified by the change from the warmth and light of the landscape outside to the petrifying chill of that church of marble.

Near by is the Sacra Scala, which I saw devotees on that day ascending on their knees. But to this I defer full reference. I went on along the Appian Way as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, a round fortress-like tower, and which, doubtless, was formerly so used. Whoever she was, she has been honoured in her monument. This tomb forms a sort of boundary of Rome on the Via Appia, and the Catacombs, themselves vast ranges of tombs, stretch away beneath.

"In the midst of life we are in death;"*

everywhere *really*, but at Rome most evidently. Utterly

* By the way, are we not indebted to some old Roman for those oft-quoted words, sometimes erroneously supposed to be a citation from Scripture?

careless merriment one would suppose impossible here to the most callous; and yet, draping and veiling, if not concealing these solemn scenes, there is a hand throwing likewise a spell on the beholders, too powerful, alas, with the many. I mean the climate—the delicious, dream-inspiring, bewitching climate! Perhaps *this* is Italy's "dono infelice"—her "fatal gift." And yet did not the old Romans live here, and was nature harsher to them? This may be, and *is* a question, but yet the climate cannot have changed very considerably. No; however enervating the atmosphere of Rome may be, we must seek for the cause of the depression of her sons in something deeper than the outward elements. Delicious, however, the atmosphere is. It was November, as I said, and we at home were then struggling with the asperities of a northern winter; but here the sky was undimmed in its deep, pure blue—the oranges hung on the trees against that background of dark azure—and the lizards were basking in the sun amid the flowered verdure of the hedges. Every breath was balm; every sight was beauty. It is hard amid such scenes to remember the dread facts of sin, and death, and misery; hard, and yet doubly terrible. The One Sun, however, that can shed true light on life, as on immortality, has risen "with healing in His wings;" and there need be no uncheered sorrow, no triumphant sin, and no hopeless death in beautiful Italy any more than beneath the "sullen skies" of our own Old England.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CATACOMBS AND THE CAMPAGNA.

"In the Garden a Sepulchre."

HAVING obtained an order from the Cardinal-Vicar, I went, on the 7th of November, to the Catacombs of San Sebastiano. I am not sure that these are *the* Catacombs, most famous for their records, for I found afterwards that there are others, to which the entrance is from the Church of San Paolo. However, it was the Catacombs of San Sebastiano which I visited. I passed through a door, which announced that by it was the way to the Catacombs, into a vineyard, where were some young peasants engaged at work. The father of one of them came forward and showed me the entrance downwards, himself preceding me as my guide. He told me he was well known to travellers, by his Christian name of Valentino. It seemed as if that smiling vineyard opened and disclosed a flight of steps descending downwards into the darkness. In a moment that unclouded sky and prodigal vegetation were lost from sight, and I was groping my way along, lighted by the taper of my guide and my own. I observed on one tomb

the fish expelling Jonah, the well-known symbol of the resurrection, but with that exception did not see the inscriptions and devices I expected. This may be accounted for by the fact, that most of the entablatures that were removeable have been removed to the Vatican. Alas! the Vatican thus dominates not only over the modern city, but even over these records of the early Christians, who wandered in these "dens and caves of the earth," and "of whom the world was not worthy." Happily they are now themselves beyond all tyranny, otherwise the Catacombs would have again to be their refuge, not from Pagan, but from Papal Rome.

And this Campagna, which spreads a covering of smiles over these lines of tombs, how wonderful it is! It recalls the words, "He carried me away in the spirit *into the wilderness*," and makes it evident that this is where the prophet saw the "woman riding on a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy." That woman, let me once more repeat, is not Rome the city, but Rome the system. But since that system has had here "a local habitation," so John, in the vision, saw her here "in the wilderness," a wilderness not of rough stones, not of arid sands, not of tangled woods, but of smiling vineyards, of fair weeds and flowers, of blue distances, and prospects as of Paradise; silent, however, ominous and awful.

The lovely Italian oxen that drag across it slowly some cumbrous piece of husbandry, seem, in the languid patience of their large soft eyes, to express the melancholy of the scene of—

"That endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere;
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air,
Rome's ghost since her decease."

Robert Browning.

Joy and peace, to those *who possess them*, the distance may express in its boundlessness. But this is Rome's valley of Jehoshaphat, her "place of tombs."

The tomb of the Scipios is not far from the Porta San Sebastiano, and, therefore, is not very distant from these catacombs. A door in the wall introduces you to this tomb also, and you soon find yourself passing from a small garden of roses into a high dark gallery. The actual tomb enclosing the remains of one or more of the Scipios has, in this case also, been removed to the Vatican. The Campagna is just a wide enclosure for the vast tomb of Rome, wherein, both literally and figuratively, the ancient city is buried, and, with her, a whole old world. Still arrayed in purple and scarlet, the woman sits on, death in her face, yet robed as for perpetual rule. She sits, as sits Napoleon I. in that wonderful picture in the Invalides, where the face is the face of a corpse, but where the mien exacts, as for evermore, unquestioning submission, at once authoritative and ghastly—

"With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
Only supreme in misery."

So now sits Papal Rome, "drunken with the blood of the saints," preparing for the last short conflict, which

will commence with her triumphs, and end with her destruction.

Throned on her seven hills in the wilderness,* *
Aged, but unrepentant, sits the one
The Seer beheld; but now, in her distress,
Amid her blasphemies is heard a moan.

Leaning her weary head upon her hand,
The same in heart as in her days of fame,
She ponders one more effort to withstand
Her olden foes—the followers of the Lamb.

E. S. G S.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROME SEEN FROM ST. PETER'S.

"The hoary falsehood that o'ershadows Rome."—
T. W. Dalby.

ST. PETER'S is situated in the Trastevere, that is, the part of the city answering to the Southwark of London, and the quarter whose inhabitants pride themselves, whether with or without reason, on descent from the ancient Romans. The Trasteverini are mostly a fine race physically, and in character also, but for a sort of Corsican vendetta which prevails among them. From the English quarter of Rome St. Peter's is reached by crossing the Ponte San Angelo, at the end of which is the castle of that name, otherwise known as the tomb of Adrian. A straight line drawn transversely across the city, from the Colosseum on one side, would pass through the tomb of Adrian on the other.

In that castle of San Angelo how many have languished! There * Guido painted that sweet face of Beatrice, ere she left her cell for the scaffold; and on that bridge, with its figures, which, however inferior in art, show finely against the deep blue sky, lay her body, as if in sleep, undistorted by the stroke which had parted the fair head from the

* According to some; while others declare that he painted it from a transient glimpse of her as she passed to execution.

neck, as beautifully depicted in the painting by the Spaniard Lorenzo Vales, exhibited at Dublin in 1865. The Tiber rolls on below, nearly, but to my eye not quite, as yellow as the Arno. It winds so as to be rightly characterized by Shakespeare's epithet, correct and faithful as every epithet of his, "the concave Tiber." From a wide, open square, you ascend the many steps of the entrance to St. Peter's. Pushing aside the heavy door rather than curtain of leather, you find yourself within that building, which has been so often described, that to most it seems well known and familiar. It is a world of building, "glittering with gold," and offering some marvel in the mosaic copy of a celebrated painting, or a tomb of wondrous workmanship, at every step; and yet, to my feeling, and even to my senses, cold and terrible. I had to walk into the sacristy to obtain an order for the ascent to the dome. My dress proclaimed my Garibaldian sympathies, and I was also, to their accustomed eyes, plainly English. They seemed inclined to oppose my request on the ground of the time, which was rather beyond that specified for admission, but I persisted, as I knew some others had already mounted, and had not yet descended, and as it was my last morning in Rome. So I obtained the order, and began to mount. As this is, I believe, the highest building in the world, although, as has often been remarked, not so apparently from the outside, the ascent seemed endless. At length the summit was attained, and the diminished city lay below. In order to behold the prospect in any detail, it must be surveyed from the gallery encircling the base of

the dome. Then the picture becomes intelligible. The eye instinctively overlooks the modern city, of which it is nevertheless aware, with its groups so unlike those seen elsewhere, consisting, as they mostly do, of bare-headed friars and black-stoled priests, and rests upon that quarter to the south-east, where is the graceful ellipse of the Colosseum, close by the tower of the Capitol, the two being approximated to each other by your distance from both. Yes; *there* is ancient Rome—the Rome of Julius and of Tully, the Rome of Regulus and the Gracchi. Modern Rome is as a still-born child to that mighty mother. The Ponte Sublicio (Pons Sublicius), said to be the bridge which Horatius Cocles kept against the foreign invader who was seeking to force back upon Rome a tyranny she had rejected, is gone now. You see its foundation at low tide in the Tiber, not far from the Capitol. The original wooden bridge had been rebuilt with an admixture of iron, but this iron was taken by the French for cannon-balls, I believe, in 1849. O Rome! thou art doing something else now than repulsing the stranger. Thou art cherishing the viper which has stung thee already, and which, it is to be feared, will sting thee more sharply yet. Well may the bridge be gone, for where is now the Cocles who would guard it against the foe? There is another bridge of which only the half remains, and which is called the Ponte Rotto. At its corner stands the house of Cola di Rienzi. This, however, is a digression from Rome as viewed from St. Peter's. Beyond the ruins stretches the Campagna, of which, from this height, a wide expanse is

visible. This level belt encloses Rome; but to the back of St. Peter's, the features of the scene are sterner and more rugged.

It is a fair prospect from the dome of St. Peter's, but yet it is sadly suggestive that this structure, "decked with gold and precious stones and pearls," like the woman who symbolized to the prophet the system which has here its seat, should thus command the prostrate city. Were the truth here proclaimed, there would be no cause for sighing, but, alas! the fane echoes to the mummeries of falsehood, even as it was built with the fruits of falsehood and corruption. Still "the stone crieth out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber doth answer it." The boxes of the Confessional, which occupy a prominent position in the inside, are inscribed with the names of all civilised nations—"Pro-Anglica lingua," if I mistake not, leading the way on one side. England will play at Romanism, and will have to suffer severely for the pastime.

But let us look round once more. In the broad piazza below is an obelisk of stone, inscribed with Egyptian hieroglyphics; not, I believe, the companion of that in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, for that, if I mistake not, is in the Piazza del Popolo. On each side of this obelisk is a fountain, casting its clear waters into the sunlight, and descending in all rainbow hues. Then, crossing the somewhat busy streets of the Borgo, we are stayed by the prison tomb of San Angelo, and then follow the course of the yellow Tiber, which leads us to the broken line of the Ponte Rotto by the ancient city. The eye has met with

many claimants for attention on its way, to wit, principally, the other churches, numerous as the days of the year. But, as in the vision of Memory and Love, the old triumphs over the new, the distant over the near, and our last look, ere we turn to go, rests on the tower of the Capitol and the broken arches of the Colosseum.

After the long, long descent is over, we stop a moment in the centre of the square near the obelisk, attracted by something at our feet—a wild female head in mosaic (is it meant for the Gorgon Medusa, or the wife of Æolus, if he had one?), in the centre of a large circle inscribed with the points of the compass and the names of the winds. There is something suggestive of magic in this charmed circle and its mystic devices; and the question arises, what has Romanism meant by introducing it before her chief cathedral? Is it a symbolic claim to her usurped title of Catholic? . Probably.

But to me it gives rise to the prayer, O Thou Spirit of the living God, Who blowest like the wind, bringing life and health and blessedness, come Thou upon this city spiritually dead! There are churches here for worship, but it is as the pictured worship of the dead; and there are throngs of worshippers, but they are spiritually (save a remnant, who, through all disguises, know their Father, and "worship Him in spirit and in truth") as phantoms of the dead. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these *slain*, that they may live."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

The Master-Painter's power * *
Has from this silent wall
From centuries long past unto this hour
Spoken its tale to all.

And yet, most wondrously,
Rome's grand mistake is here—
The Name of Jesus she has made to be
Full, not of love, but fear.

The central point is wrong—
His head is set awry.
Sure never yet did Art, by brush or song,
Utter so strange a lie.

Here, from His awful frown,
The wretched victims flee;
His Eye's avenging lightning casts them down,
Smiting them witheringly.

Believe no human voice
That calls Him hard or stern,
Another lesson shall your hearts rejoice,
If of *Himself* ye learn.

If but one soul is lost,
It is not by His will;
Who died to save unto the uttermost,
And Who so saveth still.

He waiteth not to curse,
But to be gracious. This
Believe and live. In all the universe
There is no love like His.—E. S. G. S.

THE palace and galleries of the Vatican occupy the wing leading from St. Peter's, and bounding the piazza on one side, and several small chapels—amongst others the Sistine—the wing on the other. I had some difficulty in discovering this chapel, but at length succeeded. It is, as need not be said, famous for the large painting of the last judgment, by Michael Angelo. The ceiling, divided into small compartments, is enriched with frescoes by the same great master, illustrating the creation; grand, many of them, as affording special scope for his peculiar powers, and yet many of them distressing, as contravening the warning of Deut. iv. 15—"Take good heed to yourselves, for ye saw no manner of similitude in the day that the Lord spake with you." Frescoes by Raphael and other masters adorn the side walls. But the "Last Judgment" remains the chief feature of the chapel, occupying, as it does, the whole wall opposite the entrance. As the lines heading this chapter express, it was the false position of the Judge, and therefore the false character assigned to Him, which absorbed my attention. This false position is not to be accounted for by the fact that Michael Angelo, excelling in the terrible, might on that account have chosen to give an aspect of terror to the picture. No; it is but the repetition of the verdict of Romanism, always and everywhere on the character of Jesus. Everywhere and always, she says to Him, "Lord, I knew Thee, that Thou art a hard man." "To call *Him* hard! Sure it is the vilest slander ever breathed." In consequence, the eye of the Romanist is directed from Jesus to His earthly

mother, and her attendant crowd of saints. The earlier painters, with some few exceptions, did not fall into this grand error. Giotto's paintings are sermons on the mingled majesty and tenderness of Him Whose Name *was* and *is* called *Jesus;* and Fra Angelico, though delighting in representations of saints and angels, yet does not derogate from the character of the angels' Lord. If I mistake not, Michael Angelo is more in the right in his poetry than in his painting; but the great lie, of which this picture is perhaps the most prominent example, had become in his days an accepted article of the perverted creed of Popery, and in painting for a Pope he perhaps unconsciously reflected it. Those were the days of the collection of Peter's pence for the erection of the fane whose outward beauty but thinly disguises the inner ugliness of the system it represents, as the meretricious attractions of the "woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls," left her no less, but the rather the "mother of the abominations of the earth." And they were the days when the unblushing bravado of falsehood led to the championship of truth, which resulted in the blessed Reformation. It is well when vice shows herself as she really is, and when the very effrontery of falsehood challenges investigation. Euphemism is perhaps more dangerous than plain though revolting language; and error is more to be dreaded when she speaks as a lamb, than when she thunders as a lion.

That was a strange expression of a wandering moment

of one who loved his Saviour,* "Thou dost soothe the heart, thou church of Rome." How can she soothe the heart when her influence all tends to alienate from Him Who made it, and to Whom we may say not only, "Thou hast the words of eternal life," but also, 'Thou, the Friend of sinners, Thou only hast the words of mercy, of sympathy, of love.'

* Keble.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LA SACRA SCALA.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth."

Upon their knees I saw them climbing slow * *
The stairs whence Luther, hearing in his soul
The voice Divine, as he was mounting so,
Leapt like the lame man suddenly made whole.

And I would fain have bid them look *indeed*,—
Look with their *hearts*, on Him on Whom their eyes
Were fixed; Who, in His pain for human need,
Bore on the cross their weight of miseries.

Did He not bear it then, and bear away?
Did He not die exclaiming "It is done"?
What mean ye, that ye hang your heads this day,
As though He were not victor on His throne?

Some say ye thus would pay *Him* honour due,
Most worthy of all honour. Is it so?
Sure ye mistake His heart, Who, loving you,
Not to receive left heaven, but to bestow.

How shall the sons of Adam Jesus praise?
How shall the drowning 'mid the waves' alarm
Honour the Friend whose hand is stretched to raise?
They honour best who *grasp* the rescuing arm.

And thus by sinners stands the Friend Divine.
But men will chant sweet anthems, lie in dust,
Bring choicest offerings to the temple-shrine;
Alas! few bring the one thing precious—*trust*.

At Rome they climb the stair-case, as I said,
Perchance with toil, but yet most gracefully;
And, verily, the same ascent is made
By countless thousands 'neath our England's sky.

The incense, and the banners, and the chant,
The gorgeous vestments, and the blossoms rare
(The heart still aching with a nameless want),
Are but the graceful climbing of the stair.

Ye say ye look upon the Cross. *He* saith
Who suffered, because He your joy desired,
"Look, and *be saved.*" "The just shall *live* by faith."
Think ye that Jesus died to be admired?—E. S. G. S.

On that bright morning of our Guy Fawkes' day, I crossed the road lying between the church of St. John Lateran,* and a building to the right, as you leave, belonging to a monastery, or college of some kind. In this building is what is called Pilate's staircase, a flight of marble steps (but, I believe, covered with wood, which is renewed when needed), said to have been brought from the house of Pilate at Jerusalem, and, consequently, to be the same which our Lord descended when that Roman governor had delivered Him up to be crucified. These stairs Luther was mounting when arrested, as alluded to above, by the words recurring to his mind with irresistible force, "The just shall live by faith."

I had not thought to have this event in his life so vividly pictured. As I stood by the door I saw some, not many, certainly, but still a few, ascending on their

* The name Lateran is derived from that of the Roman on the site of whose house the church was built by Constantine.

knees. A lady, elegantly dressed, was performing this undoubtedly difficult operation with a grace which was suggestive of frequent practice. Farther to the side (for the staircase is a wide one), a peasant, of brigand-like aspect, was ascending, less gracefully than the lady, yet as if not altogether unaccustomed to the exercise.

It was a saddening sight, and I could scarcely refrain from expostulation. That man's face was something of a brigand's. And his life, was it a brigand's also? Very possibly. At least there would be nothing in the fact incompatible with his present occupation. And that lady? Was the ascent to her a penance or a meritorious work, purchasing some time of escape from purgatory, or of enjoyment of paradise? The eyes of the climbers were fixed, as has been said, on a large picture of the Crucifixion at the head of the stairs. This was according to the constant practice of Romanism, which systematically, while it directs the outward sight to the sufferings of Jesus, turns away from them the inward vision, so at least as to hinder the conclusion that the Sufferer "hath given us rest by His sighing, and life by His death." I mentioned what I had seen to Cesari, the proprietor of the hotel in the Via di Pietra, and the melancholy it had produced in me. "They do not think there is any merit in it," he replied. "They only consider themselves unworthy to ascend the stairs which Jesus trod otherwise than on their knees." Of course, with this idea the question suggests itself why those few in particular should be mounting the stairs. Besides, we remember the

account given by Luther of the feelings which led him to take the long journey to Rome, partly with this meritorious work in view. Yes, it belongs not only to the "will worship" and "voluntary humility" of Romanism, but also to her self-invented scheme of human merit. Were the motive, indeed, simply that of doing honour to the Crucified One, it would involve a gross misconception of the character of Him, "Whose service is perfect freedom." But the error goes deeper still. Why do the votaries of the cruel idols of India or Ceylon endure their self-inflicted tortures? They will tell you that they believe them to be pleasing to their gods. The practical heathenism of the Sacra Scala is, as it were, the first step in that dark descent of horrors. But "our Rock is not as their rock." He "Who willeth not the death of a sinner" doth not even willingly "*grieve* the children of men." The sorrows which He sends, mixing, as He can, sweetness in the cup, His fatherly hand (could we see it) trembling as He holds it to our lips, are enough. Let us not wrong Him by the thought that even in them He chastens us "for His own pleasure," far less that for His pleasure He wills that we should chasten ourselves. The gods of the heathen may delight in such homage as the ascent of the Sacra Scala. But "richer by far is the heart's adoration" to our God.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SUNDAY IN ROME.

"The Lord hath given you His Sabbaths."—Exod. xvi. 29.

It was a bright, hot morning when I went to the English church, *just outside* the Porta del Popolo. In the centre of the piazza of the same name is the obelisk which was brought from Egypt at the same time as the one now standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. I had met at Florence the clergyman recently appointed to this English church, as also the younger minister, appointed as his assistant. The service is held in a large room up a flight of steps. The familiar hymn,

"Songs of praise the angels sang."

sounded very sweetly there. I am convinced that the English depreciate their own singing, just as they judge themselves too severely in some other branches of art. The simplicity and yet fulness of the melody in most instances, and the rich tone of many English voices, make our hymnody, at least, both more spirited and more touching than that of other nations, though the latter may be more unerringly *correct*. I delight personally in the plaintive French and Italian chants (I speak, of course, of those belonging to the Protestant worship, not of the music of the Romish cathedrals, exquisite in sound, but not congregational, and not intended to be so, and, therefore,

altogether a mockery), so like the wail of the Highlanders in their Gaelic hymns. But this is too monotonous not to become wearisome for a constancy, and, like a uniform grey sky, produces no varieties of light and shade, thus yielding to the sweet songs of our English Zion as an expression of the numberless phases of Christian experience.

The subject of the Gospel for the day was the question of the tribute-money, and from it was taken the text of the sermon—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," &c. How changed is "the fashion of this world" since the day when Jesus spoke those words! Then the whole known world was Cæsar's. Now the city of Cæsar is dead as he! There was a solemn irony in the words spoken in modern Rome. Afterwards, I went round to the room in the Via del Babuino, where the Scotch minister, the Rev. James Lewis, held his service (which was interrupted by the Pope, and banished to the precincts of the city,* as is well known, on the departure of the French in the month following), but found that, his congregation being very small, he had himself joined the English on that day. I then rested for a little while in the neighbouring gardens of the Villa Borghese. They were a perfect solitude as I sat in thought in the dreamy hush of the warm air. The afternoon service at the English church was terminated by an animating address from the younger of the two new clergymen, and by the

* Where it is now held just outside the Porta del Popolo,—opposite the English church.

ever-thrilling words of that sweet hymn written by the Rev. F. Lyte shortly before his death abroad.

> "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
> The darkness thickens,—Lord with me abide.
> When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, O, abide with me."

I wish to be perfectly accurate in every detail, and therefore say that now, while writing, I am uncertain whether the final hymn was the one just alluded to, or the kindred one of Keble's—

> "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!"

It was still bright when the service was over, and I had a fancy to read some of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in Italian, if daylight permitted, amid the ruins of the Colosseum. I, therefore, made my way as quickly as possible to the Capitol, and thence towards that mighty wreck, but as the day was beginning to wane, stayed my steps ere I reached it, and sat for a little on the stone coping surrounding the church of San Adriano. This church is said to occupy the place of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and, indeed, to be itself part of the remains of that edifice. Pillars, evidently of very ancient date, some whole and some broken, are seen within the enclosure surrounded by the coping. I was soon in the company of Christian and Hopeful. But twilight began quickly to descend. A man with a long rod came up and set light to the swung lamp suspended over my head. French soldiers came by, and I saw I must retrace my steps. I

was still too much of a stranger in Rome to find easily the directest road, which lay down the Corso; besides which, I longed for another sight of the Colosseum beneath the evening sky. So, passing under the Arch of Titus, I again beheld, for a few moments, that ruin of ruins, and then tried to find the first turning which would take me to the English quarter of the city. I fancied at the time that I was without the walls, but it was not so, as all that part is included within their circuit. Still that quarter of Rome is desolate and silent, belonging, as it does, to the old world rather than the new. A French boulevard of young trees led along a country road, past the Arch of Constantine. The French bugle-call sounded its empty fanfarronade as carelessly as in the woods of Vincennes. But here the rappel was for the exchange of guards at that Colosseum whose fall will mark the falling of a world. Rome was so "triste" to the French. Would that the day would come when they would no longer insult her sadness with their ignorant levity.* Then might she arise to life again, and to a joy as yet to her unknown.

I took my way along a sort of lane, hedge-bordered, seemingly, however, without coming any nearer to the frequented part of the city. Though walking rapidly, I noticed a shadow crossing mine as it was projected forwards by the unfrequent lamps. At length I stood and addressed its possessor (if that is the right word as to the

* The bodily presence of the French is now withdrawn. But, alas! Rome remains under the protection of France. March 1868.

ownership of a shadow), in Italian, saying that if he continued to follow me I should change my road, a somewhat empty threat under the circumstances. The shadow then disappeared for a little. Then a group of soldiers went by, and the shadow returned, and a voice, whose tone inspired confidence, said, "You asked me why I followed you; did you see who passed us just now?" 'Soldiers,' I replied. "Papal Zouaves," said my companion, "and if you knew what I do, you would be aware that they are not the most desirable persons for a lady to encounter on a lonely road. I see you are English. I have received much kindness from the English, and would gladly render one of them a service." I then gratefully accepted his escort to the point whither I was going. He quickly led me across from that country-path, and we were soon by the Fountain of Trevi. On our way we had some conversation, most of which shall be reserved for the next chapter. He told me he was a Garibaldian, and had fought under Garibaldi at the time of the memorable occupation of Rome by Mazzini and Garibaldi, in 1848-49 —that space so short, but so glorious. He said he was a peasant, and had been employed in the service of an English family, who had now left Rome. I asked him if he could read, and had a Bible. He told me his English friends had given him a Gospel of St. John, in Italian, which he read. 'Do you ever attend the English service?' I inquired. "If any but foreigners go there, the world does not see them again," he said. "Those French gendarmes are stationed at the door to watch if

any Roman enters. If he does, he must take the consequences."

Thus does France support the Papacy; thus are French men of blood in league with those Scribes and Pharisees of the present, who may surely hear the voice if they will, "Woe unto you, ye blind guides, who take away the key of knowledge! ye enter not in yourselves, and those that would enter in, ye hinder!"

I entreated my Garibaldian companion to study the tiny treasure his English friends had given him. No priest can bar the pearly gates, nor close the door which is Jesus Christ, by Whom, "if any man enter in he shall be saved." I reached Rome in safety, thanks to my kind escort, and night soon fell upon my Sunday in Rome. My rest was not perfect; some things I had heard disturbed it. To these we will come in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ROMANS.

"Let us walk up Fleet street, and see *men*, sir."—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE Garibaldian said, as may be remembered, that if any Roman were known to attend the English church, the world would lose sight of him. "There is a church behind St. Peter's," he told me, "to which offenders of that sort are removed.* In 1848 we found men there half-buried—that is, interred to the half of their bodies in the stone. Of course we freed them, but there are doubtless others in their condition at this time." 'Do you mean to say there are such *now?*' I said. 'Why do you not go in a body and storm the church? I will lead you.' "If we went before we were *able*," he replied, "the French would be down upon us, and we should do harm instead of good. But we are *ready* when the time comes."

October, 1867, asks, were they ready? If not, let these other words of his give the reason—"We are half-starved." And it is so. The poverty of the Romans (the cardinals and priests, nuns and foreigners excepted) is something incredible. The princes themselves share it, thanks to their idleness; but since they dread exertion even more than starvation, we will not include them

* His allusion must have been to the Sant' Uffizio—the Holy Office or Inquisition.

among the *sufferers*. But the enslavers of the Roman people have known well how to keep them in bondage. Their enslavers are the Pope and his train, who "eat the fat, and clothe themselves with the wool, but feed not the flock." By almost entirely intercepting communication with the outer world, by the discouragement of industry in consequence of that interception, as well as from other causes, while the demoralising and ruinous lottery is made a public institution, the people of Rome are kept at once helpless and degraded. Little suffices in that climate to support mere life, but the people have not actually sufficient food to maintain physical energy. "Man does not live by bread *alone*," but by God's ordinance his body does subsist *partly* by bread—*i.e.*, food. The Romans are in chains none the less real because not forged of iron. That they *all* do not feel them, proves only the more certainly the reality of the bondage, which in some has produced moral as well as mental and physical paralysis. THEY MUST BE FREED, FOR THEY CANNOT FREE THEMSELVES. For this reason, among many others, the enterprise of Garibaldi ought to have received the armed aid of all Italy, and the undeviating moral support of every nation, of England especially. Her moral support, at least that of those of her children worthy of the name, it indeed *had*. But let it be hoped that when again the dungeon-door of Rome shakes on its iron hinges, England's voice, as the voice of one man, may bid God speed to him who would turn the bolt and set free the prisoners. True, what Rome wants is God's own life-giving word. But Garibaldi, while

hating priestcraft, has always encouraged the circulation of the Scriptures. Himself surely ready to "receive the kingdom of God as a little child," he is also ready to help forward all whom he sees to be *truthful* and anxious to spread the truth. An honest nature like his knows honesty at a glance, and at once responds to it. He is no infidel. Though he may long have stood (and should it be so the wonder is not great) with Pilate's question on his lips, yet is he willing to learn, and to let others learn of Him, Who is "the Way, the Life, the Truth."

The Romans are a somewhat heavy, silent race, very unlike the sprightly mercurial Italians of the south, the graceful Venetians, and the acute Florentines, and very like what the English would be in their condition. The old Roman stuff is still perceptible in their very solidity. But alas! that which was the inertia of determination, is now the inertia of torpor—almost of despair.

"Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?"

Is this the city, is this the race, that made others to fear because of injustice, or hasty violence, done to men "*being Romans?*" Alas! should not *Romans* have some regard, some chance of rightful judgment *now?* The whole civilised world owes a mighty debt to Rome, who gave it the example, and bequeathed it the laws of justice, if not of mercy. Now no stripes are too many for these Roman citizens. "Civis Romanus sum" is now a plaint rather than a boast. If to see ancient Rome be sad, to see modern Rome is sadder still. But I say, while this con-

tinues, Italy is neither free nor safe. Some of the Romans, at least, are ready to receive the gospel. While the hateful *system of Romanism* is destroyed, the *City of Rome* may be spared, and *many of the Romans* be "free-born" of the new Jerusalem. For this, there must be the "entrance of God's word," which "giveth light and understanding." There are those ready to receive it. When I spoke to Cesari respecting the Sacra Scala, and of the great message I believed to be needed by Romanists—viz., that the work of Jesus for our salvation is "*finished*," needing acceptance only, not addition, he replied, "Consummatum est." The answer showed thoughtfulness, and a mind ready to embrace the truth, when once assured it *was* the truth. In fact, *that* is what the Romans need; they have been long "wearied with lies," long sickened with heartless forms, long depressed by poverty and ignorance. They are waiting (not as the frivolous Athenians) to see and hear "some new thing." For what they want would to them be *new*—

"The old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM TERNI TO ARONA.

"Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren and to strangers, which have borne witness to thy charity; whom if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort thou shalt do well."

I LEFT Rome on the 9th of November, reaching Terni in the evening. The next day was Saturday. Time now rendered it necessary to speed to England with all possible despatch, which, however, did not supersede the greater necessity of a Sunday of rest. Where was that to be spent? It was impossible to reach Milan in time, but Bologna could be attained. I therefore left the next morning for that city, viâ Foligno, by the earliest train, which was not very early, and which would have permitted me to join an excursion to the celebrated Cascata delle Marmore, but that I was then unequal to bear either the fatigue or the expense. Terni itself is highly picturesque, and the Hotel dell'Inghilterra was a pleasant halting-place, because of the attention and courtesy of the people. But, after Rome, it was cold, as what place with any other climate than that indescribable one would not have been? Colder and colder, more dreary, though stronger grew the air and the scene, till at length Bologna was reached, past midnight. I went to the Hotel dei Quattro Pellegrini,

and when I at length lay down, overcome by fatigue, fell into a slumber, from which I did not awake till the middle of the next day. Accustomed to the brilliant sun of Rome, the bright shining gave me no warning of the hour, and I went down, as to breakfast, supposing I had time to set out for the morning Protestant service. However, when I discovered the state of things, I did not quarrel with the large measure which God had given me of His good and necessary gift of sleep, but enquired the way to the place of assembling of the Italian Protestants that I might start for it after needful refreshment. These enquiries gave the opportunity for some serious conversation with my attendant, who was intelligent, though, alas! like most Italians, well nigh despairing of arriving at certain truth. I found him (and should judge that it was so with the Bolognese in general), a strong and hopeful patriot, fully persuaded that Rome would be the acknowledged capital of Italy in a very short while. Bologna has herself not long escaped from thraldom, and remembers what it was. She has, therefore, the vivid sympathy which springs only from the experience of like suffering. I set forth as soon as possible, not having been able to obtain very clear directions, and pursuing my search in consequence by enquiries of those I met, some of whom aided me, whilst others superciliously declared their ignorance of such a place as I was seeking. Thus I walked on along the cloister-like arcades of Bologna, which afforded some protection from the drizzling rain which was falling quietly but incessantly through the cold grey air. At

length, on asking a gentleman, who was coming down a wide stone staircase, if he could inform me where was the room for which I was looking, he replied, "Yes, it is here," and, turning back, led me up the stairs to an apartment which, from the benches and books about, was evidently used as a school-room. A young lady came in, whom I addressed in Italian, till, on the gentleman who had guided me saying she would prefer English, I changed the tongue. And indeed that fresh, child-like face could belong only to a daughter of the isles, recognizable under any sky. She responded joyfully to the loved sounds, and led me into the inner room, where were a gentleman and one or two little ones, plainly her own husband and children. The name Wall was at length mentioned, and I found I was in the company of the Rev. James Wall of Bologna, an English evangelist, who had long been known to me (through "The Revival") by report as a promoter of Christ's cause in Italy, but whose presence in that town I had forgotten when I reached it. I attended the service in the evening. The address, which was simple and forcible, was given by an Italian on "God is love." This is the truth which the loving Italian heart needs to know; the truth which Romanism systematically obscures. The preacher supposed an inscription to have been discovered on a wall in Herculaneum or Pompeii, of which part was effaced, leaving only the words, "God is . . ." "What human philosopher would ever have supplied the missing word?" Ah! that truth that "God is Love," is *the* truth which even Christians have yet fully to learn. The

congregation was small, but attentive and earnest, and the work evidently *real*, and likely to be progressive.

I had tea with this Christian English family, and as my travelling funds were growing low, was helped by Mr. Wall by a small loan to prosecute my journey to Arona, at which point my return-ticket became available. I mention this as an instance of our Father's providential care, and also of the thoughtful kindness of practical Christianity. As I most truly wrote to Mr. Wall, when returning to him the money from England, I felt that I received it from the hand of Jesus himself. I left Bologna early the next morning, having at first a party of soldiers as my travelling companions. I had some conversation with them on the most important of subjects, meeting in response with thoughtful attention from some, whilst others manifested strange ignorance, asking me if I had seen the SAINT of those parts, a young woman who managed to subsist without eating! I reached Milan about 4 P.M., having to wait till 6 o'clock before the train proceeded. The increasing cold began to tell upon me very painfully, and the draughty station of Milan was anything but comfortable. This was more than atoned for, however, by the grateful recognition of the railway-porter, to whom I had given a portion of Scripture on a previous occasion. One of the stations on the way to Arona was Novara, of sad memory. Here the train stopped a little while, and I had a short conversation with a guard, as it seemed that some small mistake had occurred about a coupon of my ticket. 'This is rather annoying,' I said. 'But what of not

having the right ticket for Heaven? That is more important.' I then spoke of Christ, as Himself both the Way and the Title to admittance there, and deplored the general indifference of the Italians on spiritual matters. "Don't you think you would be indifferent," he replied, "if you had heard all the nonsense that we have from our earliest years?" 'No,' I said, 'I think not; I should be sure there was some truth behind all those shams.' The man pressed my hand, and the train rolled on, arriving at Arona, on the Lago Maggiore, at 11 P.M. Here I had some tea at the small but comfortable station-hotel, where I met with much kindness, and was wrapped in a blanket (the cold now being severe) for the passage of the Simplon. Thus equipped, I entered the diligence about midnight, an elderly French-speaking Swiss being my first travelling companion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIMPLON.

"I sing the almighty power of God,
Who made the mountains rise."

THE Alps!—the alabaster gates of Italy—the gleaming portals of her palace of beauty!—how fair, how solemn, how awful they are!

About five in the morning, of Nov. 13, the diligence reached Domo d'Ossola, and, after a short time for refreshment at the inn, set forth again. My travelling companion now, the Swiss having departed, was a young Italian returning to his work in Paris, having joined the army in Italy during fighting time, and expressing his readiness to do so again should it recommence.

This passage of the Simplon was something altogether different to me from that of the St. Gothard. *Then* the month was September, and I was going *into* Italy. *Now* it was November, and I was coming *from* Italy northwards. *Then* the diligence sped on as if borne along by winged steeds, beneath the sky of night, lit by the mystic moon. *Now* the snow had fallen, rendering the transit dangerous, except at the slowest jog-trot along the frosted path; and though this pass was crossed by day, the light came chiefly from the snow beneath, and the snow-filled clouds

above. We went under many a tunnel, or "foro," according to my Italian friend, who pointed out to me several places where holes in the almost perpendicular rock showed the work, and alas! the fury of man, for they had been fighting-posts in the time of the first Napoleon, and, perhaps, some of them even in the time of Hannibal. Where will not men fight? What Eden by its loveliness, what Alpine solitude by its sublimity, can exorcise those "lusts which war in the members," and which project themselves without in the fighting and making war, the killing and desiring to have, and yet not obtaining? These things are a slight satire on the philosophy of those who preach the regenerating power of nature.

It strikes one that this mountain path was rather a round-about way for a Carthaginian to choose for entering Italy. However, "Italia," as we cross the Alps,

> "Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
> Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee."

My sufferings soon became extreme, caused, probably, more by the rarefied air than even by the excessive cold. I felt as though the veins would burst from my temples. Besides, there was the excitement of leaving, in all probability never to return, Italy, the land of beauty and of mourning, of great memories and great sorrows—oh! that it may be of greater hopes and brighter destinies. 'When shall we have left Italy?' I said to my companion, in his own sweet tongue. "Very soon," he replied. 'Will there be any sign to mark the transition-moment?' "Yes." 'I feel very ill,' I said again, 'and must try to

rest; but do not fail to tell me when that sign comes. Not a very long time elapsed before his "Ecco!" startled me. There, on a stone like a grave-stone, white as the surrounding snow, was inscribed the simple word "*Italia.*" I had left Italy, perhaps for ever. But—

> "Look in my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it—Italy.
> Such lovers old are I and she;
> So it always was, so it still will be."
>
> *Robert Browning.*

Slowly, diligently (is that the origin of the name of the conveyance?) went the diligence. My feelings of illness increased till they became torture. My young companion saw how greatly I was suffering, and, at my request, kindly pressed my temples with all his force, thus affording me considerable relief. It is unlikely that he will ever see these pages, but if, by one of those strange chances that yet *sometimes occur*, he should do so, he will see that I have not forgotten his kindness, as, indeed, I never shall forget it. I felt (although, probably, my illness was chiefly nervous, not, therefore, *unreal*) as though I owed my life to his kind and delicate attentions, full of that respectful Italian courtesy which is something by itself, distinct alike from the half timid, half rough kindness of the English, and from the (sometimes) vapid politeness of the French. But I shall never forget the physical pain of that slow passage along the mountain-snow. The wide, silent fields were to me like a white valley of the shadow of death. The expression is a verbal solecism, but no other will

convey my meaning. Up the distant slope walked a shepherd, his *sheep following him*, to some pasture whither he was leading them to feed on the grass which is made "to grow upon the mountains." Some of his flock were black, and all looked dark against the snow. He Who knew my need sent me comfort by the sight. Yes; "Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me."

Early in the afternoon, we reached a small hospice, and left the diligence, expecting to find refreshment. I believe the condottore did meet with something somewhere for himself and the horses, but that was all. A priest passed us, crossing the road, followed by two large dogs of the St. Bernard type. I entered the hospice, but no one was to be seen. In a long, silent room, with a long deal table, set as for the ghosts who alone seemed to tenant the apartment, was a portrait of Napoleon, and a framed intimation that he had caused this hospice to be founded for the refreshment of travellers on the model of that of the Great St. Bernard. In this instance, certainly, the good that he sought to do has not (unlike in this to so much of the *evil*) "lived after him." It was a dream-like house. We returned to the diligence more chilled than aught else by the exit. The wide white snow was, for all its dreary silence, broken, though at unfrequent intervals, by "clarières" of grass, green as that on which the multitude rested while Jesus fed them—so green, because ever freshened by the pure cold waters of the snow.—Emeralds set in frosted silver. Small valleys, where châlets and groups of fir trees rose amid the sward, and

bubbling streamlets made gentle music to a constant song of peace. The next halting-place was Brieg, and later in the evening Visp, a contraction from Vispach. Verily, the names, like everything else, were changed from Italy. I met with much kind attention at Visp, and was revivified by a warm fire and some hot soup. Sion was reached about an hour before midnight. The place, which appeared all unlike its name, was wrapped in the chill mist of a drizzling rain, falling from a starless sky. I had lost, either in the diligence or on some occasion of leaving it, a little book, which I valued much, and stood for some time in the rain seeking for it in the diligence, but in vain. The people were churlish, and altogether unlike their compeers at the previous inns. Here, also, I was obliged to part with my friendly blanket, that the returning diligence might take it back to Arona.

This change did not, of course, improve the physical condition in which, a little after 4 the next morning, I entered the train, for which the diligence was now exchanged.

I cannot quit the Alps in these memorial notices without an illusion to the water-colour drawings of Elijah Walton. He is, verily, the pictorial prophet of those mountains. His "Peaks and Valleys of the Alps," and his "Dolomites" (a name given, I believe, to a class of hills of mountain-limestone), alone of any paintings I ever saw (those of Turner, of course, excepted), are as faithful transcripts as mortal hand can give of the mountains of God, in their sublimity, their holiness, above all in

their spirituality, and their *tenderness*. For what in tender glory (save sunset and moonlight on the *sea*) can equal the rose-blooms—the flushes as of some heart-meaning chasing a spirit's paleness—of the lofty hills? Next to the tenderness of the mighty ocean is the tenderness of the strong mountains. Elijah Walton gives this. He paints the mountains as a lover, and so with the knowledge and the truth of love. With most other painters the mountains are mere agglomerations of sandstone or granite, lofty but lifeless. With him they are God's creations, and therefore instinct with life and with expression; ethereal as a breath, and yet firm as the Word of Him Who made them, and Who for His truth and everlasting strength is to us "The Rock of Ages."

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEUFCHÂTEL AND THE RETURN TO ENGLAND.

"I'd * not exchange my England's sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines,—nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.—*Cowper.*

"By the good hand of my God upon me."

THE train skirted the eastern shore of Lake Leman, so that I re-traversed the lovely road past Villeneuve, Montreux, Clarens, and Vevay, this time, however, too exhausted and ill much to enjoy the prospect. At length, about two in the afternoon of November 14, we reached Neufchâtel. I was physically unequal to explore the town during the hours of waiting for the train to proceed, but the view from the railway hotel of the deep blue lake and opposite shore was very beautiful. Evening falling soon after, we set forth again about 4 o'clock; the outward landscape was but dimly visible as far as Dijon, where we stopped about 11 P.M. The night of the 14th of November, 1866, was that of the splendid display of meteors. I did not hear of them till afterwards, and they were invisible to me through the tiresome despotism

* I think Cowper would forgive me this alteration (not correction) of his line, of which the reason will be obvious.

of French arrangements, by which we were locked in the waiting-room till the night-train arrived to convey us to Paris.

How searching was the cold of the terminus in that city of the Chemin de fer de Strasbourg, at seven o'clock the next morning! I was, however, pleasantly surprised to see Mr. Cook, who was coming back from a second trip with a small party, and who was also glad to find me safely returning from my adventurous expedition; to accomplish the latter part whereof, I had been left at Venice. He had been again at Venice, and I learned from him that Captain Scott had died at the Hotel Barbesi *the day before the triumphal entry of Victor Emmanuel.* Verily, with respect to the noblest earthly object, "Man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain."

A day in Paris, with the quiet domestic comfort of the Hotel de Londres, recruited me somewhat; and, on the following day, after a stormy passage from Dieppe, which lasted from 6 in the morning to 3 P.M., I trod once again the shores of our own blessed England. It was blowing what the sailors called three gales, and the sea was rough and even dangerous. Being almost proof against the "mal de mer," I remained on deck, and hailed with thankfulness those white cliffs of Newhaven, which are the only outward feature of resemblance to the opposite coast.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

"Italy for the Italians." "Viva Italia! Una, una, una."

"The perfect law of liberty."

DIFFICULTIES postponed are always increased. The rill of hindrance which might have been crossed at a bound, becomes an ocean which it is dangerous to traverse. When did the Roman question first arise? We may reply, from the unhappy moment when Constantine made the seat of his empire (the so-called *new capital*) elsewhere—a mistake which was consummated when Phocas, emperor of the East, to indemnify Rome for her lost glories, and that she might yearn after them no more, conferred on her bishops privileges which were not his to bestow, and gave to the growing strength of anti-Christ the power to speak "great things," blasphemies insulting to God, and ruinous to men. It is not the *temporal* power of the Pope alone which needs destruction. The *spiritual* power is the soul of the evil. This, however, it is beyond man's power to destroy. The Lord Himself will "consume it with the spirit of His mouth, and will destroy it with

the brightness of His coming." Nevertheless, with Rome free from the Popes, there would be some hope of freedom and life for Italy. I know not whether what is so desirable can be accomplished, or whether the devil's Chassepôt-rifle will always win the day. But this I say—without Rome there can be no Italy for the Italians, and no peace nor safety for that long-tormented land. Rome is the heart of Italy; a man could no more live without his heart than Italy can live without Rome. She was, is, and must ever be, her capital. Through all these long years she has been the capital of her sorrow and her struggling pain; and if Italy is at length to arise to national life, she must be the capital of her joy.

The glorious gospel of God, almost, if not quite, entirely excluded from Rome, gives national as well as individual liberty, because its principles are those of the truest liberty, and because in its reception He is received to Whom it belongs to give liberty to the captives. Let the gospel have free course in Rome, and her bondage is over. But how can this be effected? That true patriot, who at all risks has just sought again to save her, has ever encouraged, and will ever encourage, the spread of God's truth with a readiness equal to that with which he seeks the destruction of devilish and human lies. Where Garibaldi has marched, the Bible has followed. In a recent address to Glasgow he speaks, and truly, of the atheism produced in men long deluded and wearied with Romish error. Atheism, alas! does number its thousands in Italy and in Rome. But Garibaldi is no atheist.

Would that I had the power as I have the will to enlist the prayers, and sympathies, and efforts, of all Christ's freemen for Italy—above all, for Rome—that she, still bound in the dark dungeon, may know the truth, and the truth may make her FREE.

THE END.

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