



*STATUE OF VICTORIA
IN THE MUSEO PATRIO OF BRESCIA.*

REMINISCENCES

AND

ESSAYS.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY STUART,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF FREE TRADE IN TUSCANY."

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P R E F A C E.

IN giving this volume to the press, it may be as well briefly to explain its double origin. About three months before the date of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, it appeared to the writer that a small volume illustrating several interesting events connected with the same date, the twenty-fifth of January, might appropriately be included amongst the many spontaneous tributes which would be received by their Imperial Highnesses on that occasion.

Unfortunately the ill-health of the writer prevented him from giving effect to his purpose at the fitting time.

Since that period the Crown Prince has himself informed the German people that no form of tribute could prove more acceptable than one tending to promote the health of the humbler classes. He

again gave very clear expression to these views when opening the International Sanitary Congress at Berlin. Almost contemporaneously with these utterances in the capital of Germany, the leading statesmen of the Italian capital were dealing with the terrible question of the malaria. They are now dealing with the question of cholera.

While, therefore, many papers which have but slight relation to the first purpose are now included, it will excite little surprise if the writer should intentionally have given especial prominence to those conditions of national health and wealth in Italy which might prove most interesting to the friends of sanitary reform and economic progress in other countries.

In dealing with a subject affecting the welfare more directly of the South of Italy, the writer felt that he could hardly do so more suitably than in a letter addressed to the lady who for nearly a quarter of a century has been working amongst the lowest classes of the Neapolitan poor. Madame Salis Schwabe's philanthropic labours among these classes—so richly endowed by nature, yet long

so cruelly neglected — have won the grateful acknowledgment and hearty co-operation of Italian statesmen of all shades of politics and party.

If such considerations, suggested, nearly two years ago, by the then existing conditions of public health in Italy, by philanthropic efforts to improve the condition of the Neapolitan poor, and by the desire to associate these subjects with the work which the Crown Prince of Germany declared he had so much at heart—an international movement of a sanitary character—assuredly they have not lost their force at the present moment, when a terrible epidemic is ravaging the Italian Peninsula, when in Naples its chief ally is found in the ignorance of the humbler classes, and when in our own Metropolis the labours of the International Health Congress have imparted to all questions of hygienic reform a still more extended interest and importance than they received at Berlin.

The variety of forms under which all questions connected with public health have been presented at South Kensington, whilst greatly adding to the charm of the Exhibition, has, however, perhaps

had the effect of diverting public attention from some of the more important aspects of this great theme on which it might with most advantage be concentrated.

I refer more particularly to the direct and unceasing connection between the physical and moral health of people to that connection which, in the pages of all the great writers who have treated of such topics in their most appalling form, occupy the foremost place.

From Thucydides to Boccaccio, from Boccaccio to Defoe, from Defoe to Manzoni, we are constantly taught the same lesson, that the horrors and calamities of disease are aggravated a thousandfold by popular ignorance, and that national education is really the first and most indispensable condition of national health.

Hecker's great work on the epidemics of the middle ages, so admirably translated and illustrated by Dr. Babington, is in no respect more valuable than in the care with which he constantly places side by side with the purely medical aspects of his terrible narratives at once the meteorological

conditions of Europe and the moral and social aspects of the times that passed through such cruel visitations.

Professor Fawcett, in his "Labour and Wages," recently reprinted from his *Manual of Political Economy*, dwells on the supreme importance of education in elevating the condition of the lower classes, a conviction certainly not weakened by the relation of both reading and writing to the administrative success of a Postmaster-General.

But health, moral not less than physical, is at once the first condition and most important consequence of the popular education by which the masses shall be raised to a higher level. Nor is it foreign to this subject to refer to the two events of the present year which at first sight might seem to have no direct connection with the subject. If the Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh has done nothing else, it must have familiarised all its visitors with the hygienic effects of the Australian tree so directly tending to counteract the baneful effects of the malaria; and the foundation of the new Musical College and the Musical Home at South Kensington

will, it must be hoped, diffuse more widely throughout the country the most genial and healthful of all the arts, that which my late lamented friend, Professor Hullah, did so much to popularise.

It is just a hundred and forty years since Armstrong published his *Art of Preserving Health*, perhaps the best didactic poem in the English language. In the last book, that on *The Passions*, he sings of the connection between Music and Health in language so powerful that I am only too glad, in concluding this Preface, to leave my reader beneath the influence of his strain.

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still,
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;
Can soothe distraction and almost despair.
That power is music : far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong),
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts,
Good Heaven ! we praise them ; we, with loudest peals,
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
And with insipid show of rapture, die
Of idiot notes, impertinently long.

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touched with heaven's own fire ;
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sound,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul,
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breasts ;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeemed his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague ;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One power of physic, melody, and song.



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VICTORIA.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF VICTORIA IN THE
MUSEO PATRIO OF BRESCIA.

THE traveller through Northern Italy, whose travel has been inspired by the desire to become acquainted with the monuments of ancient art, will commit a great mistake if he neglects to visit the Museo Patrio of Brescia, and there to examine with especial care its chief object of interest, the statue of Victoria. The building itself possesses its own interest for the antiquary, forming part, as it does, of the ancient Temple of Hercules,—the gift of the Emperor Vespasian, a gift directly reflecting the mythological traditions which court flattery sought to associate with the Emperor's name. No one understood more thoroughly all the hollowness of such court flattery than the Emperor himself. Few anecdotes respecting the first Napoleon are better known than the one recounting how, when his

courtiers were discoursing in his presence on the antiquity of the House of Bonaparte, one courtier tracing the family to the Bonapartes of Tarzana, another to those of Genoa, a third to those of Florence, the Emperor suddenly brought the conversation to a close by the remark, "Gentlemen, you are all mistaken, our family dates from the day of the battle of Marengo."

Precisely in the same fashion the old soldier Emperor of Rome, when his courtiers were tracing his family up to its divine origin, to some 'first or second cousin of Hercules, dryly observed: "The first ancestors of whom I know anything were peasant farmers on the Sabine hills." Without, however, believing in the genealogical connection of the Flavian House with Hercules, Vespasian might well assert and give prominence to his moral connection with the grand figure, which, from the heroic age to our own day, stands forth as the sublime symbol of life-long conflict with every form of difficulty and of danger. In his great task of reorganising the forces—civil as well as military—of a disturbed and disjointed state, Vespasian had to perform labours not inferior to those imposed on the son of Jupiter and Alemene.

In the excavations which brought to light the ancient temple of Hercules was found the statue of Victoria, which appears to have formed in the age of Vespasian, as it still does, the chief ornament of the

temple. Respecting the authorship of the statue much discussion has arisen. It has been assigned to various sculptors, but the sole conclusion, marked by decided probability, is to the effect that one of the many famous sculptors attracted to or employed in Rome by the magnificent patronage of Nero must have been the author. Some idea of its chief characteristics may be formed even from the engraving, reproducing a careful photograph, prefixed to this volume. Photographs and engravings give, after all, a better idea of sculpture, in which the effects are confined to form and expression, than they can ever do of paintings, in which the effects depend chiefly on colour, and we may therefore trust that a general idea of the Victoria may be obtained.

In considering the expression of the face we are struck by the look of purity and modesty, such as becomes a young virgin goddess. The fillet encircling the head and tying the hair in a knot behind, entwined as it is with a laurel-wreath, signifies the peace which follows on the victories of war. The head is not held proudly erect, but slightly inclined to the left, the right shoulder is depressed, the hand and arm taking the opposite direction, whilst the pressure of the thumb against the forefinger indicates that the hand is holding the stylus with which the goddess traces the record of the last great triumph and the name of the conquered foe. The elevated

position of the left arm clearly suggests the holding of a shield, which has been added in the restored figure, whilst the foot is treading on a globe or some kindred symbol, according to the custom of Greek sculpture, which has ever varied the attitude of the foot according to this or that mythological tradition. Thus, Neptune treads on the prow of a ship, Mars on a helmet, and Apollo the curtain of the delphic tripod. The doric tunic, fastened by a simple clasp on the left shoulder, falls in elegant folds over the right arm, though still revealing so much of the nude that, but for the ingenuous and modest expression of the countenance, we should on a first glance be more tempted to associate the figure, in this aspect, with the charms of Venus. The artist has exhibited singular skill in the arrangement of the drapery covering the legs. The weight of the whole figure rests on the right leg after the fashion commonly observed in the statues of gods and heroes. Well may she look modest; well may she look meek and humble, this terrible Victoria, this dread antisemitic deity of the Flavian House. In mute obedience to a higher power she is recording conflicts and conquests foretold thousands of years before in her onward course to the walls of Jerusalem. She was still to be seen preceding the Roman Eagles. All the streams of ancient or modern history converge in their downward or upward course to the site on

which Jewish patriotism vainly attempted to withstand the legions of Titus.

My chief object, however, in speaking of the Museo Patrio of Brescia and of the statue of Victoria, its best possession, is not so much to treat specially of one or the other, as to offer certain general remarks which both suggest. These remarks, I think it right to add, suggested themselves in all their force when I first visited the museum forty-one years ago, and I am now only giving fresh utterance to views which I have more than once already expressed.

All persons of cultivated minds are anxious to diffuse at home and in the colonies a general taste for art. To this anxiety we are indebted for the formation of great museums and galleries, not only in the capital but in the chief centres of population. National self-love and self-respect have had not a little to do with this work ; and nothing can be more natural and laudable than that the capital of Great Britain should possess a National Gallery not inferior to that of Paris, or Dresden, or Florence, or Madrid. May it not, however, be fairly asked whether the result sought by all—the elevation of the national taste—is not more likely to be secured by the creation of numerous small local and provincial galleries than by the great collections of the great cities? Not, it ought to be remembered, that the one plan at all

excludes or runs counter to the other. The principle to be kept constantly in mind is that with the more refined and ideal, as with the more abstruse tastes and interests, the supply must precede and stimulate the demand ; for in such cases it may otherwise be long before the demand produces the supply. A provincial or municipal museum or gallery, much smaller than that of Brescia and containing only a few casts of statues such as that of Victoria, or two or three well executed copies of paintings of kindred excellence, will form a constant and accessible source of artistic improvement to hundreds and even to thousands who may never have an opportunity of contemplating the artistic treasures of the National Gallery and of the South Kensington Museum. And if the casts and copies, few in number, should be taken from the best examples of our own native art, the further progress of that native art would perhaps lose nothing. Some eight or nine years ago,—I think that must be about the time,—Hermann Grimm contributed to the *Preussische Jahrbücher* a short but extremely suggestive paper on the decline of individuality in both ancient and modern art, on the causes through which the various strongly distinguished schools of Greece, and in modern times of Italy and Spain and Flanders, lost their special characteristics. That result he held dated in antiquity from the vast and confused mixing up in imperial Rome of works of art from all regions.

And the like result in modern Europe he mainly dated from the establishment under Louis XIV. of the gallery of the Louvres, in which there was first seen an *omnium gatherum* of the different European schools, and one which in a less degree was speedily imitated at all the courts and capitals of the European princes, who felt bound to follow the example of the grand Monarque. If Hermann Grimm's views be correct, it is a necessary consequence that national art will in all likelihood be more effectually promoted by the general diffusion throughout a country of the knowledge of its own masterpieces, and when it is sought to procure an acquaintance with those of other countries, this end will be more effectually secured by the constant contemplation of a few of the noblest creations than by distracting and confounding taste by the spectacle of a great many. The principle has a much wider application than to small local museums and galleries alone. If it were possible to furnish every schoolroom in the kingdom with a good copy of the child Samuel of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or of Overbeck's picture of Christ suffering little children to come to Him,—if for days and weeks and months and years those exquisite forms and the lessons which they teach were ever present to the youthful mind,—art and religion would be alike the gainers. And if in the central hall of each of the great manufactories, that owe all their success to the

power of steam, there was constantly present to the eye of the youngest artizan a cast of Chantry's noble statue of James Watt, there would grow up unconsciously, but most surely and most strongly, the association between plastic art, in one of its most commanding forms, and the tasks and toils of his own daily life. It would be the height of ingratitude not to recognise how much in this respect has of late years been effected by the artistic character of the books now published for the young, and still more by the style of our best illustrated periodicals; chromolithography has done wonders, and seems almost in its infancy; and if I do not dwell on the services of the Arundel Society, it is merely because its publications—admirable as they are—do not reach the larger class in whose interest I am writing.

It would be equally unjust not to recognise the great help given in this matter by the numerous and excellent Loan Exhibitions which every year are opened in so many provincial towns, and the extent to which these Loan Exhibitions promote the knowledge at once of ancient and classical and of contemporary native art. These leave only one thing to be desired—a still greater diffusion and multiplication on a less imposing scale.

When all the plans of my old college companion, Walter Copland Perry, for the organisation of the Gallery at South Kensington for bringing together a

series of copies of the great works of ancient sculpture are complete, it will be possible to obtain for the most unpretending provincial museum examples of two or three of the finest specimens of Greek plastic art. Perry is true to the tastes which he evinced when forty-six years ago, seated together, we followed in the classroom at Göttingen, Carl Ottfried Muller's magnificent lecture on the Laocoon group, and were struck by the parallelism which Muller pointed out between the successive phases of unweakened strength, desperate struggle and final exhaustion of that group and the corresponding stages in a well-ordered Greek tragedy. The diffusion of a taste for sculpture through reproductions, whether by casts, engravings, or photographs, presents less difficulties than the diffusion of a like taste for painting by the best engravings or photographs that can be imagined. The professional copyists attached to the great galleries of the Continent sorely complain of the injury which they have received from photography. If art benefited equally by a good photograph or a good copy, the professional copyists would command no greater sympathy than has been accorded to stage coachmen and postboys whom railways have thrown out of employment. There is danger, however, that the undoubted value of a really good copy is becoming more and more underrated. What do we know of any painter of his great and peculiar

characteristics if we have no idea of his colouring? No engraving, no photograph of a Beato Angelico will ever suggest to us the celestial radiance in the features of his saints and angels. No mere differences of shadow can reproduce the varied and harmonious tints of Raffael's Madonna della Seggiola. It is not from the can standing on the table of the tavern, it is from the dash of red on the nose of one of Teniers' boors that we learn in an instant the story of his hundred drinking bouts. We realise this want of colouring at once in looking at the best photograph of our own relatives and friends, and we realise it likewise when contemplating the portraits of the men famous in history with whose deeds we are familiar. It is so when visiting the national portrait gallery. We are arrested and startled and almost awe-struck by the flashing eye of Clive. From the bronzed cheek of Lely's Cromwell we read all that he has gone through, and, if I may judge by my own feeling, no commentary on *Rasselas* or "The Vanity of Human Wishes" furnishes so correct a clue to their real spirit as the yellow, almost greenish, complexion in the sad but not unbenevolent face of Johnson.

When in the spring of 1862 various proposals were made to do honour to the memory of the Prince Consort, one suggested by the enlightened and unceasing interest shown by His Royal Highness to

promote the artistic taste of the country was to the effect that the general creation of small provincial and municipal museums should be set afoot. The proposal was overruled, one of the chief objections being that in the attempt to promote a knowledge of art by copies of famous paintings, the whole country would be deluged with daubs. But copies are not necessarily bad copies, any more than translations of a great work are necessarily bad translations. The objection whenever renewed would perhaps carry less weight, if the objectors considered that many of the works of the greatest masters regarded as original *must* be copies and can only be such,—that the ordinary duration of human life renders it impossible for them to be otherwise. The phenomenal longevity of a Titian, who may be said to have died in harness working on to nearly his hundredth year, may justify the belief that the pictures by Titian called originals really are so. Only a very robust faith will entertain a like belief respecting the pictures of Raffael. Then there are great masters like Leonardo da Vinci, about whom no one pretends that his works exist in any number, and that at the best only a few great public galleries can ever contain examples. How is Leonardo da Vinci to be known at Sydney or Chicago save through the medium of a good copy?

There is, however, yet another side of the question to be considered, and it is one too much overlooked

and in some cases grossly misstated. Many of the earliest masterpieces of art are frescoes in an advanced state of decay, and if copies be not executed in time by some competent hand all trace of their existence will disappear. Now, it is no uncommon matter to meet with persons of high authority, whom I can only term the purists and pedants of art and archæology, who bristle with æsthetic indignation if you venture to hint at the idea of a restoration. They will themselves enjoy what remains of the fresco's beauty, but their motto is "*Après moi le déluge*;" and two generations hence Giotto shall be known only by tradition. These saints, purists, and pedants are equally indignant at the idea of any great work of art being transplanted from its native soil to a foreign country, and can only contemplate with shame and grief the Elgin marbles and all the Assyrian sculptures which form the pride of the British Museum. And, of course, they are only consistent when they raise their voices against the diffusion of art by means of copies, whether those copies reflect native or foreign excellence. On critics of this stamp argument would be thrown away. Had such views prevailed at the Renaissance the lessons taught by ancient Greek art would have been vainly taught at Pisa, and Donatello would never have brought away from Rome the treasures which served him as his noblest models.

But to return to my starting point, to Brescia and

the statue of Victoria, Brescia last autumn was the scene of one of those moral victories greater than any mere military triumph. Deputations from all parts of Italy, headed by the ministers of the Crown, assembled to witness the inauguration of the statue of the religious reformer and martyr, Brescia's greatest citizen, Arnaldo. Such a celebration was only possible as the result of many a previous combat, intellectual and moral, and the Victoria so often reverentially greeted in pagan times might, could her image see and feel, have contrasted the triumphs of that day with the achievements with which she had been most familiar. Amongst the distinguished personages who took part in the celebration figured the Italian minister of finance, Magliani. On his return to Leghorn, where he was then taking his holiday in the bathing season, he was thus addressed by a friend, "You did well to visit Brescia, not merely to take part in the Arnaldo festival, but likewise to attest by votive offerings your gratitude to the Brescian Notre Dame des Victoires, by whose help you are enabled to abolish the forced paper currency." For financial and economic not less than the military victories destined to leave any permanent results follow only in the train of the moral discipline and the moral victories by which nations are trained first to govern themselves before other nations are to be subdued. And it was not a little characteristic and

suggestive that as last autumn the memory of Arnaldo was thus honoured in Brescia, during the present autumn the memory of the great dramatic poet Nicolini, in whose verse the figure of Arnaldo stands so gloriously forth, should be honoured in the Westminster Abbey of Italy, in the Santa Croce of Florence, and that the highest national honours should have been accorded by the entire Italian people to the Brescian patriot and the Florentine poet for their opposition to the abuses of Papal Rome—and this at the very time when a German Emperor and a German Crown Prince were giving utterance in the name of the German people to the veneration and gratitude with which the fatherland encircles the name of Luther.





MORNINGS WITH LORD MACAULAY.

WHILST residing at Florence in the summer of 1852, I received one morning a visit from my friend Charles Lever, who told me of a conversation he had just had with the Marquis Filippo Antonio Gualterio about certain family papers in the possession of the Marquis. From what he had then heard, he had formed the conclusion that they might throw additional light on the relations between the French Court and the Vatican at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and not less on the relations of France and Rome with the Jacobites. He had expressed to the Marquis a wish that I too should see the documents, and I at once received a very courteous invitation to examine them as fully and as leisurely as might suit my convenience. On examination the documents proved to be the official correspondence of Cardinal Filippo Antonio Gualterio,

Papal Nuncio at the Court of Louis XIV. during the first six years of the eighteenth century, and of his nephew Cardinal Luigi Gualterio, who appears to have been for many years the chief representative in Rome of the order of the Knights of Malta. The papers of Cardinal Filippo Antonio were by no means confined to despatches addressed to the Cardinal Secretary of State in Rome.

After ceasing to exercise his diplomatic functions in Paris, Cardinal Filippo Antonio, on his return to Italy, appears to have acted constantly as a zealous friend of the Jacobite cause, and among his documents were papers either written by, or referring to, the exiled royal family, Middleton, Perth, Frazer of Lovat, and other Jacobite partizans. Although as regards real historical worth the papers of the two Cardinals Gualterio proved to be more remarkable for quantity than quality, I felt that they yet contained much that would be generally useful to the student of English history, and especially serviceable to Mr. Macaulay when in the course of his narrative he should reach the period which they illustrated. The Marquis Gualterio showed at first considerable reluctance when I asked if he would sell the documents to the British Museum, but gave me ready and frank permission to copy and transmit to Mr. Macaulay anything which seemed to me interesting or useful to the historian of the English revolution. Sir Henry

Bulwer, then minister at the Court of Florence, had the kindness to write at once to Mr. Panizzi on the matter, and though I possessed no previous acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I wrote to him giving precise details of my communications with Lever and the Marquis Gualterio, and of the permission I had received to copy portions of the collection for Mr. Macaulay's use. Along with or soon after this first letter I sent copies of some of the Nuncio's despatches on the preparations for the war of the Spanish succession on the death of James II. at St. Germain, and on the recognition of his son by Louis XIV. as lawful sovereign of England. The answer, expressing in terms only too flattering Mr. Macaulay's acknowledgment of my communication, was the first of a series of letters of which the last was written shortly before his death. When he renewed his parliamentary connection with Edinburgh, I had occasion to address him on other subjects, but our correspondence chiefly touched on matters of general literary interest or topics connected with his *Historical Essays*. The Italian translation of his history by Paolo Emiliani Giudici; other translations of the introductory portion of the history, and on the second part of the *Essay on Lord Bacon* by Professor Bianciardi; the reconstruction in an Italian version by the last-named accomplished scholar from several old translations of Aonio Palearios' treatise "On the Benefits of Christ's Death," to which

Macaulay in his essay on the Papacy refers as irrecoverably lost; the Italian translation of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,—a perfect model of fidelity to the original and of pure Tuscan idiom,—likewise from the pen of Professor Bianciardi, furnished me with abundant materials for correspondence. Add to these subjects the writings of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and the Shakspearean drama on which I was then lecturing in Florence, and it may be assumed that on one side at least the correspondence possessed more than a fleeting interest.

Shortly after its commencement, the communication entered into with the trustees of the British Museum resulted in the purchase of the Gualterio MSS. For the whole collection the Marquis asked at first £6,000, and then £4,000. The trustees first offered £400, and finally purchased it for £1,200, a sum certainly above its real value. They made a much better bargain, when, not long afterwards, they secured for £200 the despatches addressed by Giral-di, Tuscan Envoy in London during the reign of Queen Anne, to the Government in Florence. For this acquisition the trustees were chiefly indebted to the zeal and public spirit of their colleague, Lord John Russell, who on learning that the representative of the Giral-di family, Chevalier Pecori, had placed the papers at my disposal, honoured me with a visit, and passed some hours in a minute examination of their contents.

But the most important contribution to the sources of our historical knowledge due to this correspondence has been the extensive series of copies executed in the Florence archives from the diplomatic correspondence of the Tuscan Envoys, who represented in London the interests of the House of Medici. Monsieur Guizot first made known the importance of these documents, which had been strangely neglected. This neglect was strangest of all in the case of Terriesi, the personal friend and confidant of James II., in whose carriage James made his escape, and who actually furnished the king with the money of which he stood in need. Before leaving Florence, I had suggested that the interests of historical inquiry would benefit by obtaining there a series of copies of those despatches similar to that relating to the same period, copied from the archives at the Hague. This suggestion obtained further publicity from a public lecture which I delivered at St. Martin's Hall, shortly after my arrival in London in 1858. The trustees of the Museum took the matter into consideration, and during Mr. Panizzi's visit to Florence, in the autumn of that year, they authorised him to conclude arrangements with Signor Bonaini, chief superintendent of the Tuscan archives, which resulted in the addition to our national collection of a long series of volumes containing whatever is most important in the correspondence of the Tuscan Envoys.

From the summer of 1852 to 1858, when I left Florence for London, my intercourse with Macaulay had been exclusively of an epistolary nature, if I may except the kind and courteous messages brought from England by Sir Henry Bulwer, Lever, and my wife and son, who, in June, 1854, visited him at the Albany. When, after an absence of eight years, I revisited England in the summer of 1858, it may naturally be supposed that amongst the objects I had at heart, not the least interesting was the entering into more personal relations with the historian of the English revolution.

My first visit to him at Holly Lodge, Kensington, took place shortly after my arrival in London. This residence was in a very quiet and secluded spot, one of three or four villas, situated in a shady lane, into which you turn from the South-west end of Bedford Gardens. On giving my card, I was, after passing through an ante-chamber lined with books, shown at once into the library, where I found Lord Macaulay alone, and this interview was only the first of several—to me—most interesting *tête à têtes*.

The room in its quiet, sober, unpretending character gave you at once the impression of a thoroughly practical working library. It was lighted by one large bow window, opening on a little lawn which stretched southwards, in the direction, if I am not mistaken, of Holland House. The only artistic decorations of the

room were an engraving of Milton, hanging on one side of this window, and another of Dr. Johnson, forming the pendant.

As I surveyed the quiet modest fitting-up of this study, which consisted simply in the serried ranks of volumes ranged in their substantial book-cases, I could not help mentally drawing a contrast between this room and other libraries with which I am familiar, where the damask hangings, busts, and antique vases, which might have fittingly adorned the study of a Sybarite, could only be regarded as indications of a literary foppishness.

Lord Macaulay was already aware of my intention to give four lectures on the influence of Italian on English literature. He spoke of the importance which lectures on literary subjects had of late years assumed, dwelling especially in the impulse given to them by the lectures of Carlyle and Thackeray, but thought that I should labour under great disadvantages in lecturing on a subject of which not only the details but even the general outlines could only be familiar to a limited number of persons. He seemed much interested by my repeating to him the conversation I had had two days before with Dr. Hawtrey, Provost of Eton. Dr. Hawtrey had expressed his regret that in the education of English youth of both sexes the study of Italian, so general during the last century, had been almost superseded by German.

The Provost of Eton considered that in the constitution of English character and intellect, and in the conditions of English life and customs, there existed certain shortcomings and defects for which in a well-organised course of national education the literature of Italy would furnish a better corrective than that of Germany. The grosser and more materialistic tendencies of English life might be neutralised by a more general study of Dante and Petrarch, of Ariosto and Tasso. In the preceding century, Fox, who united with his admiration of Greek an admiration scarcely less intense of Italian poetry, was in these combined tastes only one of a large class.

Lord Macaulay appeared to concur in Dr. Hawtrey's views, though it is probable that the idea crossed his mind that Italian literature had found in Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone students quite as devoted as Charles Fox; and it would have been difficult to find among the statesmen of that generation one capable of rivalling such a feat as Lord Derby's improvised translation of Manzoni's "Ode on the Fifth of May." He spoke then of his visits to Italy, and of the impressions, pleasant or the reverse, which he had there received. "It would be quite impossible for me," he said, "to live for any length of time in either Rome or Naples. I cannot bear to have constantly before my eyes the spectacle of great misery and degradation. To witness large populations

exhibiting no signs of progress ; to find myself every day in contact with masses of ragged and half-starved human beings ; to feel that from the political and social conditions of their existence there is little prospect of this sad state of things getting better,—all this is to me quite intolerable. I cannot fancy a man continuing with a mind at ease to carry on his pleasant literary work in the midst of such want and woe. I do not refer to the darker side of such a national existence, to the insecurity of property and life, I allude only to what every man meets with every day."

"Yet even that insecurity," I remarked, "did not inspire much alarm in the mind of a British diplomatist in Italy, at least if one may believe the common report of a conversation between Mr. Sheil and the Austrian minister at Florence, Baron Hügel. The Baron, in a discussion on the fitness of Italians for constitutional government, clenched his argument with the demand : 'I ask you, what hopes of free institutions can be cherished for a people where, as in the Romagna, you can send a bullet into a man's head for twenty scudi? Twenty scudi, four pounds sterling, is the regular market price! What do you think of that, Mr. Sheil?' 'I think,' was Sheil's reply, 'that four pounds sterling is a very handsome market price ; I have known the day when the same kind of bargain could be struck in Tipperary for four shillings.'"

Laughing heartily at Sheil's characteristic repartee he proceeded to give his impressions of other parts of Italy. With Florence, and the general aspect of ease and comfort, both in the city and surrounding neighbourhood, he was far more favourably impressed than Thackeray had been, when after spending there the Carnival of 1845 he summed up his estimate of the "Fair City of Flowers" in the words: "I really did not expect ever to have found a spot so completely realising the pictures in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence.'"

Speaking of his visit to Venice he said: "One little incident of my stay there at once surprised and amused me. In getting out of a gondola for the first time I was asked by the gondolier, as I paid him his fare, to add a trifle more 'to buy a glass of beer.' A glass of beer, a glass of beer, I mentally exclaimed, what an odd request in the city of Shylock and Othello! It was as if, after stepping out of your hansom in the Strand, the cabman, when you handed up to him your two-shilling fare, should say, 'Won't your honour make it half-a-crown that I may get a glass of Malmsey wine?' My first notion was that the man must have had some special preference of beer to wine, but I soon found the request for beer was just at that time made equally by every gondolier on the Grand Canal. On inquiring the cause I found the explanation to be simple and natural enough.

The almost total failure of the wine crop throughout Italy, the effect of the *oidion buskeri*, had forced the poorer classes to substitute beer for wine as their regular drink."

"By the way," he continued, "how strange have been the fluctuations in the history of Italian wines, and how complete the change in national tastes by which the wines of France have altogether driven those of Italy out of the field. The wines of ancient Gaul scarcely figure at all in the Latin classics; at least we must go down to a time long, very long after the Augustan age before we meet, and that rarely, with an approving reference. Yet the *Masiliense* and *Narbonense* must long before that time have been familiar to the Roman traders who were in constant intercourse with the old Greek port, or to the civil and military functionaries who returned to Rome after the discharge of their duties in their own colony of *Narbo*. Doubtless French wines were already contesting the palm with those of Italy when the Venetian fleet brought the annual wine supplies to our southern ports, but for a long time the *Cyprus Malvasia* was most in demand, and the constant references to *Malmsey* in all our old writers would sufficiently attest the fact. Later still, during the whole period of the Stuarts, and even after the Revolution, *Montepulciano* was in very general use. We associate the name of *Montepulciano* with the

names of St. John and Swift as naturally as we connect the idea of port with that of Justice Blackstone. Surely, with the same advantages of soil and climate, something must have got very wrong in all the processes of Italian wine-making when Montepulciano has so completely given way to Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne on the English dinner-tables, where it was once a favourite."

"And yet," I remarked, "Venice still imports, or at least sixteen years ago imported, from Cyprus excellent Malvasia,* and with a little trouble Montepulciano as good as that drunk by St. John and Swift may be procured in Tuscany. My brother gave me a commission to get some for him. In 1842 I sent from Venice to Peeblesshire a case of Cyprus, and the following year a small cask of Montepulciano. I cannot tell the age of the Cyprus, but the Montepulciano was five years old when bought in Florence. The quality of both was excellent, and I believe that two or three bottles of the first and about a dozen of the second still remain, and are brought out as particular treats on New Year's Day or birthdays. Cyprus," I continued, "is

* The extent to which Malmsey was drunk in Venice is strikingly illustrative by the number of Malmsey streets in that city, all taking their name from the fact that the shops were all, or nearly all, Malmsey shops or taverns. There is a Calle Malvasia, S. Marco, and a Calle Malvasia, S. Giorgio, etc., etc., just as in London we might have Beer Street, St. Paul's; Beer Street, Strand, etc., etc.

now seldom seen in Italy, but it none the less affects the character of the whole Italian vintage ;—the Malvasia, or Cyprus grape, not only being used in making Vin Santo the most common Italian sweet wine, but being joined with two other species of grapes in the manufacture of Montepulciano itself.”

“I was much obliged to you,” he then observed, “for the extracts which you sent me from the despatches of the Tuscan Envoy to the effect that the courtesies passing between Cromwell and the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second took the characteristic form of presents of ‘Elle’ and Montepulciano. The Grand Duke indeed seems to have liked a good glass of wine, if we may credit the story that his visits to Galileo at Arcetri were more frequent from his approval of the wine grown by the aged astronomer. I hope his relish for ‘Elle’ was as genuine as appears from the diplomatist’s report. In any case it certainly was not shared by his court physician, and one is almost tempted to suppose that Redi’s fierce denunciation of malt liquor in the ‘Bacco in Toscana’ must have been prompted by some unpleasant remembrance of the ‘Elle’ which he had been forced to drink at his sovereign’s table.”

This led me to mention that not many weeks before, all Florence had the opportunity of seeing the Grand Duke Ferdinand with the rest of the Medici dynasty,—not in flesh and blood certainly,

but in bones and dust. On the death of the Grand Duke's sister, preparations were made for her burial in the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo, when it was found that several of the coffins had been broken open and rifled of their more valuable contents. By order of the Grand Duke all the coffins of the Medici family—sixty-five in number—were opened, an exact inventory of their contents taken, and after a careful rearrangement the corpses were placed in new coffins, which were made as secure as possible. An official report of the whole proceedings was drawn up by the chief heraldic authority in Florence, Count Passerini, and nothing in this report is more curious than the way in which all these Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, with their sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and cousins, from Giovanni delle Bande Nere, father of the first Cosimo, down to the last Grand Duke Gian Gastone, were carefully labelled and ticketed, and hung by the side of each when laid in his last resting-place was a minute description of the face and figure, and precise details of the dress.

From these remarks on this extremely business-like way of disposing of these princes of the House of Medici, I passed on to some observations on the care with which the old Florentine families kept their papers, mentioning that ancient families, famous centuries ago in commerce, but long unconnected with trade, still kept the trade records of their ancestors,

and that among these one might even find documents in Arabic,—memorials of the old Florentine intercourse with the East.

“Arabic!” exclaimed Macaulay. “Are you quite sure of that? That, I confess, rather surprises me.”

“I have been told,” I replied, “that such documents are not uncommon. In one instance I have actually seen them. Such entries still exist in the archives of the Gondi family, the ancestors of Cardinal de Retz.”

“Well,” he resumed, “I hardly thought that Arabic documents of a commercial character, dating from the middle ages, could be found in any European archives. It would not at all have surprised me if any number of such documents in Hebrew had been discovered. It is far from uncommon to find here in England, in the charter-chests of old families, bonds written in Hebrew characters, which had been cancelled and returned to the debtors. The cause of such a fact is sufficiently intelligible. To the old baron, who gave the obligation, and who was commonly so ignorant that he could do little more than attach to the bond his mark or seal, it really mattered very little whether the document was written in Hebrew or in his own Norman-French. So far as the written characters were concerned he knew just as much, or just as little of the one as of the other. But for the Jew money-lender the drawing up of the

bond in Hebrew possessed two great advantages. In the event of these papers being seized and submitted to the examination of judges with the object of ascertaining his fortune and extorting a corresponding sum, the mysterious characters would conceal the amount of his credit. Again, the bonds written in Hebrew could be readily handed over as securities to his moneyed brethren at home or even abroad, and this could not have been done so easily if the engagement had been drawn up in another tongue."

Our conversation now took another turn. Some eight years before, in October, 1850, I made the voyage from Marseilles to Leghorn in the company of Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, and we were kept in quarantine at Genoa owing to the cholera outbreak at Marseilles. Although the usual length of the voyage was thereby nearly trebled, I confess that but for the wish to be again with my own family I should not have regretted the circumstance which enabled me to hold such pleasant converse with men like William Mure and Frederic Bastiat.* Then, and afterwards at Florence, I had much conversation with Colonel Mure about Macaulay, and was particularly amused with his description of Macaulay's wrathful

* Bastiat performed this voyage in the last stage of consumption. After remaining a short time in Florence he went to Pisa, hoping to obtain relief from the milder climate, but before long he breathed his last in that city.

indignation with the whole crew of table-turners and spirit-rappers. One evening, at the Palazzo Schiozzi, then tenanted by Mrs. Keith Falkner, Colonel Mure told us how, not long before he left London, he heard Macaulay wind up an invective with the question: "Why, will none of these spirit-rapping soothsayers condescend to tell us what horse is to be the winner at the next Derby?"

Desirous of eliciting something on this subject from Macaulay himself, I mentioned that we in Florence had now better opportunities than we ever possessed before of explaining many facts hitherto obscure in Italian history and letters. Thanks to the spirit-rappers, we could now interpret the writings of Dante and Machiavelli by the comments which their ghosts so kindly furnished. My venerable friend S. K. had received the personal assurance of Dante that the "Veltro" was Henry of Luxembourg. (I really do not think that a ghost was wanted to tell us *that*.) As to Machiavelli, I was so unlucky as to miss the honour of a personal interview by calling on S. K. just a quarter of an hour too late.

"Ah!" said dear old S. K., "it's a thousand pities that you have not met him. This conversation was truly remarkable, though it had, I am sorry to say, its painful side. I wished to know something of his present condition. Messer Niccolo evaded my questions for some time, but after much beating

about the bush I brought him to the point. "I am not comfortable," he confessed; "no, I am very far from comfortable."

"The only striking truth I have learnt," said Macaulay, "or to speak more correctly, that I have found confirmed by all this table-turning, spirit-rapping folly, is the luminous fact that men whom I have known to think and speak absurdly on a dozen subjects will think and speak just as absurdly on a thirteenth subject. Have you ever been struck by the extremely gregarious character of whims, crotchets, and all kinds of nonsense? When you are told that a man remarkable for some eccentric notion has a monomania, depend upon it when you come to know him better you will find the monomania branching out into a polymania. You are told not to be surprised if on meeting Mr. So-and-So he at once mounts and rides away on his favourite hobby. You do meet him, and you find him astride, not on one but on six hobbies, and galloping on the six all abreast like the most practised equestrian of the circus. It is the same thing with the table-turners. There is your old friend who four years ago was at the very height of his teetotal crusade. You lost sight of him, but he reappeared as a vegetarian, and for months kept dinning into your ears that our race was to be regenerated by asparagus and artichokes. Then you found him foremost and loudest in a grand

tally-ho! over the whole face of the globe after the Ten Lost Tribes. He hunts them down on the banks of the Euphrates, he hunts them up on the shores of the Pacific. It is a grand spectacle, the chase of Bürger's Wild Huntsman is nothing in comparison. At present he is on another and still stranger scent. He ferrets out the undoubted, but alas as yet unrecognised, heirs to great titles and fortunes." (Had Macaulay been talking ten years later, in the great Tichborne era, he would simply have said "Claimants.")

"Of course the quality of all his pretenders, old and young, is warranted, but their quality is not half so remarkable as their quantity. You will meet a whole batch at his breakfast-table. Seated opposite is the 'Percy of Northumberland,' the real true Percy of Northumberland; the people who now so unfairly hold Alnwick Castle are mere shams; and you have the millionaire Thelnsson, just at this moment somewhat out at elbows; with migratory Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns, to say nothing of the smaller continental fry of Montmorencis and Colonnas. Even though you had the honour of a formal presentation before breakfast you are not the less startled when your host respectfully addresses the portly gentleman on his right, 'Will your Majesty allow me to help you to some of the grouse pie?' You are at once reminded that you

find yourself in the august presence of the true sovereign of these realms, the most Gracious Majesty George the Fifth. There is no doubt whatever of the fact. When your host buttonholds you after breakfast, you learn that in the whole chain of evidence there is not a single link wanting, he has seen all the papers, 'but then,' he triumphantly asks, 'is documentary evidence needed? Does he not carry his right of succession in every movement of his body, in every feature of his face? There is the Brunswick chest, the Brunswick eye, the Brunswick curl of the lip, the Brunswick nose. He has the hereditary taste for music, and his mimicry! you should hear him take off Bethel, it is an artistic masterpiece!' Can you feel surprised when one who has run the gauntlet of all these absurdities varies his other forms of nonsense with table-turning and spirit-rapping."

Thinking that I had trespassed quite long enough on the time and patience of my host, I now took leave. He expressed in the kindest and most courteous manner his sense of the pleasure he felt in adding a personal acquaintance to the epistolary intercourse of the previous six years, and asked me to visit him again whenever I was disengaged. "The state of my health," he added, "keeps me somewhat confined to the house. When I go out it is later in the afternoon, at this hour" (it was between one and two o'clock) "you are pretty sure to find me at home."

Thus ended my first personal interview with Lord Macaulay. I confess that I was painfully impressed by his appearance of premature age; he was then fifty-seven, and he might easily have been taken for seventy. It was not so much his snow-white hair as the almost deathly pallor of his face which struck me. The photograph by Claudet—from which the likeness prefixed to his miscellaneous works was taken—conveys his appearance as I then saw him so perfectly and with such scrupulous fidelity, that whoever looks upon it has only to see with the mind's eye the pallid face and snow-white hair to conjure up the image of Macaulay as he sat in his arm-chair in the library of Holly Lodge.

The painful impression produced by this appearance of premature old age was made more painful by a teasing cough which intervened between each sentence of his discourse, and sometimes interrupted the sentences themselves. He told me that he was suffering from bronchitis and asthma. That he suffered much was evident, but knowing nothing of the complaint of the heart, which brought his life to a premature close, and never for a moment dreaming that his tenure of life was so precarious, I was even amused—indeed, if I confess the truth, reminded of the famous “flashes of silence”—by the excuse which he proffered on leave-taking, because “this

annoying cough has prevented me from bearing my full share in the conversation."

There was now and then a slight formality and old-fashioned precision in his manner, which he perhaps inherited from his Presbyterian and Quaker ancestors. It was not at all unpleasant, and it would be no misfortune if a like formality tinged somewhat more the conversation and conduct of the generation now rising up—a generation which, if one may judge by certain specimens occasionally met with on the continent, threatens to convert English society into a horde of Yahoos and tomboys.

Of anything sartorial in his aspect I could discover not the slightest trace, but to explain why I should have been led to speculate on such a possibility requires an explanation.

Some thirty years ago English society in Florence was divided into two distinct parties,—the Macaulayites and the Anti-Macaulayites. The old Guelfs and Ghibellines, the old Bianchi and Neri were not much fiercer in their enmity than these two factions. At the head of the Anti-Macaulayites was a gentleman who had occupied a high place in the Indian Civil Service, and who, I have not the shadow of a doubt, discharged all his duties there, as he played his part in the Anglo-Italian society of Florence, with honour, integrity, and zeal. He filled a large space in that society, literally and physically, as well

as morally. For he was a big man with big thews and sinews, with a broad chest, large head and large eyes, big hands, and a big purse from which he dispensed charities. At Christmas and other holidays he sat at the head of a table groaning with huge sirloins of beef and big plum puddings, which he distributed to all his guests in the hearty spirit of his big honest hospitality. He was large-handed and large-hearted in every good Christian work ; if all people employed their means and opportunities of doing good as carefully and conscientiously as he did, our poor shabby old world would be a much pleasanter place than it now is. Columbus himself had not a deeper sense of the responsibilities involved in the name which he received at the baptismal font than was felt by Christopher Webb Smith. But old Christopher had his weak point, an insuperable and quite irrational antipathy to Macaulay. How that antipathy arose I really cannot tell. That observant Hebrew, Shylock, when telling us how the name and sight of Antonio affected his nerves, furnishes us with several striking illustrations of antipathies, and whoever wishes to see the subject more fully treated may look into Kingsley's "Sermons for Town and Country," where it is handled to perfection. I rather suspect old Christopher and Macaulay must have had more than one tiff at the Indian Council Board. "My mither is auld and disna like to be contradickit," says Scott's

"Cuddie Headrigg," "as indeed none o' us do if we can help it." Had St. Christopher been "contradickit" by St. Thomas of Rothley in some discussion about the education of Hindoos?

Whatever the original cause, Anglo-Florentine society witnessed the effects; to mention Macaulay's name to old Christopher was like shaking a red flag before a bull.

He once inveighed to a young Scotch minister, a great admirer of Macaulay, on the scandalous waste of public money in the payment of Macaulay's Indian services. "The man got sixty thousand pounds sterling, and what is there to show for it? Nothing, sir! absolutely nothing, except those two articles on Clive and Warren Hastings." "Well," replied the Free Church minister, "if the English nation has got for the £60,000 only those two articles, I think it has full value for its money."

But the head and front of Macaulay's offending, the great charge with which old Christopher wound up his harangues, was his personal appearance. "You should see him, sir, he is like a tailor. Yes, a tailor. A dumpy, stumpy tailor!"

I did see Macaulay, and felt great satisfaction when I failed to discover the least trace of the "dumpy, stumpy tailor," for a short stout figure has no necessary connection with the sartorial trade. Nay, I must frankly confess that the charge did not

seem to come with the best possible grace from the lips of an amateur preacher, who so often discoursed on the solemn truth that all flesh is grass, withering like grass, and fading away like the flower of the field.

The amateur preacher was no doubt a fine tall man, and England lost a magnificent guardsman on the day when he chose civil service in India in preference to military service at home ;—but surely the cedar of Lebanon should scarcely venture to ridicule the hyssop on the wall.

Before leaving the subject of old Christopher, I must mention that his amateur sermons did not always observe the requisite conditions of time and place. Cardinal Manning once told a story in Rome about a demand made to him by some very sensible and practical nuns whose convent he was visiting. They implored him to change their confessor, who it seems was also charged with the duty of preaching to them at their regular church services.

“But why should I change him?” asked his Eminence, “what fault do you find with him?”

The pious Sisterhood answered in full chorus, “Oh! he is a very good man, a most excellent well-meaning man, but he can only preach on two subjects; he never by any chance touches on any others, and these subjects are the two great national sins of wife-beating and gin-drinking.” Now, as the ladies truly

remarked, these sermons did them no possible good, for they had neither better nor worse halves to thrash, and were not addicted to potations of "Old Tom." The sermons of the head of the Florentine Anti-Macaulayites were marked by a kindred defect. I recollect once meeting Mr. Wisely, of Malta, the same Free Church minister to whom I have already alluded, and finding him much excited. "Just fancy," he cried, "old Smith's congregation to-day consisted of myself and four other ministers—all bachelors—and he discoursed for a whole hour on the duty of strictly observing St. Paul's counsel to married men."

I have, perhaps, given more prominence than they deserve to these incidents in my legend of St. Christopher, but I believe that from the spirit of combativeness common to human nature, if from no other cause, the tone of this leader of the Anti-Macaulayites made the Macaulayites more disposed than they otherwise would have been to rally round their flag, and charge down upon the foe.

It is not my intention to give a full account at present of all my interviews with Lord Macaulay, but I may here place on record two characteristic conversations, of which one took place in the same year as my first interview, the other nearly a year afterwards.

Visiting Macaulay just at the time when the first instalment of Carlyle's *Life of Frederic* was pub-

lished, I found him engaged in the perusal of the opening chapters. His wrath—I can use no milder word—against Carlyle's style was boundless. He read aloud to me four or five of the most Carlylean sentences, and then throwing the book on the library table exclaimed, "I hold that no Englishman has the right to treat his mother-tongue after so unfilial a fashion." His state of mind somewhat resembled that of a Tuscan friend of mine—a disciple of Beccaria's, a humanitarian jurist, to whom I lent "Model Prisons," one of Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets." President Nicolai, on bringing back the pamphlet, very plainly expressed his belief that the writer must be as mad as fifty March hares, and I doubt whether the longest course of Carlylean study would have led him to modify or mitigate his censure.

But it did not require much more reading of Frederic the Great to produce that effect on Macaulay's honest and impartial mind. Before a week had elapsed I was again at Holly Lodge, and he at once recurred to Carlyle's history.

"Pray read it," he said, "as soon as you can find time. Of course I have not got and never shall get reconciled to his distortions and contortions of language, but there are notwithstanding passages of truly wonderful interest and power, and in the infinite variety of new historical facts, and in the delight and instruction they afford, if my first feeling

has been that of annoyance at the strange way of telling the story, my second and permanent feeling is one of gratitude that—even in such a way—the story has been told.”

The value which must always attach to the views of Lord Macaulay on any political or historical question may invest with interest for some readers the conversation I had with him shortly after the peace of Villafranca. I had expressed my belief that the special difficulties connected with the Roman question—above all the opposition of the French clergy—had brought the war of 1859 to a premature close : that the dislike of the French Emperor entertained in many quarters since the *coup d'état* had been increased by the idea that the cause of Italian independence had been sacrificed to clerical influences : and that such a fact might justify the apprehension, then by no means uncommon, of a possible attempt on the part of the Holy See to recover its power and prestige by kindling the flames of a religious war. These remarks called forth from Lord Macaulay the following comment.

“I can scarcely suppose,” he said, “that the opposition of the French clergy could have had the chief share in arresting the war. That difficulty must have been from the very first so clearly foreseen, it must have been so carefully and so frequently measured in its full extent and proportions, that when once, with

the full knowledge of that difficulty, great armies were set in motion, I can scarcely think that their course would be checked by such a cause. As to the feeling in this country, so far at least as that feeling is dependent on Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, it is quite irrational. There never was an act politically more necessary, more indispensable, more justifiable than that *coup d'état*. I do not of course refer to this or that particular detail in the execution, I speak only of the act itself. Louis Napoleon at the time represented the Executive Government of France. Now the grand primary duty of every government is,—to govern. But government in France had become utterly impossible. The knot of politicians directing the French Chamber had brought everything to a still-stand. There was no going either backwards or forwards: there was no legal solution of the difficulty. One of two things must happen; either the Deputies must have got rid of the President, or the President must have got rid of the Deputies. And surely the historical and national antecedents of Louis Napoleon gave him quite as good a right to act as could be claimed by M. Thiers or General Changarnier. As to the dislike felt in England towards the Papal Government it is of course just as natural as the feeling against misgovernment anywhere. But should the proposed Congress be held, I am unable to see how England could be entitled to support proposals for depriving

the Pope of his territory. We have no cause of quarrel with the Pope. The Papal Government has done no wrong to the Government of England during the last hundred years. So far, indeed, from our having any reason to bear a grudge against the sovereign of the Roman States, that sovereign is almost the only European Prince to whom we owe a particle of gratitude. In our wars with Bonaparte the Pope was the one ally who acted towards us with good faith and courage. The great military monarchs whom we had succoured and subsidized turned their backs on us the moment that danger came. Contrast with their conduct that of Pius VII. What was Bonaparte's chief cause of quarrel with Pius VII., and why did Bonaparte's exasperation reach such a pitch?

"The causes were mainly two: Bonaparte's demand that a greater number of French cardinals should sit in the Sacred College, and his still more imperative demand that the Pope should enter into the continental system, should expel all English subjects from his dominions and shut his ports against all English vessels. It seemed quite probable that on the question of the cardinals some compromise might have been effected. But to Bonaparte's other demand to expel English subjects and admit no English trader, Pius VII. gave at once a flat refusal, and by that refusal he stood as firm as a rock. 'Why,'

he asked, 'should he violate his treaty engagements with the King of England, and commit so gross an outrage upon the King of England's subjects? His duties as spiritual chief of the Catholic Church, equally with his duties as sovereign of the Roman States, forbade him to take such a course. The King of England numbered among his subjects several millions of Catholics, and they would justly resent an act so unjustifiable.' It was to no purpose that Bonaparte met these declarations by repeated attempts to bully the Pope out of his resolution. Finding all attempts hopeless, he cut the discussion short by putting forward the arguments at the command of the master of many legions. He ordered General Miollis to march into Rome. The Pope was carried off to France, remaining a prisoner until Napoleon's fall. That is the chief episode in the history of the political relations between England and the Holy See during the present century. And if every Englishman must admit that in this matter Pius VII. acted with equal honesty and courage, every Frenchman possessed of sound political judgment must admit that he was not less in the right in resisting Bonaparte's plan for swamping the Sacred College of Cardinals with his own creatures. What would have been the probable result? That which seemed probable enough, if Pius VII. had died during his confinement at Fontainebleau, no doubt a new

Pope, entirely under Bonaparte's influence, would have been elected, and the election, in all likelihood, would have been contested by the Catholic Governments then at war with France. It was therefore quite on the cards that the Catholic world might then have witnessed the spectacle of a great schism and of an anti-Pope chosen by the Austrian and other cardinals who found themselves free from Bonaparte's authority.

"A like possibility is even now amongst the different contingencies suggested by the actual position of Pius IX. in Rome. We hear constantly reports of his failing health, and these reports occasionally assume an alarming character, so that one is led to expect his imminent death. Now just suppose his death had taken place when this last war, between Austria on the one hand and France and Italy on the other, was at its height. The Emperor would, of course, have employed every possible means to secure the election of a candidate favourable to France, and with Rome occupied by his troops he could, on this point there is no question, have put a strong pressure on the cardinals. Would his nominee have been accepted by Austria? Might not precisely the same consequences anticipated in the event of Pius VII.'s death at Fontainebleau have happened at this very time? Catholics generally—above all, French Catholics—do not seem to me to be alive to the dangerous effects

which may possibly be produced by the French occupation of Rome.

"The dangers likely to arise within the Catholic Church itself, should the present state of matters long continue, appear to me far more threatening than any chance of a religious war in Europe to restore the Papacy to its former power and prestige."

In touching on this last subject, I had perhaps disclosed the impression left on my mind by that portion of Macaulay's Essay on the Papacy in which he clearly points to the possible restoration at some future time of the Papal power. Lord Macaulay evidently divined my thought, for he continued, "We must not confound two questions wholly distinct. It is one question whether, through a long series of political and social, of moral and religious causes, the Church of Rome may not, at some distant period, regain its authority. It is a totally different question whether, as Roman Catholic powers now find themselves situated in this year 1859, at the abrupt termination of this year's war, they could be so senseless as to believe that a new war, invested from the first with a religious character, could have any chance of success. The last great European war to uphold the power of the Papacy was brought to a close by the peace of Westphalia.

"If Rome had then to admit the inferiority of her forces to those of Protestantism, how much more

hopeless would be her prospects now. England now possesses tenfold power ; Prussia has sprung up into a great state ; Russia, as the political head of the Greek church, would not look on unconcerned in such a contest. Across the Atlantic the United States could easily hold in check any crusading tendency in South America. If Sweden and Holland no longer play the part they did in the first half of the seventeenth century, that present relative inferiority is not so much an inferiority to Catholic powers as to the other Protestant or non-Catholic powers by which they have been so immensely outgrown. The idea of a religious war can only take root in the excited brains of a few ultramontane fanatics.

“Speaking of ultramontanes, are you not struck by the singular way in which the word ‘ultramontane,’ as marking a certain geographical connection with high-flown Papal theories, has completely drifted away from its original sense. One could understand quite well that, at the time of the Council of Trent, or a century later, at the time of the great contest for the Gallican liberties, a politician or theologian of Northern Europe would employ ‘ultramontane’ to express the fact that the Churchmen south of the Alps were the most violent and uncompromising partisans of the Papacy. But at the present day its most violent partisans are to be found, not in Italy itself, not even in Rome ; but in Paris, in Cologne, in

Brussels ; and any Englishman who would use a term expressive at once of extreme theological views and geographical relations, ought to speak—if he would speak correctly—of a ‘Cis-montane,’ not of an ‘ultramontane’ party.”





TWO EVENINGS WITH M. THIERS.

AMONGST the many patriotic acts by which the last seven years of M. Thiers' life were signalised, history will always assign a prominent place to his journey to London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence, in September and October, 1870, and to the zeal and energy with which, during that rapid progress, he strove to enlist the Governments of England, Russia, Austria, and Italy on the side of his sorely-stricken country. When M. Thiers at length reached Florence, I had the great privilege of making his acquaintance, and for this I was indebted to my valued friend, the late Chevalier Canestrini, who for thirty-five years had been on terms of the closest intimacy with M. Thiers. Their acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, had commenced at Paris in 1835, when the young Italian was prosecuting his researches in

the Parisian archives. It was principally through M. Thiers' influence that Canestrini was entrusted with the task, which he executed so admirably, of publishing, at the expense of the French Government, a series of volumes containing the diplomatic correspondence between the Florentine Republic and the sovereigns of the House of Valois.

During M. Thiers' successive visits to Italy, Canestrini was his chief associate, and on one occasion his fellow-traveller through the greater part of the peninsula, while their correspondence during this period ranged over almost every subject connected with Florentine politics, literature, and art—subjects which, in view of his contemplated history of the Florentine Republic, had a special interest for Thiers.

As the intimate friend of one of his oldest friends, I could hardly have obtained an introduction to M. Thiers more fitted to secure for me the frank and cordial welcome with which he received me on my first visit to him at the Hotel de l'Univers.

His companions in this rapid journey across Europe were Madame Thiers, her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, and M. Paul de Rémusat, son of his life-long friend, Baron Charles de Rémusat, who had held the portfolio of Public Instruction in the Ministry of 1840, and to whom, in the reorganisation of France in 1871, Thiers, on becoming chief of the executive, entrusted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs.

Owing to the inclement state of the weather, and the fatigue of the long journey, M. Thiers was suffering from a cold and cough so severe that he had difficulty in speaking above his breath. M. Paul de Rémusat observed to me in an undertone, "You are making the acquaintance of M. Thiers under very disadvantageous circumstances ; you see him at once physically weak and morally depressed, and can form no idea of his brilliant and varied conversation when he is in his normal state." It happened, however, that on this I had had some opportunity of forming a judgment from data which are now the common property of the literary world, but which were then accessible to comparatively few persons. In 1860 the kindness of Mr. Nassau Senior had enabled me to peruse in manuscript the entire series of his Paris diaries, extending from 1848 to 1860. In these volumes the conversations held at the Hotel Thiers, in the Place St. George's, fill, as all the world is now aware, a very conspicuous place, and with these conversations still fresh in my recollection I felt myself, on my first introduction to Monsieur and Madame Thiers and Mademoiselle Dosne, almost as if in the company of old friends.

My entrance had interrupted a description which M. Thiers was giving, and which later in the evening he continued to M. Paul de Rémusat, on a subject which for the speaker must have possessed a double

interest, as it appealed at once to his Italian and his economic tastes ; the peculiar conditions of Venetian banking in the most flourishing period of the Republic. Just about that time the historical questions connected with early Italian banking were exciting much attention. Signor Simone Peruzzi had published an instructive volume on the Early Florentine Bankers, whilst the special subject of the Mediæval Venetian Banking had been ably illustrated in the "*Nuova Antologia*," by Signor Ferrara, who three years before had held the portfolio of Finance in the Rattazzi Cabinet.

Nothing could be clearer, nothing of the kind more interesting, than the discourse of M. Thiers on this topic ; and more than once, as he spoke, I was reminded of the passage in one of Rahel's letters to Varnhagen von Ense, when, after reading in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" an article on Spanish Finance to which the name A. Thiers, then quite unknown, was attached, she asks her correspondent : "Who is this A. Thiers? Depend upon it, beneath that signature lies concealed a future Minister of Finance."

M. Thiers, after recounting some incidents of his journey, naturally turned the conversation on the special studies of our common friend, the Chevalier Canestrini, and on his numerous and original illustrations of Florentine history. I ventured to express the

regret which, in common with all lovers of that history, I felt at the delay in the appearance of his own work, which the world of letters had so long been led to expect. "I have been compelled," he said, "to give up the idea; the number of my other engagements and my advanced years make it impossible for me to finish so arduous a task." I may here observe that three years later, when the Marquis Gino Capponi finally resolved to give to the world his History of the Florentine Republic, he only made up his mind to do so after receiving from M. Thiers the assurance of his having relinquished the task. Was it, however, totally relinquished? Has M. Thiers left, after all, no written memorial of studies prosecuted with so much zeal during a period of at least forty years? Even now, after having received from Thiers' own lips so positive an assurance, and after having read the confirmation of that assurance in Capponi's preface, I am not willing to relinquish the hope that the world may one day be favoured with the results of M. Thiers' Florentine researches. Two evenings later, when conversing on the same subject with Mademoiselle Dosne and M. Paul de Rémusat, I found that both were much more hopeful. "You must not," they said, "take for granted all that M. Thiers says as to the abandonment of his history," and if my memory does not much betray me, either Mademoiselle Dosne or M. de Rémusat gave me to understand that M. Thiers'

completed narrative extended over three large manuscript volumes.

From these literary topics M. Thiers went on to speak in the frankest manner on the terrible questions of the day, and on the special subject of his mission to Florence. He spoke first of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, and of the difficulties which, in his opinion, it would create for Italy. I repeated to him some portions of a conversation on the same subject which I had had not long before with Signor Visconti-Venosta, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Signor Visconti-Venosta had stated that, by the force of events, no other course was left to the Italian Government save the one which it had taken. "If," observed the minister, "the Italian Government had held back, a Mazzinian and Garibaldian government in Rome must have been the inevitable consequence ; and another consequence not less certain would be the giving effect by the Romans themselves to their purpose of proclaiming a Republic, rather than accept annexation to Italy without Rome becoming the capital of the state." "Well," said M. Thiers, "I sincerely trust that the Italians may not find themselves mistaken ; but I confess that I regard their occupation of Rome with extreme apprehension." He then proceeded to speak of the special object of his mission to Florence, and its unsuccessful result, and of his equally unsuccessful efforts in London. But,

he observed, the grounds of his appeal to the Governments of England and Italy, and the nature of the support solicited from them, had been totally different. Never for a single instant had he expected that England would furnish direct military or naval aid to France, but he had believed and hoped that, even in the interests of England herself, an energetic and decided moral support might have been given by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. The general relations between the different European States which had led to the Anglo-French alliance during the Crimean war had not ceased to exist. Russia had reopened the Eastern question. In future Eastern complications, which were perhaps not far distant, England might have cause to regret that the fallen fortunes of France would no longer permit her soldiers to fight side by side with the soldiers of England. Whilst expressing the desire for a more effective moral support on the part of England, it was not without an evident mixture of scorn and disgust that he referred to the proposal made in a leading English journal that an appeal should be made to the victorious German foe to spare Paris at least the horrors of a bombardment. In alluding to my conversation with Visconti-Venosta I did not think it desirable to repeat to him that the Italian minister had expressed the difficulty of coming to an understanding with the English Government on the reopened Eastern question, from

his conviction that Mr. Gladstone, so thorough a master of all other forms of reasoning, would not under any circumstances resort to the *ultima ratio*, a conviction which has been much modified in the political and military circles of the continent since the day when Sir Beauchamp Seymour opened his fire on Alexandria.

Monsieur Thiers then described his interview with the Italian ministers and with King Victor Emanuel. From the ministers he had received simply the unqualified statement that the international relations of the Italian Government rendered it quite impossible for Italy to assist France. King Victor Emanuel, in reply to his request for an auxiliary force of a hundred thousand men, declared that if guided solely by his own personal feelings he would at once comply, but that the opposition made by his Cabinet was far too strong to render such a course possible. I feel convinced that this answer of Victor Emanuel's faithfully represented the differing views of the king and his responsible advisers whilst war was imminent or had just broken out, but how far it exactly represented the relations of the sovereign's personal policy to the public and official policy of his ministers, at the moment of M. Thiers' mission, is another question. It was evident from M. Thiers' own language that, at Florence as in London, he had made vigorous use of the reopening of the Eastern question by Russia.

But it would almost seem as if some evil destiny were still to overhang all his negotiations on the Eastern question with the House of Savoy, whether that house was represented by an absolute or a constitutional sovereign.

Thirty years before, in the great political campaign, when he had hoped to increase the power of France by increasing the power of Mehmet Ali, he made most tempting offers to King Charles Albert, whose acquisition of Lombardy was to be the reward of the help which he might afford to France. The offer then made by M. Thiers to the Sardinian minister in Paris was repeated by King Louis Philippe in person, but Charles Albert apprehended, and events proved him to be in the right, that the war policy of the citizen king would give way before the warnings of Prince Metternich and the political combinations of Lord Palmerston. These recollections may, perhaps, have damped the courage with which M. Thiers undertook his noble and patriotic task at Florence in 1870. Whether at that moment M. Thiers thought much or little or not at all about 1840, the memories of that year were constantly recurring to my own mind as I sat beside him and listened to his narrative. I was then living in Paris, and vividly recollect turning the corner of the Pont Royale at the moment when Louis Philippe and the Duke of Orleans were driving out from the Tuileries on their return to Neuilly at

the close of the last Cabinet council held by M. Thiers and his colleagues under the presidency of the king. Their singularly animated expression had impressed itself on my memory, and this incident, with other more personal recollections of the last months of 1840, became curiously intermingled with the events of July, 1870.

My mind went back to the whist-table of the Countess de J——, an old Legitimist lady, who though far advanced in years was as clear-headed as she was kind-hearted. In those days as we played for the cakes and ices brought from the neighbouring Café, how she would banter her youthful partner for his inattention to the game. Mrs. Battle herself did not draw the line more strongly between playing whist and playing at playing whist than did the old Countess. If her daughter and I were the winners she would deliver a whist-table lecture in the following strain: "Antoine, Antoine, what in heaven's name could have led you to play that last diamond? I am ashamed of you, as a whist-player and as a Frenchwoman, I feel doubly ashamed of you. Thanks to that last diamond, we are beaten by l'Anglais! Now don't keep twirling your beautiful curls. Ah! Antoine, if you are to get anything out of that old pedant Guizot, you must think more of the inside and less of the outside of your head. We had no right to lose the odd trick." Then, how merrily Antoine

laughed at the scolding, and how defiantly he would resume his twirling of the pretty locks. For he had remained faithful to those grand associations of dress and dandyism which in the annals of our English Restoration are so closely linked with the name of another Antoine, the bearer of his title. In after years, Antoine, or, to give him his full title, Antoine Agenor Alfred duc de Gramont, acted a conspicuous part on the stage of European politics, and did his work well at Turin in 1854, when along with Sir James Hudson he took part in the discussions of the Sardinian Cabinet which decided the participation of Sardinia in the Crimean War.

The last difficulty to overcome was to draw up a note in such terms as would secure the continuance in office of the Minister of War, General la Marmora, and the retirement from office of a most honourable but somewhat crotchety diplomatist, General Dabormida, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Both Count Cavour and Sir James Hudson tried and failed. Then the Duc de Gramont tried and completely succeeded. The same evening General Dabormida sent in his resignation. Great was the chuckling and rubbing of hands when Cavour saw his point gained, and sincere the admiration conveyed in his avowal: "Ah! these Frenchmen have a knack of doing with words just what they like—a knack which we Italians can only regard with despairing envy."

But Antoine was less fortunate when, in 1870, playing not against l'Anglais, but against l'Allemand, and for higher stakes than cakes and ices, he again lost the odd trick.

But in October, 1870, even though the German armies were already encamped before Paris, it was evident that M. Thiers still believed in the possibility of saving the odd trick.

The last number of the *Daily News*, containing a drawing of the position of the hostile forces, lay on the table, and we all stood round it as M. Thiers pointed out in detail the greater or less importance of each position, and—as was only natural—did not underrate the value of his own forts in counteracting the operations of Moltke. It was a curious scene, this discourse on strategy and tactics given by such a man under such circumstances, and one at least among the listeners is not likely to forget it.

Two days later I again joined the evening circle at the Hotel de l'Univers, and felt much such a sensation as a simple Hebrew with no prophetic claims might have felt when he found himself amongst the prophets and sons of the prophets. The company, besides Madame Thiers and her sister, was composed of four ex-premiers, the son of an ex-premier, and the son of a statesman who thirty years before had discharged the duties of Minister of the Interior, and seven months later was to become

Minister of Foreign Affairs. The four veteran statesmen were M. Thiers himself; the venerable Marquis Gino Capponi, who had been Prime Minister of Tuscany in 1848; Signor Rattazzi, who after the Peace of Villafranca had succeeded Cavour as Prime Minister of Sardinia, and who twice again—in 1862 and 1867—had been Prime Minister of Italy; and General Menabrea, who not many months before had been succeeded in the Italian Premiership by Signor Lanza. These were the “prophets,” while the “sons of the prophets” were the Marquis Carlo Alfieri, son of the Marquis Cesare Alfieri, one of Sardinia’s most honoured noblemen, and Prime Minister of Sardinia in 1848; and M. Paul de Rémusat, son of the dear friend and colleague of Thiers, Baron Charles de Rémusat.

The other visitors, like myself, had come to pay their respects to M. Thiers at the close of his mission, and on the eve of his return to France M. Thiers had completely recovered from the effects of his cold, and even M. Paul de Rémusat, who had expressed regret at my first interview taking place under such circumstances, might have been satisfied that night with the ease and grace of his discourse.

To say that he was in high spirits would have been untrue, and at such a moment positively calumnious, but he exhibited the calmness and serenity of mind of a generous and patriotic statesman whose

conscience tells him that he has left no effort untried to ward off or mitigate the misfortunes of his country. Had France listened to his warning voice she would not have been visited by such dire calamities, and now in the midst of them the old man with his seventy-three years was making a brave fight still.

There seemed to be a tacit understanding amongst all present to avoid the introduction of politics into the conversation, and to allow M. Thiers himself to be the chief speaker. He spoke all the more easily and pleasantly from the conviction that he commanded the full sympathy of his hearers. His friendship with the Marquis Capponi dated forty years back, when he began his Florentine studies in the company of Canestrini, and at each successive visit to Florence the Capponi Palace had been to him, as to so many leading men of the present century, whether connected with politics, science, letters, or art, the centre of all that was most genial and attractive in Florentine society. When the Marquis Capponi was announced, it was touching to see the eagerness and solicitude with which M. and Mme. Thiers hastened to the door, each taking the grand old giant by the hand, and leading him to a place on the sofa; M. Thiers took his seat by his side, while Madame Thiers drew her arm-chair close to the sofa, the rest of the party forming a semicircle as we sat facing the two aged statesmen.

Rattazzi's acquaintance with Thiers dated from his visit to Paris in 1852, in company with Cavour, when he laid the foundations of the numerous friendships which he retained till the close of his life in the French capital. General Menabrea had been for years a familiar figure in the political and diplomatic circles of Paris ; and M. Thiers, apart from personal relations, held in honour the great mathematician and engineer who, on the cession of his native Savoy to France, refused the offer of a Marshal's bâton made to him by Napoleon III., preferring to continue in the service of the House of Savoy.

The Marquis Charles Alfieri de Söstegno, married to Count Cavour's niece, a lady whose talents, accomplishments, and rare domestic virtues formed the solace of the great statesman's closing years, formed with M. Paul de Rémusat and myself the other members of the little circle seated round M. Thiers. The tacit understanding to avoid politics and enjoy as much as possible the unbroken stream of discourse from M. Thiers himself did not prevent him from giving some startling illustrations of the mistakes committed by the Bonapartists just before the outbreak of the war, nor from giving way to a remarkable and quite unexpected burst of indignation respecting his mission to St. Petersburg. With these two exceptions, however, his talk was entirely of art and literature. In his rapid journey to the capitals of

England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, he had at the close of each visit reserved a few hours for the great national art collections, with which he had long been familiar, but which he wished to revisit with the companions of his journey. And now, having within so short a period viewed successively the galleries of London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence, we must affirm without the slightest hesitation that the two Florentine Galleries, the Uffizii and the Pitti, contained more fine pictures, more works at once absolutely valuable and relatively important in the history of art, than all the other great collections of Europe put together. At St. Petersburg he had enjoyed an intellectual pleasure of another kind—a hasty examination of the manuscript of Polybius, one of the chief treasures of the Imperial Library. I cannot doubt that to several of his hearers the idea must at once have occurred that if to a statesman with M. Thiers' taste for political and military history the narrative of the historian of the Carthagian war would, at any time, have called up most vivid associations, these could never have appealed to him with greater force than at the moment when he was seeking to mitigate the calamities of his native France. With what a special interest he must have turned over the pages of the thoughtful and patriotic Greek, who was destined to view with his own eyes in such rapid succession the fall of Carthage and of Corinth, and who so nobly

employed his long friendship with the Scipios and his rightful influence at Rome to render less severe the misfortunes of his own fatherland. When speaking of his stay at St. Petersburg, M. Thiers, giving way to a sudden and incontrollable impulse, started to his feet, and exclaimed—

“I learnt at St. Petersburg things which I had suspected, but only there had fully confirmed. These Russians, with the ignorance and presumption of the Bonapartists, are the real authors of this horrible war. The Germans are the least to blame; on their part it has been, in a great degree, a war of self-defence.”

Then, almost as if regretting his outburst, he resumed his seat and proceeded to speak of other incidents of merely literary interest. He continued, indeed, to speak of Russia, and of her conquests in Central Asia, but only in reference to the fact that the possible benefits to literature expected from her progress there had not been realised. It was believed that much might have been found at Samarkand. Tamerlane notoriously prided himself on his patronage of literature and art. “Those great conquerors have almost invariably the passion of *parvenus* for creating and leaving as monuments of their greatness collections of pictures and statues” (a curious remark to come from the historian of the Consulate and the Empire) “in truth when they have disappeared from

the world. This effect of their personal vanity remains almost the only thing for which the world has to thank them."

From remarks on works of art in general, M. Thiers proceeded to dwell more in detail on his favourite bronzes. He spoke of his incessant care of the bronzes which he had collected. He allowed no one to touch them but himself, wiping them very carefully from time to time with a fine silk handkerchief. Then he made a direct and earnest appeal to the three Italian statesmen present—the Marquis Gino Capponi, Commendatore Rattazi, and General Menabrea—to take, as soon and as completely as possible, such measures as were necessary to arrest the rapidly increasing injury to which the sublime work of Ghiberti, the Bronze Gates of the Baptistery, were subjected. "These gates," he said, "form an epoch in the history of art and of civilisation. Once destroyed they never can be replaced; once seriously injured the loss to art can never be retrieved. In my successive visits to Florence during so many years, they have always formed the earliest object sought by me in my artistic pilgrimages, and at each successive visit I have found the injury sustained by them more distinct and serious. For heaven's sake!" he said, "either let them be removed to the public galleries, and there defended against the inclemency of the seasons, the clouds of dust constantly whirling round

them, or the direct and wanton injury inflicted by barbarous ignorance. Or, if it is thought more desirable to keep them in their present place, let them at least receive the protection of strong glass coverings through which they might be viewed, or of a second set of wooden gates to be opened only to those who might obtain special permission." I wish it were in my power to state that the appeal made so strongly by M. Thiers had produced the desired effect. Unhappily every visitor to Florence who examines the gates, particularly the southern one, through which the Baptistery is generally entered, will own with regret that these precautions, now more than ever needed, have not been taken.

A letter of mine to a London paper on this subject was reproduced in the leading Florentine journal *La Nazione*, thus bringing the matter under the notice of all Florentines who might be presumed to take an interest in the preservation of their greatest artistic treasures. But although the highest Municipal Authorities of Florence did not deny the evil, there was no remedy, owing to the obstacles caused by the antagonism between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, each claiming an exclusive right of control over the Church monuments. In 1879, thanks to the energy of the accomplished Secretary General S. Puccini, the Ministry of Public Instruction in Rome appointed a Commission to take the necessary

steps for the preservation of the gates, but owing to a sudden change of Ministry nothing was done. I have given full particulars of this matter in an article on Ghiberti, contributed to the present edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Marquis Capponi now rose to take leave of his old friends. There had been some pleasant skirmishing between Thiers and Capponi about their powers of work and the degree in which those powers were affected by old age. Capponi had expressed the same regret to which I had given utterance on the previous evening—that M. Thiers had so long withheld from the world his promised history of Florence.

“Ah!” said Thiers, “I feel myself too old, much too old, to complete the task; besides, we all expect a far better work on the same subject from you.”

“Well,” answered the Marquis, “if old age may be pleaded as a sufficient justification for the non-performance of such a task, you have certainly no right to expect a history of Florence from me, for I am much older than you.”

The difference of age was not great after all, only five years, Thiers being 73 and Capponi 78.

In the earlier part of the evening, just after Gino Capponi's entrance, Mdlle. Dosne had mentioned to me in an undertone several proofs of the great admiration in which Capponi had always been held

by Thiers. Now, after he was gone, Thiers himself indulged without reserve in the full and frank expression of his life-long regard. "He is certainly," he observed, "whether one looks to his wide range of thought or the extent of his erudition, the greatest amongst the living thinkers and scholars of Italy." At this remark, Rattazzi, Menabrea, and Alfieri appeared by a sudden arching of the eyebrows and a slight start to express dissent. "Surely, M. Thiers," observed Rattazzi, "you do not place the Marquis Gino Capponi as a thinker and writer above Manzoni. The world has seen nothing from his pen to be compared with the *Promessi Sposi*." "I have," replied Thiers, "a very high admiration of Manzoni and of his *Promessi Sposi*, but I cannot rank his mind as at all equal to the many-sided intellect of Gino Capponi." A friendship of forty years had certainly given Thiers a better opportunity of judging of Capponi's character and writings than was possessed by any of the Italians present, yet their dissent might easily be explained.

Lord Bulwer and Dalling, longer and better known as Sir Henry Bulwer, has told us how, as a young man, he was present in a company where unbounded admiration was expressed for the talents and learning of Sir James Mackintosh, when he created not a little embarrassment by suddenly asking: "Pray tell me what has this Mackintosh done?" If this question was asked in 1825, it might well cause some embar-

rassment. The articles on Madame de Staël and Dugald Stewart in the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Vindiciae Gallicae*, and the lecture on "The Law of Nature and Nations," would have been all that could be produced. These would have given a very inadequate idea of the genius of Mackintosh—a genius which extorted the admiration of his antagonist Burke; of the learning which won the respect of Samuel Parr; or of the philosophical acumen which measured its keen and polished blade with the weapon of Robert Hall; still less of the conversational powers which formed the delight and wonder of Holland House. Just such embarrassment would have been felt in 1870 by the admirer of Capponi who was required to bring forward written evidence of his great powers. He would have been obliged to hunt up a number of separate papers in the *Antologia* and *Archivio Storico* of Florence, or in the transactions of such learned societies as the Academia Della Crusca, Colombaria, and Georgofali. Excepting a fragmentary essay on education, not even published in Italy, nothing more could have been shown. It is true that from the published correspondence of every eminent Italian, whether political or literary, during the previous half century, and the reports of every distinguished stranger who visited Florence during the same period, it might be gathered that the Capponi Palace was the centre of the intellectual and constitutional movement

in the peninsula. We have now, however, evidence more direct and accessible than this—the admirable History of the Florentine Republic, Capponi's minor writings, published under the careful editorship of his attached friend Senator Tabarini, and the eloquently-written life of the Marquis Gino, also by Tabarini. The venerable diplomatist and scholar, Baron Alfred de Reumont, a life-long friend of the Marquis Capponi and the sharer of his studies in Florentine history, has published in German a biography in which he has drawn for us, not only the striking figure of Capponi himself, but of most of the distinguished men who frequented the Capponi Palace. But after all the most complete and most interesting record which we possess of the life and labours of this great and good Italian is that to be found in the volumes of his correspondence at present in course of publication—a work scarcely second in importance to the correspondence of Count Cavour.

With this notice of the chief historical figure, next to Thiers himself, who was present that evening at the Hotel de l'Univers, I close my personal impressions and recollections of what to me will always remain a memorable evening.



THE ITALIAN MALARIA.

LETTER TO MRS. SALIS SCHWABE.

DEAR Mrs. Schwabe,—When a few months ago we were conversing about the Silver Wedding of the Crown Princess of Germany, to be celebrated on the 25th of January, 1883, the subject naturally led you to dwell on the untiring and most practical spirit of charity by which Her Imperial and Royal Highness is always animated, and on the encouragement given both by herself and His Imperial Royal Highness the Crown Prince to your labours in Naples.

At the Art Exhibition and Lottery for the benefit of your schools, which was held in Berlin in 1878, the Crown Prince was himself present on the opening day, and you spoke of the Crown Princess, when she was last in Naples, visiting those schools at the

Ex-Collegio Medico, and of the thoroughly business-like fashion in which she entered into and discussed with you the minutest details of their arrangements.

You also made me acquainted with an admirable little work on Female Charitable Labours, by Miss Amelie Sohr, dedicated to the Crown Princess Victoria, in some sections of which the views of Her Imperial Highness are given in her own words.

It was then that the idea occurred to us of bringing out this little volume as a tribute to the August Lady whose name it bears—a tribute which, however humble, would still be in harmony with the event to be celebrated, and might help to promote your educational work at Naples, as well as all generous efforts for human progress, whether made in a palace or elsewhere.

The causes of the change in the form of the book as it now appears are set forth in the preface.

The experience of the twenty-three years during which I have enjoyed so many opportunities of observing what you have done in and for Southern Italy, not merely gives me the right, it imposes on me the duty of bearing testimony to the same, and of setting forth what I conceive to be the true character of the aid which you are now giving in the war waged by all true-hearted and honest Italians against Italy's physical and moral foes.

Miss Amelie Sohr, in her *Frauenarbeit*, dwells on

the fact that the first great appearance of her countrywomen in the field of public charity dates from the year when the best blood of her countrymen was shed on the field of Leipzig to secure the National liberation. In like manner, your philanthropic labours in Southern Italy date from and were the necessary and logical consequences of the part you took with the late Countess of Shaftesbury, and other noble-minded Englishwomen, in relieving the sufferings of the wounded during the campaign of 1860. The termination of that material war was quickly followed by the conviction that to raise up Southern Italy, a moral campaign must be begun. Hence the origin of all your educational labours. But the help of all friends of Italy, whether those friends be native Italians or foreign allies, is now wanted for another and still greater war, in which you and your fellow-labourers seem destined to play no unimportant part.

From 1848 to 1870 Italy was engaged in one long war to obtain her Independence and her unity. From 1863 to 1876 she was likewise engaged in a struggle to uphold the National credit. Both these contests have proved successful, and Italy is now engaged in a third and even greater contest, to elevate socially, and promote in every way both the social and moral welfare of her children. In this contest she finds herself confronted by enemies of various kinds, and

amongst these enemies, foremost and most destructive, whether one looks to physical or moral results—the Malaria.

That enemy is advancing upon Italy in all quarters, but nowhere is it more strongly encamped, nowhere has it taken up more formidable positions, than in those Southern Provinces where you are carrying on your labours.

The power of this foe and the necessity of taking up arms in self-defence have only been made known in their full extent within the last three years, since the publication of the official report to the Italian Senate on this subject. That report was based on the communications of some two hundred and fifty Local Boards of Health, and on the data which have been made familiar to the eyes of all observers in the immense series of malaria maps, drawn up under the direction of these Local Boards. A condensed summary of these facts is now made known to the public in single and portable maps of all Italy.

Whilst from that report we learn that few Italian provinces are exempt from the scourge, we obtain certain precise and detailed statistics which furnish an idea of its extent. It would appear that the recent increase of malaria is chiefly observable along the railway lines, and is there traceable to two facts. First, the amount of stagnant water in the trenches everywhere dug to procure earth for embankments,

these trenches being left without proper drainage ; and second, the wholesale destruction of the woods close to the railway lines for the purpose of procuring sleepers ; many of these woods having previously served as screens against swamps or marshes where malaria prevailed. To these causes must be added general neglect in regulating the course of mountain streams, and, still more, the points at which the various Italian rivers reach the sea.

The effects from these causes are truly alarming. Let us look only at the effects on national wealth and national health with regard to their interaction.

We are told, for example, that the railway companies are forced to spend in quinine alone, used preventively, a million and a half of francs per annum. We are told that of the whole Italian army, numbering two hundred thousand men, not less than thirty thousand are every year malaria-fever patients in the hospitals—twenty-four thousand in the military, and six thousand in the civil hospitals. We are further told that of the twenty-nine millions forming the population of Italy, one million at least, on the lowest calculation, is disabled by malaria ; and, assuming that each person of this million could gain one franc a day during three hundred days of the year, the loss to the productive power of the country is just three hundred millions of francs annually, or twelve millions of pounds sterling.

In other words, Italy has yearly in this unbroken malaria warfare at least thirty thousand soldiers wounded, to say nothing of those killed. Looking at the financial aspect of the question, Italy pays annually a malaria tax exceeding in amount the entire sum voted by Parliament for both the army and navy; ten times greater than the sum voted for purposes of national education, and equal in amount to the entire value of both the export and import trade between Italy and England.

These, I apprehend, are facts well worthy the consideration not merely of the Italians themselves, but of all in England who take a sincere interest in the financial or moral progress of Italy. At the present moment the Italian Parliament is engaged in discussing the provisions of a law for attacking the enemy in his oldest and strongest position—the Roman Campagna. But on the whole the evil is greatest in the Southern Provinces, and here another and graver evil lies behind it.

In the discussions of the Committees in the Senate, in those of the Senate itself, in those at the public meetings and discussions held in Rome in connection with this question, Neapolitans of great social weight and high personal character have, one after another, stood up and made the following melancholy declaration.

Behind the physical malaria, they affirm, there is

a dread moral malaria, and it is precisely by the existence of this moral malaria that our most strenuous efforts to remove the physical malaria are so continually baffled.

It is the want of education in high and low,—of the general and pervading conviction that your neighbour's good is inseparably bound up with your own,—that if you would help yourself you must try to help and raise up others ; this it is which stands in the way of sanitary reform, of agricultural progress, of national well-being.

The Neapolitans in truth say that what they most want is just what you are so earnestly and so honestly striving to give them.

These are considerations which all Englishmen connected with Italy ought to take into account, not merely from philanthropic, but from dry pounds, shillings, and pence motives. He must be blind, indeed, who does not see that ours is not an age in which honest men of any one nation can with impunity dissociate their aims and interests from the well-being of other nations. The enemies of progress, of law and order, whether fighting under a black or a red flag, are wise in their generation. They, at least, know the full benefits of International union. The reactionary of Cologne lends his helping hand to the reactionary of Brussels, and the apostle of dynamite and of the dagger in Dublin has his regular and well-

known auxiliary in Paris or St. Petersburg. What they do in the interests of darkness, falsehood, and crime, may well be done in the interests of light, truth, and virtue.

“It has been wisely decreed by the gods, that it shall not be permitted to a man to effect anything great or good, save by the co-operation of his fellow-men.” The words are those of a heathen moralist, but what he held true of individuals the Christian has surely a still better right to regard as true in the case of nations. Those sons and daughters of any nation who are most active in promoting the welfare of other nations will invariably be found most active in forwarding all good work at home. “What connection,” asks Stafford, “could at a first glance be seen between “the state of feeling and principle in the London “suburb of Clapham, and the welfare of millions of “human beings on the west coast of Africa? But it “was the feeling and principle of Clapham which put “down the slave trade.” And it is in this spirit that your work in Southern Italy will be most justly and most rightly judged.

Few sayings respecting liberated Italy have been more frequently quoted than the saying of Count Cavour’s political rival and predecessor as Premier—Massimo d’Azeglio. “Having made Italy, our next great business is to make Italians.” Massimo d’Azeglio did himself injustice if he conveyed the

impression of having previously neglected that work. He threw himself heart and soul into the task of making Italians when he wrote *Nicolo de Lapi* and *Ettore Fieramosca*, conjuring up the men and the memories of the sixteenth century to serve as models and lessons for his Italian contemporaries—nor was the task overlooked by Count Cavour. In the twelve years that preceded his taking office as the minister of the Crown, above all in the first eight of these twelve years, when Sardinia possessed neither a free press nor a representative government, Count Cavour took the lead in founding and fostering the Infant Schools of Turin. He acted as their chief manager, as their treasurer, and as their constant and strenuous defender.

Of such a defender they greatly stood in need, for they were viewed with much suspicion and alarm in the highest quarters both of Church and State. At the meeting of the Senate on the 17th of February, 1851, not long after he had joined the d'Azeglio Cabinet as Minister of Marine, Agriculture, and Commerce, the opportunity presented itself for publicly declaring his opinion as to the importance of infant schools. In proposing to exempt them from the tax levied on all corporate bodies, he said : “ The great
“ majority of charitable institutions, whilst having for
“ their aim to relieve humanity from the evils that
“ afflict it, are attended unhappily either directly or

“indirectly with not a few disadvantages. It is easy
“enough to furnish the demonstrations. Of infant
“schools, on the contrary, it may safely be affirmed
“that the good is not lessened by some corresponding
“evil. Infant schools, whilst coming to the help of
“those years of innocence possessing so much interest
“for society, are not calculated to weaken family ties,
“and a spirit of economy. Quite the reverse, they im-
“part to these principles greater strength. Experience
“has proved that the feelings of sympathy and kind-
“ness acquired by the children in the infant schools
“have the effect of rendering them dearer to the
“parents, and of thus developing in the families a
“feeling of reciprocal affection. Not only are infant
“schools free from the inconvenience of lessening
“family affection and habits of thrift, but they have
“the advantage of securing, in proportion to their
“expense, benefits and blessings far greater than
“those of any other kind of public charity. The seed
“sown in these young minds has consequences for the
“whole future life, for their career, and for the growth
“of their feelings. I say, therefore, that it is a great
“thing to be able at that early period of life to impart
“with small expense impressions and habits of perma-
“nent utility. There is absolutely no proportion
“between the expense of such schools and the benefits
“which they confer. To start a hundred children in
“life in the right direction costs less than to repair

“the misfortunes of a single man who, from not having received the benefits of instruction and education, follows a course of vice.”

Such was the spirit in which Count Cavour viewed and treated the question of the early training of the poorest classes. As a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, apart from all higher considerations, he would have accorded the deepest sympathy to your work at Naples, and to no phase of it would he have given heartier support than to your untiring efforts to promote the cleanliness which is next to godliness. Shortly after the address to the Sardinian Senate, from which I have just quoted, he exchanged the Portfolio of Marine for that of Finance, and had occasion to propose to Parliament a new tariff. Amongst its provisions was a great reduction of the duty on soap. “To this reduction,” he said, “I attach the greatest importance ;” adding, amidst the approving cheers and laughter of the House: “Italy ought to make much more use of soap than she now does.”

The far-sighted Italian statesman, when he spoke thus, followed out with his strongly logical mind all the links of the chain that connect soap with a surplus, and dirt with a deficit.

He knew that dirt has its physical correlative in degradation; that disease and degradation bring with them general destitution and distress, and that these are the sure precursors of a financial deficit.

Go on then, dear Mrs. Schwabe, with all the forms of your noble work, not forgetting the scrubbing and rubbing to which you justly attach so much importance. You may feel assured that every child who leaves your schools prepared to take his or her place as an Italian citizen, fully convinced of the value of cleanliness, uprightness, and thrift, will be a powerful influence in the general elevation of the country, and a well-equipped soldier ready to fight the great national foe whose gradual and insidious advances I have represented in the earlier part of this letter.

To those who hope less from soap and water than you do, reply by setting forth, with all their natural and logical deductions, the words spoken by Count Cavour in his memorable speech on the new tariff.

With all good wishes for the successful prosecution of your labours, I am, dear Mrs. Schwabe,

Truly yours,

JAMES MONTGOMERY STUART.





THE LITTLE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER :

HIS PAST HISTORY, PRESENT STATE, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

IN proposing to treat of the condition, social, national, and even international, of the little Italian organ-grinder, it may be as well to premise that he is here taken as the most familiar type of that large class of migratory Italian children whose fate and fortunes virtually constitute a regular Italian child-trade.

The attention of the English public has been directed during the last few years in a quite unusual degree to the sad lot of these poor young creatures.

The circumstances which have provoked this special degree of attention cannot be appreciated aright without entering with some fulness of detail into the past history and present dimensions of the evil.

The Italian Benevolent Society of London,—a

most praiseworthy institution, founded to meet the wants of those humbler classes of Italians who, in this country, might require its aid,—has from its first establishment devoted much time, care, and money to improve the condition of these little fellows, and, so far as its power reached, to arrest the evil.

In these efforts it secured the efficient co-operation of the Charity Organization Society. The benevolent labours of Sir Charles Trevelyan in this cause are well known to the public. On no person more fitly than on the son-in-law of Zachary Macaulay could the task have devolved of exposing the magnitude and denouncing the horrors of this infamous white slave trade. There can be little doubt that, in proportion as that magnitude and those horrors become more generally known, the appeal made six years ago by Sir Charles Trevelyan will find an echo and a support wherever, we will not say Christian principle, but even the first instincts of humanity are held in honour.

The government of a united and independent Italy—this new state which had so rapidly sprung up amongst the political communities of Europe, and which owed its existence in no slight degree to the force of those principles of individual, domestic, and social freedom to which it so often and successfully appealed—could not remain indifferent to the fact that there existed within its own boundaries a

form of chronic crime, presenting a sad and most humiliating contrast with all that constitutes the aspirations and hopes of free men. The philanthropic persons, who in our own country gave themselves no rest until the condition of our little factory children was placed on a more rational and humane footing, will best understand the feelings of an Italian patriot, who knew that in certain districts of his country children from five to fifteen years of age were regularly bought and sold. In fifty cases out of every hundred the helpless objects of this traffic were consigned to certain and speedy death through the mere hardships of their employment, thirty per cent only escaped that fate by flight, and twenty per cent but too faithfully represented the proportion of those who were ever restored to their own homes, when the time for which they had been bartered away had expired. Nor could the patriot of one province feel much cause for pride in the constant exemption of his own district from the evil ; for from one end of the peninsula to the other there was scarcely a region in which this plague spot had not earlier or later appeared.

We read of the celebrated Picardy or Sweating Sickness, that, after passing over to England at the time of the Battle of Bosworth, it remained so long here as to become known by the name of the English Sickness. At the close of the seventeenth and com-

mencement of the eighteenth century, it had passed over to and fastened itself on Piedmont in the milder and more modified form of the miliary fever. Then about the beginning of the present century it broke up its tents in Piedmont and passed into Tuscany, of which province it was for some years the peculiar scourge.

It has been no otherwise with the Italian child-trade. In the Middle Ages it seems to have flourished in Venetian and Milanese territory. Then its chief seat continued to be the secluded villages of the Apennines between Genoa and Parma. Passing into Southern Italy it stamped on the Province of Calabria a brand as deep as that fixed on it by its ferocious brigandage. At the present time its head quarters are in the Province of Basilicata and chiefly in the villages of Viggiano, Calsello, Laurenzana, Marsicovetere, Saponara, Grumento, and Corleto. The old Venetian and Lombard laws abound with provisions intended to mitigate or arrest this very ancient form of evil. The legislation of Genoa and Piedmont furnishes equal evidence of the desire on the part of their rulers to control or counteract it. But the first really efficient steps are due to the energy of one individual whose career forms one of the strangest episodes in the political history of Italy during the nineteenth century. This was Thomas Ward, the English groom, who, commencing his career in Italy in the stables of

the Duke of Lucca, ended it as Prime Minister of his master's son, the misguided and ill-fated Duke of Parma. The Duke's decree of 1852, by which exporters of children from the Duchy of Parma were made amenable to most severe penalties, was rigorously carried out, and had the effect of almost wholly extirpating the evil from the remote mountain villages where it had so long flourished.

The legislation of the Neapolitan Bourbons, though doubtless well meant, had an effect quite the reverse of that intended by its framers, and, far from checking, served rather to legalise, protect, and promote the traffic. Proceeding on the assumption that the child-trade was, if not an absolute kidnapping, at least a severance of the children from their homes without the requisite legal forms and guarantees for their preservation, the Neapolitan laws provided that all contracts for the sale or hire of children must be accompanied by a minute observance of such legal forms, but this observance once verified they took no more trouble about the matter. What ensued may readily be divined. Nothing in the world was easier than for the *padrone* (as the agents in this white slave trade are called) to hand over to the parents or guardians of the child the legal document, regularly attested by a notary, by virtue of which for the payment of a certain sum he became the master for a specified term of years of the child.

whom he on his part undertook to feed, clothe, lodge, and teach some itinerant calling. Nothing, on the other hand, was more difficult than for the poor mother whose child had thus been sold by a profligate and heartless husband to oblige the equally sordid and heartless *padrone* in the slums of Paris or London to fulfil his part of the agreement. Under the Bourbon Government, therefore, the conditions of the child-trade were as regular as those of any ordinary and recognised branch of commerce.

Thanks, above all, to the untiring energy and philanthropic zeal of the deputy Giovanni Guerzoni, the Italian Government took up the matter in right earnest, and the defects of previous legislation were remedied by a new, general, and stringent measure passed in 1873. Until that date the trade was conducted in the following manner. The agent of the foreign *padroni*, in other words the commercial traveller in the child-trade, reappeared periodically in the villages where the article was known to be always in the market. He came to buy children, just as he might have come to buy macaroni or coral, lemons or olive oil. The individual trader or the firm he represented had been in the habit during past years of buying the elder boys and girls of the families with whom he was now about to trade. His passport and papers were all in due form, and the contract for the business in hand was drawn up with all the

proper formalities. The price of the ware varied, of course, according to the varying supply or demand of the season, to the liberality of the buyer, the necessities of the seller, and the other economic elements by which prices in any trade must always be affected. The ordinary price of a child ranged from about 75 to 200 francs, such at least are the figures given in Signor Guerzoni's report to the Chamber of Deputies, and in the appendix there is given at full length a bond by which two children are made over to a *padroni* for the sum of 570 francs. Young, tender, and innocent-looking children fetched the highest prices ; the sweet confiding smile, the helpless appearance, the artless mien, all have their recognised money value. It is to such children, cast upon the streets of Paris, London, or New York, that the passer-by is sure to accord a compassionate look and some small sum in charity.

But the bargain is not duly concluded without the blessing of the Church. The parish priest repairs to the domestic market, and, donning the vestments of his sacred calling, lays his hand on the little head which is henceforth doomed to forego a mother's fond caress. He then pockets the customary fee which he has so often before received for a similar benediction. The Church has sanctioned the deed ! What more could the heart of a loving parent wish for ? What higher or holier guarantee could be given for the

blameless character of the act? Thus children were bought and sold in the Province of Basilicata until the year of grace 1873 ; and if they are not still sold anywhere in Italy with the same legal forms, it is because, thanks to the operation of the Guerzoni law, the regular trade has been declared illegal, and only precarious smuggling ventures can now be entered into.

We might assume *a priori* that the sad prominence of the Basilicata in this infamous commerce might find its explanation in the social and moral condition of the province. This assumption is fully borne out by the official statistics on education and crime. In the statistical report of 1864, presented by Baron Natoli—and subsequent returns have but slightly altered the proportions—it appears that whilst Piedmont stood at the top of the scale with 573 inhabitants in every thousand unable to read or write, the Province of the Basilicata stood at the very bottom, with 912 *analfabeti* in every thousand. The state of domestic morality was shown by the return of 5·50 per cent of foundlings, whilst the average of the other Italian provinces did not exceed 2·60 per cent. The number of persons imprisoned for crime within the province of Basilicata was 1,624, in a population of 508,825, a proportion only surpassed by the neighbouring province of Capitanata. The youthful mortality of Basilicata surpasses that of any other

Italian province, being 64 per cent, Apulia alone approaching it in this respect. Five years ago the province, though amply supplied with lottery offices, did not possess more than two Savings Banks, a state of affairs, however, which must since have been changed for the better through the operation of the Italian laws on Postal Savings Banks.

Such being the state of the province which was the chief seat of the trade, let us ask by what persons, according to what rules, through what organisation has it been carried on during the last forty or fifty years? The answer to these questions has been given with singular fulness of detail in the documents presented to the Italian Parliament, and has been made familiar, not only to the Italian public, but to all who take an interest in such matters in France, England, and America, through the reports of the various charitable societies established by Italians in Paris, London, and New York. As regards France, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has distinguished itself by its efforts to throw light on this gloomy and almost repulsive subject, whilst the author of *The Dangerous Classes of New York* has devoted a most valuable section of his work to the condition of the poor Italian boys in the populous cities of the United States. But the most abundant materials for inquiry into the general working of the system are to be found in the writings of the Italian Deputy Guerzoni,

in his contribution to *La Nuova Antologia* of Florence; in the little tale, entitled *La Trattata dei Fanciulli*, in which he has employed the resources of fiction to bring together and exhibit in one harmonious whole, the separate phases of a terribly true historic fact; and in the elaborate report presented by him to the Chamber of Deputies on the 15th of November, 1872, in which he passes in review the previous history and what was then the actual state of the evil. The pictures in the *Trattata* are so completely borne out by the statements in the *Relazione*, that the first may be quoted with almost as much confidence as the second. Most English readers, who have not had their attention specially directed to the subject, will be tempted at first to receive with some amount of scepticism the description of the vast joint-stock company for the exportation of children, of which the ramifications touched at one extremity Basilicata in the Neapolitan kingdom, and at the other Pennsylvania in the United States of America. Let us hear in what terms Signor Deputy Guerzoni describes the organisation of the company in Paris just before the Crimean War.

“The company in Europe had two great centres,
“Paris and London, in fraternal alliance with each
“other, for in such a cause the jealousies of frontier
“disappear. John Bull can forget whatever beatings
“he has had from France, and Jacques Bonhomme
“forgive Waterloo.

“At the head of each centre were a President, an Executive Committee, and a Board of Directors with full powers, regular duties, and thoroughly recognised authority.

“Besides this, there were in constant and direct communication with the central board, in almost every department and county, subordinate boards, which though invested with a considerable autonomy were obliged to exercise when ordered the work of special police in regard to fugitive children.

“These local boards pay a contribution to the central authority. In the seaports the company had amongst its members many captains of trading vessels and ship owners, who carried on the trade by sea in the interests of the company. In most cases, however, the contracts for exporting children were and still are regulated with a fixed additional dividend from the company's funds to the captains engaged in the trade. A series of articles, in what must be called the company's charter, fixed precisely the amount and proportions of the dividends. The principle was entirely co-operative, with the view that, however small may be the amount of individual profit, each member of the company may be directly interested in the same and zealous for its success. But the dividends were declared by the central board alone, through the instrumentality of the executive committee. The president was

“almost invisible, like the Grand Orient of the Free
“Masons, and seldom made his appearance even at
“the meetings of the central board.

“His relations with the company did not extend
“beyond the sphere of the executive committee, and
“even those relations were enveloped in a certain
“cloud. His term of office lasted only for a year, and
“he was rather a dignitary than an actual power ; for
“this reason he was elected from amongst the most
“distinguished members of the company, and more
“especially amongst such persons as are likely to be
“in relation with the political authorities.

“The first president was a turnkey dismissed from
“the prisons of Toulon ; the second the porter of the
“English Embassy at Paris. In this way it was
“believed that a certain police control might be exer-
“cised over the police itself, and that some degree of
“knowledge might be obtained of State secrets
“likely to prove useful to the whole company.

“In 1850 the president was a still more exalted
“personage ; a police commissary who had been dis-
“missed from his post by the government of the
“revolution for his Legitimist intrigues. But after
“the memorable days of June he had changed his
“name and devoted himself to the service of the
“secret police in the interests of the Prince president.

“Having with these relations been brought into
“connection with the *Association des petits Italiens*,

“he was able to turn to account his present and
“future merits, and had easily obtained the nomina-
“tion by an almost unanimous vote to the office of
“president.”*

This president of the company is made to play a very prominent and certainly not a very attractive part in Signor Guerzoni's volume, where he performs very questionable services for the newly-founded government of the Prince president. Having described that stage of the trade in Italian children when it was carried on by means of a great company, Signor Guerzoni passes on to an account of the changes which the system underwent and which he thus sets forth :—

“Instead of cargoes of fifty or one hundred
“children sent by sea, with a saving of time and
“money, it became necessary to send the goods by
“short relays and small consignments by land,
“entrusting the children to the escort of the relatives
“or guides, whom it was necessary to pay and keep
“a watch over, and who often decamped when half-
“way on the road, just as was done by the children
“entrusted to them.

“On reaching the Alps, the guides refused to go
“any further, and other men were required to receive
“the children and bring them on to Paris.

* Guerzoni, *Tratta*, p. 31.

“The expense was of course double, and the commercial risks of the venture incalculable. The whole-sale trade thus received a deadly blow, and the business took a retail character. The great joint stock companies gave way to private enterprise; petty contractors and petty sub-contractors did the work. Any trader who felt inclined made a little investment in five or six children and got his living out of them. The profits were less for the *padroni*, but the sufferings of the little victims were the same; in fact, the trade on this smaller scale, by diminishing profits, increased the sordid rapacity of the traders, and weighed down far more heavily on the heads of the beings traded in.”

The last sentences pretty faithfully represent the condition of the trade at the passing of the Guerzoni law. Though the great joint-stock company,—the *Association des petits Italiens*,—the *Crédit Mobilier*, if one may use the term, of the enterprise, had disappeared, the old shareholders continued to carry on business, each on his own account, but preserving the ordinary relations of commercial correspondence with each other. The well-known and perfectly solvent dealer in Paris made his consignments of the article, and had a current account with, and drew bills on, his fellow-trader in London or New York. The more recent methods on which the trade was, and—so far as the law can be evaded—still is carried on,

may be gathered from the official reports submitted to the Italian Parliament by its diplomatic and consular agents, and from the facts brought to light by Sir Charles Trevelyan and his friends, and the various charitable societies more directly interested in the matter. From these sources of information we find, that whilst the old form of the trade by sea has been almost wholly done away with, and whilst difficulties are presented by the vigilance of the French police when the attempt is made to bring these Italian children into France along the sea coast, numbers still contrived to pass the frontier by Alpine bye-ways; whither they were conducted on foot from their Neapolitan homes. At the French frontier one guide left them and was succeeded by another, under whose care they proceeded always on foot through the towns and villages of France until they reached the capital. The poor little fellows have had many a bitter foretaste on the long weary road of the manner in which the written engagement entered into between their *padroni* and their parents was to be carried out; but once in Paris they were doomed to realise it in all its horrors. M. Maxime Du Camp, in the paper *La Misère à Paris*, which he contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the May number of 1870, has furnished his readers with a picture of the wretched state of these poor little Italian boys and girls, which it is truly fearful to contemplate.

He described the changes in their haunts, for after having been some years ago chiefly crowded in the narrow streets around the Panthéon and the Place Maubert, they removed at a later period to the Rue de la Clé and Boulanger ; but in 1870 appear to have been in greatest force in and around the Place Saint Victor. M. Du Camp penetrated into one of their wretched dens, where he was almost suffocated by the foul air issuing from the filthy holes where eleven children were huddled in a space which would have been barely sufficient for the healthy respiration of one or two. He visited this den at night, when the children had returned from their day's work, and found them three or four together on each filthy bed, all naked, boys and girls being thrown together without any distinction ; around the walls of this cell were hung the rags which covered them during the day and the instruments on which they played. On a small chest of drawers were placed eleven little heaps of sous, varying in amount from three sous to three francs,—the produce of the day's wandering minstrelsy. Not one of these sous ever entered the pockets of the boys who had earned them, who receive nothing from their *padroni*, except a breakfast consisting of a plateful of black broth, at which even the best disciplined Spartan boy would have turned up his nose. With this morning's meal he was sent off on his daily task, being expected to find a dinner

where he best could. And long experience had taught the children that the best chance of a dinner was to stand imploringly before the door of a cook-shop, and receive whatever bones or bits of meat, or broken pieces of bread the charity of the owner might accord. But it would be inexact to say that the one meal of black broth in the morning was all that the little Italian received from his *padrone*. Blows, frequent and heavy blows, merciless lashing, and even worse and more prolonged forms of torture were the ordinary lot of the children who fail in bringing home to the *padrone* the sum on which he has reckoned. In the reports of the Italian Charitable Society of Paris, we find an account of a visit paid by the Italian Consul to one of the dens where he had been led to suspect acts of cruelty were perpetrated by a *padrone* on his little slaves. The Consul found there a poor child who had been kept for days tied by the wrists and ankles to his bed ; and whose flesh, partly from the blows he had received, partly from the tightening of the cords, presented little more than one swollen and bloody mass. The Italian Consul gave the poor creature shelter, and had his bruises and wounds tended in his own house. He likewise instituted a prosecution against the *padrone*, who unluckily succeeded in making his escape, thus evading the imprisonment for four months, to which he was sentenced by the Tribunal of Correctional

Police. It frequently happened that the poor children, when they failed to get during the course of the day the sum which the *padrone* expects, were so terrified at the prospect of the beating which awaited them, that, instead of returning home, they preferred wandering after nightfall along some distant street until, unable through hunger and fatigue and drowsiness to wander any further, they threw themselves down on the step of a doorway or the bench of a public square, and there slept on till morning, unless removed by the charitable intervention of the police to the nearest police station. What the inevitable results both physical and moral of such a course of life must have been it is needless to set forth ; and little hesitation can be felt in accepting as correct the statistics already quoted, which have been furnished by an eminent French physician long connected with the Italian Charitable Society of Paris, and from which we learned that fifty per cent of these poor children were speedily killed off, whilst of the remaining fifty per cent a comparatively small number ever made their way back to their Italian homes. But the physical suffering and disease and death bound up with this infernal traffic were as nothing when compared with the moral ruin that followed in its train. There is an account in the *Tratta* of Guerzoni of the processes by which the *padrone* seeks to destroy in the mind of a poor young Calabrian girl every regard for virtue

and every feeling of shame, which surpasses in its horrors the worst episodes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. To effect the double end of securing compliance by torture and completely effacing the feeling of modesty, not only in the mind of the poor girl herself, but likewise of her little fellow-victims, she is stripped naked, and in that state made to run between two rows of organ-grinders and dancing girls. Each of them is armed with a thong or whip, and woe to him or her who does not, as the offender runs past, lay it lustily on her flesh, for the neglect would at once bring down on the negligent boy or girl the far heavier stroke of the *padrone* himself who has organised this cruelty.

A very short time before 1873, in other words, before the full extent of these iniquities was officially reported to the Italian Parliament, the directing spirit in Paris of the Italian child-trade was a Madame Thron, known to the entire population of juvenile Italians in the French capital by the more familiar designation, "La Matrona." She acted as banker for many of the poorer *padroni*. They paid into her hands the earnings of the children, and she had always at her disposal a capital of sixty or seventy thousand francs which she lent out in small sums at enormously usurious rates. In her financial operations, however, she had a rival in one of the Italian *padroni*, commonly termed "Il Cieco;" but had the field of finance left

more to herself after the removal of "Il Cieco" to London, where he died, leaving the sum of eight thousand pounds sterling which he had amassed in the business. It would be unjust to conclude from such notices that the French Government viewed with indifference the system and never made any efforts to repress it. By the terms of the general law on the naturalisation of foreigners of 3rd December, 1849, and by the fuller powers supplementing the provisions of that law contained in the edict of the prefect of police of 1863, in virtue of these enactments which rendered illegal the employment of any child under ten years of age in a migratory profession, the French Government believed that it had the full legal power to deal with the Italian children thus employed. In 1867, the year of the Exhibition, these powers were most rigorously exercised, and in that year 1,544 Italian children were taken up in the streets of Paris and sent back to their homes, or otherwise charitably provided for in Paris itself. In the following year there cropped up again in Paris 698, and in 1869 the police still found 431. But this diminution, the police authorities of Paris have themselves stated, must not be accepted as a sure indication of a corresponding decrease in the number of children exported from Italy. It must also be taken as a proof that, in the presence of a constant danger, the child-traders, the *padroni*, were rarely successful in their efforts to elude

the vigilance of the police. It has already been stated that the great centres of the trade—Paris, London, and New York—are in constant commercial correspondence with each other. Consequently, when the police in one capital exhibits a greater amount of activity, the child-trade is shifted as quickly and completely as possible to another. It acquires more the character of a smuggling and less that of a regular commercial operation. It would be well for our own Home Office to bear this fact in mind, since Sir Charles Trevelyan's action in the matter, and the increased activity of our police in keeping watch over the evil.

From France the readers of the Italian official reports were conducted to England, and after being made acquainted with the extent of the evil in our own country were informed as to its dimensions in the United States. The English press gave such extended publicity to the report of the Charity Organization Society, to which the name of Sir Charles Trevelyan was attached, as well as to the statements made by that gentleman in the interview with Mr. Secretary Cross, that it would be superfluous to give from documents presented to the Italian Parliament four years ago the details which have been so much more recently and, for English readers, more authoritatively furnished in our own country. The most valuable portion of Sir Charles Trevelyan's

report was that relating to the ramifications of the child-trade in the provinces, and to the depôts established at Brighton, Worthing, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, and other places. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the most bitter adversaries of that government of free Italy, which has overthrown the temporal power of the Pope, or of that once implacable enemy of Ultramontanism, Prince Bismarck, who drove the Jesuits out of Germany, will, if possessing ordinary human feelings, regard it as some compensation for these iniquitous acts, that according to the official report of the head of the Dublin police, the antipathy felt by the lower classes of Irish towards all itinerant Italians as well as itinerant German musicians has completely cut off the means of subsistence for both, so that a sordid Italian *padrone* has no more chance of finding a livelihood in St. Patrick's Isle than any other venomous reptile. Sir Charles Trevelyan's report treated in succession—1st, of the ordinary circumstances under which the system was conducted; 2nd, of the fact that the system is a real white-slave trade; 3rd, of the result of inquiries made in the provinces; 4th, of the failure of the isolated efforts to suppress the system; 5th, of the rights of children under the Education and Sanitary Acts; 6th, of the uniform application of the Vagrant Act to this class of cases; 7th, of the arrangements to secure an available record

of preceding convictions ; 8th, of the duty of sending the children back to their homes ; 9th, of the duty of the public in this matter. In the report we were informed that it is only of late anything like a correct idea has been obtained as to the extent of the system. It may fairly be doubted whether even now a correct idea has been obtained of the full intensity of the horrors by which it is marked. The reader of the official reports transmitted by the Italian Consuls to their Government may well exclaim, as he rises from the perusal, "I have supped full of horrors !" We learn, for example, that the official action of the late Mr. Heath, the Italian Consul in London, was required in behalf of a boy whom the *padrone*, after first stripping naked, had hung up by the feet. He then lashed him till he got tired, and, after cutting down the child, fell upon him with his teeth and bit him all over from head to foot. Mr. Heath obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the ruffian, but, like his brother savage in Paris, previously mentioned, the wretch succeeded in making his escape to Liverpool, and before he could be captured by the Liverpool police had got off to the United States. There, if the general tenor of the Italian official reports may be relied on, he would be enabled to perpetrate such deeds with greater impunity.

Let us now cross the Atlantic. To such readers as may feel desirous of obtaining more exact knowledge

respecting the fate and fortunes in the United States of these little white slaves, the recommendation may be given to procure and peruse Mr. Brace's most valuable and suggestive work, *The Dangerous Classes in New York, and Twenty Years Among Them*. His seventeenth chapter is entirely devoted to the little Italian organ-grinders, and will be found to contain a number of facts in complete harmony with the official communications. From such reliable sources the following conclusions may be deduced — that the organisation of the child-trade in America was six years ago far more extensive and effective than in any part of Europe, and that it in truth closely resembled the vast joint-stock company which Deputy Guerzoni represented as in full operation twenty-five years ago in France; that the *padroni* enjoyed a degree of impunity which they did not possess elsewhere; that when, as frequently happened, the little Italians made their escape, they were regularly advertised, hunted down, and recaptured; and that whatever efforts were made for the suppression of the evil, it proceeded almost wholly from the action of private individuals, and met with very little Government support. It appears that as in London the purlieus of Hatton Garden, &c., were the chief haunts of the *padroni*, so in New York, Crosby Street at Five Points was, when Mr. Brace wrote, the centre of the child-trading operations. But in that region all

padroni were not destitute of ordinary kindness and compassion. The benevolent inquirers who endeavoured to penetrate into these dens were informed by the children, when they were able to converse with them apart, that Crosby Street boasted of one good *padrone*, a man who, having five children in his possession, treated them kindly, gave them daily repasts of macaroni, and on Sundays added to their usual meal a small allowance of meat and fruit. Why has not the name of this phoenix amongst *padroni* been recorded, that, published in the villages of Basilicata and Calabria, it may be handed down through successive generations, and pronounced with gratitude and reverence by Italian mothers? The usual custom of Crosby Street was, alas! widely different. We read of a wretch whose mode of dealing with the victims whom he kept in a dingy cellar was, as often as they failed to bring home at night the expected sum, to tie their feet together by a long coil of cord, then to set the cord on fire, and enjoy the spectacle of their anguish. One of the poor creatures thus tortured made his escape to a village at some distance from New York. There he was charitably received into the house of a farmer. During some months the agents of the *padroni* were unsuccessful in their attempts to learn his hiding-place. At length it was discovered, and several of them made their appearance with the intention of seizing and carrying him off. But his

story had become generally known ; the inhabitants of the village came out *en masse* in his defence, and the baffled *padroni* were forced to take to flight. There is one tale harrowing even beyond all the others in those American reports. Nothing is more supported by authentic testimony in all these sad histories than the fact that the little Italian boy or girl has been almost always sold away from his home by the father, against the unavailing entreaties and tears of the mother. Yet there are exceptions even to this rule, and we read in the reports from New York of a little Italian who had escaped from his *padrone*, but, stricken down with disease, lay on his deathbed clasping to his breast the harp which he had long regarded as his sole friend in the world. As his last moments were approaching, a companion who had tended him in his sickness asked him, before leaving the world, to pronounce a blessing on his mother. "My mother!" the dying lad fiercely exclaimed. "My mother! it was she, it was my own mother who sold me into slavery!" And having gasped forth these words, he fell back on his pillow and expired.

By far the brightest feature in the American pictures is the disinterested and long-continued efforts, on behalf of these little Italian boys, of a Signor Cerqua, who for many years appears to have devoted himself in New York to the task of rescuing the lads

from their *padroni*, and rearing them, with a truly paternal care, in the industrial school which he founded. Not less than 850 children, of whom only 40 when taken by him into the school were able to read and write, received at his hands, according to the statistics furnished to the Italian Government, a sound intellectual and moral training, and were sent forth useful members of society. Italy in this matter owes a debt of gratitude to one of her most enterprising sons, Signor Fabbricotti of Carrara, a well-known marble merchant in New York, whose efforts in the same sphere of benevolence have been truly meritorious. There is one circumstance, by the way, deserving of record in the American forms of the evil—that the little Italians are less employed in the United States as vagrant musicians, and more in other callings, than in their European settlements. In New York they furnish a large proportion of shoeblacks, flower-sellers, &c.—characters which they do not so frequently assume on this side of the Atlantic.

Enough, it may be hoped, has been already set forth respecting the nature and extent of the Italian child-trade to justify the remark that the Italian Government did not begin a day too soon when, in 1869, on the subject being brought before Parliament, it expressed its readiness to co-operate with the benevolent efforts of private individuals, to give its support to the law then brought into the Legislature for the

purpose of declaring penal the buying and selling of children under a certain age, and to employ all its diplomatic influence in foreign states with the view of securing in this matter the assistance of foreign governments. The discussions on the subject, at that time chiefly confined to the Senate, were interrupted by the stormy party debates which preceded and followed the fall of the Menabrea Cabinet and the accession to office of Signor Lanza; and the whole question was yet more effectually placed in abeyance by the great events in the autumn of 1870, by the occupation of Rome, and by the consequent removal to that city of the Parliament and Administration. Thanks, however, to the untiring zeal of Deputy Guerzoni, the question was reopened in Rome in 1872, occupied much time in both the Chamber of Deputies and Senate during the parliamentary session of 1873, and received at length its legislative solution by the passing of the so-called Guerzoni law. By the provisions of that law it was rendered penal to enter into any contract for the employment of children below the age of sixteen in those vagrant occupations which include organ-grinders, street minstrels or tumblers, juvenile mimes, exhibitors of monkeys and guinea-pigs, &c.; and various degrees of imprisonment and fine were made the legal consequences of any proved violation of the law. The law was not passed without long and animated discussion, and even much oppo-

sition. It called forth much subtle argumentation on the degree in which the absolute power accorded to fathers over their children by the old Roman jurisprudence had been embodied in the legislation of the different Italian States, and on the services rendered to the civilised world by the French Revolution of 1789, when it cut down the absolute authority of the father along with those two other monstrous abuses—I quote the words of the Italian parliamentary report, and mean no disrespect to any noble landed proprietor, whether in the southern or northern part of our island—*lettres de cachet and entails*. Much controversy arose respecting both the age of the children during which such employment should be made penal, and the obstacles which must certainly arise in the attempts to secure the co-operation of foreign governments. But the most severe, and in some respects plausible, strictures affected the general character of such callings, and the relation in which street minstrels and street mimes stand to the lower classes. To such classes, it was contended, the organ-grinders or wandering harpers and violinists stand in the same relation as the great names of the opera—the Marios and Grisis and Lablaches, or the Taglionis and Fanny Ellalers, taken as the representatives of a class—stand to the most educated and aristocratic admirers of the opera and the ballet. Why prohibit the poor man from enjoying in the only places where he can—in

the public square or the public house—the opera and the ballet which the rich man can command from his commodious box or stall? One might almost have supposed that the famous poem of Wordsworth, in which he has glorified the calling of the vagrant minstrels in our own streets and squares, had supplied its inspiration to the orators in the Italian Parliament, for their prose contains almost a reflection of the sentiments in the poet's verse.

Such speakers handle the question pretty much after the fashion in which the temperance movement amongst ourselves is not unfrequently regarded by persons who, though by no means averse to that movement, think that an equal measure of justice is not accorded to the poor man who has the doors of the tavern, which is his club, closed against him at the same moment when, in a Pall Mall club, the rich man is comfortably quaffing his brandy and soda-water. All such objections however proved, as might have been anticipated, unable to prevent the passing of the law, and it has been in full operation during the last nine years. Though the successive Ministers of the Interior have done much to secure the carrying out of the law within the bounds of Italy, and it may be affirmed with equal truth that successive Ministers of Foreign Affairs have been labouring heartily in the same direction. And when it is borne in mind that the number of children annually disposed of has been

calculated at 300, that consequently not less than 3,000 children were within ten years thus exported to other countries, the extent of the evil well justified, not only the most strenuous efforts of the Italian Government and people, but the active co-operation of all right-thinking persons in other countries, for the purpose of putting down the crime.

The matter of greatest importance to the English public is to ascertain in what way it can best, without neglecting other affairs of more direct and immediate home interest, contribute to the removal of the evil. It is only fair to assume that much more in this direction would already have been done had the full extent of the mischief been sooner made known. The philanthropic energies which leave no class of human suffering neglected would assuredly have been vigorously put forth to mitigate the sufferings of these little Italians, and to second the efforts of the Italian Government for that purpose, if the true nature of the traffic had been better understood. The members of the Italian Charity Society in London, and more especially MM. Luciani and Buzzegoli, deserved the warmest thanks, both of their own countrymen and the English people, for their untiring efforts in bringing the condition of these poor sufferers before the English public. The official action of the Italian Ministers in London, the Commendatore Cadorna, and General Menabrea, has been everything that could be desired ;

and the Charity Organization Society has exhibited its true character and peculiar sphere of usefulness by bringing to bear on the question the resources of the vast and varied organization at its command. The representations made to the Home Secretary, and the resolutions adopted by the Government in consequence, have justified and in part realised the hope that, through the application of the Vagrancy, Education, and Sanitary Acts, our country will be able to relieve itself from the responsibility of countenancing or even conniving at the systematic perpetration of these wrongs. But the public must be made clearly to understand that on its own efforts the prolonged existence or complete suppression of this iniquity amongst ourselves will depend. If through a sadly mistaken abuse of charity, if through a totally misplaced kindness and compassion, the Italian boys whose movements have escaped the vigilance of the police continue to receive money in such sums that their wretched calling may still prove an object of profitable speculation to their *padroni*, the speculation, though in a more guarded and stealthy fashion, will certainly be carried on. And this, after all, is a matter of our own in a sense which we have every reason to regard with justifiable pride. We must not, however, forget, if the movement begun by the Charity Organization Society shall bear its desired fruits, that our philanthropic agitation possesses often a fitful and

spasmodic character, and that constant vigilance will be wanted finally to put down the evil. The condition and prospects of these poor fellows at home will chiefly depend on the knowledge, sure sooner or later to reach their native country, that the child-export trade has ceased to be a profitable one in Paris, London, and New York.

The awakened attention in Italy to the condition of children sold into other countries to supply the sordid gains of these unprincipled *padroni*—of children working in the cloth factories of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venice—of children killed off at a rate as fearful as we found to be the case with the little Italians of Paris, in the Sicilian sulphur mines—this awakened attention is in a great measure due, and the Italian philanthropists most active in stimulating it have openly proclaimed the fact, to the reflected influence on the continent of our own legislation on behalf of our own little factory children. Deputy Guerzoni and those colleagues in the Italian Senate and Chamber of Deputies, who have fought and are fighting the battles of the young, are as truly wearing the colours and following the flag of Lord Shaftesbury as the Florentines of five centuries ago followed the pennon of the great English *condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood. In co-operating with Italy in this good work we are, therefore, only seeking to realise more rapidly and more completely what must be termed

the logical corollary and consequence of a good work of our own. This is a view of the question which it may be hoped will no more be lost sight of by the friends of the poor little Italians across the Atlantic than it should be amongst ourselves. In truth, the fact cannot be too strongly stated that international sympathy is here most strongly required, for the simple reason that the evil will only be put down by combined international action. If, as has been shown above, the vigilance of police authorities in one country coincides with the remissness or connivance of police authorities in another, the evil will be found only to change the scene, not the degree of action.





THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ON the 25th of January, 1759, was born the most truly national of all Scotland's poets, Robert Burns.

On the 25th of January, 1772, was born another Scottish poet, James Hogg, sprung, like Burns, from the humblest class, and like him also raising himself by the mere force of genius to a high rank in the literature of his country. Both poets are inseparably identified with the manners and customs, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows: in a word, with all the varying interests of Scottish rural life. Burns, "the Ayrshire Ploughman," and Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," differed widely from each other in the character of their intellects and in the course of their lives. The first had a grasp of thought, a fulness and readiness of wit, to which the second possessed no claims, and the very charm of his social gifts proved

unhappily one of the chief snares and temptations by which he was beset. The Ettrick Shepherd, on the contrary, was so singularly deficient in the social tact of Burns, that the contrast between his writings and his conversation irresistibly reminds us of the similar contrast presented by Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."

The extraordinary effect produced by the conversation of Burns has been recorded by such competent observers as Professor Dugald Stewart and Sir Walter Scott.

To the impression produced by Hogg I can myself bear personal testimony, having, in August, 1830, spent two days in his company under circumstances in which he was seen to the best possible advantage. It was under the roof of my uncle at Traquair Manse, Peeblesshire, where he was staying in company with his old friend Thomas Pringle, who had been the first editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*; he afterwards resided for years at the Cape, and, at the time of which I speak, was secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. The third guest, likewise an intimate friend of Hogg, was John Campbell, the minister of Selkirk, a man celebrated all over the South of Scotland for his thorough knowledge of human life; the strong sense and broad humour revealed in his conversation, one believed to be gifted in a high degree with the talent of making the best of both worlds. As may well be supposed,

three such men, seated at the table of a host who knew each well enough to draw out his special characteristic, kept up a constant flow of the most varied and interesting talk.

Those who know Pringle only by the poem—

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bushboy by my side—

would scarcely have recognised the wild desert rider in the gentle, quiet, modest creature who told so simply the story of the first beginnings of *Blackwood*. Still less would they have recognised the spirited youth who, when a student at the University, headed a riot in the pit of the Edinburgh Theatre as the champion of Joanna Baillie's plays; nor yet the vehement controversialist who, as editor of a Cape Town newspaper, waged so fierce a war against a Colonial Governor.

During his life he had often found himself the round ball in the square hole; now and during the four years that remained to him he had, as secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, found the place exactly fitted to his nature.

Hogg's talk was very peculiar. The friend who has made the figure of the Ettrick Shepherd immortal, Christopher North, when speaking in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of the "Chieftain of the Pudding Race," says: "There is much confused good eating in a haggis." There was much good talking to be heard

from the lips of Hogg, but as in the case of the haggis it was "confused." Doubtless, what Lord Macaulay has said of Goldsmith was equally true of Hogg, that his thoughts required some time to settle down and become clarified, and it was only after such a process that they could be decanted into print.

No such preparatory process was required to give full effect to the broad humour and shrewd common sense of John Campbell. One of the three days we spent together was passed in a visit to St. Mary's Loch, and there the Ettrick Shepherd was seen in all his glory, more at home, I suspect, than Pringle, in spite of his assertions, ever found himself in the South African desert.

Charles Lamb, in his delightful *Imperfect Sympathies*, has illustrated the Caledonian turn for precision of expression by an anecdote of a Scotch friend who invited him to dinner to meet a son of Burns, and who met Lamb's exclamation, "I would rather meet the father," with the remark "that is impossible, because the father is dead."

Burns' death, twenty years before I was born, renders it equally impossible for me to give any personal recollections of him. But next to knowing a live saint, is the interest of visiting the spots associated with him, and, still more, of gazing on well authenticated relics of the saint himself. Many may have visited, as I have done, the Burns' country in

Ayrshire, but comparatively few can have had the privilege I enjoyed forty-six years ago, when I took part in a public discussion in the Hall of the Ethical Society, at Edinburgh, where an exact cast of Burns' skull formed the subject of a very interesting essay, followed by a still more interesting debate. The essay was from the pen of the late Mr. Robert Coxe, nephew of the great phrenologist, George Combe. Combe himself was present, and spoke at length on the correspondence between the characteristics of the poet's skull and the characteristics of his life and works. But that which gave the evening its highest interest was the presence and discourse of an aged gentleman, George Thompson, the friend, fellow-labourer, and correspondent of Burns, to whose publication of the first complete collection of Scottish songs the world is indebted for many of the poet's original compositions, and for the new grace and life which his happy touches lent to earlier national songs.

It has been sometimes said of phrenologists in their scientific observations that, like Jonathan Oldbuck in his antiquarian researches, they are pretty sure to find whatever they look for.

I must confess that on that evening, after Thompson's direct personal confirmation of the observations and deductions of Coxe and Combe, we all left the hall of the "Ethical" in the firm belief of having seen inscribed on that skull "The

Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," and "Green grow the Rashes, O!"

A sojourn of some weeks in Ayrshire in the immediate neighbourhood of Mauchline gave me the opportunity of visiting almost every spot referred to in the poems of Burns; indeed, the very house where I was residing—"Barskimming"—has been associated by his muse with the names of "The Learned Sire" and "The Learned Son," Lord Justice Clerk, Sir Thomas Miller, and Sir William Miller, best known in the forensic annals of Scotland as Lord Glenlee. His grandson and my old schoolfellow, likewise Sir William Miller, was the best of all *ciceroni* through the Burns' country, as he had been to me six years before in Rome and the Roman Campagna. Hospitality and good fellowship had certainly not declined in Ayrshire during the fifty-four years between the death of Burns and my visit, and I doubt if Burns himself ever enjoyed a more pleasant dinner than I did at the mess table of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

In the grounds of Barskimming, overhanging the stream made immortal by the poet's muse, is the cavern on which every descendant of the Scots who bled with Wallace and were led by Bruce must gaze with veneration, for it afforded a safe retreat to our great national hero in his hour of danger.

The little village of Mauchline itself has acquired

in a very practical way a world-wide fame scarcely inferior to that of Burns; for Smith's Mauchline snuffboxes, cabinets, &c., with their exquisitely-finished hinges and tartan exteriors, have long ago made their way to every part of the world.

In attempting to trace the influences which formed the characters of two men so remarkable as the Ayrshire Ploughman and the Ettrick Shepherd, it is evident that Burns enjoyed by far the greater advantages. Hogg seems to have received no beneficial influence from his parents, while Burns' father was a remarkable man in his way, and his mother inspired both respect and love. Compared with his exalted place in literature his school training seems meagre, yet his early education was far better than that of Hogg, and his opportunities of social converse with various classes of men were infinitely superior to any possessed by the shepherd lad, who spent his time on the Ettrick hills with his sheep for his only companions. Still they both profited by that great system of national education to which, more than to any other cause, Scotland owes the means by which her sons in all parts of the world have risen to eminence, and to which she is indebted for her own rank among civilised countries.

The chief foundation of this education was laid in the knowledge of the Scriptures—a knowledge which was not merely the first foundation, but held

throughout an exceptional and dominant place. These peasant lads not only found in the Psalms and the Prophets a noble poetry, but in the deeds and daring of the Hebrew warriors and patriots the intense love and pride of nationality shone forth for them as vividly and powerfully as in the lives of Wallace and of Bruce. The most ancient national song of a liberated people is still the grandest, and "The Lord is my strength"—the chant raised by Moses to celebrate the deliverance of Israel—is the first poetical ancestor of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." In their earliest days, when they had hardly anything else to read, they devoured alternately the tale told by the father of history and the father of chivalry; the tale of the liberation of the Hebrew people from their Egyptian bondage, and the tale of the liberation of the Scottish people from "proud Edward's power." We know that the Book of Proverbs was amongst the first things Hogg read, and no doubt the same may be said of Burns. It would have been well for both if their lives had been more influenced by all the cautions and prudent counsels bequeathed by Solomon to future ages, and if Burns especially had not so exclusively concentrated his admiration for Solomon's character on the one feature, that "He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!"

In the ever-reviving discussion respecting the share of original genius or of more or less favourable

conditions in fostering the powers of a great poet, both the Ayrshire Ploughman and the Ettrick Shepherd must always be quoted as amongst the most striking examples in the history of letters of the native power of genius. Yet while, as we have seen, both gained direct benefit from the national system of education by which for three centuries the minds of the humblest classes in Scotland have been moulded, we must not overlook the fact that in thousands of individual cases the indirect influence of that system has been far more important than its direct results. In Scotland a peasant or artizan may, through the unfavourable circumstances of his early life, have been prevented from enjoying his share of its benefits, yet he must notwithstanding profit indirectly by the tone of thought and culture of his more fortunate brethren.

If you converse five minutes with an Irish peasant, you will probably be struck by some sudden flash of wit or humour. A few minutes' talk with a Scotch peasant is more likely to reveal the reflective character of the nation. The English commercial traveller, when grumbling about the detestable weather at the Lakes of Killarney, was put down by the Irish guide, with the remark, "Faith! for an English bagman, you're mighty nice about the weather; it's just the same weather, let me tell you, that his Grace the Duke of Leinster had last week, and his Grace never said a

word against it." Lord Cockburn tells us how he and his brother judge—Lord Rutherford—one day, when the proverbial Scotch mist was drenching everything, fell in with an old shepherd, in whose hearing Rutherford launched forth into an invective against the mist. The Scotch shepherd's rebuke affords a curious contrast to the Irish guide's sarcasm.

Much is said in our day about the benefits which a more generally diffused artistic culture would confer on the lower classes. Much, too, has been said of the narrowing effects on the national mind of the preaching, often strongly metaphysical, which every Sunday forms so large an element in the mental and moral training of Scotchmen. The present writer, while he desires that art might be more directly invoked in the service of religion, and while he has endeavoured to promote the more perfect and more permanent artistic decoration of our churches, is yet fully convinced that all such appeals to the senses are far inferior in real importance and utility to those direct appeals to the intellect and conscience which all good preaching must convey, and which beyond all question have had so large a share in educating the minds of Scotchmen. Even the theological tenets most in favour with the Scottish Church have not, if a large historical induction may be regarded as conclusive, proved unfavourable to the growth of individual energy and national independence. Sir James

Mackintosh, a fair authority on questions treating of the connection between philosophical and religious tenets and human action, when viewing the moral and religious history of Switzerland, Scotland, Holland, and France during the great Port Royale conflict, and comparing the phases of thought in the modern and Christian with the corresponding phases in the ancient and pagan world, comes to the result that the stern old Calvinistic theology, which had so large a share in the education of both Burns and Hogg, is eminently favourable to the full and free expansion of the mind. But as in so many other schools, religious or philosophical, the masters were but too apt—they certainly were so during the youth of Burns—to arrogate to themselves an unquestioned supremacy over the scholars. Hence the fact that in so much of the early poetry of Burns, in whose character independence was the first and most essential element, we find such a determined revolt against the authority of those who, in his opinion, were claiming and exercising a moral and social power which they had no right to assume. "*La Chanson*" says the only writer of songs in this century whose influence over an entire nation can be compared with Burns': "*La Chanson est essentiellement d'opposition*," and Béranger's axiom was verified at every stage of Burns' career.

But neither the great traditions of national independence nor the desire to resist any local influences,

social or religious, struck the key-note in the poetry of either Burns or Hogg. With both, Love—the love of the peasant girl with whom each was most thrown together, and who was uppermost in the thoughts of each—inspired their earliest strains. With Burns, in a far higher degree than with Hogg, the first source of his inspiration remained to the last the greatest and most powerful. It is scarcely too much to say that in the amatory poetry of no other country in the world exist love-songs above, or even on a level with, those of Burns. Perhaps some of Goethe's come nearest. It was a fortunate thing for Scottish song that George Thompson, the first restorer of our melodies, should have applied to Haydn and other contemporary German composers for aid in his task, just at the time when the popular taste and feeling of Germany were so strongly reflecting Goethe's influence. Burns' songs were at once accepted and recognised by them as the true kindred of "Nachgefühl" and the "Erlkönig." In English, as compared with Scottish literature, the songs of Shakespeare, such as, "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," are, as Leigh Hunt long ago remarked, those having most affinity with the verse of Burns. It would be an endless task to trace the various sources of inspiration in these love poems. Those who are familiar with the profound and suggestive "Essay on the Erotic Character of Hebrew Poetry,"

in Arthur Hallam's *Remains*, will perhaps ascribe to Burns' early familiarity with that poetry a stronger influence over his poetic expression than has commonly been conceded.

How Burns, after throwing off his first poems under the most disadvantageous circumstances, was led to publish his first Kilmarnock edition; how a copy of that edition fell into the hands of the blind poet Thomas Blacklock; and how the generous interest conceived by Blacklock for the Ploughman Poet caused him to invite Burns to Edinburgh at the very moment when he, having abandoned all hopes of success in his own country, was on the point of sailing for the West Indies;—all this forms one of the most interesting episodes in the whole history of letters.

All honour to the memory of Thomas Blacklock! Of very humble parentage (his father was a bricklayer), smitten with total blindness from the effects of small-pox when only six months old, the life and writings of this amiable and gifted man must always in themselves possess a peculiar fascination even if his name were not indissolubly linked with that of Burns. In his case again we notice, though indirectly, the effect of national education upon the humblest classes. As with Burns, so Blacklock's earliest education was imparted by a father capable of enjoying and appreciating the masterpieces of English literature.

When we read that the bricklayer of Annan, conscious that his son's blindness would shut him out from most external sources of enjoyment, sought to supply the want by making him acquainted with Addison and Milton, we cannot help feeling that if Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night" has given us such an exquisite picture of the domestic life, the occupations and recreations of the Scottish peasantry, the colours have not been overcharged, and that in these humble dwellings many a "mute inglorious Milton" might be found. Young Blacklock's early taste for music was also encouraged by his father, and he became such a proficient on the flute that only his high sense of the duties and dignity of an artist prevented him from earning his livelihood by playing at concerts and balls. The sudden death of his father, the bricklayer, who was killed by the falling in of a maltkiln, threw a still darker cloud over the poor lad's fortunes. Some of his poems, however, had come before the notice of Dr. Stevenson, an Edinburgh physician, and this generous-hearted man sought him out, brought him to Edinburgh, lodged him in his own house, and gave him the means of enjoying a complete course of University training—a course which was somewhat interrupted by the confusion consequent on Prince Charles Edward's expedition in 1745-6. His University course completed, Blacklock was qualified to become a clergyman; but, on being presented with

a living, he met with such opposition from the parishioners on account of his blindness, that he abandoned his claims on the receipt of a small annuity. His poems, which passed through several editions, procured him literary fame. He married most happily, and until the year 1787 earned an honourable livelihood by receiving in his house boarders whom he instructed not only in classical learning, but in the chief languages of modern Europe; for the natural talent and untiring energy of this remarkable man had more than compensated for the physical disadvantages of his loss of sight. Fortunate lads indeed were those boarders of Blacklock, for the testimony of contemporaries describes him as one of the gentlest, most genial, most instructive, and most amusing of companions. His bodily frame so small, so feeble, and so delicate that it almost seemed as if a puff of wind would have blown him out of the world, became all life and motion the moment any subject was started in which he took an interest, and like the chords of an *Æolian* harp when the breeze passes over them, he poured forth instantly and spontaneously the natural music of his conversation. The most gifted men—and never was Edinburgh so rich in gifted men—delighted to pass their evenings in Blacklock's house, and to take part in the animated discussions of which he was so fond. Dr. Johnson, in the Scottish tour of which Bozzy was the

cicerone, spent an evening at Blacklock's, and from the account of his manner on that occasion appears to have exhibited a delicacy, gentleness, and tenderness which have not always been associated with the traditions of his great conversational powers.

Such was the man who in 1786, becoming by chance acquainted with the humble Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, resolved to do for Burns what forty years before Dr. Stevenson had done for him. Burns, then on the very eve of starting for the West Indies, accepted Blacklock's invitation to Edinburgh in the same frank spirit in which it was given, and before many weeks had elapsed, had become the great literary lion of the Scottish capital.

Alas! in the Edinburgh of that day social intercourse, social pleasures, and social honours brought with them, too surely, social temptations; and if the first great poet of wine and love died choked with a grape-stone, the hard drinking of the Edinburgh men of that day must be in great part responsible for the fact that the author of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" met with an end even more premature than that of Anacreon. There is not the slightest reason to assume that the character and habits of the society, usually assembled under Dr. Blacklock's roof, contributed to this sad result; but in other dwellings the hospitality lavished on Burns too faithfully reflected the convivial tone of Edinburgh life. Dean Ramsay

has furnished some curious illustrations of the hard drinking of that time, of which it is a significant sign that when a great reaction set in at the University of St. Andrews, it was inaugurated by a club of young men called the ten-tumbler club, as a protest against the old fourteen-tumbler club. Long since the date of Dean Ramsay's stories, I have heard certain seniors recount how once, returning home during a heavy fall of snow after a hard bout of whisky-toddy, they missed one of their number, and, going back to seek him, found their lost companion fumbling at the snow covering beneath which he was getting still more buried, grumbling, "Bed ill-made! all sheet and no blanket, too cold, too cold!"

If every lover of the poetry of Burns will readily echo the exclamation "All honour to the memory of Thomas Blacklock," he will with equal readiness exclaim, "All honour to the memory of the author of *The Man of Feeling*, Henry Mackenzie."

At the time of Burns' visit, Mackenzie, then in his forty-first year, was one of the most prominent and gifted members of the brilliant literary society of Edinburgh. The fame acquired by his novels was increased, not, indeed, so much at the time as afterwards, by the part he took in the publication of *The Mirror*, a periodical formed on the model of Addison's *Spectator*. This was followed by *The Lounger*, a similar journal, in one of the numbers of which Mackenzie, by

a warmly-appreciative review, made Burns' poems known throughout Scotland. In saying that Mackenzie's fame gained rather afterwards than at the time of the publication of *The Mirror* and *The Lounger*, I allude to the fact that rarely in the case of any important literary periodical has anonymous authorship been better preserved than during the appearance of these celebrated essays. The able Scotchmen who were the contributors never from first to last had any communication with their publisher Creach, except through the medium of Mackenzie, and even his intercourse with the publisher was shrouded in the deepest mystery. The reason for this was probably because Mackenzie, his friend and colleague Craig, and the other writers, were all professionally connected with the law or with the Government, and no doubt believed that their hopes of professional or official advancement would be more injured than aided by the knowledge that so much of their time was spent in literary pursuits. Mackenzie then held the office of attorney in the Scottish Exchequer, which he exchanged twenty years later for the more lucrative post of Controller of the Taxes for Scotland. Craig had been appointed not long before, on the formation of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, one of the law officers of the Crown; and another of the contributors was David Hume, nephew of the historian, afterwards Solicitor-General, and finally one of the

Barons of the Exchequer. The Mirror Club formed by these men of letters had not even a regular place of meeting, and its members assembled once a week, now at one, now at another of the old Edinburgh taverns, where the papers for the next number were read over and discussed, this nomad system having been adopted with the express object of rendering their proceedings less liable to observation. One great advantage, perhaps the greatest, resulting from this course was the far greater liberty of criticism which it secured, and the freedom of the members from those forms of social and political pressure which are so continually brought to bear on the editor and contributors of any important periodical. Mackenzie, for instance, in his sympathetic admiration of the "Verses to a Mouse" or "To a Mountain Daisy," was writing what might be expected from the author of *The Man of Feeling*, but it was scarcely to be expected that the attorney of His Majesty's Scottish Exchequer should have shown an equal sympathy and admiration for *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons*, and the protest therein made against raising the duty on whisky. It would be extremely unfair, however, to the memories of the contributors to *The Mirror* and *The Lounger* to assume that such prudential and not very exalted motives determined the strict secrecy which they

maintained. In regard to *The Man of Feeling*, Mackenzie experienced the disadvantages of anonymous writing, an impostor having claimed the authorship of the popular book, and compelled the publisher to come forward and announce the name of the real writer.

The writers in *The Mirror* doubtless felt that such inconveniences were far more than counterbalanced by the freedom of writing which they thus obtained, and which they always exercised in honest and generous attempts to improve the national tastes and morals. To the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Mackenzie contributed notices of Lessing's *Emilia Galoth*, and Schiller's *Robbers*, which are about the earliest introductions of the German drama to English men of letters; and his volume of translations from German poetry, which appeared some years later, was amongst the causes that gave a turn to the studies and influenced the taste of Scott.

To these generous-minded anonymous writers, then, Burns owed the early recognition of his poetic genius, and had not to wait a century and a half, as England's great prose poet, Bunyan, waited till Southey and Macaulay rose to claim for him his true position as an English classic.

Once introduced to Edinburgh society, however, Burns required no further recommendation. He brought with him in his unrivalled personal charm,

his conversational powers and social gifts and graces, the most direct and acceptable guarantees of his mental superiority, and prognostics of his future fame. The ablest and most learned Scotchmen of the time, men familiar with the best society of the English, as well as the Scottish capital, confessed when they met him in the same drawing-room, or sat beside him at the dining-table, that this Ayrshire ploughman held his own with the foremost of their number. Nor were the first ladies of the land ashamed to own his influence. The celebrated Duchess of Gordon—a woman remarkable for her strong common sense, singular wit, and real self-respect (in spite of her occasional use of language that would startle the delicate ears of the present generation)—declared that Burns was the only man she had met in the whole course of her life who for a few minutes—to use her own words—“carried her off her feet.”

With all due deference to so high an authority as Robertson, the historian, we can hardly agree in his opinion that the literary power revealed in the prose of Burns was even more remarkable than that shown in his verse. Whilst the highest charm of his poetry consists in its freedom, ease, and nature, the tone of the correspondence with George Thompson is often so strained and laboured as to detract much from its literary value. To put forward such claims for Burns as a prose writer is surely unwise, even though we

must admit that, considering the great deficiencies of his early education, the prose of Burns, had he written nothing else, would always remain an astonishing monument of his mental vigour. It would be a weary, dreary task to dwell on the successive phases in the life of Burns, from the time when through the sale of the Edinburgh edition of his poems he became possessed of a larger sum of money than he had ever hoped for. How this sudden change in his worldly position enabled him to make the girl whom he had loved—not wisely but too well—his lawful wife; how his unsuccessful farming speculations induced him to remove from Ayrshire to Dumfries; how his occupations as an excise officer brought with them far greater social evils than pecuniary profit; and how, finally, through the effects of intemperance, he died in the very prime of life;—all these are facts as well and so generally known that they need not be repeated here. Less generally known is the fact that in the last years of his life, when Burns wrote the greater number of those national songs on which his fame must chiefly rest, he was led by a spirit of proud independence to contribute these treasures of poetry gratuitously to his friend Thompson's collection. Thompson, having in vain endeavoured to force directly some pecuniary remuneration on the poet, repeated the attempt in a more cautious and indirect form, but this, too, was discovered, and called forth

from Burns the declaration that the renewal, direct or indirect, of such a proceeding would bring his connection with Thompson to a summary close.

The unvarying love, tenderness, and care of his wife served to alleviate the sorrow and suffering by which the close of his life was marked.

The external signs of public mourning, and the military honours of his interment at Dumfries, proved that his fellow-townsmen, in spite of their thorough knowledge of his faults and failings, felt and expressed the feeling common to all their countrymen, that in the Ayrshire Ploughman Scotland had lost one of the noblest and greatest of her sons.

Love and patriotism are, as we have said, the two grand keynotes in the poetry of Burns. And, as true poetry is not only national, but in the best and highest sense of the word the great Internationalist, it may safely be affirmed that the fame and influence of Burns have as yet but dawned, and will continue to spread wherever the human heart thrills with the hopes and fears of love, or honest and brave citizens respond to the calls of patriotism.

If it be, indeed, true that he who makes the songs of a country wields a power far beyond that of the men who make its laws, Burns, in the extent of his moral influence, may proudly take his stand beside the greatest of our legislators and statesmen. I have heard eye-witnesses speak of the electrical effect

produced by Sir Henry Bulwer, when, speaking at a public dinner at New York, on St. Andrew's Day, and to a company composed chiefly of Scotchmen, after alluding to the varied and honourable occupations of Scotch emigrants in all parts of the world, he concluded: "But in whatever region of the earth your lot may be cast, there is not one of you who, if called upon to give utterance to his inmost feelings, would not reply—

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go !

Sir Henry repeated all the eight verses of the song, and the enthusiasm called forth was literally indescribable.

It is by his lyrical poetry that Burns takes, and must ever hold, his lofty place on Parnassus, and it is not without interest to remember that it was by lyrical poetry that two centuries earlier, in the days of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, the Scottish muse first asserted her claims to honour in the verse of Drummond of Hawthornden. But it is only in some of Burns' more serious pieces that we can trace any resemblance between him and Drummond, and his nearest political kinsmen among our early song-writers are beyond question Shakspeare and Herrick. Any attempt to define the relative position of Burns to the great lyrical writers of antiquity, or to the

amatory poets of the modern world, would be a task far exceeding the limits of this paper. In celebrating the pleasures of wine and love, he surely has as much title as Moore to the epithet Anacreontic. With Petrarch, he possesses in common a depth of thought which on the first perusal of his poems, as in those of the sweet singer of Vacluse, one is apt to overlook.

Petrarch's claims as a national poet rest almost wholly, so far as his Italian verses are concerned, on the noble "Ode to Italy," which inspired Macchiavelli's eloquent appeal to the contemporary rulers to free Italy from the foreign yoke; but the patriotic hopes and aspirations of Petrarch, it must be remembered, were far more fully addressed to the thinkers and scholars of his age in his Latin poem, "Africa," where they stand forth in boldest relief in the magnificent vision of Scipio on the eve of the battle of Zama.

Italy has bacchanalian poetry which is thoroughly in the spirit of Burns. The genial, jovial, one might almost say rollicking, tone of Lorenzo de Medici's "Bacco ed Ariadne," and of Redi's "Bacco in Toscana," are in perfect harmony with "Oh! Willie brewed a peck o' maut!" and the force and fire of the concluding verses of "John Barleycorn" sound almost like echoes from the banks of Ayr; of Redi's splendid eulogy on Montepulciano, "Il Rè dei vini," which a century before rang up from the banks of the Arno.

In popular poetry of an amatory character, in love-songs carolled forth by an entire peasantry—so completely the creation of the people that it is quite impossible to assign to them any individual authorship—the country of Lorenzo de Medici and Redi is extremely rich, and those exquisite Tuscan *stornelli*, which have for centuries formed the delight of shepherds in the Apennine hamlets, will now we trust—thanks to the musical genius of Gordigiani, who has done for the popular poetry of Tuscany what George Thompson did for that of Scotland—become the common possession of the whole Italian nation.

But if the Tuscan *stornelli* often exhibit the sweetness and pathos, and occasionally even the humour, of Burns' love-songs, they rarely remind us of his power. This characteristic is to be found in the richly stored treasure-house of the German *Volkslieder*, which contains illustrations of the entire life of the Fatherland ; never more varied and suggestive than during the period of the Thirty Years War. The love of wine, of women, and of song, so frankly and jovially professed by Luther, has never been belied by later German minstrels, and one is often tempted to ask the question whether Germany has not a better right than France to be regarded as the favoured soil and clime of the *chanson*. With Burns as with Shakspeare, Germany has nobly discharged the mission of making the poet known

wherever the German language is spoken, and while England owes a deep debt of gratitude to Schlegel and Tieck for their work as interpreters of Shakspeare, Scotland is equally indebted to Freiligrath and his compeers for kindred services to the fame of Burns.

Our knowledge of the early bacchanalian poetry of France has been largely extended of late years, thanks, primarily, to Mr. Patrick James Muirhead, who in his *Vaux-de-Vire* has made the drinking-songs of Normandy familiar to Englishmen. Although his transference of their authorship from Olivier Basselin to Maistre Jean le Houx has deprived Longfellow's fine verses on Basselin of their historical accuracy, it does not in the least affect the tone of genial sympathy in which the eulogist of his native Catanla wine celebrates the poems themselves.

To most readers and to nearly all admirers of Béranger, the doubt expressed above, whether Germany rather than France be not the favoured land of song, will seem a shocking heresy. It is certainly the name of Béranger which most readily suggests itself in connection with Burns, not merely from the individual characteristics of the two poets, but because each may fitly claim to be regarded as the foremost representative of the lyrical poetry of his nation. Burns and Béranger have both powerfully treated the same subject, the chequered fortunes of Mary Stuart, and it is interesting to mark the difference of treat-

ment in Burns' "Lament of the Scottish Queen on the approach of Spring" and Béranger's "Adieux de Marie Stuart à la France." Am I misled by national partiality in thinking the four last stanzas of the Scotch superior to the verse of the French poet? They run as follows:—

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I ha'e been,
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en :
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae !
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ;
 Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine !
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee :
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon to me may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

In Béranger's "*Adieux de Marie Stuart*" there are sufficiently grim images, as in the lines :—

L'amour, la gloire, le génie,
Ont trop enivré mes beaux jours ;
Dans l'inculte Caledonie
De mon sort va changer le cours.

Hélas ! un présage terrible
Doit livrer mon cœur à l'effroi :
J'ai cru voir dans un songe horrible
Un échafaud dressé pour moi.

But there is surely more truth and nature in the employment of such dark images by a queen who has suffered already from a long imprisonment, than by the same queen when, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, she is returning to her kingdom.

When Schiller, four years after Burns' death, gave to the world his "*Maria Stuart*," in the grand outburst of feeling of the imprisoned queen, when she finds herself beyond the prison walls, in the green fields among the waving trees and under the blue sky, he struck precisely the same key-note which is sustained through the earlier stanzas of Burns' "*Lament*."

In connecting the names of Burns and Schiller, it is worthy of note that, whilst sharing with Schiller all those aspirations for freedom which were leavening European society during the years preceding and

immediately following the outbreak of the French Revolution, Burns never gave to those aspirations the violent and exaggerated form which, as early as 1781, they present to us in the scenes of Schiller's "Robbers."

We hear a good deal in the present day about the rights of women. The chief advocate of these rights in Italy, the late Signor Salvatore Morelli, has even asserted, in a grave Parliamentary report addressed to the legislature of his country, that the Eastern and Roman questions will never receive any satisfactory solution until the representative of Mahomet shall enjoin on the Mahometan faithful the duty of restricting themselves to one wife; and the representative of St. Peter shall enjoin on his clergy the duty of marrying instead of abstaining from marriage.

Burns surely was disposed, if ever man was, to accord to the fair sex every rightful privilege; but at the very moment when this question was tossed up in the first storms of the French Revolution, he treated it in a spirit which might usefully be studied and imitated at the present day.

His "Rights of Woman," spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her benefit night in the Dumfries Theatre, runs thus :—

While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;

While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and ye are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to flutt'ring female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!

In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions,
Let Majesty your first attention summon—
Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

“The Majesty of Woman,”—on this point there is complete harmony between Burns and the poet of

Ehret die Frauen, sie flechten und weben
Himmlische Rosen in's irdische Leben !

I am not quite sure, however, that the very decided opinions of Burns on national and political poetry would have agreed as well with those of Goethe. In one of his conversations with Eckermann, defending himself against the charge that in the great crisis of the fortunes of the Fatherland his muse had not spoken more in the spirit of Körner, Goethe says that the poet, like the eagle, swoops down on his prey without first asking whether that prey is to be found on Saxon or on Swabian soil. Burns would certainly have declared, had he expressed an opinion on the subject, that whatever might be the habits of Saxon and Swabian eagles, Scotch eagles had always shown a preference for swooping down on Northumbrian and Cumbrian flocks, and English eagles had always found their prey in the Scotch lowlands. He has set forth his creed in four lines:

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
It's gude to uphold Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff and the Blue !

He would not only fight beneath the national flag, he would likewise wear and do battle for the old Whig colours, as every right-minded Scotch Liberal has always done and will always do. Goethe and Burns

might differ in their views respecting national and political poetry ; but every one, poet or layman, must agree in unbounded admiration of the beautiful domestic idyll, "John Anderson, my jo, John!" and regard it as well worthy to be sung at a silver wedding, and at such a celebration to cast its prophetic halo over the golden wedding of the future.

The length to which the above remarks on Burns have extended precludes the possibility of giving more than a short notice of the Ettrick Shepherd, whose literary productions, indeed, if examined in detail, would fully require an entire volume.

It has been remarked that the fame of Euripides would have been greater than it now is, if, as has happened with Æschylus and Sophocles, only seven of his best tragedies had come down to us. It may with equal truth be affirmed of Hogg, that, if instead of eleven volumes of his collected works we possessed only two, one containing the *Queen's Wake*, the other his best ballads, poetical imitations, and prose tales, his name and fame would assuredly stand far higher than they do at present or are likely to do in the future.

The quantity of rambling matter in his autobiographies weakens the impression which we should otherwise receive from the spectacle of native genius forcing its way through the most adverse circum-

stances, and securing for itself a high and lasting place in the literature of a nation.

Hogg, I have already remarked, received fewer advantages of early education than Burns, and the domestic influences amidst which he grew up were less favourable than those of the Ayrshire Ploughman. That he early loved ; that he evinced a taste for music ; that he learned by heart the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms ; that the old ballads of the Ettrick forest, which he heard in childhood, prompted the wish to imitate them ;—this is nearly all we know of the early poetical training of Hogg, until in the first year of the century he astonished his countrymen by his ballad “Donald M'Donald”—a patriotic song inspired by the feelings then animating the whole country at the prospect of a French invasion. In the following year, coming to Edinburgh as a sheep-drover, he succeeded, whilst engaged in the task of selling the sheep, in making arrangements with a publisher to bring out a volume of poetry, which appeared under every possible disadvantage, so far as editing and press correction were concerned. It was about this time that he became intimate with Scott, and the record of his first appearance at a dinner party in Scott's house in Castle Street is, perhaps, one of the most amusing episodes to be met with in the whole range of literary biography. But the shepherd's uncouth appearance and manners

never stood in the way of the friendship and favour bestowed on him, not only by Scott, but by the other literary men of the Scottish capital with whom he successively came in contact. When on the publication of the *Queen's Wake* in 1813 the full extent of his poetical genius was revealed, national pride combined with individual taste and admiration in the critics to welcome and honour one who, on the banks of the Yarrow, in his secluded cottage life, had succeeded in treasuring up in his mind, and then giving forth to the world, such a wonderful variety of most original and poetical images, and whose verse was characterised by a power of music that has rarely been surpassed. It was at once universally recognised that of all the different poems in the *Queen's Wake*, "Kilmeny" stands out unsurpassed in the wealth of its imagery and the music of its lines; and it has been happily said of the appearance of the *Queen's Wake* that it broke on the Scottish world of poetry pretty much as the *Freischütz* and *Oberon* of Weber broke on the German world of song. From this period dates the friendship of Hogg with Professor Wilson, marked at its origin by a characteristic review of Wilson's poem the "Isle of Palms," in which Hogg puzzles his brains with the question how the young lovers, who in the poem are represented as sailing so long in an open bark, were able to effect their voyage without food—a difficulty finally removed

by Wilson suggesting to the reviewer "that they might on starting have taken with them a fair allowance of bread and cheese." Not long afterwards Hogg gave a proof of the elasticity of his genius by bringing out in a volume called *The Poetic Mirror* a series of imitations of living poets, in the style of *The Rejected Addresses* and the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, or of the humorous addresses on the death of the public hangman of Naples, which first made known to his countrymen the satirical powers of the Abbé Galliani.

Next in order we have the first series of his prose tales and the *Jacobite Relics*, the last being a collection formed on the model of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. In one of these prose tales, Hogg claimed a priority of invention over the famous romance in which Scott has depicted the fortunes and satirised the weaknesses of the Covenanters. Mackintosh, we are told in Charles Greville's diary, read *Old Mortality* four times. It may fairly be doubted if a like feat will ever be performed by a man of the mental calibre of Mackintosh with the *Brownie of Rodsbeck*.

During the last eighteen years of his life, the Ettrick Shepherd was far less renowned through his own works than through the ideal personation of him continually given in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

Professor Ferrier, Wilson's son-in-law, to whom the world is indebted for the complete edition of

Wilson's works, has in his preface to the *Noctes* placed the character of the Ettrick Shepherd as portrayed by Wilson on a level with the figure of Socrates as preserved by Plato. This is surely overstrained eulogy, but it is not the less true that the Ettrick Shepherd of the *Noctes* is one of the most wonderful creations ever given to the world by the imagination of a great writer.

There would be little use and little interest in following through all its successive phases of mistake and misfortune the Ettrick Shepherd's career as a sheep farmer. The general knowledge of the unpractical side of his character did not lessen the sympathy and sorrow with which his countrymen received the intelligence of his short illness, and almost sudden death, at his Cottage of Altrine Lake, on the Yarrow, on the 21st of November, 1835.





DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

THE twenty-fifth of January has from a very early period been set apart as the day on which the Christian Church commemorates the great event of the conversion of St. Paul. It may be hoped that there will seem nothing forced, or strained, or arbitrary in the desire to associate with such a day some notice of the recent archæological labours on a spot so closely connected with the work of the Apostle of the Gentiles, as the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. Mr. J. T. Wood, the zealous architect and antiquary, commenced his researches for the temple in the spring of the year 1863. The British Government obtained a Firman from the Porte, and he carried on the excavations at his own expense for nearly a year. He then obtained the grant of £100 from the trustees of the British Museum for the express purpose of exploring the Odeum, as he had conceived the idea that he might find in one of the public buildings in the city some inscription or graphite which might indicate the whereabouts of the temple. In exploring the Odeum he found sculp-

ture and inscriptions of interest sufficient to induce the trustees to make a further advance to explore the Great Theatre. Here he found one hundred and ten inscriptions, and one very long one on the walls of one of the entrances, which described a number of gold and silver images which had been vowed to Artemis by a wealthy Roman named Salutaris. The images were to be kept in the temple, and on the anniversary of the birthday of the goddess (May 29) they were to be carried in procession from the temple to the theatre through the Magnesian gate, when they were met by the young men of the city, who helped thence to carry them to the theatre. After the assembly they were to be carried back to the temple through the Cressian gate. Priests of the temple, a staff-bearer, and guards formed part of the procession. The discovery of this inscription decided Mr. Wood to adopt the plan which he had already conceived, and he determined to find the two gates named in the inscription. It was not long before he succeeded in finding them, and he traced the roads outside until he found a track leading from the Magnesian gate, which had evidently had more traffic upon it than the others ; it was thirty-five feet wide, and had four distinct deeply-worn ruts cut in the marble with which it was paved. He followed this road for about three-quarters of a mile, and then found a road leading out from the mountain ; following

this, he hit upon the south-west angle of the wall which was built by Augustus to restrict the limits of the sacred precinct. Mr. Wood traced this wall for one thousand feet in one direction. This discovery was made exactly six years from the time he commenced his search for the temple. Then the trustees of the British Museum granted him a sum sufficient for the exploration of the site of the temple up to the inner side of a portico or colonnade which surrounded the temple at a distance of thirty feet from the lowest step of the lofty platform on which it was built. The work was suspended in 1874 for want of funds. There is, however, reason to suppose that, if the excavations were resumed, much of the frieze which was probably precipitated upon the roof of the portico would be found amongst its *débris*.

In the period from the years 1863 to 1874 Mr. Wood sent home six frigate loads of marble, including several hundred inscriptions in Greek and Latin, and a great number of marble blocks from the temple. Five columns described by Pliny as "*Columnae cælatae*" formed part of the freight ; there was likewise a splendid base of one of the external columns, several capitals, etc., etc. The portico surrounding the temple is twenty-five feet wide, and Mr. Wood proposed clearing out the ground beyond the outer face of it in search of the sculptured frieze and other valuable portions of the superstructure.



AN UNRECOGNISED REVOLUTIONIST.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

THAT all Scotland should have celebrated with pride and reverence the Centenary of Scott, and that Englishmen and Irishmen—that the population of our distant colonies and our transatlantic kinsmen should have in spirit shared and sympathised in so truly national a festival, was a matter of course.

In his native country, looking merely to the material results of Scott's life and writings, it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that he has been the greatest pecuniary benefactor Scotland ever possessed ; and the single figure of James Watt is worthy to be placed side by side with that of Sir Walter. The great novelist and the great engineer have in truth more points of resemblance in their character and influence than might appear to a superficial observer. On the new sources of wealth and power opened up

by Watt to the civilised world, it were needless to enlarge. But the material benefits accruing to Scotland from the genius of the author of *Waverley* were not recognised in their full extent by his contemporaries.

The *Waverley Novels*, in truth, did for Scotland as much as, nay far more than the sudden discovery of gold in California or Australia did for the favoured regions containing the precious metal. Scotland and everything Scottish commanded at once a fancy price. Hill and dale, moorland and loch, firth and island, became objects of interest and inquiry, of pilgrimage and purchase, at a rate altogether unintelligible if one looked to their mere natural attractions. Of the thousands and tens of thousands of tourists who during the last half century have visited the Borders or the Trossachs, or of the hundreds of wealthy Southrons who have invested money in Scottish land, ninety-nine in a hundred, it is not too much to say, have been led to do so directly or indirectly through the influence of Scott. Mr. Lockhart has given just prominence to the immense commercial results as regards mere printing and bookselling due to his father-in-law's literary labours. Yet these, if carefully weighed in comparison with the general results of Scott's labours, would, we believe, prove altogether insignificant. Amongst those general effects it may suffice to recall one—on which Lord Macaulay in his *History* has dwelt with equal originality and vigour—the

extent to which Scott, by the marvellous triumphs of his imagination, succeeded in totally replacing the antipathy felt for centuries in the Lowlands and in England towards the Highland clans, by a feeling of proud, patriotic, and fraternal sympathy, so that the first king of the House of Brunswick who set his foot on Scottish soil felt himself honoured by the martial array of those plaided and plumed mountaineers, whose plaids and plumes, and broadswords and dirks, would have suggested to the grandfathers of the spectators who gazed on them only the ideas associated with caterans and cattle stealers.

If it be true, though the truth has not always been recognised in its fullest extent, that even in the sphere of gross material interest, Scott must be regarded as the greatest benefactor to his country, it is not less true, though the assertion may, when first made, call forth infinite wonder, that this old Edinburgh Tory—this liegeman of Dundas—has been perhaps the greatest and most efficacious promoter of the Liberal cause throughout Europe. If that detestable doctrine of nationalities which M. Thiers twelve years ago denounced with such vehemence to the Versailles Assembly has played so vast a part in the political revolutions of our age, the merit or the demerit is due to Scott.

Nothing can be finer and truer than the remarks which the most accomplished, perhaps, of modern

French historians, Augustin Thierry, has made on this subject in his essay on *Ivanhoe*. The historian of the Norman Conquest—and we can imagine no higher authority on such matters—has declared it to be his conviction that by *Ivanhoe* alone Sir Walter Scott revolutionised the entire historical writing of his age, and made it imperative on all who should afterwards deal as chroniclers with the struggles of oppressed nations against their tyrants to imbue themselves with the feelings pervading that grand historical picture of Saxon freemen groaning beneath the yoke of the Norman barons. But it was not in the pages of his *Ivanhoe* alone, it was in every line of his national tales, that Scott rang forth the trumpet note of a patriotic awakening which found an echo in the recesses of the Black Forest, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, on the banks of the Lake of Como.

When Victor Hugo, in his first and best works, so powerfully represented the social and political evils of the France of the Renaissance, it was under the influence and the inspiration of Scott that he drew the picture. When Alfred De Vigny reproduced with such startling effect the iron rule of Richelieu, and the royal imbecility which formed its best justification, it was in the school of Scott that he learned his art. If historical romance became in Italy a regular and recognised weapon of patriotic warfare; if Manzoni and Grossi, or D'Azeglio and Guerrazzi, were

virtually combating Prince Metternich through their ideal warriors, it was from the Tory commander of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry that the patriotic writers of Italy derived their effective strategy. When Mr. Lockhart says that Scott advanced the cause of Conservatism in a far deeper and wider sense than by recalling and rallying national traditions and sympathies around the memories of the Stuarts, he doubtless only expresses the strict and literal truth. The pages of Scott, from the first to the last, all attest the force of that highest and best Conservatism which is identical with the maintenance of justice and law and order, with the veneration of truth and virtue. But it is not less true that the progress of entire nations in their onward march to liberty and independence will be imperishably associated with his name.

In that year 1832—a year ever memorable for the deaths of so many great men—neither Goethe, nor Bentham, nor Cuvier, nor Mackintosh, though first in the first ranks of the world's loftiest sages, left behind them results of such vast political and social magnitude as were embodied, and whilst our language endures will continue to operate, in the writings of him who, in the autumn of that year, was borne to his last rest in Dryburgh Abbey.

Having just spoken of Scott's influence as a Conservative, it may appear at first sight paradoxical to call him, almost in the same breath, a Revolutionist,

yet the one statement is not less true than the other. Consider what Scott did for the mind of Europe, more especially of Southern Europe, in the years following the publication of *Waverley*. In France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, in Belgium and the Rhine provinces, the pure, noble, independent, self-sustained characters in the long series of his novels furnished to the youth of those countries models of thought and action such as they could not find elsewhere. The education of girls in those countries was almost entirely conventual, or, when not conventual, conventional. Now, whatever benefits may be connected with conventual training, it certainly cannot tend to develop individual energy, freedom of will, or a readiness to question authority. And whilst recognising the many social benefits springing from the conventionalities amongst which we are bred, and by which we are surrounded, few will venture to maintain that a life passed wholly among conventionalities, and a character formed wholly under their influence, furnish the best guarantees for the happiness and virtue of human beings. To more than one generation of European youth, and above all of European girls, the writings of Scott furnished the best, it would scarcely be too much to say the sole, corrective of conventual and conventional training. There is no doubt of the great moral influence exerted in Italy by Manzoni; and Italians are never weary of dwelling on the moral effects on his readers of such

characters as Lucia, Cardinal Borromeo, or Fra Cristoforo ; while in a spirit of sound criticism they point out how the wrongs and the misery of the Spanish tyranny under which Italy groaned during the seventeenth century bore their bitter fruits alike in public and in private life.

But if it is much for the literature of a country to possess a character so beautiful and touching as that of Lucia, what effects on the national mind may not be traced to the constant and general contemplation of such characters as Rebecca and Jeanie Deans, and the long-stretching gallery of noble heroines to be met with in the pages of Scott ? Little did the civil and ecclesiastical rulers of Southern Europe realise what they were doing when they permitted the rising generation of their subjects to disport themselves at will in the pages of the Waverley romances at a period when every book deemed likely to stimulate individual thought or action was rigidly proscribed.

Imagine a girl who, after having passed her childhood amidst the formalities of conventual life in some remote Sicilian or Andalusian district, has only exchanged these formalities for a conventional domestic life, a life in which the salient fact is that, before leaving the convent, her hand and fortune—about her heart nobody cared a straw—had been made the subject of barter or sale between her own father and some equally respectable pater-familias.

Picture to yourself the feelings of such a girl on suddenly finding herself in this new and glorious moral world, where women speak truth without fear or favour, because their conscience tells them so to do—where they marry because they love, not because they are bought and sold like the live-stock of the land on which they live—where, like Rebecca, they prefer, at any moment, death to dishonour, and where, as in the case of Jeanie Deans, truth is invested with a sanctity so sublime that it may not be outraged, even to save a beloved sister's life.

In a more direct and positive sense the influence of Scott, as a revolutionist, must be chiefly connected with his marvellous picture of Louis XI. of France in *Quentin Durward*. When Charles X. and the whole French Court made Scott, during his last visit to Paris, the object of marked attentions, it may be doubted whether any of those who combined to do him honour, least of all those who had most at heart the maintenance of absolute monarchy in Europe, would have been quite so lavish in their favours, could they have foreseen how great the influence of this one character would be. This picture of a cruel and crafty despotism, as exhibited in a Prince of the House of Valois, contributed largely to undermine the system of misgovernment so closely associated with the name of the Holy Alliance.

It is only fair to add, however, that the honour of

this is not due solely to the great historical romance writer ; it must be shared with Casimir de la Vigne, the author of the effective and popular historical drama suggested by the pages of Scott. The great actor and patriotic reformer of the modern Italian stage, Gustavo Modena, who, in what he deemed to be the best interests of freedom and progress, never lost an opportunity of representing Casimir de la Vigne's drama in a national theatre, has been reproached by his biographer because, in his conception of the old tyrant's character, he evidently drew more from the description of Scott than from the scenes of the dramatic writer. This reproach is in truth the highest praise. It attests the fact which an actor of such varied historical culture as Modena could not have failed to recognise—that the portrait in Scott was a more faithful reproduction of the original as painted for us by Philipppo de Commynes, and so much better entitled to be made the subject of careful study by a conscientious artist. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that this grand historical picture, whether contemplated at leisure in the pages of *Quentin Durward*, or thrilling the breasts of thousands when represented on the stage, has been for half a century a great revolutionary element. In so far as the force of that element has not been generally acknowledged, Scott is more than ever entitled to the name of an unrecognised revolutionist.

To the younger generation of those who in 1871 celebrated Scott's centenary the image of the man could not present itself with the entireness and unity it possesses for those who have personal recollections of Sir Walter. Their interest can hardly fail to be diminished by the infinite variety of character and actions which in their blended harmony formed for those who knew him so peculiar an attraction, and gave to his personality its greatest charm.

"Many sided" is an epithet which has often been applied to Goethe, and even—notwithstanding the want of almost all detailed knowledge of his life—to Shakspeare ; but surely to no great writer can it be so truly applied as to Scott.

Ten separate men, each grand and glorious in his way, might have been hewn out of the colossal figure of the author of *Waverley* and *Marmion* : the faithful friend ; the exemplar of domestic piety and duty ; the perfect type of the old Scottish lawyer whose forensic traditions were interwoven with family and feudal pride ; the untiring antiquary ; the poet ; the novelist ; the biographer ; the essayist ; the conversationalist, admired and appreciated by Jeffrey and Wilson, by Croker and Mackintosh ; the host whose lot it was to do the honours not of his own halls alone, but of Scotland, to guests who sought him from every corner of the civilised world ; the zealous agriculturist ; the not less zealous municipal improver ; the

staunch party follower, who with all his staunchness was ready to declare, and did declare, open war against his own party chiefs when deeming their policy injurious to his country's interests. Surely if ever man merited the term "many sided" it must be associated with Scott's name and fame.

In the same year in which Burke wrote the memorable words that the "age of chivalry was gone," and had been succeeded by one of "sophisters and economists and calculators," a lame, ungainly Scotch youth was already gathering on the banks of the Tweed, and along the Border, relics of the old feudal times and daily becoming more and more imbued with that chivalrous spirit which for him formed their greatest charm. From youth to old age he never ceased studying those times in their earliest and most authentic contemporary records, and at the same time, as if desirous to secure for himself a constant corrective against the exaggeration of the old romances, and to keep constantly before his eyes the link of shrewd common sense connecting them with the modern world, he never, until old age, allowed a single year to pass over his head without refreshing intellect and imagination by the renewed perusal of the immortal poem in which Ariosto has reproduced the legends of Charlemagne in all the artistic graces and magic colouring of the Renaissance. Could Burke have foreseen that the young

Edinburgh student, the clerk in the Writer to the Signet's office, the future clerk of Session and Sheriff of Selkirkshire, who had already, before the publication of the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, distinguished himself among the youths of the northern capital by an anti-Gallican spirit as intense as that which glowed in the breast of the aged statesman himself, would colour the literature of the entire civilised world by poems, now in verse, now in prose—for what are the *Waverley Novels* but magnificent prose poems, aiming at and successfully achieving the glorification of chivalry?—he would perhaps have gone down to the grave with his mind more at ease as to the future prospects of his country. And he might even have visited with a censure less severe the entire race of “sophisters, economists, and calculators” could he have foreseen that in the letters of Malachi Malagrowther, which rang like trumpet notes through all Scotland from Berwick to John o' Groat's, the truth of political economy would be invoked in support of the proudest national traditions, and would receive from the hands of Scott arms of celestial temper which they did not possess in the pages of Adam Smith. To the present generation—which can now judge on tolerably ample data of the influence exercised by Scott on the national mind, since his career fairly commenced with the commencement of the century—it is, however, not less true that no feature of that

career and of that influence was more certain and unquestioned than the antidote which he has furnished, the counteractive which he has supplied, to those sophistical, those economical, those calculating tendencies, in their coarsest and basest form, which Burke dreaded and denounced. Heaven forbid that we should for one moment underrate political economy, with its beneficent teachings and their beneficent results, or undervalue those calculations which, applied to national wealth and national health, have armed economic and sanitary science with the weapons of an inexorable logic. As Byron has said of the great names in Santa Croce—that they might suffice of themselves to furnish forth a world—it may with equal truth be said that in Adam Smith, James Watt, and Walter Scott, economical and mechanical science and literature in its highest and purest expression went forth conquering and to conquer.

But Scott's place was not the least important in this great triumvirate. Whilst they toiled for the present and prepared for the future, his magic wand evoked from their tombs the long-buried memories of the past; in their labours the real, in his the ideal asserted its own rights. That he reproduced the forms of chivalry was nothing compared to the truthfulness and force with which he called up and breathed into his creations all that was noblest and best of its antique spirit. And surely, without being

undiscerning eulogists of the past, we must admit as a melancholy truth that amongst the characteristics of our present times are to be found some very generally diffused, just as much the reverse of the old knightly truth and faith as it is well possible to conceive. The annals of our commercial life, the daily records of our law courts, the pages of contemporary fiction, the personal experience of each one amongst us, have familiarised us with men, with whole classes of men—their name is Legion—whose system of life is a swindle, whose oath is perjury, whose promise is a snare, whose pledged word is a well-calculated lie. The spirit of Loyola would appear to remain only in its coarsest and most vulgar form in the celebrated society. It has effected a great transmigration, and animates bank directors, and secretaries of joint-stock companies, promoters of new canals and railway undertakings, and the wreckers who rush greedily to their prey when the treacherously-built craft goes to pieces in the first commercial storm. When from the poisoned, pestilential, mephitic air enveloping these men and all their doings we pass into the society of Scott's immortal creations, we not only breathe a freer and purer air, but we cannot help feeling that the familiarity of successive generations with such noble forms, and constant intercourse among them, must prove a natural and powerful antidote (the more powerful because unconscious) against baseness of the

kind to which we have referred. We will say nothing here of their more general social and political effect. They might have been very different from those which we recognise with heartfelt gratitude. We have in a neighbouring country just witnessed the effect which may be produced by the uninterrupted influence of certain schools of fiction extending over a long term of years. The most thoughtful and learned of all the writers on the deeds of the Paris Commune has well observed that there one saw in their true character and workings the heroes and heroines of Victor Hugo's *Misérables*, of George Sand's Lelia, and of Balzac's well-dressed and well-mannered convicts escaped from the hulks. The painter of Jeanie Deans might, had he so chosen, have flooded his country's literature with such heroines. The writer who described the Porteous mob might have prepared the way for scenes in the great cities of this country as terrible as those witnessed around the Tuilleries and the Hotel de Ville; but aftertimes would not then have read with still unfailing interest the narrative of that peaceful deathbed by the murmuring Tweed, nor would they have taken up and passed on with still increasing piety the veneration that enshrines his name.





FROM RICHMOND TO POTSDAM.

1502—1883.

THE twenty-fifth of January possesses in connection with English royal marriages a quite exceptional interest in the history of our country, and that quite exceptional interest is not less striking because a royal marriage contracted on that day led not only to the union between England and Scotland, but to the future establishment of the House of Hanover on the English Throne, to that long and close connection of Germany and England in which the union of the Crown Prince of Germany with the Crown Princess of England has been one of the latest and happiest features. It was on the twenty-fifth of January, 1502, that the Princess Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., then only in her thirteenth year, was united by proxy at Richmond to

James IV. of Scotland. On the occasion of that union the English Monarch not only foresaw, but even discussed in all its bearings the union of the two Crowns which might possibly result from such an event. That was an age in which royal power was extended by marriage not less than by arms ; and though Austria, in a familiar couplet, would seem to have claimed for herself the exclusive privilege of extending her power by matrimonial means, the close of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century furnished proofs that the sovereigns of other states were quite as alive to this form of aggrandisement. Henry VII. had laid the foundation of his own power at home by the marriage which blended in one family the interests of both the White and Red Roses. He had seen Spain assume the proportions of a great monarchy by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. He had seen France completing the triumph of national unity so untiringly prosecuted under Louis XI. by the marriage of Charles VIII. with Anne of Bretagne. He had already, as he firmly believed, laid the foundation of a great Continental alliance by the marriage of his eldest son Arthur with the Spanish Princess Catherine, and was on the point of once more riveting the links of the chain suddenly snapped by transferring on the death of Arthur his widow to Prince Henry, and by this system of matrimonial policy was formally

ratified the connection between England and Scotland, the union on the twenty-fifth of January, 1502, of the Princess Margaret to the Scottish Prince, represented at Richmond by his proxy, Patrick Earl of Bothwell. Every reader of *Marmion* is familiar with the exquisite passage in which Scott has touched on the domestic unhappiness of James IV.'s Queen, whilst the poet has painted the terrible Flodden Field, on which James himself perished, in colours so vivid and so powerful that the criticism made on *Marmion's* appearance, that it exhibited the grandest battle piece to be found in all literature since the days of Homer, will probably never be reversed.

Scott has described the twofold female influence brought to bear on James IV., with the view of plunging him into the war with England, though he assures his readers neither the smiles of English beauty nor the inducements of French royalty ought to have weighed against the rightful influence of Queen Margaret.

And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

Surely Henry VII. never anticipated such a fate for his daughter Margaret's husband, any more than

he could have foreseen that in the union in the same year of his son Henry with the Princess Catherine lay the germs of mighty events, by which England broke entirely away from her spiritual allegiance to Rome.

But the chain of matrimonial causes and effects directly interesting us at the present moment is that of which successive links bring us from the Royal wedding celebrated by proxy at Richmond to the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess Imperial of Prussia, twelfth in direct descent from James IV. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret of England. The genealogical tree of our Princess Royal after flourishing north of the Tweed, has one of its shoots transplanted to Germany, there to be storm-beaten in the hurricane of the first Thirty Years War.

A poet, whose life was passed amongst the diplomatic combinations and political complications with which the life of Elizabeth of Bohemia herself was constantly intertwined—Sir Henry Wotton—has left, in the following graceful verses, the memorial of the love and sympathy with which she was regarded by her father's subjects :—

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,—
What are you, when the moon shall rise ?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

That the young Princess Elizabeth should have inspired the muse of Wotton was only natural, but it is matter of surprise that the strangely-varied fortunes of this noble-minded woman, all that she endured through the election of her husband to the nominal royalty of Bohemia, should not have furnished the occasion for historical romances, unsurpassed as they would have been in the interest investing their heroine in the whole annals of fiction. Christian of Brunswick would have become reconciled to the fact that he vainly wore so long Elizabeth's glove on his bonnet, and still accompanied the homage with the cry, "Elizabeth for ever," could he have foreseen that through her the House of Brunswick should one day be destined to reign in England. The fate and fortunes of this Princess differing in one pleasing

respect from those of many other royal personages subjected to similar trials, that through all the vicissitudes of her political life, from the day when she first left her native country the beloved and admired and honoured daughter of James I. to the day when she returned to that native country the dependent guest of her nephew, Charles II., there is never wanting for a single moment a unity of self-respect and truth and virtue, which compels us even more to love and honour her as a woman than to sympathise with the rapid alternation of her fortune as a princess and a queen.

We follow with interest the description of the festal pomp which greeted her first arrival at Heidelberg, but it is with a deeper sympathy that we read of the cares and toils of her emigrant life at Brussels.

Then another shoot is transplanted to Hanover. Yet another shoot is restored to the parent soil, and twenty-five years ago Germany again beholds the return in the Princess Victoria of the lineal descendant of the Princess Elizabeth and the Electress Sophia. It is not improbable that in our democratic age the influence exercised by Royal marriages may be sneered at or ignored. We are not the less content gratefully to accept in the great facts and lessons of history the benefits which have accrued to the dearest and most sacred liberties of our country from the very unions now recorded. To say nothing of all

the benefits that have sprung from the union between England and Scotland, we believe that the subsequent long and close connection between England and Germany has proved again and again of the utmost value in our long national contest with the House of Bourbon; and we fondly cherish the belief that in whatever future complications, political or military, England and Germany may yet be destined both to play a part, their common action may be rendered at once easier and more acceptable to the people of both countries by the general knowledge of the fact that whilst the two nations have mighty interests in common, the guardianship of those interests will not suffer from the existence in the highest spheres of national life of common sympathies and affections of common domestic hopes and aspirations.



APPENDIX.

IT is possible that, to some readers of this letter, the allusions to Madame Schwabe's work in Naples may require some explanation. The chief facts to which reference is made may be very briefly stated. Those who knew Southern Italy in the last days of Bomba's reign will not need to be told that political freedom was a boon that the majority of the people could hardly realise, and which they were very far from being able to use intelligently at first. Education, in the sense in which we now use the term to imply the full, mental, moral, and physical development of the citizen, did not exist at all; and as the citizen had no rights to exercise, and hardly any duties, the want was not seriously felt. But freedom came, and with it, to all right-thinking Italians, the consciousness of their country's need and Garibaldi's appeal to the women of Italy, resulted in the formation of the ladies' union in Turin to promote popular education. Italy, however, was as yet an infant state with a gigantic task before her, of which the education of the people was but a part, and those who were her true friends felt that this was a task in which the

older and more experienced nations might well lend a helping hand.

Mrs. Salis Schwabe, therefore, as the representative of England in this Ladies' Society, raised a considerable sum of money, and in 1861 started a girls' school in Naples. Many difficulties had to be met and overcome, but the thing grew in spite of them, and in the year 1872 so completely had Mrs. Schwabe's undertaking won its way to the esteem and confidence of the authorities that the then Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Scialoja, handed over to her the large Government building of the Ex-Collegio Medico, in Naples, with 24,000 francs towards its restoration and adaptation to school purposes. After the most needful alterations in one part of the building, a kindergarten and elementary school for girls and boys was opened in the year 1873, but such was the prejudice towards this new establishment that for the first six months the pupils in the kindergarten numbered nine, and those in the elementary school five.

In 1877, this institution numbered already over two hundred and fifty pupils; of these thirty were in the orphanage as boarders and receiving a complete education.

To this has since been added a training school for teachers on the Fröbel system, and now the beginnings are made for industrial schools for girls.

Any one who knows the absolute indifference which characterises the lower classes of Southern Italy in all matters of hygiene, and their total ignorance of all sanitary laws, will see the fitness of making these subjects of paramount importance in the training of teachers and children, and will understand the writer's assertion that popular education, such as given at the Fröbel Institution, at the *Ex-Collegio Medico*, Naples, is one of the most powerful agents in the war against malaria and typhoid fevers, those deadly enemies of this beautiful and fertile land. Mrs. Schwabe herself thus described the institution at the International Educational Congress, in Brussels, 1880:—

“This institution forms an organic whole, and the children who enter the kindergarten when three years old will leave us, I trust, at the age of eighteen with a profession in their head, or a trade at their finger-ends, in fact capable of earning their own livelihood, if need be, or of undertaking the management of their own children and households. We train the poor orphan girls, of whom we maintain forty-two in the house gratuitously, as cooks, housemaids, laundresses, or teachers, allowing their natural gifts—the indications of which we watch closely—to determine in which career they will best excel.

“My worthy and able helpmeets in Naples and I try to impress upon our children that the only true

“liberty is to be free of human passions and worldly
“prejudices, and to respect the opinions of others as
“we wish ourselves to be respected, acting on Christ’s
“great and comprehensive lesson—‘To do unto others
“as ye would that men should do unto you.’

“As regards the equality of men, I fully recognise
“it morally in the sight of God, and we try to make
“our children understand that a servant who with
“good moral character combines the faculty of doing
“well what she has undertaken is in the sight of God,
“and of men whose opinion is worth anything, as great
“as a king or queen, and greater than kings or queens
“who do not know how to perform the duties of their
“high position.

“Our day schools number now three hundred
“scholars, and we have, besides the forty-two free
“boarders, twenty paying ones in the house.

“I think you will agree that Fröbel’s idea of
“teaching the children from the first to take part in
“household duties is fully carried out when I tell you
“that with seventy people (children and teachers)
“residing in the institution, no servants are kept
“except an old porter. The motto over one of the
“large doors leading to the dormitory is, ‘Work
“ennobles.’ Each little boarder above twelve years
“old is called ‘Madre’ (mother), and each little mother
“has a younger child, whom she has to wash and
“dress, and care for.

“ One branch of our institution is a normal school, “ for training teachers on Fröbel’s system, and the “ pupils of this enjoy the great advantage (from “ having the kindergarten and elementary schools in “ the same building) of being practically as well as “ theoretically taught,—since in the morning they are “ in the schools downstairs, and in the afternoon they “ have their lessons from the different professors and “ the directress of the normal school.”

These words, as named, were spoken some years ago, and the institution has since then been progressing most favourably, but even to-day for the full and complete carrying out of this great idea, and placing it on a permanent basis, both kindly sympathy and active help are needed, and will be gratefully recognised by Mrs. Schwabe, and all those who like her are doing what lies in their power to help in any degree towards the moral regeneration and elevation of Southern Italy.

Surely to this country, which as Magna Grecia was one of the favoured homes of civilisation and of philosophy, in turn the prey of Roman, Goth, Norman, German, Saracen, and Spaniard, we, who are in some sense the children of the spoilers ; we—who at least still enjoy the benefits of the philosophy, science, and art, which were once fostered on these shores—owe a double debt of gratitude.

In this all the older European nations may see a

bond of unity, and we may close with the eloquent words of the late much-lamented Dr. Wichard Lange, from whose speech at Hamburg I am permitted to quote :—

“According to the evidence of the well-known
“and patriotic Professor Villari, Mrs. Schwabe has
“obtained such great results in Italy, and won so
“many hearts, just because she does not make her
“endeavours depend upon political party feeling and
“religious distinctions, but has made them as purely
“humanitarian efforts—as a point of union for all.
“And it must so remain, thinks Professor Villari, and
“under this banner must the battle be won. And I
“share this opinion; it corresponds, as already pointed
“out, with the views of our standard pedagogic leaders.
“But in the effort to keep her undertaking free from
“all party spirit, a very great and brilliant star
“lights her on her way. She would like to make the
“adequate education of human beings in harmony
“with nature a matter of international concern, and
“unite for this purpose the best forces of all nations.
“It is well known that an International Union already
“exists, but such a one as is the direct contrary of the
“one we wish for. To this International Union a
“new one should be opposed. If on the one hand
“Materialism and Socialism be preached, the new
“International ought to uphold intellectual life,
“religion, and moral tone—the ideal of human nature.

“ If the one would revolutionise, the other should
“ strive for reforms resting on a deep foundation.
“ The triumph of one would, I am fairly convinced,
“ result in the collapse of all civilisation and of the
“ civilised peoples, and it would thus be well worth
“ while to oppose another organisation to this one,
“ and with the same external means to pursue the
“ contrary aim. It is a great work of this kind which
“ Mrs. Schwabe sees in the distance. She means to
“ work for it as long as she lives. She wants, if she
“ can do nothing more, to lay in one corner of the
“ civilised world, and in that very spot where it is most
“ needed, a practical foundation-stone for building the
“ temple of a noble humanity, hoping that the seed
“ which she has sown will come up and bear rich
“ fruit ; hoping, too, that new forces will always come
“ forward for helping on the ideas she represents.”



ERRATA.

Page 2, line 3, for "Tarzana" read "Sarzana."

line 5 from foot, for "Alemene" read "Alcmene."

Page 65, line 9 from foot, for "Carthagian" read "Carthaginian,"

Page 67, line 1, omit the full stop, and for "This" read "this."

line 12, for "Rattazi" read "Rattazzi."

Page 68, line 1, for "or" read "and."

Page 113, line 4 from foot, for "Ellalers" read "Ellsers."

Page 181, line 7 from foot, after "need" insert comma.

line 6 from foot, after "Italy" omit comma.