

CHAPTER XXIV

TRANSLATIONS—ROYAT—ITALY

IN October 1887, I received a present from General Edelmiro Mayer, Buenos Ayres, which gave me much pleasure. It consisted of four octavo volumes, beautifully bound in Russian morocco, gilt-edged, printed in fine type, and contained in a case, over which was inscribed, *El Evangelio Social*, "The Social Gospel." On examining the books, I found they consisted of four of my works, translated into Spanish. One of them was *Character*, which had gone through five editions; another was *Duty*, four editions; *Self-Help*, three editions; and *Thrift*, which had just been published. The first editions of *Character* and *Duty* were exhausted on the day that they appeared.

It seems that General Mayer had been engaged in the American Civil War, 1861-65, in the course of which he had learnt English thoroughly, and was consequently able to translate the works into Spanish, his native language. The volumes were accompanied by criticisms from the Buenos Ayres press, in which General Mayer was complimented for his patriotism, his literary ability, and the honour he had done to his country in translating these works for the benefit of the public. Religion was asleep or dead, but

morality remained; and the translator, it was said, had performed an honest man's work by publishing in the Spanish language the work on *Character*, at a time when a high ideal of personal character is proclaimed in a manner, only feeble and intermittent. The works most read in Buenos Ayres were those of Paul de Kock, Zola, Rousseau, and others, "only fit," it was said, "for the hands of the common hangman."

Faustino Jorge, chief justice of Buenos Ayres, congratulated General Mayer on having translated those works, "which will so greatly benefit our society."

"Nowadays," he said, "when we notice that the principles of morality are almost forgotten, and bad actions generally escape the just punishment of reprobation, now that indifference or selfishness influence the manifestations of our social life, I think that these works have come out at an opportune moment. Untruthfulness, against which the author wages war, the principles of morality which he develops with so much effect, and 'the right road' which he traces with a master hand, are themes requiring the attention of every one of his readers, who can temper his spirit and modify his conduct. Edelmiro, my friend, you cannot imagine the joy I feel in seeing you follow this road, and dedicating the passing hours of your life to an intellectual work which dignifies and gratifies the heart, the mind, and the soul."

The Ex-President of the Argentine Republic informed General Mayer that he had *Character* at his bedside, and that it should be at the bedside of every man. The Minister for Foreign Affairs said that, if laid to heart, it would prove more useful than all the charitable societies put together. But the lady poetess, Josephina Polliza de Sagasta, was even more enthusiastic in her eulogium. "To diffuse the

pure doctrines contained in these works," she said, "as you (General Mayer) have done by translating them, is to offer to erring humanity, perhaps doubtful of the old faith, a religion, perhaps the only one free from the influence and modifications of progressive time. The doctrines of these books form a school of true consolation—their holy motto being, 'The Clearness of Conscience.'"

It is not possible to cite the testimonies of the Buenos Ayres press. They would bring a blush to the author's and even the translator's cheeks. The books were recommended to be read by young and old—by youths and maidens, as well as by those of middle and even of advanced age. *L'Amico del Popolo* said of *Duty*, "In the hour of greatest despair, when courage weakens and faith fails, the reading of a few of its pages, and the heroic examples mentioned in the work, will evoke the needed valour, and stimulate the faithful performance of duty, even though it be at the sacrifice of life." The *Standard of Buenos Ayres* said, "Rome gave a crown to him who saved the life of a citizen. How many crowns shall we award to General Mayer for providing healthy reading for his countrymen?" My last quotation must be from the *Deutsche La Plata Zeitung*: "Alexander the Great slept with his Homer, Demosthenes, and Thucydides; and every notable man of the times should have at hand The Social Gospel."

It may not be without interest to mention the various languages and dialects into which *Self-Help*, *Character*, and my other works have been translated. The first translation of *Self-Help* appeared in Dutch; then in German (two translations); Italian; French; Spanish (at Madrid and Buenos Ayres); Portuguese

(at Rio de Janiero); Russian (two translations); Polish; Danish; Norwegian; Swedish; Czech; Croatian; Hungarian; Japanese; Chinese; Siamese; Turkish; Armenian; Pali; Hindustani; Gujerati; Bengali; besides numerous reprints in the United States of America.

During the months of February, March, and April, 1888, I resided with my wife at Torquay, and thereby avoided the bitter east winds of London. As we grow old, we are less able to resist the harshness of the wind from that quarter. Charles Kingsley wrote some verses in praise of the east wind; yet the east wind helped to kill him.

During my stay at Torquay, I proceeded with a work on which I had been engaged, at intervals, for many years—I mean the Life and Correspondence of the first and second John Murray. It involved a great deal of labour—reading the correspondence of that celebrated publishing house for nearly three-quarters of a century—from the times of Drs Langhorne and Johnson to Hallam, Borrow, and Head, who appeared as authors in comparatively recent years. The earlier letters had been carefully analysed and docketed by Mr John Murray, junior—now the fourth of the series of distinguished publishers. My principal work was in reading the letters, and abstracting whatever might be useful in evolving the lives of the first and second John Murray. It was a sort of drag-horse business; but I had agreed to undertake it; and I proceeded with it to the best of my ability. Sometimes, the parcels of letters had not been examined and docketed; and when more could not be had, I proceeded with some other work; for I could never bear to be idle. I did my literary work in the morning, and sometimes in the

afternoon ; devoting the rest of the day to out-of-doors exercise. At length, I desired to have the whole of the remaining correspondence ; and I could then proceed without the previous examination and docketing. It was then merely a question of reading and abstracting ; and in course of time I saw my way to the end of the work. After I had made my extracts, I then proceeded to weave them into a narrative of the life. Of course, the greater part of the labour was connected with John Murray the second—the great John Murray—publisher of the works of Byron, Milman, Washington Irving, Isaac Disraeli, Barrow, Hallam, Heber, Lockhart, Crabbe, and many other distinguished men. When in the autumn of 1888 I went to Royat for the benefit of my wife, who went through a course of the baths there, I obtained a fresh batch of the correspondence, and proceeded with the work, and as it was somewhat tedious waiting at Royat after the examination of this correspondence had been completed, I resolved to make a short tour round the south of France.

At Brive, a lady and gentleman got into the carriage in which I was. The gentleman, who had been imbibing something stronger than wine, moved opposite to me and began talking. I answered, and the lady, finding my French was not *comme il faut*, said, looking at me, “You are English.” Then *she* began talking. She was a native of Southampton, and had married the Frenchman opposite, who did not know a word of English. She could therefore speak very freely. She had a bad opinion of the French Government, and of the French army. “There’s an immense lot of them,” she said, “infantry, cavalry, and artillery. But they are of little use.

Of course they must fight. They are raised and paid for that—to the great oppression of the French taxpayers.” “And who are they to fight with?” I asked. “Oh, of course, the Germans. But the German army is better disciplined, stronger, and perhaps braver. The French, however, are not to be despised for their bravery. They trust to their *elan*. Yet, in my opinion, they cannot stand against the Germans. And the next time the Germans invade this country, they will take a much larger slice of France than they did after the last war. They want a commercial port, and a war port, near the Atlantic. There is Havre, a commercial port, and Cherbourg, a war port, ready to their hand. See if they do not annex the original country of the Teutonic Franks north of the Seine.” “Well,” said I, “that is a very poor prospect for France; and it also means a danger for England.” “Well,” she answered, “I cannot help it. Time will show.” The train then stopped, and we got out at Perigueux.

In further illustration of the effect which these great armaments have on the imagination of the inhabitants, I mention some remarks made to me by a waiter at Royat. He was not a Frenchman, but an intelligent Swiss. In answer to my inquiry as to the number of soldiers at Clermont Ferrand—where Boulanger was in command a few years ago—he said, “I do not know; but there is an immense number of them; and you see the new barracks constantly being erected round Clermont.” “Yes; that looks like war: it’s of little use having masses of troops assembled together unless fighting be meant.” “Oh, yes,” he said, “they will all go to Germany!” “What? as invaders?” “No; as prisoners; as

Bazaine's and Napoleon's army did." Mr Hamerton, in his work on *French and English*, takes a very different view. The French will not go to war, he says, unless they are cock-sure of victory. We can only wait to see the result; but a sad time seems to be hanging over Europe, with masses of soldiers standing at arms—all withdrawn from labour—in France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Russia!

Perigueux is an interesting town, full of ancient buildings. Many of its old streets are narrow and tortuous. There are several old turrets in the midst of the ancient walls, which at one time surrounded the town. Perigueux belonged to the English in the fourteenth century. The French King John had been taken prisoner by the English army at Poitiers in 1356, and was sent to London. A rearrangement of the French provinces took place, and Aquitaine was ceded to England. During the time of the English occupation, the Montaigne family settled in Perigord. I knew a gentleman in London some years ago who claimed a relationship with the French branch. His name was Michel Montaigne. He said his ancestors had remained in England, while the other branch of the family had gone to Aquitaine during the English occupation. The château in which Michel Montaigne was born, in 1533, is still to be seen near Saint-Michel-Bonneparé on the river Dordogne; with his sleeping chamber and the place of his library covered with inscriptions in Latin and Greek, now partly effaced. His motto was "Que scais-je?"—What do I know? These are said to have been the last words he uttered. Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, describes Montaigne as The Sceptic. Gibbon says that during the bigoted

sixteenth century there were only two men of liberality in France—Henry IV. and Montaigne.

Having seen as much as I desired to see of Perigueux, I proceeded by rail, through a pleasant country, to Agen, the chief town of the department of Lot-et-Garonne. I was desirous of seeing this place, because of the interest I felt in the life and works of Jacques Jasmin, who was not only a poet but a barber and hairdresser! Everyone knows the fine translation by Longfellow, of Jasmin's *Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé*, included in all the editions of his works. I had also read the review of Jasmin by that masterly critic, Sainte-Beuve, in his *Portraits Contemporains* (vol. ii.), as well as his notice of Jasmin in *Causeries du Lundi* (vol. iv.). More than thirty years ago, while Jasmin was still alive, I wrote an account of him for a London weekly; and some years since, when asked to contribute an article for an American paper published at Boston, I supplied a paper on the same subject.

Jasmin, though of very lowly condition, did much to beautify his own life, as well as the lives of the people amongst whom he lived. He has been called the Saint Vincent de Paul of poetry. Like Burns, the ploughman of Ayrshire, and Reboul, the baker of Nismes, Jasmin was a man of true poetic fibre—happy himself and the cause of happiness in others. He wrote in Gascon, the *patois* of his district, like Burns in his Scottish Doric, and touched the hearts of the people. In the South of France, no one was so popular as himself. He went from town to town reciting his poetry, all for the sake of charity—receiving crowns, and laurels, and medals—yet he was always happy to return to his home at Agen, and resume his business of barber. Though

he may have been somewhat vain, he was not spoilt by his success; but to the end of his life he was content to remain in his humble position.

Agen has no good hotels; tourists rarely pass through, or stop in the town. I put up at the Hotel du Petit St Jean, near the statue erected by public subscription to the memory of Jasmin, in the Place Jasmin. The statue, tall and imposing—with his outstretched hand, as if reciting one of his own poems—stands nearly opposite the little shop on the Gravier, in which he carried on his trade. There is no other statue in the town, except that erected to the Republic, which is represented by a beautiful woman. And yet Palissy, the great potter, J. J. Scaliger, the great scholar, and Lacépède and Bory de St Vincent, the distinguished naturalists, were born here or in the neighbourhood; but no statues have been erected to them. Palissy, however, was a Huguenot, who narrowly escaping death at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, ended his life in the Bastille.

I first went in search of the birthplace of Jasmin. It is situated in a poor street, in a poor quarter—No. 15 Rue Fon de Raché. Jasmin called the house a “palace of rats.” In the passage the rafters are still overhead; and a strong beam of wood supports the roof of the little room in which the poet was born. I next went to the Petit Seminaire in the Rue Montesquieu, where he received his first elements of education. Then to his shop on the Gravier, behind the avenue of lime trees, which form a fine promenade. In front of the door was an extended signboard marked “Coiffeur,” with a barber’s basin suspended at the end. The name of “Jasmin” still stands over the door. I entered the shop, and found a barber

boy shaving a fat customer. Making an apology for my intrusion, I was invited to enter the little room at the back of the shop, where Jasmin used to receive his deputations, and exhibit his array of golden laurels, and where his wife used to assist him in the reception of distinguished visitors.

I went to the Place de Repos of Jasmin in the cemetery. The grave-digger, even at that early hour of the day, was a little the worse of liquor; but he took me to the spot, where Jasmin's son had erected a monument to his father's memory, "A notre bon Père," at the highest part of the cemetery. There are added the words, "Jasmin fils décédé le 27 Janvier, 1885, à l'âge de 66 ans." Jasmin's body had at first been buried among the graves of the common folks; and his son had removed it to this ornamental monument. On our return, the grave-digger pointed out the cross under which was buried a "much better poet than Jasmin," one Delbes, also a poor man, whose works are unknown to me.

In the afternoon, I crossed the suspension bridge over the Garonne. The people seemed to be making holiday. The river was alive with boats and bathers. On arriving at the other side, I heard a drum beating, and went to see what was to do. Not far from the river, I found a number of men and women, of the working order, dancing on the grass. The drum was accompanied by a fife, and the musicians beat and blew with great energy. It was a sort of country dance, a mixture of a Scottish reel and a waltz. At a certain part of the music the dancers clapped their hands, and the pairs went under the joined hands of the leading couple; just as in the English Roger de Coverley. Some of the dancers were very spirited; the men taking the girls in their arms, and swinging

them round, then saluting them with a kiss. Some of the dances reminded me of the dance in Franzonette, so well described in Jasmin's poem.

I returned to Royat by another route, through Villefranche and Aurillac, reaching home about the beginning of September. In writing the life of John Murray, which I began at the end of 1879, I found it necessary to give an introduction to the history of publishing and bookselling; and for this purpose I read and abstracted from many books. Then there was the life and history of Mr Murray's father, the first publisher of the House of Murray. This involved the examination of many very ancient letters; and next the birth, education, and early life of the main subject of my story. I must say, I sometimes felt very much wearied at the heavy labour involved by the work I had taken in hand; and sometimes weeks passed before I could extract a few grains of wheat from many bushels of chaff. This was, however, unavoidable; for the whole correspondence must be read and sifted. Eventually, after years had passed, I found myself within sight of the close of my undertaking. On the 31st of July 1888, I handed to Mr Murray the Preface, the Introduction, the "Life of John Murray the First," and the first three chapters of the "Life of John Murray the Second" (the Great Murray); and having worked steadily at the correspondence, I was able to hand to Mr Murray Chapter XXXIV., being the end of the work, at the end of January 1889. The whole formed about 2000 pages of manuscript, written on post quarto paper; and calculated to make 2 vols. 8vo, of the size of my original *Lives of the Engineers*.

Having thus finished what I consider to be a very heavy undertaking, I thought myself entitled to a

holiday ; and where can one turn for shelter from the east winds of England, but to Italy and the South? Hence, on the 13th of February 1889—after I had finished copying some of the interesting letters of Mr Murray to Lord Byron—I set out from London for Paris, on my way towards the south. I was accompanied by my wife and her maid, and by a young lady, the daughter of a dear friend. We left behind us the cold, grey atmosphere of London, and in four days were basking under the sun of the Riviera.

After a few days' stay at Monte Carlo, we set out for Rome ; and after a night's journey, arrived there in the morning. It was my third visit to Rome, and it is unnecessary to describe the various sights which we saw there. We visited old friends, and made many new ones. Shortly after my arrival, I was "interviewed" by Professor Paladini, and a notice of my arrival in Rome appeared from his pen in the *Riforma*. The other daily papers followed. I had then no end of visitors, and invitations to evening receptions. Among the first that I attended was one at the house of Mr Morris Moore, Professor of English at the University of Rome. There I met, amongst other illustrious persons, Signor Cesari Donati, the translator of *Self-Help* into Italian several years ago, under the title of *Chi si aiuta Dio l'aiuta*. Signor Donati informed me that the translation had gone through eighteen editions, and over 75,000 copies had been sold—an extraordinary circulation for Italy. He also told me that my works had tended to imbue the rising generation with self-respect as well as self-help, and that those who had read *Thrift* saved their earnings for future needs, instead of throwing them away upon State Lotteries. I came

to the conclusion that I am much better known in Italy than at home; indeed, I have received more recognition there from the King and Queen down to the humblest of their subjects than in my own country. On the King's birthday, the 14th of March, I received an invitation from Commendatore Bonghi, a deputy of the Italian Parliament, and President of the Press Association, to attend a special reception in my honour at the rooms of the society. His letter was as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“Amongst contemporary English authors there is no one better known, or more heartily admired in Italy, than yourself. The Press Association in Rome, of which I have the honour to be President, desires to express this fact in a concrete form, by asking you to honour with your presence a soirée to be given at the rooms of the Association (Via delle Missioni) on the evening of Thursday, the 14th inst., at 9½ o'clock. We hope to gather together a fair number of your compatriots, and of your American cousins, who otherwise might have no opportunity of offering their greetings to the author of *Self-Help*, as well as many Italians to whom your name is already a household word. In their names, and in my own as a brother of the Pen, I ask you and Mrs Smiles to accept the cordial invitation of the Press Association, and beg to subscribe myself, faithfully yours,

“R. BONGHI.

“CAMERA DEI DEPUTATI, ROME,
“13th March 1889.”

I accepted this invitation with pleasure. On our appearance at the rooms of the Association, Signor Bonghi took my wife under his protection; I followed, with Mrs Rowland Taylor; then Professor Paladini, with Miss Nora Hargrove. The room was crowded; we were received with applause as we approached the

adis, where the musical performers were assembled. We were informed by Signor Bonghi that telegrams had been received from Venice and Florence. The message from Venice saluted the author "whose story of the triumphs and heroisms of English industry was educating the rising generation of Italians in honesty, courage, and perseverance."

Professor Paladini said, "You will have a real Italian evening"; and it was so. Happily, there were no speeches, but introductions, conversation, and music.

Signor Bonghi said that he had received a letter from Signor Crispi, Prime Minister, "regretting his inability to offer in person his salutation to the illustrious author, because of the diplomatic dinner of the year, held on the King's birthday, at which he was called upon to preside." Notwithstanding this circumstance, many distinguished persons were present. The Minister of Finance, to whom I was introduced, paid me a pleasant compliment: "I have had my children educated," he said, "by reading your books." There were many ladies present, Italian, American, and English; one of the last, who must surely have been a Scotswoman, told me that she had been "brought up on oatmeal and *Character*, and had found the diet most invigorating." A very pretty compliment!

Not long after, I was asked by Guglielmo de Sanctis, President of the Society of International Artists, to sit for my portrait. The request came to me through Mrs Rowland Taylor, who said, "We cannot have you with us always, and we desire to retain a recollection of you in your portrait." I accordingly accompanied Mrs Taylor to my first sitting. The lady kept up a lively conversation, and

under these favourable conditions, the artist made considerable progress. Next day, I gave him two sittings, but at the end of the second, De Sanctis said, "I must have you talking cheerfully; I cannot put life into your face unless you converse with spirit and frankness. Bring with you to-morrow some ladies to talk to and amuse you." On the following day, I took with me my wife and Miss Hargrove; and after an hour's sitting and talking, De Sanctis finished a very spirited sketch.

At the middle of March, we visited Naples and Pompeii.

After visiting the antiquities at the museum, we proceeded to inspect an institution of a more modern character—the Fröbel Institution established at Naples by Mrs Salis Schwabe a few years ago. It may be mentioned that, before Italy became united under Victor Emmanuel II., the first constitutional king, popular education was very much neglected. In Naples and Sicily, under the reign of King Bomba, next to nothing was done. Naples was the home of the Lazzaroni; willing to beg, but not willing to work; poor, idle, uneducated, yet by no means unhappy. Even the dirty and tattered are merry. The climate is so delicious, that but few clothes are needed; and, as for food, a little maccaroni satisfies the poor man's appetite. Indeed, with such a genial atmosphere, a house is scarcely needed for shelter. Hence begging is a kind of legitimate trade, and not considered a disgrace. The idle man lying on the pedestal of a statue, holds out his hand; the boy lying on a passing waggon does the same. An emblematic statue representing Naples, would be a person holding out an open hand.

Climate has thus a good deal to do with the condition of the humbler classes of Naples, long enslavement and degradation have done the rest. In northern climes, men must work at remunerative wages in order to be sheltered, to dress, and to gain the elements of subsistence; whereas, in Naples, the sun is almost sufficient, with a few soldi for maccaroni. Then political slavery has done much to lower the national character, and efface all desire to rise to a higher moral and intellectual condition.

Garibaldi was aware of these conditions, and desired to remedy them, so far as he could. After his victories over the Neapolitan troops at Reggio and San Giovanni, and the proclamation of Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, at Naples, Garibaldi issued an address to the women of Italy in 1861, on the subject of public education. Why he especially addressed the women, more than the men, was thus explained by himself:—

“The political liberty,” he said, “acquired by the greatest portion of the Peninsula does not suffice for the great mass of the people, who must likewise physically partake of its benefits, and attain that degree of education which alone can emancipate them from the degrading prejudices and ignorance in which the corrupt portion of mankind has tried to keep them. Sufficient food, work, and education: these are the ends which benevolent souls try to obtain for the people. Woman, with her innate tendency to educate a family, is more fit for such a purpose than man; she is more delicate in feeling, more generous. Let the powerful of the earth approach the poor; let them comfort, educate, assist them. Then will disappear from human society that immense gulf which separates the poor from the rich, and in many parts of Europe makes the labouring classes desirous to subvert social order, and to bring about the destruction of the upper classes as the sole

means of mitigating the misery of those below them. I have that profound faith in the good feeling of Italian women of all classes, that I venture to address them, and to invite them to realise this noble end. In the hundred cities of Italy, let there be formed committees of ladies, with the object of collecting means of every kind in Italy and other parts of the world, to assist the needy, and to establish schools for their education."

Garibaldi's appeal found a warm echo in the hearts of Italy's noblest women; and committees were formed with the object of carrying his admirable advice into effect. The Italian ladies first endeavoured to concentrate their activity upon Naples and Palermo; to imbue the people with religious and patriotic feelings, respect for the laws, love of labour, cleanliness, temperance, and education. They invited the co-operation of the ladies of foreign countries, especially of England. Among those who received and read the letter of the Italian ladies, signed by the Marchesa Pallavicino Trivulzio, was Mrs Salis Schwabe, of Manchester. Her heart was deeply moved by the letter; and she collected within a short time the sum of £2000. She also induced the late Jenny Lind Goldschmidt to give a concert in London, the profits of which amounted to above £1000. With the help of this money, an elementary school was established at Naples in 1861. The first superintendent of the school was Miss Reeve, an English lady, who threw herself into the work with enthusiasm; but, unhappily, she fell a victim to the cholera in 1865; and then Mrs Schwabe herself took up the noble work.

The Italian Government and the municipality of Naples took an increasing interest in Mrs Schwabe's educational institution. The Government placed at

her disposal the Ex-Collegio Medico, formerly an extensive nunnery, with numerous apartments, and a large garden fitted for a playground, in the centre of what had been the cloisters; and the municipality granted her 24,000 francs for the purpose of repairing the buildings, and adapting them for school purposes. Mrs Schwabe's original intention had been merely to establish a kindergarten on the Fröbel system, together with elementary schools for the poorer classes; but her scheme was shortly after enlarged, so as to give a good practical education to the children of the upper classes as well as the lower. Under the ministry of Signor Bonghi, she obtained a grant of the building until the year 1906. Mrs Schwabe also received from the Italian Government an extra subsidy of 50,000 francs towards the rebuilding of a wing of the institution; and she subsequently obtained an annual subsidy of 12,400 francs from the Ministry of Public Instruction. With this assistance, and other subsidies from several corporations at Naples, together with the interest on 50,000 francs with which Mrs Schwabe had endowed the institution, education soon made considerable progress. In 1887, the Italian Government, by a Royal Decree, granted a Charter; and it is now known as *Instituto Fröbeliano Internazionale, Vittorio Emanuele II.* The building at the same time was granted to the institution for ever.

When I visited the schools on the 18th of March 1889, there were present 1005 boys and girls; some of the poorer, and others of the better classes. The little children were taught on the kindergarten principle; the elder children were taught in four elementary classes, and a training college for teachers was also established on the Fröbel system. The boys

leave the schools in their eleventh or twelfth year ; the girls, however, continue their studies in the higher school until their seventeenth or eighteenth year ; and, after passing a Government examination, they may enter the Training College for Teachers. The leading idea of the founders and patrons of the institution is, to guide the child from infancy, developing its faculties ; enabling the little ones, with the growth of years, to become useful and happy members of society ; preparing young girls for their future calling, as good and virtuous wives, as well as proper educators of the rising generation.

Nearly half the number of children attending the institution belong to the poorest class ; and at midday they are fed, after having been taught. Industrial schools are to be added, where the boys may learn trades, and the girls cooking, and thus become capable, when they have left school, of earning their livelihood or managing their homes, as useful, intelligent, and independent citizens. It must be added that considerable difficulties had to be encountered and overcome in bringing the institution to its present prosperous condition. Amongst these difficulties was the opposition of the priests. The instruction given at school was confined to the elementary branches, the founders being of opinion that religious instruction should be left to religious teachers. The latter, however, viewed with great jealousy any instruction given to the rising generation except by themselves. Indeed, they threatened some poor mothers who sent their children to the schools, with severest penalties. They would not confess them ; they would not grant them, when dying, the last offices of the Church. Though some mothers may have been deterred, yet the greater number continued to send

their children to the institution. They could not refuse the advantages of education, which were so freely offered them. In course of time, it is to be hoped that these religious, or rather irreligious, difficulties will disappear.

At the lunch which Mrs Schwabe's niece offered us, we met Signora Zampini Salazaro, who contemplates founding a school for the higher education of ladies in Rome, after the manner of those already founded in England and Scotland. As half the human race consists of women, it is necessary that they should be trained and educated to fulfil their duties in the station of life which they may be called upon to fill. If their state of education be low, and their moral and social condition degraded, the fact must necessarily react upon society at large. Men will always be what women make them ; and for the elevation of man himself, it is needful that women should be properly educated. Queen Margaret of Italy is strongly in favour of this view ; and it is to be hoped that, before long, an institution for the higher education of women will be established at Rome, and, it may be, at Florence and Naples.

After a few more weeks spent at Rome, we proceeded to Florence to visit some old friends. The Florentines were anxious that I should be fêted there, in like manner as at Rome ; but I resisted their inducement, and preferred to remain in quiet. It was quite sufficient for us to listen to the serenade to which Colonel Fregerio, commander of the cavalry regiment of Aosta, invited us at his apartments on the Lung' Arno. The band was an excellent one, and played during the evening Neapolitan airs, marches (of

which, strange to say, Boulanger's was the best), and many selections from classical music.

We reached London exactly three months after the date of our departure. This, I think, must finish my last visit abroad; or, at least, to Italy. In a few months I shall enter my seventy-eighth year, and when a man arrives at that age, his best refuge for the remainder of his little life is home. And this must end my autobiography.

The unpretentious MS. here comes to a close. Increasing infirmity and the burden of years now put an end to the labours of Dr Smiles' industrious pen. The reader must for himself compose a fit peroration. Appropriate material is to be found in the evidence of failing power which the closing pages of the autobiography do not conceal. Dramatically enough, they show the author's industry, the ruling passion of a lifetime, battling courageously to the end, happily not without the solace of a deep contentment derived from the consciousness of a day's work done, and of a completed career of honest human endeavour. The rest is silence. It remains only to put on record that Mrs Smiles died on the 14th February 1900, and that her husband, surviving her by a little more than four years, died on the 16th April 1904.—ED.