

A FOUR IN ITALY

IN 1873-74

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*With Mrs Wallace's affectionate regards to
her kind & esteemed friend Mr Murray.*

A

TOUR IN ITALY IN 1873-74

BEING THE
SUBSTANCE OF TWO LETTERS ADDRESSED
TO HER FATHER

BY

M. T.
MRS WALLACE

WIFE OF THE SENIOR MINISTER OF DALRYMPLE, Ayr

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A TOUR IN ITALY.

FIRST LETTER.

ROME, *December*, 1873.

IN my last letter I gave a hurried sketch of our route from Paris to Rome, *viâ* Chambery, Mont Cenis tunnel, Turin, Parma, and Florence.

Since our arrival in the Eternal City, every day has brought its sight-seeing; and were we to remain years, I feel certain new beauties in art, or treasures of ancient Rome, would be disclosed to us. As it is, I am indefatigably pursuing (to me at least) discoveries which are truly endless, and interesting in the extreme.

Mr Wallace and I spent a most delightful day visiting the Palace of the Cæsars, situated on the Palatine Hill, one of the Seven, commanding a most extensive view, especially of Rome, which is very striking, embracing as it does so many of the imperial ruins, whose names are familiar in history. How grand and luxurious these palaces must have been! where all the

world's magnificence was, as it were, concentrated,—especially in the adornment of the golden house of Nero, that monster tyrant, whose cruelty even outstripped his splendour, and rendered his name so odious that his palace was built up, and made a foundation for one erected over it by Titus, to obliterate, if possible, his memory; but Nero's fearful crimes will never die—on whose head the blood of the martyrs must ever call for vengeance.

These palaces are of such vast extent it would take days to traverse them. One may conceive of their grandeur and beauty from the marble columns and sculptures, so exquisitely designed and chiselled: the mosaics and frescoes that surround you on every side, even to the statuary, so pure, so beautiful in form, although hid for ages beneath the ruins, are truly marvels to look upon.

From the Palatine Hill we had an admirable view of the Colosseum—which, by the way, is the vulgar name for it; in proper parlance it is called the “Amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian,” the emperor who caused it to be erected. It was finished by Titus, and opened in the 80th year of the Christian era. We intend visiting this renowned structure in detail; but what with cathedrals and churches—Rome possessing no fewer than 364—picture and sculpture galleries, especially the Vatican, besides endless villas with their choice art treasures, it puzzles me to know where to begin.

Apropos of villas, they mean gentlemen's estates, not single houses or cottages in the country, as we suppose; we have borrowed the word, and quite misapply it. These villas belong to the princes and nobility of Rome (who also possess splendid palaces in Rome itself, containing valuable collections of art), and are open to the public on certain days for drives and promenades, besides the privilege of visiting their private galleries. They are magnificent places of resort, what with their picturesque situation, lovely gardens and grounds, interspersed with the most beautiful trees, amidst statuary and fountains, which for magnificence and numbers I never saw equalled even in Paris. They meet you at every turn. Rome may well be designated the City of Fountains, which, like its gorgeous cathedrals and palaces, are worth a world's journey to see. Then as to Bible history and associations, here one realises far more of St Peter and St Paul. In the great cathedral, it is said, St Peter's ashes repose—and a splendid monument truly it is to his memory, but not more so than the church erected where St Paul is interred. The latter is the most superb, chaste, and richest structure I ever beheld: it cost millions of francs, nor is it yet completed. The marble, agate, porphyry, malachite, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, set in gold-adorned altars, besides endless mosaics—justly called the painting for eternity—surrounding the galleries, consisting of large medallions of the heads of all the Popes, from *St Peter* to Pio

Nono, exquisitely done—not to speak of its gorgeous coloured windows, representing scenes from Scripture—cost something enormous. Its marble floor is like a sea of glass in its brilliant polish; and the Pope's chair, which is of the purest white marble, and a perfect gem of beauty, is placed on a raised marble platform like a terrace of snow. We were not allowed to put our foot on it, such is the veneration in which all is held connected with the Pope. Signor Garinee, with whom we reside, is secretary for the building: he goes three times a week to pay the workmen and superintend matters. It is three miles from Rome, and he kindly drove Mr Wallace and me to it, accompanied by his second daughter, Louise. We had a delightful excursion, and saw every detail outside and in, above and below, even to a large model in wood by the architect, beautifully done, showing what it *will* be when completed. The outside pillars of the façade were still in the working-shed to be polished. Mr Wallace measured them; they were 34 feet long, and of great circumference, each being valued at upwards of a thousand francs even in Italy, where marble is so plentiful: when finished there will be, *I believe*, 200 marble columns. It is in the interior indescribable, so simple, grand, and exquisitely beautiful, and of great extent. There are also some very valuable pictures. Truly, all honour has been done to St Paul. His shrine, like St Peter's, is surrounded by lighted lamps, kept constantly burning. Worshippers are ever kneel-

ing round the latter, but not so at St Paul's, owing to its distance from Rome. It seems St Peter was beheaded after crucifixion, and his head, along with St Paul's (who was beheaded but not crucified), are entombed in St John's Lateran, another superb church in Rome, which vies in splendour with St Maria Maggiore, dedicated to the Virgin.

Last Sunday, Signor Amici, of whom I shall yet speak, drove us to see a very beautiful Greek temple on Monte Mario, another of Rome's magnificent heights, erected over the spot where (say the Romans) St Peter was crucified; the cross on which he suffered being preserved underneath, but not visible. There is a small grating in the floor, right over the top of it, through which the monk, who acted as guide, inserted a tube, and brought up some sand or yellow earth to present to us as holy ground; but I was too sceptical to carry any away. There is a fine old church beside it, in which the beautiful and sadly unfortunate Beatrice Cenci was interred after execution. Hers is about the most painful history I ever read. From the cradle to the scaffold, her life was one of torture and cruelty, too dreadful even for pen to relate,—it makes one shudder; and yet so meek and innocent, a very angel in the midst of it all. I have seen her terrible dungeon and room of torture in the Castle of St Angelo; as also the Cenci Palace where she resided—I should rather say, was kept a prisoner by her unnatural and truly diabolical father. Her portrait, so familiar to us all,

is one of the most touching imaginable, a masterpiece of Guido, who took it, after she had undergone the most fearful tortures (by order of the Pope and his brutal emissaries), eight days before her execution. I saw the original painting in the Palace Barberini—a thing, indeed, to be remembered, so sad, so inexpressibly beautiful, in its sweet, melancholy look, telling too plainly of all her sufferings—those speaking, tearful eyes, appealing to you in proof of her innocence, melting one's inmost soul in heartfelt sorrow towards her, and loathing for her pitiless persecutors. Near Beatrice Cenci's grave repose the family of the great Michael Angelo; both are interred in front of the high altar, fit emblem of rest for that weary, crushed, and grief-stricken one. Her dying words, "Innocenza," ought to have been written on her portrait and engraven over her ashes, for tomb she has none: that would have been too palpable a witness against her false accusers. Thanks to the noble Garibaldi, no such cruelties nor injustice dare be practised now. He has sacrificed himself at the shrine of Liberty, and fought and bled in his country's cause, till he has at last obtained Italy's freedom, and struck at the root of all its tyranny, whether priests' or kings'.

To-day, I, along with Ersilin and Adolphe, the younger children of Signor Garinee, went to St Peter's, and ascended the dome, 465 feet in height, by a flight of broad steps, narrowing as you go up. On the sides of the staircase walls are printed the names of all the

great celebrities who have entered the *ball* that crowns the cupola: kings, queens, emperors, and princes, with names famous in history—literary, scientific, or heroic—all are inscribed here; and no wonder, for it is a feat nothing would induce me to undertake, not even to rank my name with this goodly company on the walls of the great St Peter's. Nothing is to be gained by it as regards view; the entrance to it, by a narrow ladder, quite perpendicular, is far from agreeable; and the heat in its interior, especially when crowded on a hot day, is so intolerable that some ladies fainted the day I was there. The day, though bright and beautiful, was so warm that quite a haze surrounded the horizon and outskirts, hiding all view. It was most provoking, after such a climb. I forgot to mention that we entered the galleries in the interior of the dome, and what a sight! Surrounded as you are by its gorgeous gilt arch, with the apostles, prophets, and angels of immense size, in mosaic, depicted thereon, what a pigmy one felt beside them; and the people underneath us looked still more so, such was the immense height from which we surveyed them. Some of the custodians live in the dome, rooms being between its inner and outer walls, besides other conveniences for tools, &c., as repairs are constantly in operation, outside and in, involving a large sum annually.

The Vatican galleries contain the finest collection of paintings and sculpture in the world; besides its magnificent library, filled with the most costly gifts from

kings and emperors, sultans and pachas, to the different Popes. These we have yet to visit, along with innumerable others, ancient and modern, in the way of museums and private galleries.

To crown all, we have seen the Pope! Through his secretary, who is a near relative of Signora Garinee's, we were admitted to one of the Pope's private audiences. About fifty were present, chiefly ladies, two of them nuns. The latter had a box, tied with ribbon, containing money, as a present to his Holiness; others also gave him various gifts; and most of the softer sex had numerous strings of beads, with crucifixes attached (called by Roman Catholics in Italy, crowns), for the Pope to bless, which they afterwards present to friends as a most sacred offering. We had all to be dressed in black, with veils covering our heads—neither bonnets nor caps being permitted, except on nuns; and gloves are not allowed in his presence. The gentlemen wore what we call dinner dress. We were shown into the audience chamber,—a long but not very wide room, with chairs of a very plain description ranged on each side. The entrance was curtained—no door; and at the opposite end was an arm-chair covered with red velvet, slightly elevated above the floor, evidently for his Holiness. After waiting for some time, the curtains were drawn aside by servants in richly brocaded crimson-velvet livery, besides numerous other liveried attendants: his Swiss guards are most grotesquely attired in bright yellow, red, and

blue stripes, like a theatrical harlequin. Then came military guards, all standing outside the presence chamber. At last came the great head of the Romish Church, in his scarlet mantle and red slippers, a handsome walking-stick in his left hand, with ivory cross at top, and a small white satin cowl or cap just covering the crown of the head: a monsignor carried his scarlet three-cornered beaver hat, of large dimensions; a bevy of cardinals, monsignors (the next in rank in the Church), and priests, accompanied the old man. He has a kindly genial aspect, with pleasing affable manners, almost homely, and inclined to humour, completely disarming any timidity one might feel in his presence. When the Pope entered, all knelt; and remembering the adage, when in Rome do as Rome does, we followed the example. The day being very warm, his Holiness doffed his mantle, and the monsignor who took it kissed it, and laid it on a chair. The Pope then appeared arrayed in white cashmere, of dressing-gown form, crossed over his chest like a shawl—very plain, no collar to it; a broad white watered silk ribbon encircled his waist, fastened behind, towards the right side, with long ends hanging down, finished with a deep rich gold fringe; a massive gold chain, with crucifix attached, was round his neck. He spoke a kind word to each in turn. The nuns being nearest the entrance, he addressed them first: they, of course, received particular attention. As he approached us, we rose. Signorini Ersilin (already mentioned, and who

accompanied us) presented our visiting cards to the Pope, and asked his blessing in her sweet Italian : this was her fourth presentation. His Holiness then shook hands cordially with Mr Wallace, asking him in Italian if Ersilin was his daughter. "No," he replied, "but this is my wife ; I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, and am glad to see your Holiness looking so well." He passed on, I simply taking his hand, but saying nothing, being a little taken aback at Mr Wallace's nice little speech !—sufficient I thought for both : no doubt his Holiness would think the same. A monsignor who was close to the Pope said to Mr Wallace, "What a pity his Holiness does not know what you said, as he can only speak Italian, French, and Spanish." "Oh," said Mr Wallace, "how well you speak English !" "Because," replied the other, "I am a native of Ireland." Mr Wallace then began to tell him of the delightful tour we had all over Ireland, and praising its beauties, forgetful that monsignor had to move on : pity we did not know his name. He was so affable, I ventured to say to him that though Protestants we knelt, seeing the others do so. "Surely," replied monsignor ; "there was no harm in receiving the old man's blessing,"—which I certainly reciprocated. After the Pope had spoken to all individually—every one but ourselves kissing his hand, and some being so devout as even to kiss his feet (sad, was it not ?)—Pio Nono turned round and gave a short earnest address in French (all again kneeling), the sub-

stance of which was the sad position of the Church and all it had lost, begging us all to pray fervently for its restoration to its former power. After blessing us all, his Holiness then made his exit, followed by his retinue, and we left immediately afterwards. Only imagine a Pope, at one time the greatest potentate in the universe, who made even monarchs tremble, standing before us as a suppliant ! It was very striking. One poor female devotee was moved even to tears, most painful to see : she was next to me when his Holiness addresssd her. Her grief was so profound, mingled with intense adoration (idolatry I might call it), that she clasped his hands and feet, and would scarcely let him go. On quitting the presence chamber, Mr Wallace justly remarked, What with the curtained entrance and dressed-up pageantry, the whole scene reminded him of a play in a theatre ; and he was right, for I had difficulty in believing it real. We certainly were highly privileged in being admitted to a private interview, especially seeing how secluded the Pope makes himself,—never going beyond the walls of the Vatican, under the fallacious idea that he is now a prisoner. Certainly a most palatial residence for such a condition, if Pius IX. could only be content to reign as spiritual head of the Church. He is a mild, benevolent-looking old man, rather above than under middle height ; and, judging from outward appearance, his prison fare (?) evidently agrees with him.

You have no idea what kind people we have met

since coming to Rome. Between the family we are with and their friends, our every wish is anticipated, in arranging for us so nicely all the places we should visit, procuring tickets of admission, and accompanying us to them. I never felt more at home; and, considering the distance we are from you all, it is difficult to realise we are actually in the city of the Cæsars. The family with whom we reside consists of Signor and Signora Garinee, their two sons, and three daughters, all very good-looking. The father and mother are particularly handsome—the former exceedingly like “Sophocles,” whose splendid statue is in the Lateran Museum. They are well educated and intelligent, with all the refinement, grace, and ease of manner so striking in the Romans. To perfect themselves in this, and fluency of speaking, they perform plays once every three weeks, under a competent director—an able performer himself, and quite an adept in teaching. The very best plays are selected, trashy pieces not being permitted. I was frequently present at these recitals in the Garinee’s, which take place in their house three times a week. Although I do not understand Italian, yet they performed so well, and with such decision of character, as almost to interpret what they meant. The director was a severe critic as to every word and attitude: it was quite a lesson to me. The Garinees have an intimate friend, the Countess Amiliana, who possesses a palace in Rome, in which is a pretty little theatre. Her daughters also perform in these plays;

and when the amateurs are quite perfect in their parts, they perform in this theatre before their friends, who are invited for the occasion. Two pieces are acted; the last is always a comedy. Performances of no mean order are given on the harp, piano, &c., in the intervals, which enhance the entertainment. The Countess has invited me to see one of these exhibitions on Saturday, at 7 P.M., which will be quite a treat.

What a contrast to the dull, insipid life we Scotch generally lead in our middle-ranks! Such a striving after wealth, position, and *sets*, with all the false pride which accompanies it, instead of mingling pleasantly with each other as this Countess does with her friends, thereby improving and refining all.

Signor Amici, our friend already alluded to, is an advocate in Rome, and I am told one of the ablest and most eloquent speakers at the bar. I have already named his treat to us last Sunday, and next Sunday he is to drive us to some other famous church, and then entertain us to *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Do as I may, he will not allow us to pay one farthing, always adding, "When I come to Scotland you can do so." I fear this pleasure he will never put in our power. Yesterday he called on us, bringing in a great quantity of oranges as a present to Mr Wallace, who had got a bad cold. On my expressing thanks, and exclaiming, "Really, how am I to repay you, Signor Amici, for all this kindness?" "Oh! in Scozia," was his invariable reply.

Fortunately for me, all here speak French, or I could never get on. I deeply regret my ignorance of both German and Italian, so indispensable in travelling, but must revise them. I trust Mr Wallace will be quite recovered by next week, and able to renew our Roman explorations, which I care not to do without him. During the day it is so warm and bright, just like our finest summers, that one does not guard sufficiently against the chills after sunset; hence Mr Wallace's cold. We always learn by experience, often dearly bought.

Our apartments are in the Corso, first story—one of the most popular, and certainly the gayest street in Rome,—the gayest by far I ever lived in. It is the Hyde Park and Regent Street of London combined, where all the fashionable drives, promenades, and processions take place. Shops and palaces line this route; and the afternoon turns out such an incessant stream of gay equipages filled with royalty and the *élite* of Rome, succeeded in the evening by newspaper criers, match-vendors, officers, and gentlemen, loungers at the doors of *cafés*, besides endless pedestrians, that dulness is out of the question. In fact, I never lived in such a scene of bustle, din, and gaiety. If the Corso is so now, what will it be during the Carnival? Windows are then let in this street at two and three hundred francs, and balconies at a thousand. We will stay till it is over. It begins on the 7th February, and ends on the 17th (ten days), after which we go to Naples, &c. &c.

The confectioners' windows in Rome surpass all description (especially at this season) for Christmas gifts, in their wonderful and artistic productions in cakes, &c., of exquisite designs, such as ruins of temples, baskets of gems, pearls, and flowers, cushions of every conceivable device and hue, Christmas boxes, more fit for a queen or some fairy legend, all done in confectionery, and all edible.

I long to transport a specimen of such to your good old city, just for a show : you could not believe such magic transformations in chocolate, sugar, flour, butter, and eggs, could be effected. It is perfectly dazzling the display, most tempting for old as well as young folks. Then the lovely baskets made of wire and adorned with *real* flowers, woven into it, and filled with violets, tiny roses, and moss rosebuds, forming their graceful outline. Bouquets, too, of the choicest flowers—only to be found in our greenhouses at home—so exquisitely arranged, many of them (like the delicate Maiden-hair and other plants) here growing wild and luxuriant, are sold through the streets, making one wonder if it is really December. Would that our British climate were equally favoured ! Driving out one day, I was tempted to purchase one of these nosegays : it was chiefly composed of white camellias, intermingled with coloured leaves and ferns, and of enormous size, for which I only paid one lira = 10d. : with us the price would have been fabulous. In summer the heat here is so intense as to preclude visitors ; yet the Scotch re-

siding here say they get through it very well, and would not live in Scotland again on any account. No wonder Italy is so prized for its climate, added to all its many other attractions. I know not how I shall ever be reconciled to spend a winter again across the English Channel. Well may Italy be called the land of sunshine and song : truly it is more like some beautiful dream. We have travelled over the greater part of France, including that of the late Franco-Prussian War, with all its sadly remembered spots, especially the chateau near Sedan where Napoleon, alas ! delivered up his sword and his freedom to the King of Prussia ; not far from which we saw the cottage where he and stern Bismarck met, ere the unfortunate Napoleon III. resigned his liberty. The most of Switzerland, where I resided for nearly eighteen months, is also familiar to me. After spending some time in Naples and its environs, we purpose visiting Sicily, and then returning to Rome *en route* to visit the great Liberator, Italy's noblest son, in his island home of Caprera. We will afterwards make the tour of Italy, embracing all its towns and places of note, not forgetting its famous waterfalls of Terni and Tivoli, besides its lovely lakes, with the fairy Borromean Isles. It will be some time, therefore, ere we return to Scotland, as it is most likely we will again stay some months in Paris. Mr Wallace, like myself, is quite in his element. I never saw him looking better ; and such an appetite !—very different to what he had at home. I only wish all that were dear

to me could be with us to share our enjoyment. I will write again, ere long, of our further progress: meantime adieu.

M. T. WALLACE.

SECOND LETTER.

ROME, 11th May 1874.

You will be desirous to know about our visit to Caprera—the great event in our Italian Tour.

Last Wednesday we started from Rome for Civita Vecchia, whence we sailed the same day at two P.M., by the mail steamer, for Madalena, where we arrived on Thursday at half-past four A.M., after a pleasant voyage. At Madalena Hotel we breakfasted, and at eight we hired a small boat to Caprera, where we arrived at nine. There was a slight rain, but the sea was fortunately calm. We sent one of the boatmen with the three letters of introduction first, and waited his return from the house, which was about a quarter of an hour's walk from the coast. When the man came back with the message of welcome, we all set off for the house, which is seen at a great distance from the steamer. General Garibaldi's secretary, Signor Basso, a good-looking, intelligent man, received us cordially, and showed us into the dining-room. He conversed with me in French, and informed me that the General

was in bed, suffering acutely from rheumatism, and had been confined thus for some time, but that he would see us. You may imagine how grieved I was. Meantime I learned that his son Minotti and his wife were in Rome, Ricciotti in London, and his daughter Teresa, with her husband, Signor Canzio, at Palermo.

Signor Basso said he had lived with the General for thirty years, had accompanied him in all his campaigns, and was one of those who bore him on his shoulders from the battle-heights of Aspromonte, opposite Messina, when he was unfortunately wounded, as also Minotti. During the General's visit to London, he resided with him at Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's), and spoke of his enthusiastic reception there, which quite turned his own head, as well as that of the Londoners. The General himself, he said, felt it keenly; and his love and admiration for the English and Scotch are unbounded.

After sitting nearly half an hour, the Secretary signified we could now see the General, and showed us into his bedroom, which was across the entrance hall, *vis-à-vis* to the dining-room. My feelings can be better imagined than described when I entered the presence of the great liberator and hero—the Wallace of Italy! He lay to the left on entering, close by the door, his head slightly propped up with pillows, and looking ill and pale. Notwithstanding the simple and unostentatious surroundings, there was a dignity in his very simplicity most touching; and his countenance is the

handsomest I ever saw, especially in the beauty of his eyes, which are very striking, with a kindliness of expression most attractive, evincing great benevolence, and an intense love for the human race, for the freedom of whom he has truly sacrificed his all. There was also a fascination in his very voice, which was soft and pleasing, with most winning gentlemanly manners, so characteristic of his thorough unselfishness, goodness, and singleness of heart. When I approached him my heart was at my mouth; and on his holding out his hand, which was doubled up with rheumatism, I kissed it, which his deep humility—a most striking feature in his character—would scarcely permit. He then introduced me to his wife, who appeared to be a very amiable and agreeable lady; and indeed such was the case, for during our visit she did all in her power to make us comfortable. I never experienced anywhere such kindness and attention.

After some conversation, the General remarked to me, "You are English?" I said, Scotch. "Oh," he replied, "I am very fond of the Scotch, of whom I have many warm friends, especially in Glasgow; and you must remember me kindly to your father, Mr M'Tear, and Mr M'Adam, and all my friends in Glasgow and in Scotland who remember me." I said we regretted he had not gone to Scotland when he was in London. He replied that it was also a great disappointment to himself; but Mr Gladstone and the Government had prevented it. I said I trusted he would yet honour

us with his presence ; and should he visit Glasgow, he was to make your house his home. "That is indeed kind," he added, "and I shall certainly see your father if there." He then spoke kindly again of Mr M'Tear and Mr M'Adam. The children were now brought in—a girl, seven years old, called Clelia, a nice little thing ; and a beautiful boy, Manlio, aged twelve months, the very image of his father.

General Garibaldi's house is the only one on the island. Around it are vines, olive, fig, and orange trees ; and outside the window of the General's bedroom are lemon trees thick with fruit, which, on remarking, he sent his little girl to bring me some. Clelia brought in three lemons, when Mr Wallace, on the spur of the moment, gave her a five-franc note, but her father decidedly told her not to take it. With most gentlemanly tact and delicacy (fearing to hurt Mr Wallace's feelings), he turned to him and said, "You see I have got your namesake, Sir William Wallace, above my head." It was a simple engraving of the Scottish hero in his helmet. In the course of conversation, Mr Wallace said he looked as if he were in the prime of life ; and were it not for the rheumatism, he might be going about active and vigorous. "I am sixty-seven," he replied ; "and as it is, I am obliged when out of doors to be wheeled about in a perambulator." There was a very neat one in the entrance hall. Mr Wallace then remarked that he saw occasionally notes from him in the newspapers, and trusted soon to learn

from some of them of his perfect recovery. "Oh," he said, "I am like an old ship obliged to go in for repairs occasionally, to prop it up, and inform the journals accordingly." I alluded to what he had done for Italy and liberty, and though not recompensed here, a far higher reward than aught earthly awaited him above. I then spoke of being acquainted with some of his faithful adherents whom I had met in Italy and Sicily, who had shared his toils and battles. He replied, "I have known so many in my career, I cannot recall them individually. I am a cosmopolite, devoted to liberty everywhere, and all who love liberty are my friends." The General then spoke of Caprera, and how much he liked it. The island is the wildest looking place I ever beheld. It is seven miles long by three broad—one mass of rugged rocks and huge boulders, covered with myrtle in full bloom, issuing from every crevice. A few patches of ground near the house serve as pasture for his cattle, about eight or ten in all. There is also a fine white horse (probably one of his favourite chargers), two donkeys, a few goats, two pointer dogs, and a great number of hens. All the animals are well fed, and carefully attended to. Although Caprera is wild, there is a grandeur about its rocky heights, and it commands a fine view of the islands surrounding it, especially from the terrace of the room we had the privilege of occupying.

The General lost a very lovely girl when he was in France at the late war. Her name was Rosa, and her

death caused him great grief. She is interred in the olive garden, on a little rising ground, and a very handsome monument in pure white marble is erected to her memory. In front of the tombstone, which is high, is an exquisite marble sarcophagus, of large size, where I could not help thinking the General would one day lie. The rest is paved with tiles, very chaste; and flowers adorn the whole, which is enclosed by an iron railing. This tribute was sent from Nice—no doubt a present from a friend.

Many a pilgrimage may yet be made to it, as the resting-place of the hero, which, I trust may be far distant. Fearing to fatigue the invalid, we made this interview as short as possible, which was kept up in French and English,—in French chiefly, as he said he knew that language better. He seemed pleased when I told him you envied my visit to him. On ascertaining that we had our carpet-bag with us, he invited us to stay, with many apologies that it was not as he would like it to be for us in point of comfort. I said the honour of being under his roof was enough for me. A very fine *liqueur*, something like Noyeau, was presented to us at his request; and after we had been shown to our bedroom, Signora Garibaldi returned with a bottle of old cognac, a plate of fine dates, and a crystal jar of Caprera honey from the General. I then said to her that I had brought a coral scarf-pin from Naples, which, being so trifling, I had not courage to present it to the General in person. She admired it

exceedingly, and hastened to give it to him; came back and told us how much pleased he was, and it was so beautiful. I begged her not to mind us, but to remain with her husband, to whom she is so devoted, as we could amuse ourselves by taking his advice and perambulating Caprera. Accordingly, we walked about for some time, and between one and two o'clock Signora Garibaldi came and invited us to dinner. It was indeed a substantial repast. Besides the viands, there were on the dining-table two very large bottles full of the finest wine, the same on the side-table—gifts, we were told, from friends. The party consisted of Signora, her daughter, her two brothers, Signor Basso, Mr Wallace, and myself. Signor Basso remarked that this was their daily routine; and that when the Duke of Sutherland visited Garibaldi, which he did occasionally, he sat down with them in the same primitive fashion. I remarked, "I would rather partake of bread and water at the board of *such* a man, than be at the table of luxuries where there was no heart, and where pride and ambition reigned." We again strolled to Rosa's tomb; and in the evening a similar entertainment awaited us, which we were unequal to after such a dinner. Signora Garibaldi asked us to accept of a small cheese of Caprera, also one of the General's Garibaldian costumes, both of which I politely declined, tempting though the latter offer was, as having been worn by the great patriot. She then laughingly threw it over me. Signor Basso said—

Much as we liked their cheese, it was not to be compared to the Cheshire cheese, which the General, as well as himself, was so fond of. On entering the dining-room next morning, there was a large fire of wood, which made it very cheerful, especially as there was a cold east wind blowing outside, and an excellent tea breakfast awaiting us by the General's orders,—"as the English," he said, "did not take wine in the morning." On the table, also, were cold roast beef, hot fowl, poached and boiled eggs enough for a dozen—such kindness and unbounded hospitality, as if sufficient could not be done for us. Wine was also pressed upon us, but declined. After breakfast, all the party, except the General and his Secretary, had a walk to the olive ground and the tomb; and then the boatmen arrived from Madalena to take us back as soon as we were ready, as the wind was so high and the sea so boisterous, that if we waited till midday, as the General had appointed, it would be impossible for a small boat to go across.

The General again sent for us, and on our entering the room, great was my delight to see him so much better that he could sit up in bed. He gave us a most cordial welcome, and had put on his Garibaldian costume,—a kind of black-and-white-checked woollen garment. It is like a long broad scarf, with a slit in the centre to put the head through, letting it hang loosely down round the person. Underneath I observed the well-known red flannel shirt, and, to my

intense pleasure, my coral pin was fastened in front—a most graceful, delicate compliment to me. I pointed to it, thanking him for accepting it, and the great honour he conferred on me by wearing it. He said, “It is very beautiful, and I shall remember you all my life, and wear it for your sake.” How proud and happy I felt then! A very beautiful smoking-cap, with rich gold embroidery, adorned his head. Mr Wallace and I were struck with his handsome and noble appearance: like myself, he thinks it is the finest countenance he ever saw. At my request the General presented me with his photograph, and his name written on it by himself, saying, “This is the last one I possess;” and Signora gave me one of Clelia, and one of little Rosa in her bier, with herself sadly looking on her dead child. The General again repeated all his kind messages to you, to Mr M‘Tear, and Mr M‘Adam, and then bade adieu, I once more kissing the hand of the great Liberator. I again thanked him for his great hospitality, and Signora’s extreme kindness and attention to us; and he replied, “My wife desires me to say how delighted she is to have made your acquaintance.”

The sea was so frightfully rough, that instead of going to the village of Madalena, the three boatmen rowed to the nearest point, about a mile across, and we walked to the hotel, from two to three miles distant. The same steamer that we went by returned from Sardinia in the afternoon, and at six P.M. we

sailed, arriving in Civita Vecchia at half-past eight next morning, after a most boisterous passage.

All our friends in Rome are surprised at our courage in visiting the abode of this greatest of men, but it has given me a pleasure and satisfaction utterly indescribable.

To have touched the hand that has opened prison doors, trodden down tyranny, made the despot king and his minions flee, leaving him master of the field in Naples with but a few adherents, placing Victor Emmanuel on the throne of a united kingdom when he himself might have continued Dictator, and even refused the proffered crown—was alone sufficient to have made one proud of the honour. Added to all this, priestcraft, superstition, and ignorance trembled before him ; and freedom of thought, religious toleration, and the circulation of Bibles, were among the grand results of his mighty deeds. He who might have possessed royal palaces and treasures, sacrificed his all for the love of liberty alone, living a life of obscurity in his humble island home, with no other reward than the homage of his nation, and of all who know his worth, his noble heroism, and self-devotion to his country. No wonder I rejoiced at grasping the hand of such a deliverer, and gladly listened to the voice that proclaimed liberty to a trampled-down nation, and raised it to the dignity of freedom and enlightenment ! What a lesson it teaches us of noble self-sacrifice and divine humility ! I do hope, dear father, you

will yet see him, and have him as a guest under your roof.

I may mention that in our bedroom, which formed part of the wing of the house, were many English books, Shakespeare among the rest, all of them presents. Several pictures were hanging in the various rooms, chiefly connected with his own eventful career, and given by friends. Of the photograph you may remember giving me of "Garibaldi carried off the field of Aspromonte," he has two copies left, one of which Signora kindly offered to me, but I told her I had already got one from you.

I think I have now given you all the details of this most interesting visit, and I shall only add my apology for the length of the letter.

M. T. WALLACE.

The following appeared in the Edinburgh 'Scotsman' newspaper of Wednesday, October 13, 1875:—

"DEATH OF GARIBALDI'S DAUGHTER.—A few weeks ago a paragraph appeared in a great many newspapers stating that Anita, the second wife of General Garibaldi, had died at Caprera. There was obviously something inaccurate about the story, inasmuch as

Anita was the first wife of the General, who shared all his early perils in South America and in Italy with so much heroism, and who died, overcome with fatigue, in his arms, when he was a refugee after the capture of Rome by the French army in 1848. Mrs Wallace, who, with her husband, the Rev. Robert Wallace, of Dalrymple, Ayr, visited the General at Caprera in May 1874, having seen the announcement of the death of Signora Garibaldi, addressed to the General a letter of condolence, and a reply was received, of which the following is a translation :—

“CAPRERA, 5th October 1875.

“DEAR AND MOST AMIABLE MRS WALLACE,—It was my daughter Anita, at the age of 16 years, I had the misfortune to lose, and not my good wife, although I accept with gratitude the kind words of condolence of you and of the excellent Mr Wallace. By the end of this month I hope to be in Rome ; and either there or at Caprera, or anywhere, I shall always be happy to greet you. Best wishes to your husband, to Mr M'Tear, the M'Adams, and all friends, and your family. My wife and children salute you heartily, and I am always yours,

“G. GARIBALDI.

“I send you two portraits of my wife and of my children, Manlio and Clelia.”

“ROME, 6th January 1876.

“DEAR AND MOST AMIABLE SIGNORA,—It is more than with the pen, and with a deep sense of gratitude, that I recognise the favour of your bounty, and now reply to it.

“It has been certainly the greatest pleasure in my life to have gained your friendship, and that of your warm-hearted countrymen.

“That day will be, for me, a happy one, on which I shall have the honour of shaking hands with you and your illustrious husband.

“Francesa, Clelia, Manlio, Basso, send their kind regards; and I beg you will accept the same also, for yourself and family, from yours truly,

“G. GARIBALDI.

“MADAME WALLACE, GLASGOW.”



