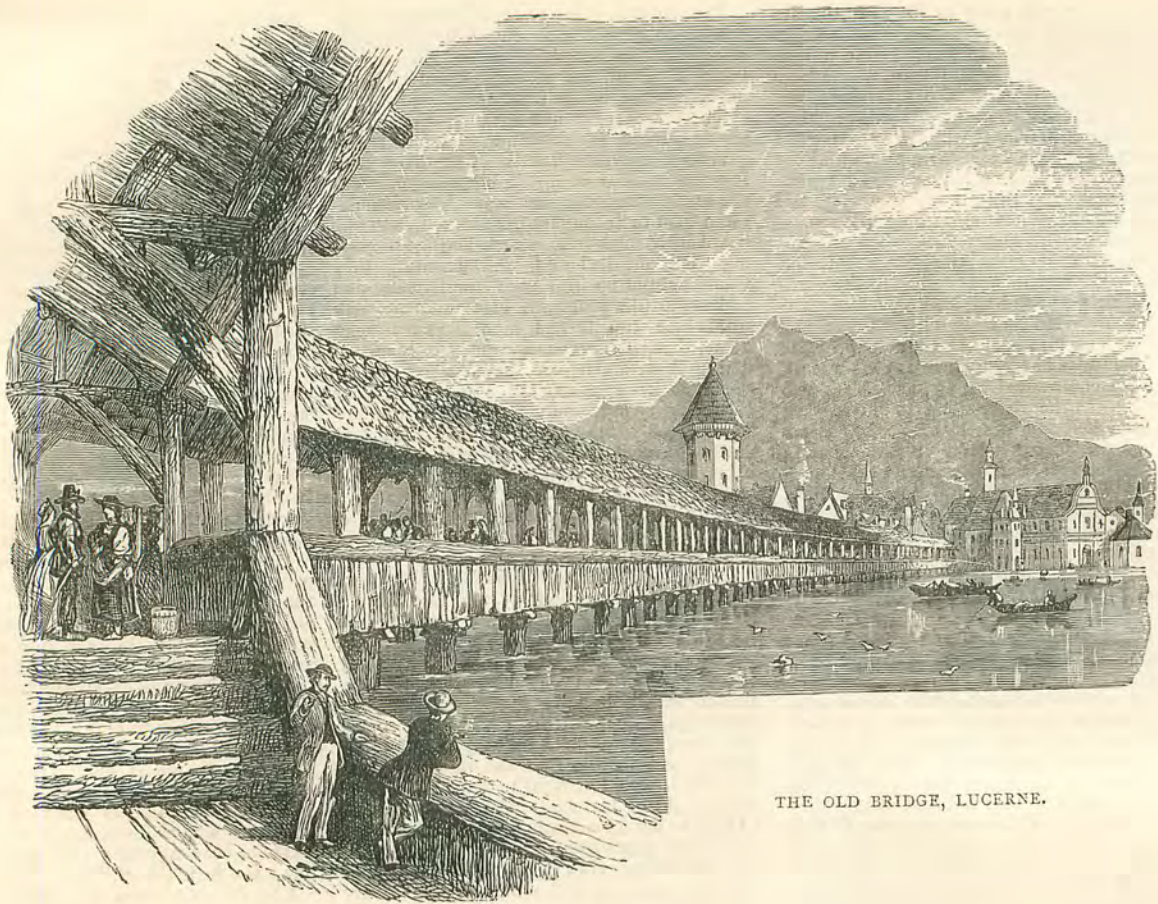




THE OLD BRIDGE, LUCERNE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

WE are only a couple of young bachelors—almost “green”—but we enjoy life greatly and appreciate art when we see it, so on our savings we decided to see a bit of Italy, and the glorious paintings, buildings, and picturesque street-corners for which that country is so justly renowned.

We borrowed books from all our friends, and sought second-hand bookstalls for every conceivable authority, and a month before our day for starting we were so brimful of knowledge, that we decided to acquire no more, but to depend on what we had already achieved.

How tedious the days before the one memorable day which should see us off to Bâle, and how alarming a cold in the head, caught by one of us two days before the date! Would it develop into something too serious to travel upon? Surely, never did so simple an ailment command so careful a treatment or portend so formidable, or possibly formidable, a catastrophe! Breakfast in bed was the order of the last two mornings, and two visits from a doctor, who won golden opinions from the two jolly bachelors for prescribing change as the best medicine. He is a wise doctor, that Scotchman, and we will seek his counsel on other occasions—though not just at present, we trust.

We left Victoria Station on an April morning, being “seen off” by three kind friends, one of whom nearly lost his life by foolishly standing on the carriage step while the train steamed to the full extent of the platform. The risk our friend underwent only made us

love him the more for his devotion to his chums; and, really, we would prefer to see no possible danger in such a friendly desire to prolong the last glimpse of such interesting worthies as ourselves.

We found the sea at Dover very blue, as usual, and very smooth, so that it was a very short passage to Calais, and we found considerable pleasure in re-reading Ruskin's reference to the fine old church tower. He says:—

“I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brick-work, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but, useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman, beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets, so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its

bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this—for patience and praise.

“I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new streets, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere specimen of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown; and which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover:—but, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present; and, in such use as they can serve for, the grey-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding, each in its place. And thus, in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.”

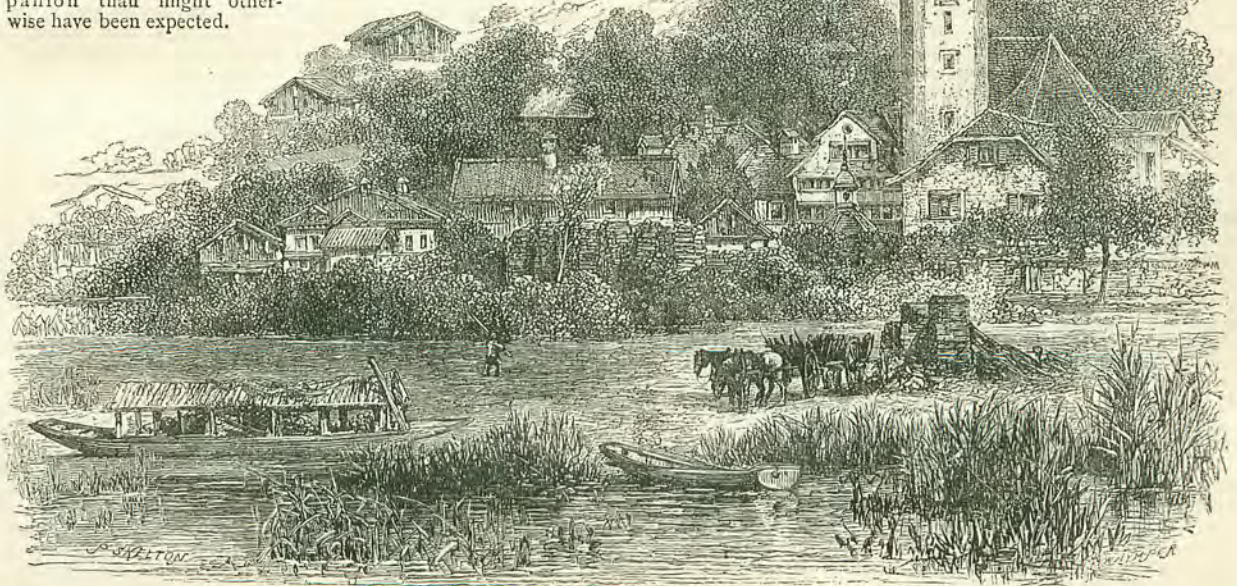
At Tergnier we alighted for dinner, being allowed twenty minutes for five courses and

dessert. But hunger of a violent kind prevented any unreasonable grumbling, and we fortified ourselves for a long night's journey. Of course, when our dinner had digested, we thought of all the horrors of midnight railway journeys, and remembered seeing the poor Curate of St. Pancras after the same journey into Switzerland a year or two ago. His head was plastered and bandaged, and he, poor fellow, looked a sorry pickle after the burglary and attempted murder, but was it not a splendid subject for a sermon when he found himself at Chamounix and able to preach! And did he not profit by the unusual opportunity! In thinking of this we each said our prayers quietly, when we fancied the other was not looking, and towards midnight we wound up our watches, which we understand are seldom remembered by travellers on night journeys.

At this stage of the narrative it seems highly desirable to describe ourselves, and we hasten to prove a total absence of any reluctance:

No. 1 is a slim youth just over twenty, with a delicate complexion and curly hair, but whose digestion is atrocious, frequently causing his normally amiable character to be tinged with viciousness, and

No. 2 is ten years older and the reverse of No. 1 in feature and figure, and also (alas!) in disposition, being crotchety and irritable whenever events turn out uncomfortably, as frequently happens when there are no members of the fair sex near to make the passage through life's waters smooth. He remembers, though would fain forget, some trifling difficulties in the matter of mending, button sewings, &c., which caused him to prove a less desirable companion than might otherwise have been expected.



FLÜELN.

However, the two arrived safely at Bâle, and, after a matutinal bath in a slop basin at the station, and a very hot breakfast in two minutes in the refreshment room, proceeded direct to Lucerne, where they put up at the Swanen.

Old Haefeli always pretends the keenest interest in the latest arrival, so we were not surprised on the following day that our hotel bill was not less than usual. Of course, before leaving that lovely town we did the "lion" and the "lions" of the place, including the picturesque old bridge, with its numerous paintings of horrible subjects connected with the eventful lives of SS. Leodegar and Maurice, the patrons of Lucerne. But, although there seems to be no way of getting at the details of the story, thus primitively depicted, which evidently embraces old priests without heads and warriors worshipping the phenomenon, we admired the colouring and quaint drawings of the pictures.

The Rigi was partly covered with snow, so that it was impossible to get either on foot or by train higher than Kaltbad—and when once an official saw us attempting to walk through a likely field for a better view, warned us sternly against any such foolhardy attempt.

This was amusing, after the information contained in the Hotel Guide Book, which runs thus:—"Some daring ascensionists up the Rigi, only obstinate themselves to disdain the railway, and so walk up the mountain on foot."

Our run down to Weggis was exhausting from the speed with which it was done, but we soon found ourselves safely and comfortably ensconced at the hotel at Brunnen, where we intended to spend the night previous to proceeding by the St. Gothard into Italy.

En passant we might remark on the pleasure of the Lucerne Lake, "out of season." We were the only visitors in the hotel, and were treated with liberality in the matter of fare, and with unbounded courtesy and attention. Our walk through the village at night was grand from its loneliness and mystery. We have since been there in August, but, O! how different! We do not like brass bands and noisy German tourists.

Early next morning we went by steamer over the Lake of Flüelen, and were much struck with the view of this place from the distance—the quaint red steeple, and the little Swiss chalets looking so pretty against the huge mountains, which are here more striking than anywhere on the banks of the lake.

At Flüelen we continued our journey by the St. Gothard Railway, but by an unlucky chance we got into a compartment with an Italian professor of languages—a terrible nuisance—who was delighted at having an opportunity of improving his English pronunciation at our expense.

The older and wiser bachelor, realising that it was impossible to prevent our companion from chattering, determined to turn him to account, and commenced to ask questions in Italian, adding to his small store of knowledge of that language. But the younger bachelor, to whom the magnificent scenery was entirely new, would stand the worry no longer, and got into another compartment.

The scenery of the St. Gothard Pass, at once after leaving Flüelen, is magnificent to a degree. At every turn of the railway is presented a scene of snow mountains, of roaring torrents, and of towering precipices, which are so characteristic of this superb country.

At Geschenen the train stopped for about half-an-hour, so we got out and looked about us, and found, to our delight, the whole of this superb gorge enveloped in snow. The novelty of the sight proved so tempting that we resolved to see more of it, and ascend to Andermatt, some miles from Geschenen, thus sacrificing our railway tickets to Lugano.

We ordered a carriage at the station, and wrapping ourselves up well—for it was very cold—commenced our drive in right good spirits. Before starting we were joined by a tall, handsome Englishman, who, like ourselves, had not been able to resist the temptation of breaking his journey at Geschenen.

Shortly after leaving the station we entered the dreary Schöllenen defile, certainly one of the finest in all Switzerland. The road here is cut in the sides of huge granite rocks. At the base of the gorge rushes the foaming Reuss, tearing madly against the rocks, which try in vain to arrest its course. All the way from Geschenen to Andermatt the ascent is very steep—the road in some places being almost suspended over the Reuss. Of course, our progress was slow, as, in addition to the steepness of the road, we had to pass by (and sometimes through) huge snow drifts from twelve to twenty feet high. When we crossed the famous Devil's bridge it was covered with mist, produced by the spray from the neighbouring cataracts. The old Devil's bridge, a few feet below the new one, has been disused for many years, and is now covered with moss and lichens. After leaving these the road passes through a long tunnel (covered with icicles in the early spring) into the valley of Unseren, which No. 2 said was fertile in summer—but how different when we saw it! The pastures were covered with snow and ice, and so altered was the scene, that the younger bachelor (No. 1) thought he was beholding a huge lake snowed over.

Andermatt looked very pretty with its ancient Romanesque church and funny little white-washed chalets, and how glad we were to get there! famished with hunger, and fearfully cold, notwithstanding all our wrapping up! We drove to a smart-looking hotel, where we were received pleasantly.

After dinner the younger bachelor, who is of rather a foolhardy temperament, and is, or rather was, very green, was seized with a desire to immortalise himself by climbing a mountain unattended, by sleeping out in the snow, or doing something perfectly ridiculous. So, promising his friend he would be back again in a couple of hours (a compact which he never intended to keep, by the way), he marched out of the hotel already thinking himself a kind of hero. Coming back again in about three hours and a half, he related that he had gone past Hospenthal to some place on the old St. Gothard road, where he was suddenly stopped by the path being so covered with snow that farther progress was absolutely impossible. So, humbled and disappointed, he came quickly home to find his friend in a terrible state of mind at his lengthened absence. In the evening we had some music—for both bachelors are musical—the older having a baritone voice, and the younger playing the piano. How cold that night was! and how welcome was the great eider-down pillow, which is generally such a nuisance in continental hotels.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we commenced our return journey to Geschenen; the driver, after leaving the tunnel and the snowdrifts, tearing down the defile at a most dangerous pace. At the station we took fresh tickets to Lugano, travelling third-class to make up for the extravagance of abandoning our former tickets, and then waited for the train which was to take us to Italy. Yes, to Italy, that wonderful country of which we had read so much, about which we had acquired so much information, and had been so longing to see for the last six months! The train, with its huge powerful engine, came slowly into the station, looking very important, as if it knew that it was conveying its passengers to the most famous country the world has ever seen.

The entrance to the great tunnel is within

a few yards of Geschenen Station. When we consider that this is the longest tunnel in the world (from Geschenen to Airolo, nearly nine and a half miles), and that the rock which is pierced consists of such hard material as quartz and granitic gneiss, the work may well claim to be one of the great engineering feats of the century. The difficulty of supplying the workmen engaged on the boring of the tunnel with air, necessitated the building of huge air reservoirs (just outside Geschenen Station), which, in addition, were used for setting the boring machines into motion. The air was forced into these reservoirs by water supplied from the Reuss. The operations were commenced at both ends in 1872, under the auspices of M. Louis Favre. This great contractor, to whose industry and genius so much of the final success of the scheme was due, died of apoplexy whilst inspecting the tunnel, after seven years of unremitting labour and anxiety. The difficulties which poor Favre had to contend against were terrible, not the least of which were the crushing of the masonry, the striking of springs, and a riot among the workmen, which took place in 1875.

We were a little disappointed with the length of the tunnel, especially as we had heard that the boring alone had taken nearly eight years to accomplish. But travelling through a tunnel is not a very agreeable sensation, as passengers by the Underground Railway will know, so we were glad when the train emerged from the darkness and slowly wended its way past Airolo, the first Italian village on the south side of the St. Gothard. The scenery changes its character almost immediately on leaving the tunnel; for though it is still, of course, mountainous, with a roaring torrent, the Ticino, almost equal to the Reuss in its impetuosity, yet it is much more luxuriant than the Swiss side. Mulberry trees and vines gradually begin to appear, and the little church towers (called in Italian, Campanili) becoming more frequent as one goes south, greatly add to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

Here it may be as well to remind our girls that the Canton Ticino, though Italian in language, in scenery, in architecture, and, in fact, in all its characteristics, yet politically belongs to Switzerland.

After passing Faido the scenery becomes, if possible, more beautiful, and at Bellinzona, the capital of the Canton, we saw our beautiful Italian landscape. From a distance especially Bellinzona is very striking, with its three castles and fine 16th century Abbey church; though when one approaches it more closely, like so many Italian towns, it is slightly disappointing.

As we approach Lugano, the mountains become less elevated, but the soil far more rich and fertile, and the olive and aloe, so characteristic of Italian landscape, are to be seen.

About an hour before reaching Lugano both of us began to feel unwell and very irritable from the continual travelling; the younger of us especially so, as he was rapidly developing an attack of his horrible complaint—indigestion.

On arriving at Lugano we drove in the Hotel Omnibus to the Hotel du Parc and ordered tea to be brought up into our room, after partaking of which we went to sleep until table d'hôte time. The dinner was, of course, the first we had tasted in Italy, and we cannot say that it impressed us favourably with Italian cooking. Everything was oily and rich, and suggested indigestion and biliousness. After dinner we strolled out of the hotel to get our impressions of the town of Lugano. The first thing we noticed was the beautiful Monte S. Salvatore, covered with verdure from base to summit;

and then we admired the charming position and great picturesqueness of Lugano. Viewed from near the lake, and looking back on to the town, the number and variety of the Campanili, the flat-roofed houses scattered near the lake, and the hills covered with foliage, presented a most delightful scene. With the lake itself we were disappointed, the mountains struck us as being rather uniform and uninteresting; the shape of the lake also is not so beautiful as that of either Como or Maggiore, as we afterwards ascertained.

The interior of the town, with its arcades and quaint shops, so thoroughly Italian, pleased us very much, and we experienced to the full that delightful sensation of wandering about in a foreign town on a fine evening just after sunset.

The Hotel du Parc, at which we stayed, was formerly a monastery, and contains some rather interesting rooms and corridors. Near to this hotel is a small church thoroughly unnoticeable from the outside; but which contains three frescoes by Luini, one of which, the Passion, is not only the masterpiece of the painter, but one of the finest and best preserved frescoes in existence. And here we may say a few

words about fresco painting, which is such a marked feature in the Italian churches and buildings. We do so, because some people, even those who ought to know better, are in the habit of describing any wall-painting as a fresco; whereas so many of the wall-paintings, especially in Italy, are not frescoes at all, but distemper paintings on a dry surface. The real fresco consists of painting upon plaster, while it is wet. The piece of plaster which is to be painted upon must be only sufficient for a single day's work—any that is left over must be cut away, and a fresh piece added for the next day's work. This accounts for the strongly indented lines which are really the joins in the plaster work.

The fresco of the Passion before alluded to covers the chancel arch of the little church, and is divided into two complete sections, representing various scenes from the Passion. This arrangement, by the way, is not at all uncommon in early Italian frescoes, and, although it has been severely criticised, there is no doubt that it often lends great richness to the composition, though occasionally, from the number of subjects depicted, and the

absence of sky and foreground, it makes the painting appear confused and over-crowded. The first thing that strikes one in the work, is three crosses in the largest scale of the picture, which stand out apart from the rest. On the lower section are seen the holy women mourning for our Lord, and Roman soldiers on horseback, the former painted with great beauty and pathos—on this row also are St. John and a very vigorous group representing the executioners casting lots for the garments. Above are depicted various stages of the Passion, and the unbelief of Thomas—this last containing a most beautiful and dignified representation of Christ. Above both rows, on either side of the fresco, are two scenes; one being the agony in the garden, and the other the Ascension. Beneath, between the arches supporting the fresco, are SS. Sebastian and Roch, the former as fine as anything in the picture.

As Luini's great work is the most northern fresco of any importance, and is generally the first seen by the visitor to Italy, it serves as a kind of introduction to the art which distinguishes that glorious land.

(To be continued.)

CHILD ISLAND.

A FAIRY TALE FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.



UST then the little hunting party came in sight, and some half dozen of them, seeing the queen crying, ran forward to learn what had happened.

"What is the matter?" cried

Alphonse, running up breathless.

"What's the matter?" repeated the king, petulantly; "I daresay you care very much what's the matter; a pretty fellow you are to run off in that style. Here's Pepitia—the queen, I mean—fallen down and hurt herself."

"Oh, poor thing!" said Amanda to Sophia; "she has hurt her nose, I think."

"No, she hasn't hurt her nose, miss," said the queen, looking up from her velvet train, for she had lost her handkerchief, and was wiping her eyes on its satin lining; "and don't you call me 'thing' again, you saucy puss."

"Lor, you needn't be so cross, Missis Queen," rejoined Amanda, making a mock curtsy.

This retort produced a sharp altercation, in which several others readily joined, and a dozen young voices were to be heard all speaking at once. Their dispute, however, was not a very serious one, nor very difficult to arrange; so when they had all become good friends, and when the queen had left off crying, which she did on finding that her wounds extended no further than a grazed elbow, the king inquired what sport his companions had had.

"Oh, capital; look here!" replied Alphonse, showing a small ivory cage containing about a score of butterflies. "Aren't they beauties?"

The butterflies were unanimously pronounced to be fine ones, and the queen was expressing her admiration of them by a variety of exclamations, when a little boy pushed his way into the crowd, and said, "Oh! please queen, here's your crown; I found it among the bramble bushes."

"Dear me," said Pepitia, "I quite forgot my crown!"

"Why, I've lost mine too!" cried the king, clapping his hand to his head to feel for the crown, which ought to have been there but was not.

"I've got the king's crown! I've got the king's crown!" cried another little fellow, running up from the other side of the dell.

"What a bother the crowns are," said Philip.

"Well, suppose we don't wear them any more to-day," suggested the queen.

"No more we will," replied he; "and we had better take off our trains, for there is no running or doing anything in them, and then you won't go tumbling over yours, Pepitia; we will lay them down here, and we can put them on again when we are going home."

So the trains, crowns, ball, and sceptre were put together in the corner of the dell, and then the king and the queen were ready for a good game of play with the rest of the troop.

"Well, now, what shall we play at next? I'm tired of hunting butterflies," said Alphonse.

A little voice suggested "Hunt the slipper."

"Oh, yes! that's right; let's play at hunt the slipper," cried all the youngest, clapping their hands and jumping up and down.

"I don't care for hunt the slipper," objected Amanda.

"Besides, we have not got a slipper," said the queen, "and I'm sure none of you shall take your shoes off, or you will catch cold."

"I wish we had a slipper," whimpered a little voice.

At that moment there popped down amongst them, as if it had been thrown from some high tree, a high-heeled silver slipper, studded with rubies and emeralds.

"Oh!" screamed all of them, starting back and forming a circle around it, "where did that come from?"

"Isn't it a beauty!" said one.

"How it sparkles!" said another.

"Why don't you pick it up?" said Edmund, nudging the little Teresa, who stood next to him.

"I'm afraid," said she. "It's alive, isn't it?"

"No; it won't hurt you," replied he. "Pick it up."

Half afraid, Teresa crept cautiously forward, and, stooping down, reached out her hand to take up the treasure; but before she could touch it, it bounded up with such a spring as caused her to scream and run hastily back.

Then it jumped over Amanda's head, just tapped her on the shoulder, as much as to say, "Come, catch me," and was lying some dozen yards off on the other side of the group before any of them could have said "Peter Piper."

"I know what it is," cried Alphonse; "it's a fairy slipper. The fairy has sent it for us to play with."

"It's a fairy slipper! It's a fairy slipper!" they all cried. "Let's hunt the fairy slipper!"

Off they started, the king and queen joining in the chase this time, and enjoying it, being without their crowns and trains. Master Edmund was foremost, but he overbalanced himself and lay sprawling on the ground, whilst the slipper jumped up into a tree. Philip and Alphonse, being the biggest boys, began immediately to climb up after it. But no sooner had Alphonse reached the bough where it was perched than it sprang off, rapped him on the nose, and slid down the opposite side of the tree, giving the king's leg a sharp kick as it passed by.

"Where has it gone?" cried the two, rapidly descending the tree.

"I don't know," was the general rejoinder, uttered in chorus.

"There it is!" cried Ernest, "hopping across the meadow."

The whole troop raised a loud shout, and scampered off after it, the biggest first, and the little ones running in the rear as fast as their short legs would carry them, and hallooing with the loudest. The slipper stood still till the foremost was within grasping length of it, when it gave a spring and got some yards in advance of the party, and then kept on hop, hop, hopping before them; yet, although it did not seem to hop very quickly, and although the young folks ran at the top of their speed, it always managed to keep at a



LUGANO. (See page 90.)

tantalising distance, so that none of them could catch it, leading them a fine dance, up hill and down dale, through hedges and across the stepping-stones of a little brook, where many a wet shoe and sock were the result of its pranks. At last, just as Edmund was about to lay hold of it—as he made sure to do—it bounded to the top of a high, steep bank, and commenced doing the toe and heel shuffle.

Well, it was a droll sight, certainly, to see that fairy slipper, with all its sparkling jewels, dancing such a merry jig. I suppose because it was so droll was the reason why the little folks laughed so loud, and clapped their hands and jumped about as if they were mad.

Some of the bigger boys began to climb the bank in pursuit of the shoe, whilst the little ones fancied they did a vast deal towards capturing it by shouting with all their might; the louder they shouted the quicker the shoe danced, and the quicker the shoe danced the more they clapped their hands and laughed.

Alphonse climbed up a break in the bank, and so got to the top of it, a little to one side of where the shoe was cutting its merry capers. He crept softly along until he got within arm's length of it, then he made a bold grasp and seized it by the heel; but he soon let it go again, for a sharp, tingling pain ran up his arm to his shoulder, making him roar out pretty loudly.

The slipper, as soon as it was released, spun round two or three times, then, planting its heel on the ground and pointing its toe in the air, it gave a spring and was out of sight in a moment.

"Where has it gone to?" was the cry of them all. They looked everywhere for it, but did not find it. They shouted in chorus, "Come back, fairy slipper, come back!" but no slipper came, and they were forced to go home to their pretty houses without having

found it, much to the regret of little Teresa, who was near crying with vexation at having lost the sparkling plaything.

They were all tired by when they reached their homes, and some of the younger ones were very cross also, for their little legs were tired from chasing the slipper, and they began crying for their mammas, so that the poor Nomen had work enough to get them all to bed and soothe them to sleep.

Now I cannot tell you whether these little folks would have continued happy and contented on Child Island, and never have wished to leave it for any other place, if they had had their mothers and fathers with them. But not having them, there was something wanting, and by the end of three weeks, or thereabouts, they were all heartily tired of being away from home. Yet how to get back there was a difficulty that not even wise Master Alphonse could solve. They had no boat to take them from the island, and even if they had had one they would not have known how to manage it, nor in which direction to guide it, as they were quite ignorant of the whereabouts of Noviland.

So matters grew from worse to worse on the island, the elder children getting more discontented and the younger ones more fretful, when one day they were altogether on the lawn in front of the palace. The big ones were moodily walking about, plucking the flowers and listlessly pulling them to pieces, or throwing them away as soon as plucked; the little ones, cross as two sticks, as nurses sometimes say, were getting into all sorts of mischief. One had lost her shoe, and was whimpering because she could not find it; a little boy had had his finger stung by a bee, and was roaring lustily in consequence; Teresa had fallen full length, with arms all bare, into a bramble bush, where she lay moaning piteously.

"What are the children making that row for?" cried Philip, as cross as the crossiest himself; "for half a pin I'd box all their ears. Now then, what's the matter with you, you little sniveller?" said he, catching hold of a fair-haired little fellow, who was blubbering his loudest, and who seemed bent on rubbing his eyes out by the way in which he was screwing his little fists into them.

"I—I—want my—ma—a, let—me—go—o—to—my—ma," said he, with a sob between each word.

"You can't go home to your ma, then," said Philip, sharply, giving the child a shake; but this, instead of quieting, only made him roar louder, and his example was soon followed by all the rest of his age, and then there was a dismal chorus, the burden of which was, "Ma, ma, ma."

"Oh! dear, dear me," cried Pepitia, in real distress, "what shall we do with these children? They'll drive me mad. I shall begin to cry myself if they don't leave off. I wish the good fairy would come and take us all home again!"

"Air balloon, air balloon!" shouted Alphonse, starting up from the grass, where he had been lying on his back during all this confusion, listlessly staring up to the sky.

This caused a sudden stop to the uproar, and the attention of all was directed towards the sky. The bigger children waved their handkerchiefs and shouted "Air balloon!" Some of the little ones joined in the cry, and so forgot their sorrows, but others resumed their sobbing, and would not care for balloons or anything else, but only wanted to go home to their mothers.

The balloon came sailing onwards, seeming to grow larger and larger the nearer it approached. Within its car sat the fairy Corianda. It slowly descended in front of the palace, and whilst it rested on the ground the

fairy stepped out; then it re-ascended and floated about in the air.

"Well, now! what is the matter with you all?" said the fairy, going among the children and soothing the afflicted ones. "Why are you all so sad and unhappy? Are you tired of being in this pretty island? and do you really want to go back to Noviland?"

"Yes, yes; please take us home again," they all cried. "We have been very happy here, but now we want to go home to our dear mammas and papas. Please do take us home!"

"Very well," said the fairy; "as you wish it you shall all be back in your own old homes to-morrow morning. So bid good-bye to Child Island, and don't cry any more."

Then the fairy waved her hand, and immediately a silvery mist surrounded them; the palace and the pretty houses became less and less distinct, until there was only a faint and shadowy outline of them; then the mist grew thicker, and each child became alarmed at finding itself separated from all its companions, and on striving to call out it could not. Thicker and thicker grew the mist until it was quite dark, and the children, parted from each other, were bewildered and knew not where they were.

Presently the mist gradually cleared away, and then, instead of Child Island and the pretty houses, each child found itself in its own bed at Noviland.

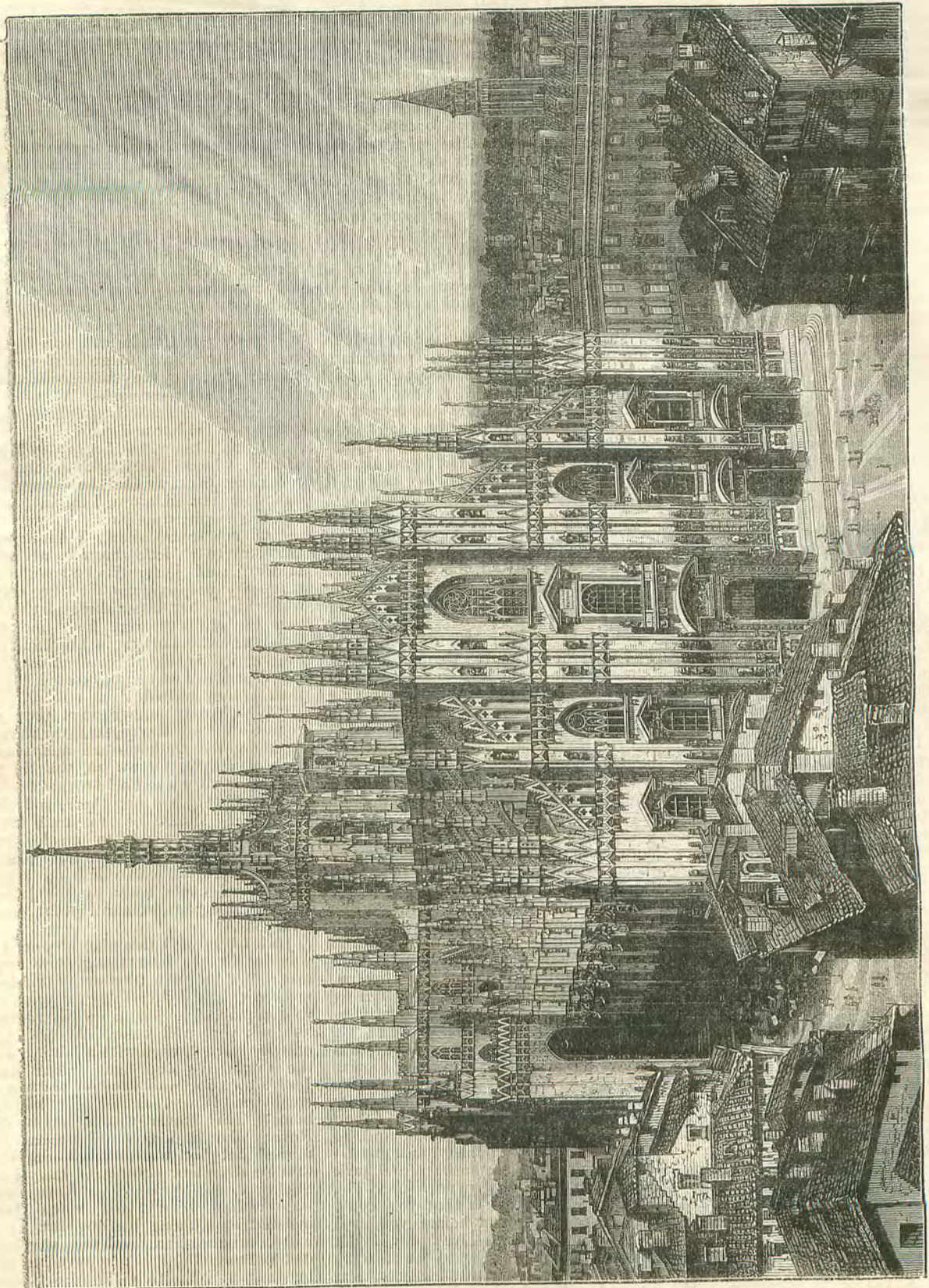
Eagerly that morning did they tell their fond parents of the good fairy and Child Island, of the beautiful palace and pretty houses, of the tiny musicians, the fairy slipper, and the strange Nomen. And as each little tongue prattled its pretty tale, the parents smiled and said to each other, "Truly our dear child has had a pleasant dream!"

But the children knew better; they knew there was a good fairy Corianda, and that she had taken them to her magic isle, called Child Island.

E. HUNTER.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE. (See page 90.)



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

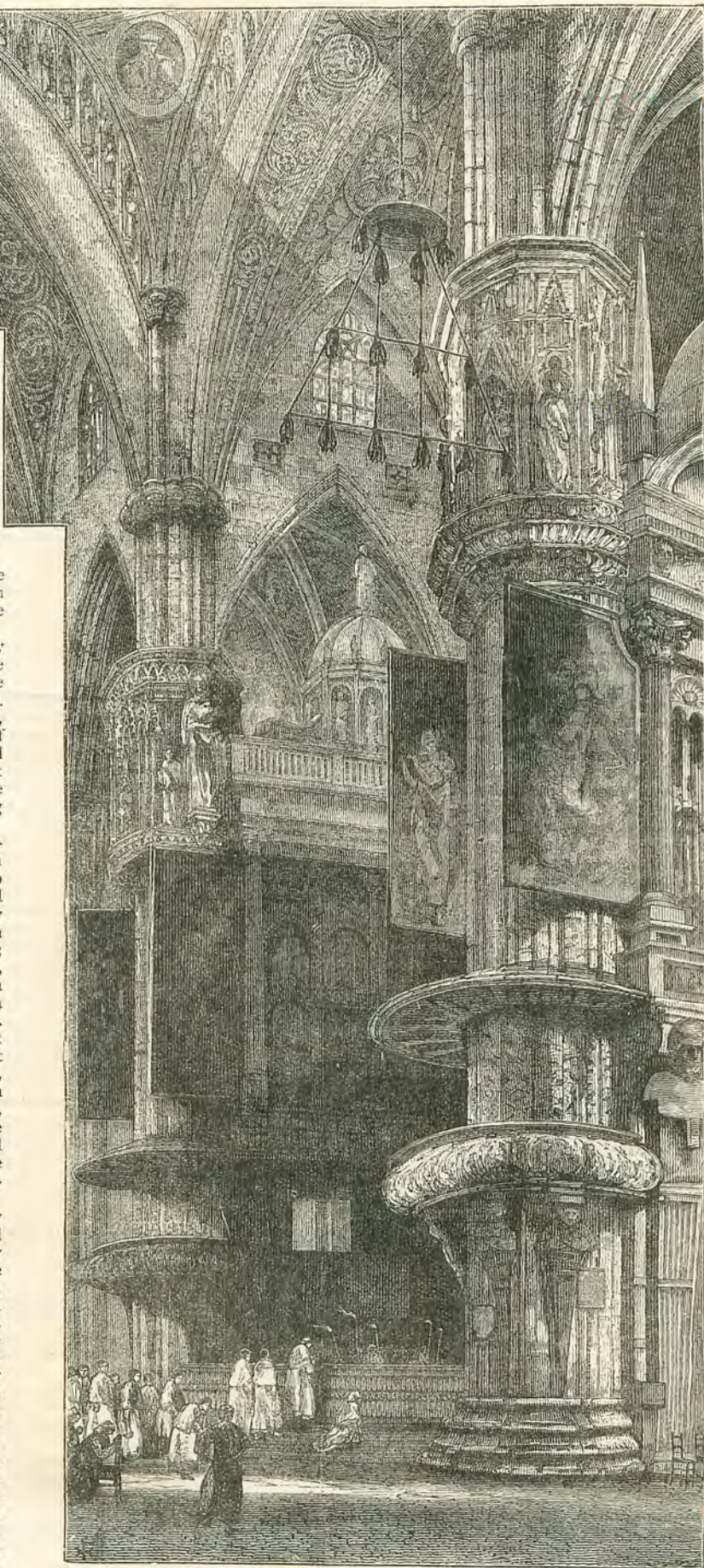
AFTER leaving Lugano, the train enters two tunnels, shortly after which it crosses the Lake at Bissone, by means of a most hideous stone bridge. Bissone is a very picturesque village. The little steeple of the church rises romantically from the luxuriant foliage, and numerous cottages are scattered on the side of the lake. The charm of the scene, however, is much marred by the aforementioned bridge.

After leaving Bissone, the train goes directly south to Mendrisio, the station for Monte Generoso, the view from which is said to be equal (if not superior) to that from the Rigi. We had intended to climb Monte Generoso, but it being a very misty day, there would, of course, have been no view, so we continued our journey, passing Chiasso and Como. At Chiasso the luggage is examined, for, strange to say, one is in Swiss territory until arriving at Como.

We did not stay at Como, as we had decided to see that city and its beautiful lake on our return journey. The route from Como to Milan interested us, from the variety it afforded to the mountainous districts we had recently visited. There is, indeed, a great charm in the dead level of this huge Lombard plain; for apart from its cities, so interesting, historically and archaeologically, we felt a certain sense of relief in getting again into a flat country, luxuriantly fertile and productive.

We made a mistake in not staying at Monza, a very ancient city containing, amongst other interesting buildings, a cathedral, founded by Queen Teodolinda in the sixth century, and a Broletto, or town hall, attributed to Frederic Barbarossa. We arrived at Milan early in the afternoon, and immediately drove to our hotel, through one of the magnificent gates which guard the approaches to the city.

On entering this, the first great Italian city which we had seen, many thoughts crowded into our minds. Here we were in a country the very cradle of European art, where through all times, even down to the present, art seems a vital necessity to the people. In other lands art has been an ornament or a luxury, but in Italy it seems to enter into the very life of the inhabitants, and nothing seems to have been able to wean them from their devotion to the beautiful creations of the hand of man. We find them revelling in art when foreign armies were overrunning the country and decimating the population. We find it under tyranny and oppression of the most galling description—surrounded by acts of horror and infamy of the most despicable kind. We find it often in combination with ignorance and folly that are simply contemptible. We find it existing when liberty was utterly suppressed. Thus during all the



INTERIOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Middle Ages and the period of the Renaissance, whether the Italians were slaves or free, whether they were conquered or victorious, whether they were united or divided, still this marvellous spirit of art seems to have pervaded everything from their religion down to the most ordinary acts of everyday life.

Another thought which naturally suggests itself on entering Milan is that of the two noble characters whose lives stand out like brilliant meteors amongst the gloom, horror, wickedness, and folly, which stain so much of her history. We refer to her two Archbishops—St. Ambrose, the light and glory of her early history; and Charles Borromeo, the bright star which illumined her deepest gloom. And one cannot help thinking of the good and great man pursuing his mission of charity amongst the sick and dying of the plague-stricken city.

Our first thought was to find our way to the cathedral, the second largest Gothic church in Europe, about which probably more has been written, and a greater number of conflicting opinions as to its merit expressed, than about any building in the world, with the exception of St. Peter's, Rome. As it is impossible to say anything new about this wonderful cathedral, we shall principally confine our remarks to our own individual impressions and opinions.

To commence with, the first view of the interior struck us as far finer than the more popular exterior. Indeed, so great an effect had it upon No. 2, that he turned as white as a sheet, and seemed completely overcome with the wonder of the buildings. The enormous proportions of the church, the great height of the pillars, with their canopied niches over the capitals, and the rich religious effect of the whole, formed a picture, in comparison to which (in our eyes) the blazing but meretricious glory of the exterior, with its 4,000 or so niches and vast masses of carving, was not to be compared. It is said that an intimate acquaintance with both exterior and interior will fall far short of one's first impressions.

Now this did not strike us with regard to the interior. No, not even after we realised the tracery of the roof to be painted, and the tracery of the windows to be somewhat straggling and unmeaning. But it is a different matter from the exterior; after the first astonishment is over, one sees at once the great over-elaboration and the general "spikiness" of the effect, though No. 1 thought the admixture of the Renaissance style in the façade saved this portion of the cathedral by supplying that solidity and "sobriety of line" which the building otherwise so painfully lacks.

Even before we heard that the architect was supposed to have been a German, we recognised the Teutonic character of the cathedral, especially of the interior, which seemed to be not entirely unlike that of Cologne.

To enter more into detail, the plan is a Latin Cross, terminated by an apse, and divided into a nave and four aisles. The interior is 477 feet in length, by 183 in breadth, exclusive of the transepts, and is supported by fifty-two pillars, which are eighty feet in height and twelve feet in diameter. The before-mentioned niches, which crown the pillars, are a great feature, each niche being of different design, and all remarkably beautiful. The roof is elaborately painted in imitation (so it is said) of tracery. Street calls this an "abominable device, which never ceases to offend and annoy the eye more and more every time it is observed." The effect did not seem to No. 1 at all disagreeable; quite the contrary. He thought it added great beauty and richness to the design, and does not believe that it was ever intended to deceive the beholder into the idea that it is

real tracery. "Why not believe it to be mere decorative painting, and beautiful art as such?" he asked. But No. 2 was really deceived into believing that the imitation of tracery was actually what it represented, particularly as the design, which is in dark-brown colouring upon a light ceiling, represents carvings of beautiful patterns and filigree work, very much like the Gothic screens of some of our English cathedrals, only fixed upon the ceiling instead of being on the line of sight. But when, after investigation, he found the paint obliterated here and there by damp and other causes, showing blotches of brown and white, he was disgusted beyond measure, and began to look upon other work with suspicion. "Why," cried he, "should a Christian church impose on the unwary, or to the wary preach affectation and artifice?"

There is no triforium, and the pavement is a mosaic of various coloured marbles. There is a great quantity of old stained glass in the windows, which, though not equal to our old English glass, yet gives the building a very religious effect, which is still more enhanced by the colour of the stonework, which has the appearance of old ivory. The interior is well filled with ancient monuments; but we have no space to describe them, and will simply add that the most remarkable are those of Gian Giacomo and Gabriele de Medici, attributed to Michael Angelo; of Cardinal Caracciolo, in black marble, by Bambaja; and of Ottone Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, which is earlier in date than any portion of the cathedral. In the north transept is the bronze candelabrum for holding seven lamps, constructed in imitation of that which existed in the Holy Temple of Jerusalem—a magnificent work erected in the thirteenth century. And in the south transept is a famous statue of St. Bartholomew being flayed alive.

St. Charles Borromeo, the great Archbishop of Milan, is buried below the dome in a subterranean chapel. It may interest our girls to know that he was the originator of Sunday-schools in Europe.

The Duomo of Milan is like no other building in the world, it belongs to no distinct style of architecture, and in art it had neither parents nor children. Nothing was ever built like it before, and nothing will ever be built like it again. We do not say that it is the most beautiful church ever built, nor do we deny that, architecturally speaking, it possesses many grave faults, but what we mean is this: Of all other churches we say they are built in such and such a style, or are of such and such an order of architecture. But of this we say simply, it is the Duomo of Milan.

When this vast structure, with its countless pinnacles of pure white marble glittering in the sun, and backed-up by a dark blue sky, breaks upon our astonished gaze, the mind is absorbed with wonder.

Is it a vision? What have we seen before like it—possibly only one thing—the snow-clad peaks of the Alps. One cannot get rid of the notion that some kind of relationship exists between the two. We begin almost to suspect that some mighty Alp, with its snow-clad peaks, must have been its mother—so much is it like the kind of architecture that would have sprung from the mountains.

It was after leaving the Duomo that the two bachelors had their first quarrel. This is how it came about:—The older bachelor, who is impressionable and of a poetical and non-technical turn of mind, enjoys an undisturbed first sight of a magnificent building, without first of all inquiring into its structural and architectural details; and if there is one thing more than another which annoys him, it is to have the "dry bones" of workmanship dinned into his ears and thrust before his mental vision when the complete building should

rather impress on him all that it has to say of great achievement and power.

Now the younger bachelor is technical and fond of dates, so seized the opportunity of showing off his knowledge of history and archaeology at the very moment when his friend was first gazing at the religious splendour of the interior of the cathedral. This made No. 2 insist on a judicial separation, at any rate for the first hour, so the greater part of the building was explored in "single blessedness." The quarrel, postponed, of course, until we had left the Duomo, was happily of short duration, and the two bachelors compared notes, and came to the conclusion that, after all, more permanent unity is created by contradictory temperaments. Whether this would apply in the case of man and wife they unfortunately could offer no opinion founded on experience, so they wended their way through some very narrow, uninteresting streets to the church of St. Ambrose, at the west of the city.

St. Ambrogio, founded in the fourth century, is full of ancient epitaphs and early Christian antiquities, notwithstanding that it was very much repaired in the seventeenth century. The walls of the "atrium," or open court, in front of it, contain fragments of frescoes, ancient inscriptions, etc., which, backed up by the Romanesque red brick church (dating from the ninth century), form one of the most picturesque scenes in North Italy.

The interior of St. Ambrogio is, if possible, more interesting than the exterior; it is of grey stone, with arches of red brick, a quaint effect of colour. There are no transepts, and the building terminates in an apse.

It would take pages to describe all that is remarkable in the interior of St. Ambrogio, so we shall only mention some of the interesting features. On first entering the nave we noticed two pillars, on one of which is a brazen serpent, said to be the brazen serpent of Exodus. The vaulting of the apse is very ancient, and is covered with mosaic work as fine as anything in St. Mark's, Venice. Below we noticed the old chair of St. Ambrose. The high altar is interesting, as being the place where some of the German emperors received the iron crown of Lombardy; a baldachino or ciborium covers it.

On the front of the high altar (itself a blaze of glory) are depicted scenes from the life of Christ, while on the back are represented incidents in the life of St. Ambrose, the former in plates of gold and the latter silver-gilt.

St. Ambrogio contains several frescoes. The finest are "Legend of St. George," by Bernardino; and "Ecce Homo," by Luini. In it also are the shrines of Saints Gervasius and Protasius—very popular saints in Italy.

On leaving St. Ambrogio we wished to get straight back to our hotel; but we unfortunately lost our way, and were obliged to ask an Italian gentleman to direct us. He not only put us on the right road, but actually went out of his way to ensure our not losing ourselves again. This is characteristic of the North Italians. They are really polite, and, according to the elder bachelor, the most gentlemanly people he has visited.

After *table d'hôte* we strolled out of the hotel, and walked through the magnificent Galleria Vittorio Emanuele (containing some of the best shops in Milan) into the Piazza del Duomo. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the cathedral looked simply glorious—its dazzling whiteness almost frightening us as it suddenly burst on our view. After due deliberation No. 2 irreverently said that the appearance was similar to that of a colossal wedding cake, with its sugary-looking ornamentations under a strong light. The Duomo, though not a very pure example of Gothic, possibly over-ornamented, and its detail not always in

the best taste, is certainly one of the most extraordinary examples of man's industry, perseverance, and wealth to be found in the whole realm of art.

It was about 9 o'clock p.m. that the first scene was enacted of what might have completely wrecked our holiday, viz., the longing of the younger bachelor to smoke one of the long cigars, with straws in them at either end, which foreigners, especially Italians, seem so to enjoy. No. 2 (the older) bachelor being the better linguist, went into a tobacco shop and ordered one of these cigars. It was in vain that the shopman declared they were never bought by English; it was of no use his repeating that they were so inferior—No. 1 had set his heart on possessing one of them, and have one he would.

We bought two, one of which the younger bachelor immediately smoked, having first carefully extracted the straws. The other was given to the waiter, and it is safe to predict that neither of us will ever be seen with one of those terrible cigars again. About 10 p.m. No. 1 began to show signs of a violent bilious attack, which grew worse as the night came on. This was the commencement of an ailment which afterwards turned out to be "gastric fever." There was little sleep that night for either of the bachelors, as No. 2 sat up by his friend during a great part of the night. The next morning, however, though still unwell, No. 1 insisted on going to church. On returning hotel-ward the younger felt alarmingly ill, and could not walk further without help.

When we got to the hotel, No. 2 deter-

mined to send for a doctor, and, looking into his Baedeker, chose one of those recommended. Our girls must not think it was entirely the horrible cigar that made No. 1 so ill. They must remember he was described as having a shocking digestion, which had been "upset" by the continual travelling and the change of food; also, the sudden change from the bracing mountain air to the comparatively enervating climate of Milan, no doubt accelerated the illness. The doctor came about four hours after he was sent for, and, after asking innumerable questions as to the occupation, rule of life, etc., of the bachelor, seemingly unnecessary—not to say impertinent—prescribed an alarming amount of medicine. We shall remember that doctor, with his important manner and soft, deep voice. He was a smart, healthy-looking man, with an imposing moustache and short black hair. We shall also remember the answer he gave to the older bachelor, who had inquired how long it would be before his friend would be well enough to resume his travels—"Maybe in two or three weeks," being the encouraging reply.

The younger bachelor is here reminded of the interesting view of chimney-pots and house-roof visible from his bedroom window, which it was his fate to watch incessantly for two whole days, miserably ill, with one longing in life, viz., to quench his burning thirst with "a lemon squash."

As it seemed the less expensive method, No. 2 shopped for the lemons, bringing in a dozen at a time, and squeezing them with his fingers into a water-bottle glass. The sugar was purloined from the *salle-à-manger* (as we wish this narrative of ours to be a strictly

truthful one, we resolutely admit our guilt, but hope the Italian Government will not be too hard on us), for we preferred the charge of one halfpenny per "squash," instead of one franc, the probable price of one bought at the hotel. If any one of our readers has had a brother to supply incessantly with "lemon squash" for two days and one night, without the use of a proper lemon-squeezer, she will appreciate the sad intelligence that No. 2's finger joints are now less supple and powerful than before this Italian tour.

La femme de chambre was, as most young women are to forlorn and helpless bachelors, tender and kind. In fact, at the end of two days she quietly suggested that a lemon squash was the worst drink for the poor patient, and actually the dear thing made for him some oatmeal, bringing into the room a sieve, a basin, some warm water, and a screw of paper containing oatmeal. Then (*à la* Useful Hints in the G. O. P.) the recipe was as follows:—A little oatmeal in the strainer, hold over the empty basin, and with the warm water (by this time very lukewarm), percolate through the sieve, and behold a dish of Scotch oatmeal!

That preparation did not seem to improve the condition of the poor patient.

"Oh, that we had some English lady with us," cried No. 2.

"Never no more," groaned No. 1, with his face to the wall, though whether this depressing remark had a reference to the oatmeal, the gentler sex, or the "holiday" (save the mark!), No. 2 has not yet been able to determine.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GUINEVERE must take her money to the nearest post-office, and say she wishes to have a book and become a depositor. There is no difficulty about so doing.

FINIMY.—"They also serve," etc., is from Milton's poem on his blindness. The 7th April, 1868, was a Tuesday.

ENID.—Ithuriel, the angel sent by Gabriel to find Satan. He finds him squatting like a toad beside Eve, as she lies asleep, and brings him to Gabriel. Ithuriel is armed with a spear, which by its touch discovered falsehood at once. You will find all this in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which you ought to have read.

LILITH A.—"In Memoriam" was written in memory of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1833.

GRACE.—The beer made with the ginger-beer plant is quite wholesome, we believe.

VIRAGO.—"A young lady, who is nine years old and two months over," is certainly not old enough to choose her books, nor must she think just yet of being guided by her own judgment in any way, except in obeying others older than herself, and should be punished if she do not.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—The address of the secretary of the Princess Louise Home is 54, New Broad-street, E.C. Write to the secretary. Young ladies should have their names on their mother's card.

E. AUSTILL.—The first two chapters of "A Lady's Journey to Texas" will be found in vol. iv., pages 362 and 713.

PHISLEGG.—The real name of "George Sand" was Aurore Lucille Amantine Dudevant. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, was born at Denbigh, Wales, in 1840.

C. H. S.—The answer to the riddle, "Man cannot live without my first," is *Ignis fatuus*, otherwise called "will o' the wisp," or "corpse candle."

VIOLET.—The lines do much credit to your tenderness of heart and love for your parents, but as poetry they are not worth much, and are full of faults.

CONSUMPTION.—We regret that we cannot give you any information, as we do not know the medicine by name, and we could not advise anyone to use it without the consent of a doctor. We should think a change of climate would be advisable. Cold, dry climates are apparently more recommended now than warm ones.

DIE LORELEI.—The lines you send have some power about them, but they are not correct in rhythm nor

in construction. Count the feet and position of the beats in each line carefully while composing.

MARION MOSS.—Seals are found in the Arctic seas. Dundee and Hull are the principal British ports whence the seal-fishers sail. They are also found in Russian America, now called Alaska.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Why not try to obtain a good situation as nurse—head nurse, with a junior under you?

MAGGIE might obtain the first volume by means of an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart*.

WATER LILY.—Mr. Herbert John Gladstone, M.P., is the youngest son of the Prime Minister, and was born 1854.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL must get her sister to read aloud, alone, and with someone slowly and carefully, being particularly careful to take her breath regularly, easily, and deeply when reading or speaking. The lungs must be well filled.

A CHRISTIAN.—We agree with your mother that you are both very young, and had better wait till you be older. Then we should repeat to you the saying of Christ, "Have salt in yourselves," which means that you must form your opinions and actions on eternal principles, which are the salt which should savour our lives.

TILDA.—We quite agree with you that the manners of lady district visitors should be very courteous, and that they should certainly knock at people's doors, and not go in until they be asked, nor should they go at the dinner hour. Alas! good breeding and sound common-sense seem both rare qualities everywhere. Either of them would have made your visitors behave differently.

GIPSY.—You should say, "Lady So-and-so," and write it with a capital "L."

ETHEL.—Show your teeth to a dentist. We regret that we could not give you a recommendation of the kind. Your medical man would do so. The loss of an eye-tooth does not affect the sight. It is believed that eating very fine white bread has tended to injure the teeth. Wholemeal bread is the best for producing good bone.

SARAH BROWN.—You cannot re-silver a good looking-glass yourself. You must send it to a manufactory for the purpose. Any furnishing upholsterer or looking-glass seller would undertake to do that for you; but you must make a bargain before you send it, and you might obtain a good secondhand glass at less cost.

DICK.—Dentists usually have a medical man to see and attend to the patient when gas is employed. It is not dangerous to take it.





THE CERTOSA.

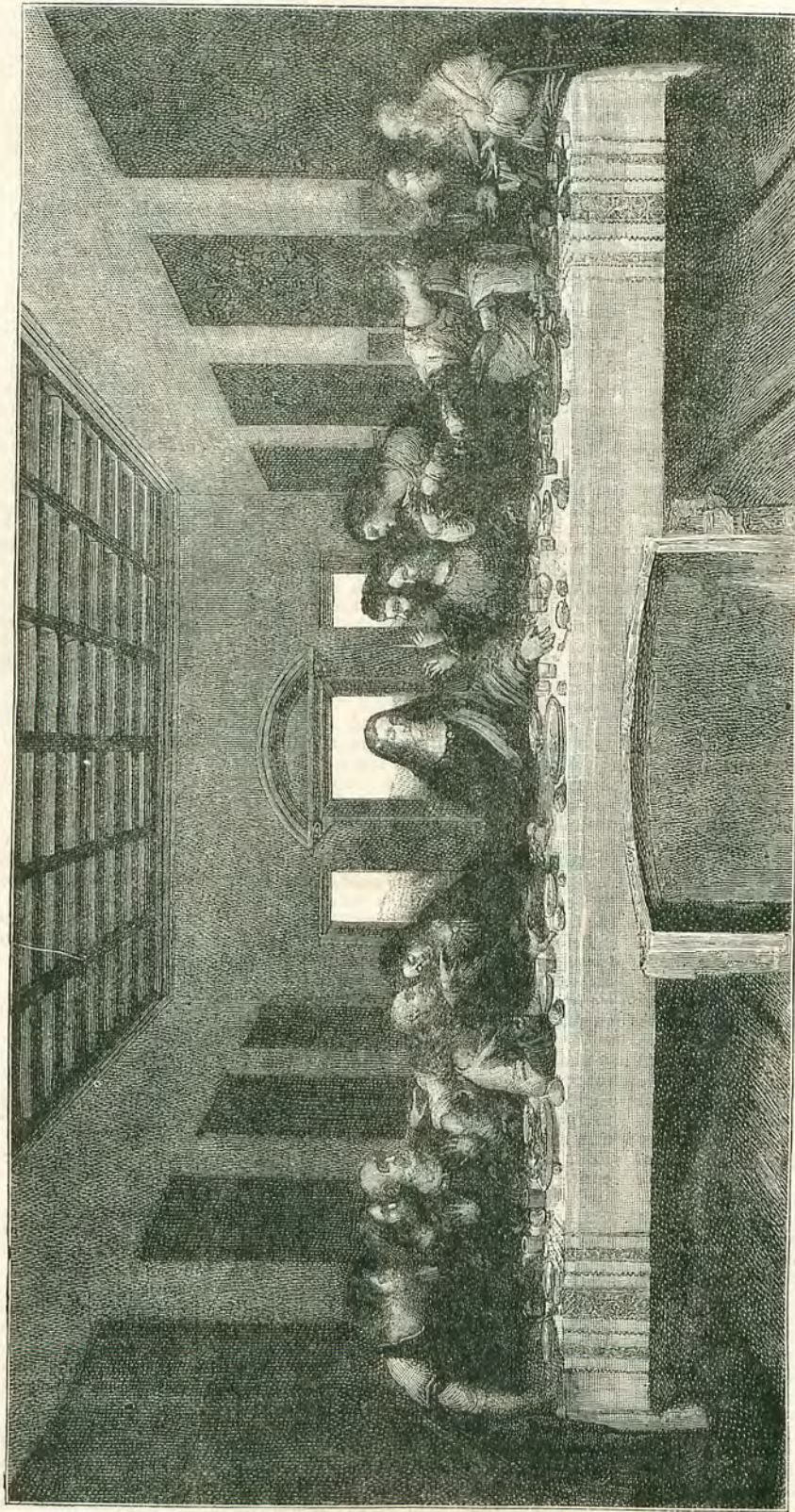
OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

BY TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

ON the Monday afternoon, while No. 1 was resting, the elder bachelor sallied out by himself to see one or two of the important old churches. By the aid of a map of the town, he found his way to the dirty old church of St. Maurizio, where he saw some strangely beautiful paintings of Aurelio and Bernardino Luini. He greatly wondered if the abject poor, at their silent devotions—for there was no service at the time—were as greatly influenced by art as were their predecessors in the less enlightened days. But without wasting his time further in worthless dreamings, which could better be done at another time, he passed out of the stuffy and ugly little church into the glorious sunlight,

and proceeded to the more famous church of Santa Maria della Grazie, to see the most popular picture ever painted—namely, “The Last Supper,” by Leonardo da Vinci.

The church was entered first; and here again were groups of the poorest at their private devotions. Rapture sublime seemed now and then to illumine the face of a dirty beggar as he or she glanced at a crucifix or a relic which was exposed to view over the altar of the Lady Chapel. Could such worship be wrong if it softened, and so greatly softened, hearts like these, in bodies ill-fed and ill-clothed, making a repulsive exterior glorified by a countenance of secret joy? But disappointment came by means of a surly sacristan, a veritable Judas with a bag, who roughly attended the worshippers, and pocketed pence in return for wiping their pocket handkerchiefs (for such we perforce call their dirty rags) on the glass case on the altar containing the relic before mentioned. To see the emotion of the deluded creatures, who kissed their rags with ecstatic bliss on receiving them again, was a strange sight, and struck us as widely different from that of the woman who kissed the blue fringe on Christ's garment as He



THE LAST SUPPER.

From the painting at Milan, showing its present condition.

passed her—for what “virtue” could come out of the operation in the Church of Santa Maria della Grazie? The act of devotion and lowly love in the Gospel story was not done from force of habit, nor was the privilege given in return for money—and, oh! how different the Object and the intention!

The greatest painting in the world (“The Last Supper”) is to be seen in an old out-house which was used by the reverend monks as a refectory before the dissolution of the monastery, and which has since been used as a stable by French dragoons.

The painting is in a sad state of dilapidation, caused by damp and attempted restorations in 1770, and also by the bad treatment it has had at the hands of tourists. But much of the *genius of the painting is still seen*, and we bow in lowly reverence before a work which surely has been productive of much religious elevation in many generations and nations.

The Dominicans, in dining in this old refectory, must have been wonderfully impressed at seeing Christ at the other end of the room taking His Last Supper with them; for the accessories of table-cloth, glasses, etc., in the painting *resemble the identical articles* used by the monks, and all helped the great illusion. But again a disillusion! for, as will be seen on a reference to the picture, the reverend fathers committed the sacrilege of forming a doorway in a part of the picture—actually cutting off the legs of the chief Figure—in their desire to have their dinner warm!

The illness of the younger bachelor, which had threatened to ruin our holiday, was not nearly so serious as the doctor had led us to expect. On the second day the fever much abated, and we determined to resume our journey after the third day. The doctor, however, advised us not to go to either Cremona or Mantua, as these cities, especially the former, are unhealthy, and might bring on a renewal of the fever. This was a disappointment, as we were anxious to see Cremona, which, apart from its cathedral and other buildings, has always been renowned for the manufacture of violins and other stringed instruments. To see fiddles of every shape and size hung out in the open air to dry like so many clothes after washing, was too novel a sight to miss without a bitter pang.

We determined to make up for our disappointment in not seeing Cremona and Mantua, by visiting the town of Pavia and the magnificent monastery or Certosa close to it.

So we arranged to make the excursion to the Certosa and Pavia, to return to Milan for a visit to the Brera Gallery, to dine, and to get our trunks, and finally depart for Verona, if possible, on the same day. This was rather an extensive programme, especially as one of us had just recovered from an illness; but we determined if possible to abide by it.

The great Lombard plain is relieved from monotony by being cut-up with canals and ditches, running between avenues of willows and poplars, reminding one of the scenery in Dutch pictures.

Of course the Certosa is in many respects an exquisite building. The magnificence of the materials of its altars, screens, pavements, &c., and the enormous wealth of sculpture lavished over every portion of it, render this church one of the most remarkable structures in the world. But when one comes to study it and to think it well over, the question arises whether this immense amount of costly material, this vast amount of labour and skill, *ought not to have produced something far more “striking” in general effect*. In fact, it rather reminds one of the so-called French dinners, which English people are in the habit of giving, from which one comes away thoroughly unsatisfied, with only a confused

recollection of a great number of costly dishes. It almost appears as if in the Certosa the sculptors had been set to do the architecture and the painters to execute the sculpture; each has so attempted to overdo and over-elaborate his portion of the work that he has “strained” his art, until it has lost those wholesome restrictions which the æsthetic principles, both of classic and mediæval times, had placed upon it. Thus we find the architectural outlines broken up and lost in a forest of detail, and the sculptured panels have elaborated backgrounds more suited for pictorial works than for carving.

The façade, which our girls perfectly know by photograph, was designed by Borgognone, far better known as a painter, and was commenced about 1473.

One really sees nothing of the church until entering the large gate, covered on the outside with damaged frescoes; the wonderful façade presents itself on the other side of the quadrangle.

As can well be imagined, the first sight of this wonderful front nearly took our breath away, so vast is the amount of sculpture and so elaborate the designs. The upper portion is far less elaborate than the lower; indeed, we thought that they were by different architects.

The most richly decorated portion of the façade is that on the level of the portico, the two windows on either side of the latter being completely enclosed by a vast amount of sculptural ornament. This elaboration is carried out to such an extent that the mullions of the windows, instead of being simply moulded, are carved into imitations of candelabra, with foliage, lizards, and little cupids in the act of climbing, and ornamenting every portion.

The subjects which pleased us the most were the pictures of sculpture, a little above the level of a man's head, representing scenes in religious history. These are very beautiful and perfect, though some of the heads and attitudes of the figures are, to say the least, grotesque.

We may mention that a great number of the most eminent Italian masters for nearly two centuries had a hand in the elaboration of the façade, including the great Donatello.

Before entering the church, we visited the two cloisters, which are very picturesque. The arches of the first one are full of terra-cotta ornamentation. It is approached from the church by a magnificent white marble doorway.

The great cloister is very large, and is surrounded by cells, which remind one that the Certosa was once a monastery, and belonged to the Carthusians. This curious order of men never see one another, except in church. Each man has four rooms and a little garden entirely to himself. He has his bedroom, his study, his workshop, and his toolroom. These Carthusians were extremely fond of gardening, and we have received many benefits from their knowledge of horticulture. They also invented the well-known liqueur, Chartreuse. Hence their name. This was invented as a medicine, and is most wholesome and beneficial for certain illnesses; but it is now, of course, more used for its gastronomic than its medicinal qualities.

The church was commenced in the latter part of the fourteenth century; it is in form a Latin cross, and in style a mixture of Romanesque and Gothic. The whole of the interior is very richly decorated, all kinds of material being used, and the altars are beautifully inlaid and studded with precious stones, gold, etc. There are, however, scarcely any fine pictures, the few good ones having been removed, and the great number remaining scarcely add to the beauty of the interior.

There are seven chapels on either side of

the nave, which are railed off from the latter. These were shown to us by a guide, not by a monk, as the guide-books say.

The Certosa is magnificently kept, and in order to make it even more “smart,” the old pavement has been replaced by a very bright mosaic one, which reflects the church like glass. But of all, the choir is the most magnificent, the tabernacle and altar-screen being sumptuous sixteenth century Renaissance work, and on either side of the altar the walls are decorated with rich sculpture.

In the transepts are two monuments, viz., those of Gian-Galeazzo Visconti, the founder of the church, and of Ludovico Moro and his wife, Beatrice d'Este.

Gian-Galeazzo Visconti was the most celebrated of the great Lombard family of Visconti, who practically ruled Milan for over a century and a half. So great was the power of this family, that they at times subjected nearly the whole of Northern Italy, and Gian-Galeazzo, after completely defeating an army sent against him by the Emperor of Germany, and after having captured by degrees the whole of Lombardy, was about to declare himself King of Italy, when death put an end to his ambition in the year 1402.

Gian-Galeazzo Visconti was the founder of Milan Cathedral and the Certosa of Pavia, and, as before mentioned, a superb monument has been erected to his memory in the latter church; but this monument was more than half a century in construction, by which time the people had forgotten where the prince had been buried; and thus the body of this great man, who had defeated numberless armies and caused to be erected two of the most sumptuous buildings in Europe, lies no one knows where.

The son of Gian-Galeazzo ruled in Milan upon his father's death, after which the Sforza family succeeded, and held power until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the emperor, Charles V., who was practical master of Italy, handed over the duchy of Milan to his son Philip.

After leaving the Certosa, the two bachelors hired one of the light one-horse carriages, of which there are always a number outside the church, and drove to Pavia. That drive was most pleasant. It was a lovely spring day, with a brilliant sun, though not too hot, and the country was all aglow with bright colour.

Pavia is a very curious old place. Of all the old garlic-smelling, dirty, and badly-drained cities of North Italy, it is the most garlic-smelling, the dirtiest, and the worst drained; but it is very quaint withal. The old market-places, the projecting roofs, and the curious outdoor shops give it a wonderfully “old-world” appearance, and we enjoyed this ramble through the old city greatly, notwithstanding the horrible smells and the difficulty we had to find our way about the place. After wandering for some little time, we came to the Piazza del Duomo, which is most picturesque, and the effect was much enhanced when we were there, as it was market time. The vast quantity of old women, dressed in the most quaint manner, selling the oddest of wares, added no little to a scene which must always be paintable to a degree. The cathedral, rising on one side of the piazza, with its huge campanile, though picturesque, can scarcely be called beautiful. It has never been finished, and when we were there it was in a terrible state of dilapidation. Of the interior we could see nothing except a heap of scaffold-poles, as it was in course of restoration, and even the shrine of the great St. Augustine was concealed from view.

The most interesting church in Pavia is San Michele, and, though we were rather pressed for time, we determined to see it.

San Michele is an early Romanesque church.

of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and is very beautiful, both externally and internally. The façade is richly ornamented with bands of carving and small open galleries, and the chancel internally is on a much higher level than the nave, and is approached by a great flight of steps, giving it a most dignified appearance.

After leaving San Michele we tried to find our way to the station; no easy matter, as we found to our cost. We think we must have made the circumference of the city three times before an Italian boy, rather more intelligent than his fellows, at last pointed us out a place which proved to be the station, from whence we returned to Milan.

The Brera Gallery contains a magnificent collection of pictures. In an article like this it is impossible to give a detailed description of these paintings, and a mere list of works of art is both uninteresting and unconstructive; besides which no description of pictures is of any value unless it is prefaced by an account of the various schools to which the artists belong—a task which has been admirably done already by Miss Emily Macrone in the pages of this magazine. However, we may mention that the gallery is a complete history of Italian art.

To commence with, we find a good example of Giotto, who (as our girls will see from the excellent chart of the chief painters of the various schools of art, page 629 of our Annual for 1886) flourished in the commencement of the fourteenth century. As on a future occasion we shall have to speak of this painter, when describing the Arena Chapel at Padua, all we shall say at present is that one should not attempt to criticise him or the works of this early Italian school by mere isolated pictures found in galleries. Of course in the days of Giotto Italian art was more or less in its infancy, and the mechanical knowledge possessed by these fourteenth century painters was meagre, therefore we must not expect to find grand effects of *chiaroscuro*, neither is the rich colour of the later school to be discovered.

Of the more perfected early Italian school we find works by Luca Signorelli, Giovanni Bellini, whom we shall find far better represented in Venice, and the excellent Francia, whose lovely picture of "Mater Dolorosa" in our National Gallery is so well known to our girls. We find, also, works of Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci and his pupil, Luini. But the best represented painters in the Brera are the later Venetian school, especially Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. The great glory of the collection is Raffaele's picture of the marriage of the Virgin. The arrangement of this picture at first struck us as being extremely formal. We find in the background a twelve-sided temple crowned with a dome, standing directly in the middle of the picture. The architecture of this temple has been severely criticised; but it by no means follows that because Raffaele thought the structure suitable for his picture he would ever have built anything like it. In front of the temple is a very formal pavement divided into large squares. All the figures are grouped together immediately in the foreground. The High Priest stands in the centre, holding the hands of Mary and Joseph. Behind Joseph are many youths, and behind Mary are

a number of women—five in each group, thus keeping up the symmetrical arrangement which runs throughout the whole picture. There is a charming grace about the head of Mary and the two women standing immediately behind her. May we call them the bridesmaids?

Joseph and the youths who accompany him are represented with rods, but it will be noticed that Joseph's rod is crowned with five blossoms, probably of the almond. Several explanations have been given of this. The most poetical supposes it refers to an ancient legend that Mary had several suitors, as would be almost certain to be the case of a maiden of the house of David, possessed, moreover, of great personal beauty. The legend records that the various suitors each cut a rod, which they laid in the temple, and that after a time Joseph's rod was discovered to have blossomed. Some writers suppose that the youths breaking the rods refer to an ancient custom practised in Jewish marriages.

The picture is extremely beautiful in colour, brilliant and well preserved. We venture to suggest that the very symmetrical and formal arrangement of the picture may have resulted from its having been intended as the centre portion of a group of compositions.

Titian is best represented by the frequently engraved picture of St. Jerome—a work full of grand power and magnificent *chiaroscuro*. Leonardo da Vinci's work in the gallery is one of very great interest, as it is a study for the head of the Saviour for his mighty work of the Last Supper.

As the evening approaches, we dine at one of the perfect *ristoranti* of Milan and proceed by rail to Verona. On our way we were captivated by the charming manners of the peasantry; for we travelled third class, and thus had a capital opportunity of judging. It was a *fête* day at some of the towns our train called at, and there were fireworks, and every evidence of village festivity. But although there was great demand for seats in the train, we saw nothing of drunkenness nor heard coarse language, or anything resembling a vulgar cockney crowd—or, for the matter of that, the vulgar, well-dressed competitors for best seats who visit such civilising entertainments as the Monday or Saturday Popular and other London concerts! No, the Italian peasantry could teach wonderful lessons in kindness and self-respect to their betters of England! We reached Verona at midnight, and put up at a delightfully old world hotel and slept the sleep of—well, the tired, until the sun next morning reminded us of another happy day in store for us.

And now there arises before us a scene which will never be absent from the recollection of either bachelor. A broad and rapidly-flowing river, spanned by a lofty bridge, pierced by a great circle between the centre-most arches, like the eye of some vast Cyclops. Banks covered with ancient tiled-roofed houses, above which rise an indescribable mass of domes, towers, spires, pinnacles, and lofty walls, crowned by forked battlements; the whole backed up by undulating hills, clad with the deep green of the cypress groves, amongst which arise the round towers of a strange-looking castle. Is this the recollection of some picture we have seen, some place we have dreamt of, or is it a reality?

The question seems further from being

solved as we wander through the streets and squares of the poetical city. Every step brings us in the presence of some wondrous recollection of the past, and there is nothing to fasten down our ideas to the present time. Fresh dreams arise in every street. What is this vast oval structure, with its countless arches, reminding one of the great Colosseum at Rome? Ruinous, it is true; but as we enter it, strange to say, it seems to have suddenly awakened from its dream of sixteen centuries. Alas! it awakens us also, for what do we see but in the centre of this great arena the hanky-panky tricks of modern horsemanship and hear the stale jokes of a modern English clown! Let us, however, leave this singular scene of anachronism and again wander and dream.

This time there rises before us a series of lofty sculptured tombs, each crowned by a spire, surmounted by the figure of a man on horseback, separated from the roadway by some delicate metal work, wrought by the hand of a thirteenth-century blacksmith into a bewildering combination of quatrefoils, and supported by graceful marble columns, each bearing the image of a saint or angel. To complete the picture, the whole is backed up by a venerable-looking church, with a low, tile-covered steeple and roof, plain enough but for a beautiful marble monument placed above the doorway. It is difficult to imagine anything more enchanting in the way of architecture than this extraordinary cemetery, filling up the centre of one of the small squares of the city.

We wander on again, and find ourselves in front of a noble Gothic church, with a façade shaded by two mighty arches, one over the other, and beneath the lowermost a richly-carved doorway. We enter, and a superb picture is presented to our view. A Gothic church of exquisite proportion and rich detail, gleaming with coloured decoration, to which the softening touch of time has lent harmony and mellow tints. A pavement of variegated marble is beneath our feet. Two queer little statues, supporting holy water basins, attract our attention, and a voice seems to whisper in our ear, "I Gobbi." Need we say that this is the Church of St. Anastasia in Verona.

It would be impossible to give our girls anything like a description of the very interesting objects in this beautiful city, or adequately to express the feelings with which one wanders about its streets. It is said that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and the man must indeed be a savage who would not feel the same soothing influence in looking at Verona.

Everything, from its sweet-sounding name, seems to breathe poetry and music into the mind.

One seems to exist in a realm of fancy, and little imagination is required to people it again with Montagues and Capulets.

How strange it is that our great poet should have managed to have so thoroughly embodied the ideas which Verona impresses upon the mind in *Romeo and Juliet*, without having seen the place! When one reads the play who has seen Verona, it seems almost impossible to believe that Shakespeare did not draw his picture from the place itself.

(To be continued.)



OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.



It will be remembered that on arriving at Verona the two bachelors wandered about the city, merely glancing at its many beauties, in order to get a general impression, reserving for the next day the task of examining its buildings.

Our hotel at Verona was most picturesque; it had a courtyard in the middle, on to which all the principal rooms looked. There was a fountain in this courtyard, surrounded by dark green shrubs, which had a very cooling and refreshing appearance. The few English and Americans at the hotel were as usual the most pleasant of the guests; in fact, we have always liked those of our countrymen whom we have met abroad, and we venture to think that John Bull on the Continent has been maligned and abused far more than he deserves. We found the English at the places we visited quiet, companionable, and always well-behaved at table. Our satirists a generation back were never tired of depicting the narrowminded prejudices of the English abroad, but we cannot help thinking that many of these prejudices have disappeared, and this seems to be borne out by the undoubted increase of friendly feeling shown to our countrymen when travelling on the Continent, notwithstanding that in many cases we have not so much money to spend as our travelling forefathers had.

We rose early on the day after our arrival at Verona, as we were anxious to see as much as possible of the city before going on to Padua and Venice. As early as nine o'clock we had finished our breakfast and were starting out to see if, on second sight, Verona would delight us as much as its first impression had.

After about five minutes' walk from our hotel we found ourselves in the Piazza delle Erbe, the fruit-market of Verona. This fine open square was completely filled with stalls, with funny old white umbrellas covering them. On one side of these stalls were little stools about six or seven inches high, on which were seated the oldest of old women, generally

knitting. How very ancient these women looked, how wrinkled and furrowed were their countenances! Indeed, we could almost have imagined that these cronies were in existence when the palaces and tower of the piazza were being built, and that they have been perched on their stools selling their wares during the centuries that have crumbled the buildings, and reduced the fortunes of Verona, formerly one of the most brilliant cities of Italy, the abode of Dante, Sammicheli the architect, and Paul Cagliari, or Veronese, the last great genius of the North Italian school of painting.

We were anxious to see how these women conducted business, and going up to a particularly old one we asked the price of some oranges. As we could not understand her patois (of which there are over a hundred in Italy—the country of a confusion of tongues!) the older bachelor took up a franc, in exchange for which she was about to present him with two oranges! Fancy this old creature, who had probably lived all her life amidst the beautiful buildings of Verona, and who was at least eighty years of age, attempting to swindle two (as she thought) unwary foreigners. We were walking away disgusted when the woman shouted after us, offering three oranges for the franc; and seeing we were still discontented, she offered four, then five, then six oranges, which last we took, much to the delight of the woman, who even then had probably got double the value of her wares.

Strolling out of the Piazza delle Erbe, we entered the Piazza dei Signori, where there was much to interest us. On one side is the Palazzo del Consiglio, the grandest in Verona. It is built in the early Renaissance style of the fifteenth-century, and is covered with rich and exquisite detail. Near to this palace is the fine marble statue of Dante, erected in 1865. The poet is standing, with his head resting on his right hand. The features are extremely intellectual, but rather stern, such as one would expect in the writer of the "Divina Commedia."

After the Piazza dei Signori we visited for the second time the tombs of the Scaligers.

Our girls will remember from our last article what a very important part the families of the Visconti and Sforza took in the history of Milan. Now, an almost equally important position was occupied for nearly a century and a half by the Scaligers, or della Scalas, in Verona.

It was about the year 1260 that Mastino della Scala, their first historical character, was elected "captain of the people." To him succeeded others of the family, like him distinguished as wise rulers, patrons of art, and in every way excellent princes. As time went on the Scaliger family added several other important North Italian towns to their rule, including Lucca, Parma, Brescia, Vicenza, and others. But a little after the middle of the fourteenth century the family began to lose all those excellent qualities which had raised them to fame and power, and from the years 1359 to 1405 the history of the Scaligers is a record of barbarous murder and unprincipled corruption. With their leaders so degraded, it was certain that the Veronese would sooner or later be conquered, either by the Dukes of Milan or the Republic of Venice, and, to put an end to the difficulty, they threw over the rule of the Scaligers, and gave themselves up to the Doge of Venice in 1405.

Repeatedly in Verona one comes across delicately-carved little ladders. These are

the arms of the Scaligers (della Scala means "of the ladder"), and they serve to show how great an influence this family exercised for a number of years.

Continuing our walk, we went again to see St. Anastasia, noticing near the entrance the beautiful tomb of Count Castelbarco. This is very like the monument to the Scaligers, and, with the façade of the church, makes a very picturesque subject. The church of St. Anastasia has always been considered as an ideal of Italian Gothic architecture. Street and other experts are never tired of describing its beautiful colour and wonderful symmetry. To the left of the choir is the huge tomb to General Sarego, which has given rise to some controversy. Of the magnificence of the monument there can be no doubt; but it may be questioned whether its gigantic scale does really injure the effect of this fine interior.

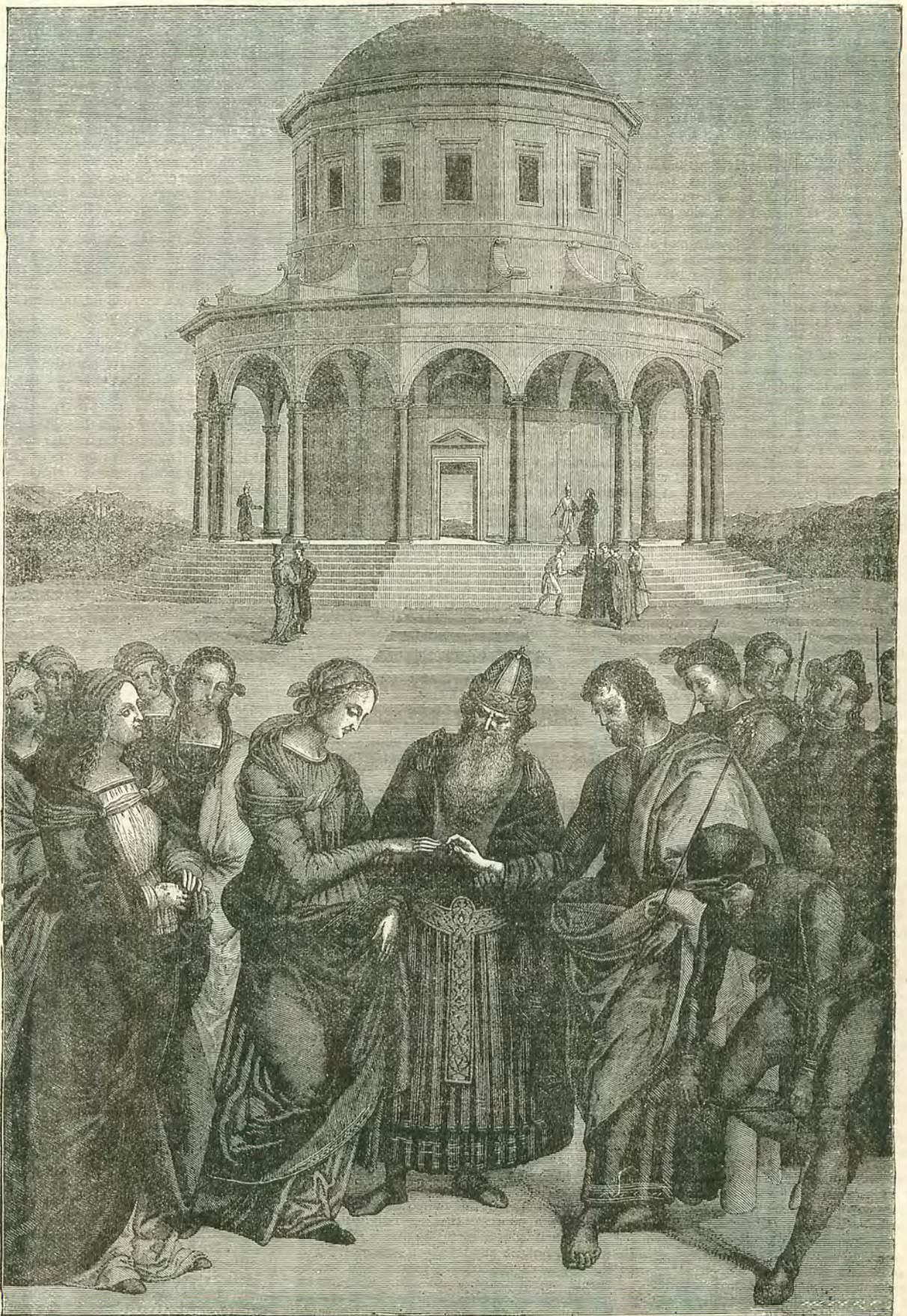
From St. Anastasia we went straight across the city to the church of St. Zeno. Our object in doing so was to see, in as short a time as possible from one another, the finest example of Italian Gothic (St. Anastasia), and the church of Zeno, probably the most magnificent Lombardic-Romanesque work in existence.

St. Zeno stands at the far west of the city, almost alone; its magnificent brick and marble campanile standing quite apart from the church. The nave is twelfth-century work, and the choir thirteenth century; internally the latter is raised up upon a crypt which is visible from the nave. The church is supported by alternate piers and columns, shafts of the former being carried up to the roof, thereby breaking the monotony of the vast amount of blank wall between the semicircular arches and the roof. The general effect of the interior is one of extraordinary solidity, but the proportions being so fine, there is no "heaviness" of effect. In the choir is a very curious statue of St. Zeno, sitting most uncomfortably in a chair. He is painted a rich brown colour, holding his episcopal staff, from which is hanging a fish. There are several opinions about this; some describe it as a symbol of baptism, others to the bishop being a famous fisherman. St. Zeno, Bishop of Verona, was an African martyred by Julian the Apostate in the fourth century.



We bachelors, humbly be it said, were not carried away into violent admiration about either St. Anastasia or St. Zeno. To our mind the lofty, clustered columns of Westminster Abbey are far more beautiful than the heavy, round pillars of St. Anastasia; and the magnificent Norman naves of Durham or Norwich Cathedral, with their open triforia and superb vaulting, seem infinitely more splendid than the nave of St. Zeno with the blank wall-spaces over its arches and its heavy timber roof.

After leaving St. Zeno we visited the cathedral, a fine Gothic church not very unlike



THE SPOSALIZIO, OR MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

RAPHAEL.

[See p. 235.]

St. Anastasia, but much larger; St. Fermo Maggiore, a very interesting church containing a monument of the last branches of the Dante family; and Santa Maria in Organo, remarkable amongst other things for its choir stalls and the intarsia work in its sacristy.

It was getting towards evening when we found ourselves again at the old Roman Arena; and we mounted the steps of the latter in order to take one last look at the ancient city. The sun was setting behind the St. Gothard Alps, which glittered like silver, while nearer were the lesser mountains, spurs of the Alps, telling out dark blue; and gathered under our feet were the numberless red brick buildings, churches, towers, and old walls of Verona. It was a beautiful sight, and rendered doubly romantic by the solemn stillness. In these old Italian cities there is often a quiet and absolute silence, which is almost startling to our bustling ears—partly accounted for by the Italians, or North Italians, at any rate never descending to that vulgar rowdiness which the lower classes in our cities take so much delight in.

We got back to our hotel quite late in the evening, after one of the most pleasant days of the whole tour. Notwithstanding our fatigue, however, we could scarcely sleep, so great was our excitement at the idea that to-morrow we should be in Venice—that wonderful city which the older bachelor, at all events, was more anxious to see than any place in the world.

We were, however, to see Padua first, and as the train started early in the morning for that city, we had scarcely had enough sleep, when we were awakened by the *femme de chambre*, who informed us that the breakfast was ready.

The day on which we left Verona was broiling hot, and the two bachelors, being still tired, went soundly to sleep in the railway carriage. Now, this was a mistake, for Padua is not very far from Verona, and we had only just time to get into a comfortable sleep when we were awakened by the train stopping, and had to rush about the station to look after our luggage, which, after a great deal of trouble, we were able to leave with a porter for the few hours we had to see the city.

Immediately on leaving the station we were much worried by a tout, whom we found almost impossible to get rid of. This and our being awakened from our sleep threw us into a very bad temper, and caused us to express very qualified views as to each other's intellects and characters. One of the bachelors declares that the other threw mud at him—but this must be only taken in a figurative sense; and one of them (we won't say which) began to express views respecting the ancient buildings and monuments of Padua something in the style of Mark Twain.

As before stated, it was a broiling day, and we scarcely remember anything more delightful than the delicious coolness of the church of the Eremitani, the first we visited in Padua. This huge church would not be particularly remarkable if it were not for its fine frescoes adjoining the right transept. The best of these are by Andrea Mantegna, a great Paduan master of the end of the fifteenth century, celebrated for his "lifelike" work. But the interest attached to these frescoes sinks into insignificance when compared with those by Giotto in the Arena chapel close to the church of the Eremitani, the importance of which can scarcely be overrated.

Our girls may remember that, when speaking about the Brera Gallery, we mentioned the name of Giotto, and as this painter exercised such a great influence over art, it may not be out of place to take this opportunity of saying a few words about him.

Giotto di Bondone, born in 1276, has been called the father of modern Italian art, a title

given to him on account of the vast progress his pictures show over those of any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Let anyone compare the pictures of Giotto with those of Cimabue, his master, and the most famous representative of the earlier school, and they will see this. Note the bright colour and infinitely greater expression in the former; also the movement, and the less conventional attitudes of the figures. Giotto was also the first to introduce anything approaching to dramatic effect in the art of painting, for which and other reasons he made a reputation far greater than had yet been made in painting—so great, in fact, that it was not surpassed until the age of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michel Angelo, the great trio of Italian artists, who may be said to have perfected that style of painting of which Giotto was the first representative.

The little Arena chapel at Padua is completely covered by frescoes of Giotto, which are amongst the finest examples of his work to be found out of Florence. The subjects represent the history of Christ and of the Virgin, the former being much more admirable; indeed, some of the subjects, especially the Crucifixion and the Pietà, will compare with any of the master's work. The two bachelors were a long time looking at and admiring these frescoes, and that they were allowed to do so alone added not a little to their enjoyment. One pays a fee for seeing the Arena chapel, and is given a plan and description of the paintings. This is a great advantage, for it renders the attendance of a guide superfluous, and one is excused the attendance of a dirty little garlic-smelling man, who keeps up an incessant chattering in bad French or execrable English, half of which one does not understand, and the other half Baedeker tells far better.

Having but a short time to see Padua, we tried to find our way at once to the famous church of St. Antonio, known as "Il Santo"; we, however, took about three hours to do so, during which time we saw many interesting churches, some containing frescoes.

The two great painters of this city were the before-mentioned Mantegna, and Squarcione, the founder of the Paduan school. The work of both these painters is remarkable for its scholarly character, to be accounted for from the fact of Padua being the seat of a great university (founded as early as 1238), which attracted learned men from all parts of Europe; and naturally the school of art was influenced by the conflux of scholars and scientific men, which made Padua so important a city in the Middle Ages.

Nearly all the streets in Padua are flanked with arcades, which add much to the picturesque quality of its thoroughfares. We, of course, sought out Il Salone, the palace celebrated for its huge hall, said to be the largest unsupported by columns in the world. The walls of this hall are completely covered with frescoes, nearly 400 in number, more remarkable for their strange subjects than their value as works of art. At one end of the hall is a huge wooden horse; very ugly, the bachelors thought, though it was designed by the great Florentine, Donatello.

After seeing Il Salone the bachelors wandered about for an hour or so, and at last came in sight of the monstrous church of St. Antonio. As this is the work of the greatest architect of the Gothic period in Italy, Nicolo Pisano, we suppose that we ought to have been much struck by it; but we confess that we were not, at any rate by its exterior. The domes, seven in number, bear a most unfortunate resemblance to so many dish-covers, and the kind of circular drums or towers on which they are placed have a kind of truncated look, as if they have been cut short, and were intended to have been much higher.

The west front, though adorned with Gothic arcades, has a bald, sprawling look about it, and does not seem to "fit" the church properly. The sides of the building, moreover, are positively ugly, and there is only one point from which it really looks well, and that is a garden near the east end, where the domes are seen rising up over a group of trees.

The first impression of the interior is rather one of baldness, but when one arrives halfway up the church, and the exquisite chapel of St. Antonio in one of the transepts, a most lovely work by Sansovino, and the very beautiful Gothic altar and screen in the opposite transept are opened out to the view, the first impression is at once corrected.

Perhaps in the whole of Italy there is not to be found a more perfect example of the Renaissance than the exquisite chapel of St. Antonio. It opens from the transept by five arches, the detail and proportion of which are simply perfect. On the opposite wall are five similarly-treated blank arches, filled in with extremely elaborate bas-reliefs, beneath the centre of which is the altar. A semicircular barrelled vault, adorned with detail, perfectly bewildering from its intricacy and delicacy, covers the space between the two arcades. It is certainly a matter for regret that the Renaissance architecture of Italy did not stand still at this beautiful epoch, instead of developing into the wildness and eccentricity of the later school.

On emerging from St. Antonio the bachelors were astonished to find the sky overcast, and to notice the suspicious gusts of wind which generally precede a storm. The latter, however, did not approach Padua, but contented itself by grumbling about in the distant Alps. We were only too glad to be spared its visitation, especially as we were anxious to have a moonlight night by which to form our first impression of Venice.

Scarcely any Englishman ever visits Italy without bothering his friends about his first impression of Venice. But in all probability these first impressions are not formed from the place itself, but from photographs purchased in Oxford-street.

It has always been a question whether the enjoyment which one experiences in seeing a place of great interest about which one knows nothing from pictorial representations, or that experienced upon arriving at one of which every street—nay, almost every stone—has been made familiar by representations, is the greater. Some people have asserted that it is almost impossible not to feel a kind of disappointment upon seeing any place about which one has read very much and has seen very frequently represented. If this be the case, Venice ought to be a disappointment, because no city has been more described, painted, engraved, and photographed. Yet, does it disappoint? Our grandfathers were perhaps in one way fortunate in the fact that Venice must have appeared to them more strange, more wonderful, and more poetical than it can ever appear to us. It is true they must often in fancy have stood upon the Bridge of Sighs—"A palace and a prison on each hand." They must in fancy have wandered over the Rialto, and have dreamed of marble palaces, their steps washed by the Adriatic. But with them it must have been a mere dream, without form or shape. With us, however, Venice is a thorough reality before we see it. The Campanile of St. Mark, the Doge's Palace, the white domes of the Salute are almost as well known to those who have never been to Venice as to those who have lived in the place. Consequently, the great element of surprise must to a great extent be wanting to all those who now visit this city.

There are no two places in the world the approach to which excites one so much as Rome and Venice. Rome, according to all

account, and notwithstanding the stupendous remains of its ancient monuments and the wonders of its churches, seems always to disappoint. Even a man who approached it with the feelings of Cardinal Newman does not disguise the fact that, pictorially, at any rate, it in no way realises his preconceived notions; and Charles Dickens compares the first appearance of it to London, and seems almost to hesitate whether he would not give the palm to the latter city. But with Venice who shall say? The mind of man can call up

palaces which are more beautiful than hands have ever raised. The imagination can raise up air-built structures which no architect, however able, or builder, however skilful, can execute: and, therefore, every city about which one has thought much must be to a certain extent disappointing at first, and it requires a touch of reality to restore the mind to its proper equilibrium; and it is after this has been done that one must judge of the true impression made upon it by any place, scene, or building. Perhaps the old-fashioned say-

ing that "second thoughts are best" may convey our meaning, and one must not judge from one's first impression of such a city as Venice, or be astonished that one's first feeling is one of disappointment. *Though* when the mind has become sobered sufficiently to take in all the various beauties of this matchless place, then one should ask oneself the question, "Is it disappointing?" Whether it proved so to the two bachelors our readers will see in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN," BUT "A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

"Cissy Weller never answers back. You may say the spitefullest things to her, and they disappear like a wave on the sand."

It was a lovely May afternoon, and Mabel Bruce was returning home between two of her schoolfellows. The three girls had been sauntering leisurely along in the shades of some tall trees, but as Mabel said these words they turned aside to take a nearer cut across some fields, and, the weather being unusually warm for the time of year, they stopped to rest for a few minutes before striking through the broad sunlight, perching themselves in various attitudes upon the stile.

"No; Cissy never answers back," repeated Mabel, poking in the hawthorn-bush with her sunshade and then bending over her books to readjust the strap in which she was carrying them; "she would be easier to deal with if she did. She's a splendid sample of Christian patience," she added, with a sneer.

"Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," jeered Merry. "She wears a sour enough face over it. For my own part, I hate dumb people. One might as well have to do with posts!"

"Perhaps it is a virtue to be a 'post,' sometimes," suggested the other girl—Eva Daventry, by name. "You wouldn't care to have a post start up and strike you on the head if you chanced to run into it. That's what smart-tongued people do. 'Speech is silvern,' sometimes; but 'Silence is golden.'"

Eva Daventry was a more gentle-faced girl than the others, and was often ridiculed for her sentimental, poetic way of viewing things. Even as she said this, she was looking out towards the distant hills, as though her thoughts were far beyond the level of her companions' comprehension—as indeed they were; for Eva had begun to enter upon a higher life, of which, as yet, neither Mabel nor Merry knew anything.

"Just like one of Eva's sayings," cried the latter, with a careless laugh. "I wonder what dried-up old sage invented that absurd axiom! One might as well talk about a cypher being of more value than a unit. Why weren't we all born dumb?"

"I know who *wasn't*!" exclaimed a voice that seemed for the moment to come out of the sky itself; and almost before the girls could turn, Hubert Daventry had swung himself down from one of the larger boughs, and was descending the trunk.

Mabel and Merry sprang to the ground with a startled air, but Eva kept her seat, looking up into her brother's face with an admiring glance. They were "only" brother and sister, and thought a great deal of each other.

"Now, I've got something worth looking at in my pocket," said Hubert, eyeing the girls with an expression of amusement as he reached *terra firma*, "and I'll vouchsafe the first peep to the one who knows how to give 'the smartest answer.' Girls have all got tongues, you know. That's a settled question,

so there's no crying off; it's simply a matter of competition. Come, now!"

But neither Mabel nor Merry responded to the challenge. It was evident that Hubert had overheard their remarks about Cissy, and it is a speaking fact that, however much girls may indulge in backbiting when by themselves, they inevitably "feel small" if they chance to be caught at it by their boy friends. They know that it is small, and they are ashamed of it. Mabel glanced at Merry, and Merry at Mabel, and both looked down and were silent. Hubert occupied the interval in brushing the green from his clothes.

"Come, now!" repeated he, "the prize is to be fairly won! I can't in honesty include Eva in the competition after her last remark. When people affect contempt for any particular gift, you may make pretty sure they don't possess it. It lies between you two."

"I, for one, don't want to examine the lining of your pockets!" exclaimed Mabel, saucily.

"I assure you, I didn't contemplate turning them inside out for inspection," returned Hubert, mischievously. "What's in will come out without such strong measures."

"Of course!" exclaimed Merry. "He has been robbing a nest. I wouldn't see the poor little creatures for the world. They must be nearly suffocated. It's cruel, horrible, inhuman, to tear them from their mother just for the sake of torturing them to death!"

"How sharp some people's ears are!" laughed Hubert, provokingly. "When little birds do take to singing for their supper they make a good deal of noise; but perhaps I'm a trifle deaf. Do you hear them, 'Va'?"

"Oh, you are a tease!" exclaimed Eva, jumping down. "I don't believe it's anything alive at all. But it's high time we pursued our 'winding way.' Which direction are you going to take, Hu?"

"I propose doing myself the honour to constitute myself your protector," returned Hubert, with mock ceremony, "in case you should have rough work with any 'animated posts' by the way."

Mabel and Merry inwardly objected to this arrangement, fearful of Hubert's sarcastic mood. They could see that he despised their littleness, and they were both dreadfully uncomfortable. But it was too late to go round by the road after delaying so long, so there was no help, and the four went up the field together, Hubert teasing rather unmercifully all the way, until their path divided, when he drew from his pocket and exhibited two insignificant-looking eggs, which he had secured for his collection.

"What's the matter with Cissy Weller?" he asked, as he walked on with Eva, after calling a parting injunction to the other girls to fight shy of "animated posts."

"Oh, Cissy is always getting into hot water with the girls," explained Eva; "through sheer blundering, you know, for she's a good

creature at heart; only she has always had a governess at home, and doesn't understand the ways of school life, some of which are decidedly *unchristian*, to my thinking," added Eva, confidentially. "Then the girls get regularly mad, and do all they can to lash her into a fury. But it is of no use, as they said just now; Cissy never answers back, and it generally ends in her getting sent to Coventry. Poor Cissy! that hurts her more than anything, I believe; she looks so miserable over it. And the strange part of the whole thing is, that if she were to 'show spirit,' one or two battles would settle the matter, and they would learn to 'respect' her. Hubert, if hot words can do so much, why is silence 'golden'?"

"Because, in scriptural phrase, angry words 'stir up strife,'" replied Hubert.

"Why weren't we all 'born dumb,' then?" quoted Eva. "Oh, Hubert, I do wish I could answer them when they say things like that! You could silence them in a minute; but my thoughts travel so slowly. I know it is more Christian not to retort; but I ought to be able to give a reason for what I believe, when other people say such odd things. After all, what use is there in having tongues, if we mayn't use them in self-defence?"

"In order that we may use them for a better purpose," answered Hubert, after a few minutes' reflection. "I thought you had floored me, but I see it now. 'Speech is silvern,' and 'silence is golden'; but 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' Although Cissy might gain apparent victories by retorting, she would in reality only draw upon herself greater antagonism, whilst, on the other hand, her silence both irritates them and makes them think her craven-spirited. If she were great enough to show her superiority by explaining, or apologising for her blunders, she would very soon put to rout all their hostility and win their hearts: that is, unless girls are made of very different stuff from boys. But this sort of greatness is only to be arrived at in one way," he added, gravely. "Perhaps you could help her to find out how."

Eva understood her brother's meaning, for they often had these confidential talks on serious subjects.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me," she repeated, softly. "I had not thought of trying to help her."

Hubert was right. An angry retort often provokes the bitterest enmity and does irreparable harm, and silence irritates by its likeness to contempt, but a gentle word is like oil on troubled waters. It is the coin by means of which we may purchase that which neither silver nor gold can buy—the love of an enemy; and more, by thus driving the demon from a human heart we may be the means, in God's hands, of converting a sinner from the error of his ways. "And if," said Christ, "he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

F. E. BURCH.



ST. GIORGIO, MAGGIORE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

lagune. This bridge is between three and four miles in length, and contains 222 arches.

Our excitement was great when we reached the lagune, and the train seemed actually rushing through the water.

At first the buildings of the distant city looked like huge black rocks, though the hundreds of lights reflected in the water told one of the approach to habitation. But as we drew near, the churches, towers, campanili, and palaces became almost distinguishable, telling out black against the starlit sky, and seemingly rising from the middle of the sea—an exquisitely poetical scene, with which no one could be disappointed.

Of course, we can understand that approaching Venice by day is quite another matter. Then the shallowness of the lagune (the water is sometimes not more than three feet deep) is realised; then all the ruin, shabby detail, bad restoration, and bizarre Gothic work of the city are seen at a glance. The beautiful moonlight night, however, told us of none of these defects, but emphasised the strange

poetry of this singular city, with its wonderful history and associations, built in the middle of the sea.

The approach to Venice by gondola in former times must have been even more romantic, as the puffing and the screeching of a steam-engine brings one's mind back to the nineteenth century. Though, at the same time, rushing across the lagune in a railway-train at night produces a somewhat remarkable sensation.

The train took about nine minutes to cross the bridge, and then glided quietly into the railway station at Venice. There were only about half a dozen passengers besides ourselves, and there was none of that noise and bustle which is usually so great a nuisance in terminal stations. On alighting from our railway carriage a porter, with true Italian politeness, asked us the name of our hotel, and, conducting us to the side of the canal, handed us over to a gondolier.

Everything helped to make the scene as poetical as possible. The night kept glorious, and there was not a sound to be heard. Our gondolier, a tall, dark man with a thick black beard, was a beau ideal of his class, and the

OUR longing expectations were fulfilled, and we were vouchsafed a lovely evening for our entrance into Venice. By the time the train reached Mæstre all traces of the storm had disappeared, the sky was dark blue, and glittered with innumerable stars and a full moon—just such an ideal night as one would choose for getting one's first impressions of the most poetical city in the world.

From Padua to Mæstre there is nothing remarkable; the same seemingly eternal plain has to be traversed; but as the train draws near to the last-named city one begins to realise that one is really approaching the Queen of the Adriatic.

At Mæstre we began to feel the sea breezes, and as the train rushed on to St. Giuliana we caught glimpses of the far-off lights of Venice reflected in the water. And now commences the vast bridge which takes the train over the



THE BRONZE HORSES—ST. MARK'S.

hearse-like gondola being drawn up to the landing-stage, the bachelors determined to see a little of Venice by moonlight before going to their hotel.

In a few minutes we found ourselves in the Grand Canal—the great marble palaces rising on either bank, brilliantly illuminated here and there by the beams of a full moon, and the lights from the graceful Gothic windows reflected in the still water in long streams of light; the domes and campanili of the almost innumerable churches piercing the sky, and looking gigantic, from their details being shrouded in the deep shadows of night; while their outlines were made still more prominent and more distinctly defined by the clear, sharp moonlight.

One of these great campanili had an almost startling effect as the gondola passed it. It seemed to interpose itself between the moon and ourselves. We never saw any building which, for the moment, seemed so gigantic. On we went—past the opening of many a narrow canal, looking on one side into impenetrable gloom, and on the other into almost magical light. Here and there was some exquisitely traceried window, illuminated like burnished silver. The plash of the oar and the ripple of the water against the gondola added to the charm of the scene, and before long the strains of distant music enhanced the poetry of that most lovely night.

A huge arch soon came in sight, spanning the great canal. Need we say that this was the Rialto? The gondola shot beneath it, and wound its way along past a sharp curve in the canal through another bridge, and on our right the Church of the Salute came in sight,



sight, and we soon emerged on to the broad and lake-like water of the Giudecca. To our left was a garden, and a little behind it rose the group of domes and the lofty isolated campanili of St. Mark. We knew it was St. Mark's, and were therefore not surprised at its exquisite beauty, though, owing to the intervening buildings, we could only see its domes and campanile. The Ducal Palace, strange to say, did not present so striking an appearance by moonlight, owing to its somewhat box-like outline. But still the deep gloom of its arcades somewhat repaid the mind for the disappointment experienced in its general aspect.

Of course, we looked out for the Bridge of Sighs, which was buried, as it should be, in profound gloom. It was appropriate that this tragic structure should be hidden in the deepest shadow of our first view of Venice, just as we recollect the dome of the Salute forming its greatest light. On the one side was typified human suffering, human woe, tyranny, cruelty, and oppression, and on the other the salvation which came to us through the Healer, whose purity is rightly symbolised in the clear white dome of the church.

These two buildings, so typical of human life, are rightly placed. The one at the junction of the two great canals, where they expand almost into a lake, lifts its marble dome, *soaring up to the skies*, and everyone asks as they come in sight of it, "What is that?" The answer is, "That is the Salute" (Salvation). Happy omen for a city where such a sign is always visible amidst the surrounding gloom! The other building, half concealed, and skulking away over a gloomy canal, like secret sin deep buried in the human heart. We know it is there, and that its loathsome presence will be found when sought for, and though the gloom of night may for a time conceal it, yet with the daylight it will be visible, carrying with it condemnation.

More mundane thoughts, however, filled our minds, and we began to realise the fact that in ordering our gondolier to take us a "bit of a round of Venice" before landing us at our hotel, we were running serious risk of going to bed supperless, if not of being shut out altogether. So we directed him to retrace—we can't say his steps, but let us say his course—and, after passing down one or two narrow canals, we found ourselves at the steps of our hotel.

It was not, however, without a sigh and a kind of feeling almost approaching to dread that we left the bright moonlight of the Grand Canal to penetrate the dark, silent, and gloomy little streams that run between the high walls of the houses. Gloomy they are at all times, these narrow quayless canals, but how infinitely more so in the night, and how their lugubrious aspect impresses itself upon one after emerging from the beautiful scenes which we have just attempted to describe.

The first thing we did on arriving at our hotel was to see whether any of our friends had written to us, and we were pleased to find quite a goodly pile of letters awaiting us. How pleasant it is to hear from our friends when abroad, and how doubly dear those friends seem to us when hundreds of miles separate us from them.

A rather doubtful compliment this. But is it not always true that "distance lends enchantment?" When absent from those we like, we are inclined to think over their good qualities and those characteristics that we admire, and to forget all those differences of opinion and little waywardnesses that are so irritating to us when we are with them. Of course, it is different with those we really

love; even then, however, absence intensifies the affection, but from a different reason, arising from an almost nervous anxiety for their health, happiness, and prosperity.

After reading our letters, we began to discuss our first sight of Venice, and we both agreed that, up to the present, our fondest expectations had been more than realised. Little did we think that the morrow would bring its disappointments—that in the short space of twenty-four hours we should underrate Venice, as much as we now exaggerated its beauties—and that we should not gain a correct and "lasting" impression of its peculiar and unique character, until many days had passed away. In fact, one does not entirely form one's impression of Venice until it has been left, thought over, and compared with other places.

From the city itself we called to our memory the wonderful history of Venice, at one time the first maritime power in Europe, and so like our own country in many ways.

Our girls may remember the importance of Milan and Verona during the periods that the Viscontis and Sforzas ruled the former city, and the Scaligers the latter. The history of these two cities, however, is simply insignificant when compared with that of the great republic of the Doges.

Venice is said to have been founded about the year A.D. 450, by the inhabitants of Aquileia, Padua, Altinum, &c., who were driven out of their cities, and their homes utterly destroyed by the cruel Attila, who was at this time overrunning Italy. The persecuted inhabitants flying before the barbarians, as a last resource crossed the lagune and built a town on the islets which had formed in the Adriatic.

Goethe says, "It was no idle fancy their colonists fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation, which afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole of the Northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were the necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced, like trees enclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied to them in breadth. Being niggard of every inch of ground, as having been from the outset compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was absolutely necessary for separating one row of houses from another, and affording a narrow way for passengers. Moreover, water was at once street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature, and Venice can only be compared with itself."

The colonists, under the protection of the Byzantine Empire, must have grown in importance and prosperity, though their early history is very obscure, and it was not until the commencement of the ninth century that Venice became a really important city.

The exact date of the election of the first Dux or Doge (Paulucius Anafestus) is not known, but it must have been either at the end of the sixth or the commencement of the seventh century. The year A.D. 809 was important for Venice, as the colonists in that year defended themselves against Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, and throwing over all foreign influence, they commenced their career of independence.

The next important event was the bringing of the body of St. Mark to Venice in A.D. 828. The evangelist was thenceforth made the

patron saint of the city, and his emblem, the lion, became the arms of the republic. The Venetians had not as yet made foreign conquests, but the great Doge, Enrico Dandolo, who went to the Fourth Crusade, conquered Constantinople in 1204, and commenced the grand era of Venice. The breaking up of the Byzantine Empire was a great opportunity for Venice, the republic gaining possession of several islands in the Greek Archipelago, together with numerous cities on the Adriatic.

As can well be imagined, the growing power of the republic was watched with jealous eyes by the other Italian States, especially by Geroa, at this time very powerful. The rivalry between the last-named city and Venice caused innumerable wars and misery to both combatants. At first Genoa was successful, but the Doge Andrea Dandolo completely defeated the Genoese in 1352, an event which made Venice the most powerful city in Northern Italy.

The successor to Doge Andrea Dandolo, Marino Falieri, by secret means endeavoured to upset the government of Venice and make himself king. His plot was discovered, however, and he was beheaded on the Giants' Stairs in the Palace of the Doges.

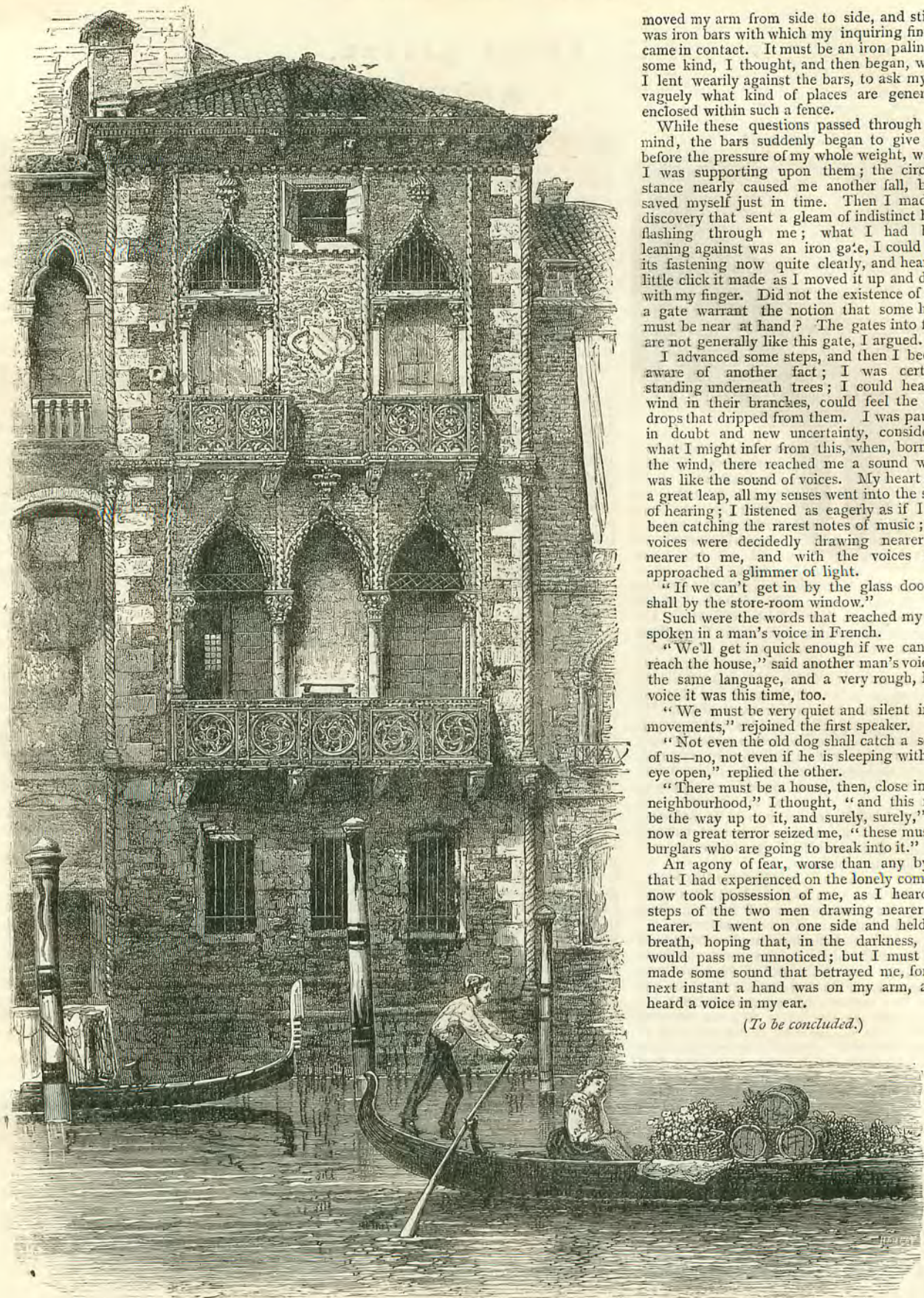
The Genoese were at war again with the republic in 1379; but a lasting peace was concluded in 1381. From this year until about 1450 Venice carried everything before it; Verona, Padua, Vicenza, and numerous other North Italian cities, were added to the republic, and by the year 1420 the whole of the east coast of Italy surrendered to the power of Venice. But perhaps the grandest victories were those gained over the Turks, as in these wars Venice undoubtedly saved Italy the calamity of a Mohammedan invasion.

It was during the years 1370 and 1450 that Venice was building up her commercial prosperity, which at the latter date had made her the greatest maritime and commercial city in the world.

But as in individuals, so in countries. We go on increasing in health and strength up to a certain age, after which comes the inevitable decline. "First from age to age we ripe and ripe, and then from age to age we rot and rot." The decline of Venice is soon told. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the discovery of the new Indian sea-routes were terrible blows to the republic, from which, indeed, it never recovered. The Turks, with whom the Venetians were always at war, proved in the end victorious, and took possession of the eastern colonies of the republic.

And then came the great shame of Venice's history—the alliance with the Turk against the Christian powers, the sacrifice of Rhodes, and the selfish abandonment of that great Christian hero, Lisle Adam; while, as a modern writer says, "the Venetians and other merchants were trafficking their goods and their souls at the same time with the enemies of the Church, and dishonouring their Christian calling." A sad Nemesis was, however, in store for Venice, and, notwithstanding her crimes, we cannot read unmoved of the last Doge embracing the banner of St. Mark and then flinging it into a grave over which a solemn funeral ceremony was performed. Napoleon, who regarded neither art, poetry, nor history, when they stood in the way of his ambition, was approaching Venice. Resistance was impossible, and the banner which had led the Venetians to so many victories must not fall into the hands of the invader, so, with tears and sighs, it was reverently placed in the grave.

(To be continued.)



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

moved my arm from side to side, and still it was iron bars with which my inquiring fingers came in contact. It must be an iron paling of some kind, I thought, and then began, while I lent wearily against the bars, to ask myself vaguely what kind of places are generally enclosed within such a fence.

While these questions passed through my mind, the bars suddenly began to give way before the pressure of my whole weight, which I was supporting upon them; the circumstance nearly caused me another fall, but I saved myself just in time. Then I made a discovery that sent a gleam of indistinct hope flashing through me; what I had been leaning against was an iron gate, I could feel its fastening now quite clearly, and hear the little click it made as I moved it up and down with my finger. Did not the existence of such a gate warrant the notion that some house must be near at hand? The gates into fields are not generally like this gate, I argued.

I advanced some steps, and then I became aware of another fact; I was certainly standing underneath trees; I could hear the wind in their branches, could feel the rain-drops that dripped from them. I was pausing in doubt and new uncertainty, considering what I might infer from this, when, borne on the wind, there reached me a sound which was like the sound of voices. My heart gave a great leap, all my senses went into the sense of hearing; I listened as eagerly as if I had been catching the rarest notes of music; yes, voices were decidedly drawing nearer and nearer to me, and with the voices there approached a glimmer of light.

"If we can't get in by the glass door, we shall by the store-room window."

Such were the words that reached my ears, spoken in a man's voice in French.

"We'll get in quick enough if we can only reach the house," said another man's voice, in the same language, and a very rough, harsh voice it was this time, too.

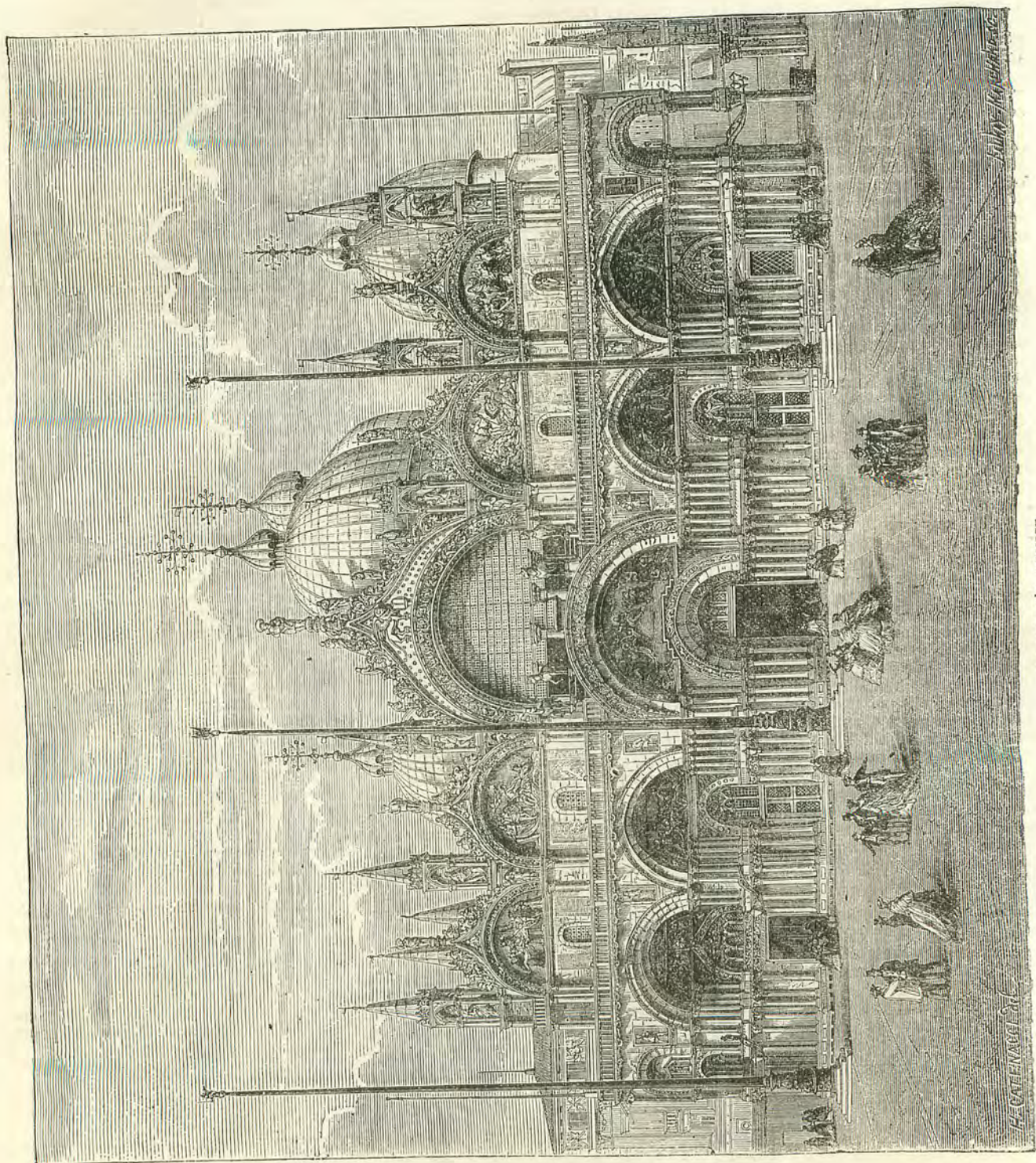
"We must be very quiet and silent in our movements," rejoined the first speaker.

"Not even the old dog shall catch a sound of us—no, not even if he is sleeping with one eye open," replied the other.

"There must be a house, then, close in this neighbourhood," I thought, "and this must be the way up to it, and surely, surely," and now a great terror seized me, "these must be burglars who are going to break into it."

An agony of fear, worse than any by far that I had experienced on the lonely common, now took possession of me, as I heard the steps of the two men drawing nearer and nearer. I went on one side and held my breath, hoping that, in the darkness, they would pass me unnoticed; but I must have made some sound that betrayed me, for the next instant a hand was on my arm, and I heard a voice in my ear.

(To be concluded.)



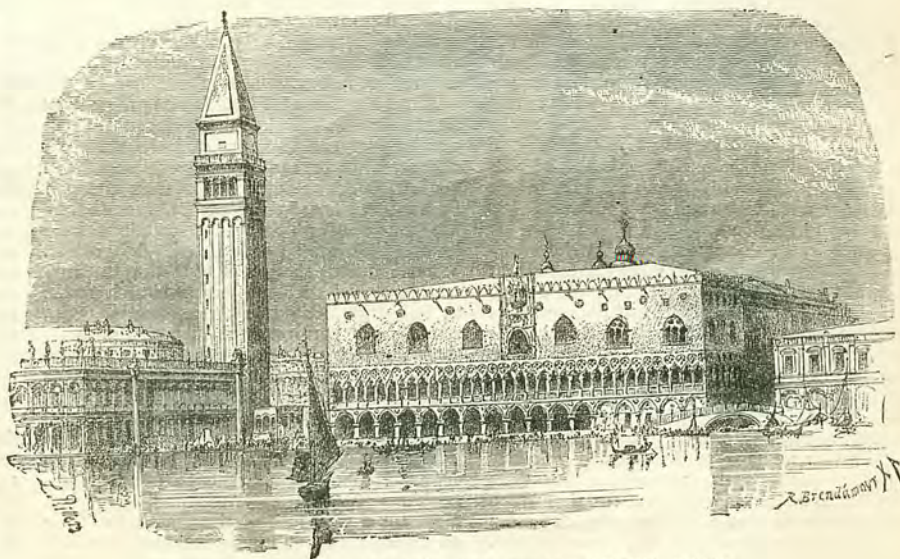
ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

IT was a cold grey morning when the two bachelors strolled out of the hotel. Their exit was, of course, made from the back door, so to speak, the main entrance, as in all the chief hotels and palaces, facing a canal. It was bitterly cold, and a freezing wind greeted them as they turned the corners of the narrow streets. On they wandered past several little piazzas, or "ciampi," as the Venetians call them—past innumerable churches, with their cheerless Renaissance façades. Now and then they came across a canal, when the romantic cries of the gondolier would revive some little of their ebbing enthusiasm. Everything wanted sun, the broken-down old palaces seemed strangely uninteresting, and there was a painful sameness about the everlasting alleys. But, oh, the stinks! The wonder was that there could be any inhabitants left in such a vile-smelling city. The wretched alleys, with their filthy shops and crowds of poor, were bad enough; but the little canals were the worst; they could only be compared to running sewers. The water in these side canals was a dirty green colour, and even when left alone the smell, to say the least, was unpleasant; but when stirred up by any passing gondola the only thing to do was to hold the breath and rush away.

The bachelors began to ask themselves whether they really were in Venice, and, if so, whether the Venice of yesterday was not a dream, or whether they were not in a dream at the present time, and suffering a kind of



CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S, AND PALACE OF THE DOGES.

nightmare. They began to feel most unkindly disposed towards Ruskin, Rio, Hare, etc., and to believe that they had all been in a conspiracy to palm off this dingy, grey city as a paradise of architectural beauty. The disappointment was so great that one of the bachelors proposed to take a ticket back to Verona. On, however, they wandered past many a squalid and dirty-looking piazza and green, stagnant canal, getting every moment more and more discontented and worse and worse tempered, until at last a narrow turning brought them into a large and noble piazza, at the end of which rose a strange Eastern-looking building, crowned with a group of fantastic domes, surmounting arches and traceried openings almost Arabic in their curious architectural intricacy.

While they were looking at this extraordinary pile, through a rift in the clouds the sun shone down upon the building, which presented a spectacle almost unearthly—so bright and shining that it might have been built of precious stones. Need we say this was St. Mark's. There is something so singular about this church, so

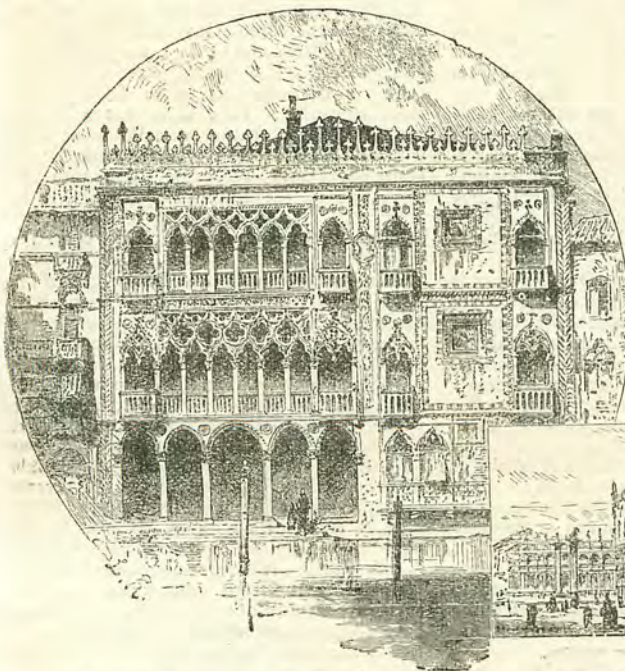
thoroughly unlike any other building, that at the first moment of *seeing it the thing* that most strikes one is an air of unreality, and it seemed at once to recall to the bachelors the dreamy Venice of the night before.

We must say a few words about this celebrated piazza, one side of which is occupied by the glorious front of St. Mark's.

The Piazza of St. Mark, perhaps the most famous square in Europe, is enclosed on three sides by marble structures, which appear to form one vast building. The northern portion, called the Procuratie Vecchie, dates from the earliest style of the Renaissance. Opposite is the Procuratie Nuove, built in the later Renaissance style of Scamozzi, while the third side of the piazza is enclosed by a building by Napoleon. On one side of the Procuratie Vecchie is the well-known clock-tower by one of the Lombardi family, and opposite to this is the huge campanile of St. Mark, which the bachelors could not consider a handsome tower, except for Sansovino's pretty loggia at its base.

By far the most important object in the piazza, however, is the front of St. Mark's, and so great is its attraction that one forgets for the moment the interesting buildings by which it is surrounded. It is not good architecture, nor does it seem to be remarkable for its proportions, and as a composition there is something rather bizarre and extravagant about it. There is undoubtedly, also, a want of that solidity and solemnity which one naturally expects and is accustomed to see in the great Gothic cathedrals of the north. Yet there is an indescribable charm about this strange front. What it is one cannot explain, nor can one analyse the feeling which comes over the mind when looking at it. It seems to defy criticism, and to upset all one's ideas of artistic propriety and architectural rule.

The great doors in the front of the church do not lead direct into the church itself, but into a large vestibule or narthex, which not only runs along the front, but returns on either side of the nave at right angles. One of these wings is *cut off*, and forms a baptistery. In the pavement, just as one enters this vestibule, is a red marble lozenge, to remind one



CA' D'ORO PALACE ON THE GRAND CANAL.



PALACE OF THE DOGES.

of that extraordinary event in the history of Venice—the submission of the mighty German Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, to the Pope, Alexander III., brought about by the intervention of the Republic.

The roof of the vestibule is covered with mosaics, and around the walls are beautiful marble columns. Some celebrated characters have been buried here. Amongst them the Doge Vistale Faliero, who recovered the body of St. Mark, and in whose reign the German Emperor, Henry IV., visited Venice; and Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk, who was banished by Richard II. after his duel with the Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV. Mowbray died in Venice, where his body remained until 1533, when it was removed to England.

Three great doorways, immediately opposite to those leading from the Piazza of St. Mark, open from the narthex into the church itself. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the exterior of the church, it is impossible not to be struck by the great beauty of the interior, which, strangely enough, seems to possess in a marked degree exactly those qualities of solemnity and sublimity which are certainly wanting in the exterior.

Whether we look at the massive grandeur of the proportions, the intricacy and beauty of the detail, or the sumptuous decoration which covers every portion of the structure, the mind is filled with a thorough feeling of satisfaction. One great beauty of this interior is the perfect way in which the light is admitted. So well has this been studied that although the domes, vaultings, and upper portions of the walls are covered with mosaic on a gold ground, there is not the slightest effect of gaudiness or that unpleasant dazzle that we so frequently see in buildings where a large quantity of gilding enters into the decoration.

The lower portions of the walls and the great pilasters are coated with slabs of a reddish marble or granite, which, while quiet in itself, gives an air of repose to the general effect of this most remarkable interior.

Although a great amount of Greek influence is noticeable in the general design of St. Mark's (the work appears to have been designed, or at any rate inspired, by Greek architects), yet the ritual arrangements of the church are purely Latin. Thus, instead of a solid "*eikonostasis*," or picture-bearing screen, entirely cutting off the altar from the rest of the church, we have a beautiful open marble rood-screen dividing the choir from the nave, within which are finely-carved choir-stalls, just as we see in our old English churches.

The high altar stands under a baldacchino, and has another altar behind it, as was formerly the case at Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral.

The reredos of the high altar is formed by the celebrated Pala d'Oro, a large kind of tablet of beaten gold, probably the most valuable example of Byzantine art now in existence.

It would be impossible for us to give even a list of the many exquisite works of art which adorn the interior of St. Mark's. There are two, however, which we must mention on account of their great singularity. The first of these are the great cruciform chandeliers, or lampadaria. They consist of large double crosses, formed of bronze, to which are attached by hooks an innumerable quantity of small oil lamps. Nothing could be more charming than the effect of these when lighted.

The other feature to which we refer is the mosaic pavement which covers the whole floor of the church.

Perhaps there is nothing in St. Mark's which has given rise to so much controversy as this same pavement, which possesses the remarkable peculiarity of not being flat, but

arranged in great waves. Antiquaries are perpetually disputing as to whether this is owing to design or accident. Perhaps a little of both may be the case. Is it not possible that in the first instance it may have been an accident, but that seeing how well it looked, it may have been copied?

Be this as it may, all antiquaries must regret that so strange a peculiarity is being abolished, and is being laid perfectly flat in the present restoration.

In former times St. Mark's was pre-eminent for its music. Celebrated Giovanni Croce was one of the directors of its choir. The church, however, can no longer boast of this distinction, if we may judge from the performance we heard there on St. Mark's Day, the music of which would certainly have horrified Giovanni Croce if he had heard it. What a curious thing it is that the Italians, who produced such masters of church music as Palestrina, Giovanni Croce, Soriana, &c., should now perform such degraded music in their churches! Whereas the Germans, who could boast of such church composers as Beethoven, Hummel, Mozart, and Haydn, should have abandoned their own national music to introduce for ecclesiastical uses the works of the great Italian masters of the 16th century! Thus if one wants to hear the compositions of Palestrina or Giovanni Croce, one must not expect to find them amongst their own countrymen and in the churches for which they wrote their magnificent compositions, but must go to the cathedrals of Ratisbon, Mayence, or Cologne.

Close to St. Mark's is the celebrated Ducal Palace, the exterior of which has been so frequently described and has been illustrated by so many thousand photographs and engravings, that probably every one of our readers is familiar with its external aspect. The interior, however, is less familiar (to English people), and is splendid with all the gilding, stucco work, and decoration for which the Italian architects of the latter part of the 16th century were famous. The entrance to the palace is by a gate called Porta della Carta, nearly opposite to which is the well known Giant's Staircase, so called from the huge statues by Sansovino at the head of the steps. The great rooms of the Ducal Palace contain a large number of pictures of the Venetian school, which reached its perfection in the 16th century, with the works of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. The Venetian school of painting developed later than any other in Italy, and though it may not have equalled some of the other schools in beauty of design and religious feeling, yet it surpassed all in the brilliancy of its colouring. Amongst the earlier Venetian painters the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini may be mentioned; the works of the latter especially are most beautiful and very religious in character.

The largest room in the Ducal Palace is the Sala del Maggior Consiglio. This room is full of pictures, the most important of which is "*Paradise*" by Tintoretto, said to be the largest picture ever painted on canvas. We suppose we ought to have been greatly impressed by this gigantic work, but we confess that we were not. The composition seemed to us to be so confused, the colour so black, and there is so little relief in the way of sky or foreground, that the whole looks a dark jumbled mass of figures without meaning or beauty. There has been much controversy over the works of Tintoretto. Formerly his pictures were considered hideous in their coarseness and sooty colour, but owing to the writings of Ruskin, people are beginning to see in them deep meaning and masterly creation.

Opposite to the Doge's Palace is the perfectly beautiful Renaissance building of San-

sovino, the library of St. Mark. This building and the Doge's Palace form two sides of the Piazzetta, which opens out to the right of the Grand Canal.

Notwithstanding the cold there were heaps of people about, the larger portion being beggars. A crowd in Italy is generally a picturesque sight. Even apart from the brigandish look of the men and the pretty costume of the women, the Italians seem to have a way of artistically grouping themselves thoroughly unknown to the loungers of the North. The Venetians are probably the most interesting-looking of all the Italians, the women especially being celebrated for their beauty. They have frequently clear and fair complexions, and their hair is often a sort of golden auburn colour, with an exquisite natural ripple, such as one sees in the pictures of Titian and Giorgione. Their features are very classical, and occasionally one sees a face strongly reminding one of the bust of Clyte, in the British Museum. We suppose physiologists could tell us where this light type, which one sees in Italy, comes from. Is it indigenous or introduced?

These beautiful Venetian women certainly do not look intellectual; they seem to know well that their beauty looks best when in repose, and they are evidently disinclined to exert themselves more than necessary. This leads us into rather a curious speculation as to the Italian character.

The Italian, as we see him to-day, does not appear to be an active nor a hard-working individual, and he is also for the most part poor, but fairly contented with his poverty. Now, it seems almost impossible that the Italian of the 16th century could have had the same characteristics. The whole art and literature of Italy during that period, and also during the two previous centuries, is astonishing for its vigour, activity, and the characteristics which we find attached to industrious, active, and thoughtful life. The energy of such men as Michael Angelo, Titian, and Tintoretto is something that surprises us. I think it is Vasari who relates the fact that when Michael Angelo was carving it was dangerous to go into his studio, because the old man, at that time nearly 80 years of age, made the chips fly about all over the place. It is almost impossible to reconcile the activity which must have distinguished the Italians of the 16th century with the apparent apathy and indolence of the same people now. What is it that can possibly have caused this change in their character in the short space of three centuries? How is it that a people who in the 16th century were brimming over with energy, and who must have worked "25 hours out of 24," have become, in the 19th century, one of the least energetic people in Europe?

There are, perhaps, two theories upon the subject. The first is that, after all, the Italian is not so indolent as he appears to be. And just as there are many Englishmen whom one meets, who tell you that they have not a moment to spare—that they are up to their eyes in work—and who appear to be all bustle and activity, but who, in point of fact, are absolutely doing nothing that is the slightest use to themselves or anybody else, and the whole of this apparent energy is put on for the sake of effect—so it is possible that the modern Italian acts upon the reverse principle, and while pretending to be a gentleman at large, with nothing whatever to do, may in reality be a fairly hard worker. Another theory is that the enormous wealth of Italy during the 16th century may have led to habits of luxury and extravagance which have absorbed the energies of the people. If this is the case, England, with its enormous wealth, may learn a useful lesson from Italy.

However, as Queen Elizabeth said to a

certain celebrated dean, who rather wandered from the subject of his sermon to attack the fashion of the ladies' dresses of the time, "Good Master Dean, leave that digression and return to your text," so we must not forget that our text at present is Venice, and not the degeneracy, real or supposed, of modern Italians.

Arrived at the Piazzetta, we hired a gondola, exclaiming "Easta uno," which means one rower, as, if one omits to say this, two men will get into the boat, and the fare will be doubled. Having taken this precaution, recommended us by the guide-books, we were surprised and disgusted to find, after half-an-hour's ride, a man making his way to the front part of the gondola—he had been in hiding during the first part of the journey, having jumped into the boat without our knowing it. This is quite a common occurrence, and we came to the conclusion, after about a week's stay in Venice, that the gondoliers were the most troublesome, least romantic, and most unscrupulous of all water-side characters.

The Grand Canal looked very different in midday from what it had done the night before. Its palaces looked smaller, and some of them very dilapidated and shabby, but still the great water-way, with its rows of palaces, must be always a most interesting sight. The Renaissance palaces are finer than the Gothic ones, though some of the latter are graceful and pretty, and form a pleasant variety to the heavier style of the Renaissance. The palaces in the last named style are by the famous Lombardi family, the earliest master of the revived style; by Sansovino, the great glory of Venice, and one of the greatest of 16th century architects; by Sanmicheli; by Scamozzi, pupil of Sansovino; and by Longhena, who, we think, was a pupil of Scamozzi.

With regard to the Gothic palaces, those who are accustomed to the severe and beautiful Gothic buildings of England, France, or Germany, will scarcely be able to look upon these Venetian Gothic palaces as belonging to the same style. Pugin, indeed, was very severe upon Italian buildings of this description, and expresses an opinion somewhat to the effect that they are no more to be compared to English or French work of the same date, than an inlaid workbox is to a cathedral. Of course, Pugin, as an architect, thought that it was absolutely necessary, if architecture is to be good and worthy of its high purpose, that the ornamentation of a building should be the expression of its constructive necessities or characteristics, and that no mere ornament should be added to a building except for the purpose of accentuating its constructive features.

Now, not only in the Venetian palaces, but in their great Gothic churches, such as S. Giovanni e Paolo and the church of the Frari, by far the finest Gothic churches in Venice, we find the ornamentation has little or nothing to do with the construction. In fact, the buildings are simply great brick structures with marble ornaments fastened on them, too often with bronze pins or iron cramps, so that it would be really possible to remove away all the "surface" without in any way disturbing the structure of the building.

Undoubtedly this came about from the old Roman ideas of building, which the Italians never got rid of. The Romans, as we know, constructed their temples, tombs, and public buildings of brick or concrete, and coated them with marble, and in the Middle Ages, when Gothic architecture was introduced into Italy, the same kind of construction was still continued. In the Venetian palaces, moreover, we find other peculiarities, such as the

singular fringe-like battlements, arcades in front of the windows, and curious balconies. These must undoubtedly have been copied from the East. The Venetian traders of the Middle Ages had singular ideas concerning the "meum et tuum," and amongst the various acts of theft which they indulged in, when visiting the East, was that of bringing home some piece of architectural adornment; perhaps a column or piece of carving, often taken from a church or mosque—they were not at all particular which. These were brought home and worked up into their own buildings. Thus nearly every column which adorns the front of St. Mark's has been stolen from some other building, many of them being inscribed in languages which are now lost.

The Venetians in the Middle Ages, possessing no distinctive architecture of their own, often reproduced these fragments, and then arose the style which we call Venetian Gothic. The one thing which saves it from being thoroughly poor architecture is the exquisite material and the beautiful works of sculpture and carving with which almost every building is adorned.

The Ca' d'Oro, so well known by illustration, is one of the best examples of a Venetian Gothic palace, and the following are amongst the finest of the Renaissance ones:—The Palazzo Comer Spinelli, Grimani, Pesaro, and Vendramini.

We have already exceeded the proper length for this article; yet we are unable to conclude our remarks upon Venice. It would be impossible to leave this most interesting city without noticing its churches, galleries, arsenal, and beautiful adjacent islands. So in spite of wearying our girls, we must return to the subject next month.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

HAPPY HOMES.

Married folks would be happier
If they tried to be as agreeable as in court-
ing days.

If they kissed and made up at once after
every quarrel.

If each would try and be a real support and
comfort to the other.

If household expenses were always propor-
tioned to receipts.

If women were as kind to their husbands as
they were to them when lovers.

If each remembered the other was practically
a human being, and not an angel.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as
they were for them when sweethearts.

If both parties remembered that they were
married for worse as well as for better.

If there were fewer silks and velvet street
costumes, and more plain, tidy, house dresses,
and street ones too, for that matter.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in
public, and more polite manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take their
pleasures as they go along, and not degenerate
into mere toiling machines. Recreation is
necessary to keep the heart in its place, and
to try to get along without it is a great mis-
take.

IN PRAISE OF SEWING.—An hour's sewing
soothes a woman's nerves. She sews all her
little irritations into the seams, imprisons her
fancied wrongs into the double gussets, or
slays them in the gores. Mrs. Somerville, a
woman of superior intellect and great culture,

wrote in tribute to the soothing powers of a
long seam. Madame Dudevant (George
Sand), who was of a very different calibre,
contributed a similar testimony. Every sen-
sible woman confirms it.

TWO REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Amongst many instances of remarkable
dreams, the two following are related by the
famous Dr. Abercrombie, who vouches for
their truth:—

A Scotch clergyman, who lived near Edin-
burgh, dreamt one night, while on a visit to
that town, that he saw a fire, and one of his
children in the midst of it. On awaking, he
instantly got up, and returned home with the
greatest speed. He found his house on fire,
and was just in time to assist in saving one of
the children, who, in the alarm, had been left
in a place of danger.

Two sisters had been for some days attend-
ing a sick brother, and one of them had bor-
rowed a watch from a friend, her own being
under repair. The sisters were sleeping to-
gether in a room communicating with that of
their brother, when the elder awoke in a state
of great agitation, and roused the other to tell
her that she had had a frightful dream.

"I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch
had stopped, and that when I told you of the
circumstance you replied, 'Much worse than
that has happened, for —'s breath has
stopped also'"—naming their sick brother.

The watch, however, was found to be going
correctly, and the brother was sleeping quietly.
The dream recurred the next night, and, on

the following morning, one of the sisters,
having occasion to seal a note, went to get
the watch from a writing-desk in which she
had deposited it, when she found that it had
stopped. She rushed into her brother's room
in alarm, remembering the dream, and found
that he had been suddenly seized with a fit
of suffocation, and had expired.

PRESENT-GIVING AMONGST THE ARABS.

—The custom of giving presents on the occa-
sion of paying a visit, or previously, which is
of such high antiquity as to be mentioned in
the book of Genesis, has continued to prevail
in the East to this day. Presents of provisions
of some kind, wax candles, etc., are sent to a
person about to celebrate any festivity by
those who are to be his guests, but after pay-
ing a mere visit of ceremony, and on some
other occasions, only money is commonly
given to the servants of the person visited. In
either case, the latter is expected to return
the compliment on a similar occasion by
presents of equal value. To reject a present
generally gives great offence, being regarded
as an insult to him who has offered it.

WANTING WORDS.—In prayer it is better
to have a heart without words than words
without a heart.—Bunyan.

AN ORNAMENTAL DAUGHTER.—The
young lady who made seven hundred words
out of "conservatory" last autumn has run
away from home. Her mother wanted her to
make three loaves of bread out of flour.



VOL. VIII.—No. 387.

MAY 28, 1887.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.



All rights reserved.]

LECCO, LAKE COMO.



IN our last article we expressed our wish to recount our impressions of the arsenal, galleries, and churches of Venice. Pages, how-

ever, would not suffice to describe these many interesting works and buildings.

Perhaps no monument of military and naval power of the Middle Ages which has been handed down to our times is more extraordinary than the arsenal at Venice.

This vast building, or series of buildings, dates chiefly from the thirteenth century. Its embattled walls and towers were designed by Andrea Pisano. It is one of those structures which it is almost impossible to describe, but strikes one as being so remarkable because there is scarcely another building of the same description existing in Europe. Nor are its contents less interesting than the edifice itself.

Attached to the entrance are the two famous lions, brought from the Piræus, which gave the name of "Porto Leone" to Athens' celebrated harbour. They were brought to Venice by the doge, Francesco Morosini.

In the museum of the arsenal will be found the melancholy remains of the Bucentaur, the well-known barge which was used in the ceremony of "wedding the Adriatic." This singular custom appears to have been instituted by Pope Alexander III., in thanksgiving for a victory gained by the Venetians over Frederic Barbarossa. Once a year the papal legate, accompanied by all the court of Venice, sailed out into the Adriatic, on board the Bucentaur, and threw a ring into the waves, with the words "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii."

The present remains of the ship consist only of a portion of the mast, though in Byron's time the ship itself must have existed, if we may judge from the line—

"The Bucentaur lies rotting, unrestored."

In the arsenal are to be seen the banners taken by the Venetians, in their various victories, weapons, and ghastly instruments of torture.

Of the Venetian churches the two most interesting, next to St. Mark's, are those of the Dominicans and Franciscans, the one dedicated to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and the other to Santa Maria Gloriosa. They are both examples of the peculiar architecture which in Venice passes for Gothic, and although we look in vain for the beautiful clustered columns, richly-moulded arches, and delicately traceried windows which so charm us in English and French cathedrals, yet it cannot be denied that there is a considerable dignity about the interior of these churches. Much undoubtedly is owing to their height, vast dimensions, and their rich and costly furniture. The earlier tombs in both churches are remarkably beautiful, but the later ones are quite as bad, if not worse, than some of the abominations which disfigure the walls of Westminster Abbey. One of these, to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of the doge Sylvester Valier, in SS. Giovanni e Paolo (1703), is probably the most hideous combination of carving and marble ever put together, and reminds one strongly of Pope's lines—

"Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a laboured quarry above ground."

It is somewhat consoling to an Englishman to find that blatant vulgarity and coarse execution in monumental work are not confined to our country alone.

Amongst the other buildings which everyone ought to see in Venice, any one of which would be a great lion in a less interesting city, but is here almost overlooked by the casual visitor, are the Scuola de San Rocco, with its vast wealth of pictures by Tintoretto, an artist whose works the two bachelors are not sufficiently able to appreciate—(by the way, they are not altogether singular in want of appreciation of the works of this painter, for Titian, his master, not a bad judge of painting, kicked him out of his studio because, he said, he would never be anything else but a dauber); the church of the Jesuits, which, though very late in date, and far from pure as to its architecture, really possesses one of the most striking interiors of all the Venetian churches; and the churches by Palladio (who is generally regarded as the last great architect of the Renaissance period), Il Redentore and S. Giorgio Maggiore. Palladio's churches, though undoubtedly architecturally and structurally fine, strike one as being very cold and somewhat uninteresting. This is especially the case with their interiors. We do not know, of course, whether Palladio intended them to be richly decorated and filled with magnificent furniture, but in their present condition they form a startling contrast with other Italian churches, which owe by far the greater portion of their attractiveness to their richly-sculptured altars, screens, monuments, frescoes, pictures, and other works of art which everywhere abound.

The Accademia is the great picture gallery of Venice, and into it have been removed many fine works which were formerly in the churches. This practice of removing pictures from the position for which they were intended and painted is in every way to be condemned. In the first place, it is unjust to the memory of those benefactors who gave the pictures on the understanding that they should be placed in particular buildings. In the second place, it is unjust to the memory of artists who painted the pictures, because they intended them to have some relation to the surrounding objects and accessories; and, of course, when removed into a gallery, all such appropriateness of position is lost. In the third place, the history of a work is lost when it is removed. In the fourth place, experience teaches us that pictures are much safer in churches than in galleries; for we know of pictures that have existed in churches for over six centuries, but it is very rarely that any work of art remains in one gallery over a century. Dynastic changes, national debts, conquest by other powers, have over and over again caused the picture galleries of Europe to be denuded or removed. But it is the exception that pictures disappear from churches. It would be far better if the Italian Government, instead of removing these works of art into their already overcrowded picture galleries, would simply appoint a staff of officials to guard them in their proper home, so to speak. Moreover, it is really a question whether a picture gallery is not an artistic monstrosity, and a thing which had no existence when art was in its most healthy condition.

The Accademia contains a magnificent collection of paintings of the Venetian school. The great "Assumption," by Titian, is one of the gems. Though noble as a work of art, it does not impress one with the beautifully devotional feeling of Murillo's exquisite picture of the same subject in the Louvre. Perhaps to many people this will appear a rank artistic heresy; but the bachelors can only write as they feel, and will not delude their readers into the supposition that they are great authorities upon art, by simply praising works which they are told they ought to admire. In fact, they are bound to say that—the pictures of the earlier school, Beato

Angelico, Perugino, and Giovanni Bellini, as far surpassed their expectations as the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese disappointed them.

There is, moreover, frequently a coarseness, almost bordering upon indelicacy, in the works of the latter school. With men like Titian the mind rather overlooks this in admiration of the genius and wonderful power over form and colour possessed by the artist; but his imitators, while lacking his great gifts, copied and exaggerated all that was objectionable.

If anyone will compare Giovanni Bellini's "Virgin and Saints" (No. 38) with Titian's pictures, they cannot help being struck by the fact that the religious sentiment, which is noticeable in the work of the earlier master, must have almost become extinct in the days of the former; that is, at least, so far as its power of expressing itself in art is concerned.

We must now, alas! bid adieu to Venice. It is like saying good-bye to a very dear and to a very old friend, for, somehow, when one has seen Venice, the time and date of one's first making its acquaintance disappear from the memory, and one seems to have known it all one's life. It is impossible not to love it. Even its very defects and faults seem to interest one, and we doubt if there ever existed a man, who has once seen Venice, who would have felt happy and contented if he knew that he never was again to set foot in its silent streets or float in a gondola upon its canals.

When we left this poetry in brick and marble the sun was rising over its campanili and its domes. We wish that it had not been so, for we felt that ere that sun had sunk we should be miles away, and we would rather have left the Queen of the Adriatic enshrouded in her robe of night.

As, however, we had a long journey before us, poetry and romance had to give way to convenience, and, like Romeo, we bade our love adieu in the early morning.

Our readers must imagine us going off to the railway station in a gondola, alas! breakfastless and very disagreeable.

It is a very long journey from Venice to Bergamo, and a tedious one to those who have already passed over the same ground, *en route* for the Queen of the Adriatic. We said in a former article that this huge Lombard plain had charmed us greatly; but, it will be remembered, we had just come from scenes of the loftiest mountains and rushing torrents, and of Nature in its grandest and most awe-inspiring forms. Then this richly-cultivated plain, with its warmth and brilliancy of colour, had appeared interesting from the sudden contrast; besides which we had just arrived in Italy, and were experiencing an ecstasy of delight in being really in that historic and enchanting land.

Some of the most magnificent cities in Italy are passed between Venice and Bergamo; but many of these are not well seen from the railway.

How wretchedly slow the trains in Italy are! And what a noise there is at the stations! Surely there is more telegraphic clicking, slamming of doors, more jolting and shunting to be borne by the traveller here than anywhere else in Europe.

Arrived at Brescia, we asked one or two porters whether we were right for Bergamo, and received conflicting answers. There being no more time to ask questions, we jumped into a train, trusting to fate that its destination was Bergamo.

The same eternal plain for an hour or two more. After which one of us looked out and saw we were approaching a large town, which we sincerely hoped was Bergamo; but were disappointed, for it turned out to be Treviglio, on the main line to Milan. Thus had we travelled from Brescia for nothing, and

thought it probable we should have to return the same way. It turned out, however, that a train would leave Treviglio for Bergamo in about two hours' time. We were terribly hungry, and were starting for the inn at Treviglio, when it began to pour with rain, and we had to be content with the fare at the station—coarse bread and rank garlic sausage, no doubt "tasty" to the Italian peasant, but loathsome to our English palates.

Meanwhile the rain increased, and it was evident that a storm was brewing in the distant Alps. The thunder got louder and more frequent during our stay at the station, and by the time the train started, the storm reached us in all its fury. What a storm it was! We saw the lightning in all directions, and the thunder almost frightened us by its persistency and intensity.

Bergamo is an eminently pleasant place. It is beautifully situated at the base of the Alps, and consists of an upper and a lower town. As it was still pouring with rain, we dined on arriving at the town, trusting that it would clear up in time for us to see a little of the place before going to bed. This it did, and we had a pleasant stroll through the ancient city. The lower town, of course, was first explored. It consists of little else but a straggling street filled with excellent shops (chiefly of silk materials and jewellery) and a piazza, called the Prato, where the celebrated fair, called the Fiera di S. Alessandro, is held during parts of the months of August and September.

It is some little distance from the lower to the upper town, called the *città*. This is surrounded by fine overgrown bastions, and boasts of a cathedral and several fine churches. We had not time to see the interiors of any of these, but passing the fine old Broletto, we made our way to the wondrously picturesque "Piazza Maggiore," and from thence to our hotel in the lower town. Arrived at the latter, we found that we could get to Lecco, on Lake Como, by starting rather late in the evening, which we decided to do.

We seemed to be the only passengers to Lecco, and before arriving at the station the lights in the train were put out. It was a dismal night—dark and rainy; and when at last the train arrived at Lecco, we found the station quite dark, and nearly deserted. The porters evidently thought there were no passengers, and the conductor of our train seemed astonished at seeing us. He had the goodness, however, to conduct us to the exit of the station. Would that he had taken us to the town itself!

Outside the station it was evident at once to us that Lecco was some little way off. We were considering what to do, when we saw approaching us about twelve rough-looking men, jabbering together and gesticulating. Who were they? What did they want? We were not long kept in suspense. They pounced down upon us—some seizing our luggage, the others quarrelling and shouting to one another, while one or two began to tell us of the superiority of the hotels they represented. They were all touts from the inns and coffee-houses of Lecco, and had been loafing about the station for unfortunate travellers. The first thing we did was to seize our luggage, a matter of no small difficulty, the second to get our "Baedeker," and select the hotel recommended. We shouted out this, trusting that one of the men repre-

sented the best inn, and would take our baggage, and drive away the rest. The men then crowded round us, some of them telling us, in French, that the hotel we mentioned was very bad, while others declared that it had ceased to exist; and one fellow, who seemed more plausible than any of the others, said that the inn he represented had succeeded to the one we wanted, and from these contradictory speeches we came to the conclusion that the inn did exist, although it had not sent a man to the station. We then commenced our walk to the town, carrying our own luggage, and followed by the touts, who seemed to be waxing angry at our obstinacy in not paying any attention to their recommendations. We suppose we went the right way to Lecco; but, if so, it must be a long way from the station. It was a very dark road, and after the tedious travelling we had done, it was the "last straw" to have to carry our own luggage. Meanwhile the touts kept on annoying all the time, and occasionally a bold one would attempt to seize our portmanteaux. We expected every minute that they would attack us, for it was evident they were forgetting their rivalry in their rage at our obstinacy. We even began to discuss what we should do if they did such a thing. It would be but a poor chance we should have—two against twelve, and several of them powerful-looking fellows. If such a scene had taken place in an out-of-the-way suburb of London, there is little doubt that a robbery at least would have been done. As it was, however, we were simply told lies, worried, and, it must be owned, frightened.

Just on arriving in the town we gave way, completely done up, and came to the conclusion to give over our luggage to the man who said his inn had succeeded to the one Baedeker mentions. This man soon sent away the others, and led us through some dark back streets of Lecco.

After awhile we began to think that it had not been a wise proceeding to trust to the man, an opinion which was strengthened when we reached a dirty little house in a back alley of the town. We entered a place which looked like the taproom of a low public-house, in which were gathered a group of filthy-looking Italians. Why did we not go somewhere else? It was late at night, and we were "dead beat." No, remain we must; so, following a very unpleasant-looking woman up the stone steps (there were no banisters), we were shown into a large room with no furniture in it except a bed.

Then we began to think over all the murders of innocent travellers in foreign inns, and to picture to ourselves a man coming in the dead of the night to murder us with a long, horrid knife, and we searched the floor for trapdoors and secret springs.

We went to the door to bolt it, if possible; but there was no key, and the lock was gone. The door would not even close. Necessity is the mother of invention; and we pushed the huge double bed against it, while, to be thoroughly on our guard, we unstrapped our umbrellas, which would have to do for want of more effective weapons in case of attack.

Strange to say, in spite of our fears, and in spite of the hardness of the bed, we both slept soundly—so soundly, in fact, that we did not wake until about half-past nine the next morning.

We looked rather sheepish pushing back

the bed and doing up our umbrellas again, and to be half sorry (now that it was light and looked safe) that we *should not* have any exciting adventure to talk about when we got home.

When our bill was handed to us, we were surprised and disgusted to find the charges as high as they would be at a first-rate hotel. But our experience throughout the tour had been that the charges per day came to nearly the same whether we went to a first-rate or to a very inferior house. That "the dearest hotels are in the end the cheapest" is, of course, a laughable contradiction; but there is a certain amount of truth in the principle which it contains.

Lecco is well situated on the lake of the same name, which is really the eastern branch of Lago di Como. The far more popular western branch, starting from Como, meets it at Bellagio, where the two arms, now one stream, go due north, amidst the grandest scenery, to the Splügen Pass, near Chiavenna. The Lake of Como is thus the shape of an inverted Y, Bellagio being the spot where the three branches meet.

It was stormy and rainy when we embarked on the steamer at Lecco, but, like so many stormy days, it was a splendid one for effect. In speaking of the Lake of Como, authors are fond of describing it when "lashed to fury in tempest." That this immensely enhances the beauty of the scenery is evident. To any of our girls who may have visited the Italian lakes, or the more familiar Rhine, and come away disappointed, we would ask the question—"Was it a hot, cloudless day when you visited these scenes?" If so, it is probable you did not find that romance, that beautiful effect of colour, which you had expected. We are not recommending cold, grey days, but those which have bright sunshine, with passing clouds occasionally—such weather, for instance, as one gets at the end of April or beginning of May.

So many tourists when visiting the Lake of Como miss altogether the eastern branch, and spend all their time amid the luxurious beauty of the western side of the lake. This is a mistake, for the Lake of Lecco has its charms. Terraced gardens, luxurious villas, vine-clad retreats it has not; but its beauties are of a wilder order. The mountains rise often precipitately from the water, reminding us of the scenery of the Norwegian fjords, are rocky and jagged, often of finer forms and more irregular in size than the vine-clad heights of its fashionable rival.

But Bellagio is certainly the loveliest spot on the lake. Jutting out on a rocky promontory, the old town, on a hill, and the park of the Villa Serbelloni crowning it, would make a charming picture. Far finer, however, are the views from the villa itself. Thence is seen, at a glance, all that is exquisite on the Lake of Como—villas, orchards, vineyards, and luxuriant vegetation on the west side, a wild scene of jagged peaks and gloomy grandeur to the east, while to the north are the stupendous Alps, with their "dazzling shrouds of eternal snow."

In a comfortable room overlooking the lake are the two bachelors. The troubles of Lecco are forgotten, and in an extremely contented and amiable frame of mind they are gazing at the unrivalled beauties of the queen of Italian lakes.

(To be continued.)





THE SIMPLON PASS IN WINTER.



PALLANZA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

BY TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

It will be remembered that we two bachelors, after our unpleasant adventure at Lecco, had gone on to Bellagio.

The hotel at which we stayed was a huge building, with charming gardens. It was almost crowded with visitors, included amongst the latter being the august personage of a crowned king.

The visit to Bellagio was very pleasant, and we regretted greatly that we could not prolong our stay. We made the most of our time, however, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day, made two excursions.

As would be imagined from its position, there is not very much to be seen in Bellagio. Everyone, however, visits the Villa Serbelloni. How well both of us remember our excursion to this beautifully-placed *dépendance*! It was a sensational evening for effects, and heavy ominous clouds overhung the stern eastern branch of the lake, while the terraced gardens and verdure-clad heights to the west were lit up with brilliant sunshine. For two or three hours we lingered gazing at the lovely scene, and longer still would we have remained, but it was evident that a storm was brewing, and would soon reach us. We therefore quickly descended to the town, and arrived home just before the rain commenced. After the *table d'hôte*, the company adjourned to the *salon de lecture*, a superb room and very good for sound. We were asked if we could contribute a little music, and so Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata and a few slight pieces by Chopin, and a song by C. A. Macirone, were given and were very kindly

received, the King himself honouring our efforts by being present.

On the following day we took the steamer for Como. The luxuriousness of the western branch of the lake has been spoken of before. Vines, palms, oleanders, oranges, terraced houses, exquisite villas there are without number. But—softly be it spoken—these scenes become a little monotonous to the tourist on the steamboat. Every little bend of the lake discloses a scene so very similar to the preceding one, and the mountains are a little uniform in height and character.

The villas must, of course, be charming as residences. To watch the fairy lake in its morning freshness, its midday splendour, and its evening glow; to gaze at it in its spring radiance, its summer glory, and its exquisite tints in autumn, must, indeed, be entrancing to the senses and elevating to the mind. One seems to think that the inhabitants of these villas ought to be less material, more artistic, and more religious than their fellows in overpopulated and unbeautiful cities.

Many nationalities and strangely-contrasted classes of people are represented by the owners of the villas on Lake Como. Kings and dancers, Italian and foreign princes, singers, artists, people in all positions, have chosen the banks of the favoured lake to build their retreats and seek change and recreation from their various pursuits.

Surrounded by quite an amphitheatre of mountains, and well situated on the lake, Como looks charming from a distance. The suburbs are spread about on the slopes with very pretty effect, while the dome of the

Cathedral, the Broletto Tower, and the various campanili help towards making quite a representative Italian picture. The city is disappointing when it is entered; and how often this is the case in Italy! Picturesqueness, much to interest the antiquarian and artist, there is undoubtedly in Como; but it is dirty and evil-smelling, and the bachelors were, perhaps, a little prejudiced against it by the wretchedness of the hotel at which they stopped.

On embarking from the steamer, we discovered that none of the tourists intended to stay at Como. We were therefore left alone, and our traps deposited in the street. We discovered also that the guide-book had been packed up, and we could not remember the names of the hotels. The inevitable scene followed. A dirty, garlic-smelling, excitable crowd surrounded us, and volunteered information which, merely from being in Italian, was puzzling, but was rendered doubly so by the rivalry and noise of the rabble. Being at the mercy of some one, the travellers surrendered their traps to an innocent-looking boy. The latter did not deserve the trust, as he deposited the weary travellers at a very bad hotel, while, to add insult to injury, he demanded treble his proper fare, which, however, was not given him.

The exterior of the Cathedral of Como, with the adjoining town-hall, is a very picturesque sight, and is the subject of a fine picture by the younger Stanfield. The Broletto, constructed of alternate courses of white, black, and red marble, was completed in A.D. 1215. Its old

Lombard tower has a most peculiar expression about it, and altogether the Broletto is one of the most picturesque buildings in North Italy. The cathedral, which is much admired, is a strange mixture of Lombardic Gothic and Renaissance, with a modern dome. The interior is interesting and finely proportioned, but much spoiled by the modern, or rather the restored roof.

We went for a long walk in the evening by the eastern shore of the lake, as far as the famous Villa d'Este, now converted into a hotel. This residence of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, must always have an interest for English travellers. Neglected by her husband and sneered at by his favourites, she foolishly left the country, and fixed her residence at this charming spot. The Princess was known and deservedly loved for miles round. She was not, however, allowed to rest in peace. The Milan Commission was instituted, and the unfortunate Princess, being surrounded by spies, left the villa in disgust.

Never shall we forget the effect this delicious walk had on us. Twilight came on as we rested on the bank of the peaceful lake, and the music of its waters, as it caressed the shore, led us into a land of dreams—though not led, as we were there already, and had only to succumb to its never-ceasing spell. Praised by poets and sung by our sweetest bards, it were strange if Como, powerful in its irresistible charms, had not affected us on such a night. We watched the movements of the lizards as they luxuriated among the gorgeous westeria trailing down the grassy bank on which we sat, and then the stars came out one by one, and, vain of their own bewitching beauty, coquetted with their reflections in the liquid looking-glass.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see;
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us *now* to walk with Thee.

Refreshed by our rest and the beauty of the scene, we strolled hotel-wards, and as we came to the first street corner we were greatly interested in seeing a group of merry children—whom, however, we could scarcely see in the darkness, though their laughter was loud enough to indicate their whereabouts—competing with one another for the pleasure of lighting the numerous tapers round the head of Christ, shown in a street-corner shrine. May their little hearts that find pleasure in this simple act, find, as years go on, a deeper pleasure in the service of Him who is the "Friend of Little Children."

When at Bellagio the bachelors had been advised to go to Varese, between the lakes of Como and Maggiore, and near to the lake to which it gives its name. There is no railway from Como to Varese, so the far more pleasant diligence takes its place. The drive is an enjoyable one, though not to be compared, either for near views or distant peeps of the Alps, to what may be termed the continuation of the same diligence route between Varese and Laveno.

After leaving Como the road winds through a very fertile district, studded here and there with gay villas, overlooked by moderately high mountains, and as one approaches Varese, the celebrated resort of pilgrims, the Sacro

Monte, comes into sight. The mountain is studded with chapels, each containing a terracotta group, while on the summit is the church La Madonna del Monte.

Varese, as a place of resort, is celebrated for its healthy, bracing atmosphere, and for its fine view of Monte Rosa and the Western Alps, though it must be borne in mind that this view is often quite invisible during the greater part of the day. This was the case when the bachelors were at Varese, and perhaps this circumstance may have helped to bring on a violent fit of temper, which troubled them for some hours. Indeed, the refusal of Monte Rosa to show herself must have been the cause of the outbreak of temper; for when towards evening the glorious mountain became visible, standing out against the crimson magnificence of a superb Italian sunset, the bachelors not only forgot their enmity towards one another, but renewed, with much repentance, their former protestations of friendship.

The drive all the way from Varese is delightful. Pleasant views of the Lake of Varese are obtained, and the villages are interesting; but the great attraction, of course, is the fine view of Monte Rosa. The latter appears high up in the heavens, while in front of it and to the west are innumerable lesser peaks, which lend height to, and satelise, as it were, the majesty of perhaps the finest of all the Alps.

As we approached Laveno it was evident that we should witness a superlatively beautiful sunset, and the sight which greeted us as we approached the banks of the Lago Maggiore made an impression upon our minds which we never can forget. Right before us was the vast expanse of water formed by the three arms of the lake, the jutting peninsula near Pallanza, and the far-famed Borromean Islands being important features. To the right the view was limited by lofty mountains, here and there capped with snow; while to the left the broad waters of the lake were enclosed by mountains, which descended rapidly in elevation until the level plain of luxurious Lombardy was reached. All this is generally visible in the neighbourhood of Laveno, but the scene was enhanced a hundred-fold in beauty by the unusually fine sunset.

The steamboat journey from Laveno to Pallanza discloses fine views of the Borromean Islands and the banks of the lake, and, altogether, we were more pleased with this part of Lago Maggiore than anything we had seen on Lake Como. Arrived at Pallanza, we drove to a large hotel, crowded with Germans, who kept up an incessant chatter all the evening and half through the night, which was very annoying to weary travellers. At the hotel inquiries were made about the passage of the Simplon, which we had determined to attempt, contrary to the advice of our friends at home. It was a pet scheme of ours, even before we had started for our tour, to explore an Alpine Pass in early spring. We had been repeatedly told that this feat was impracticable—that the Simplon road would not even be open on account of the lateness of the season; and at Pallanza were further warned that avalanches had been frequent during the past fortnight, and that two ladies, who had started for Brieg the week before, had not been heard of.

We, however, greatly longed for an adventure, and these reports only strengthened our determination to undertake the journey. We accordingly took our seats in the diligence which conveys passengers as far as Domo d'Ossola, the last place of importance on the Italian side of the Alps. It need hardly be said that we were the only tourists—the diligence was, however, laden with post-bags and packages.

The road for some way skirts the Lago Maggiore, after which, for an hour or so, it wends its way through pleasant, though not

particularly interesting scenery. But the views get finer as one approaches within ten or twelve miles of Domo d'Ossola. Snow mountains begin to appear in the distance, rushing torrents and huge rocks are seen, and one begins to experience that strange excitement which comes over one when approaching some great phenomenon of nature.

Domo d'Ossola looks like a town "dropped" in amongst silent snow-clad mountains. The scenery is of the grandest description, and the town is quaint with its narrow collonaded streets, and its dilapidated Lombardic architecture. We witnessed a very poetical and foreign scene when staying at this place. On the summit of a lofty eminence, in the neighbourhood of Domo, is perched a small chapel, and, leading up to it, on the slopes of the hill, little oratories containing representations of the stations of the cross have been built. Up the hill, which was very steep, crowds of people were wending their way. Old men and women, frightfully wrinkled and bent, to whom each step was a matter of difficulty; strong and hale people, in the prime of life; little children, even infants, were amongst the worshippers. At the top of the hill there was a procession round the chapel, in which priests with gorgeous vestments, peasants in quaint costumes, and young people and children carrying crosses and highly-coloured banners, were taking part; while hundreds of the onlookers, accompanied by brass bands, supplied the musical part of the service.

The evening was ominous and overcast, and the weird effect of the mountains, and the utter loneliness of the snowy wastes, made us feel oppressed and melancholy, and we began to repent our foolhardiness in attempting what we had been advised against, and to think if it were not too late to retrace our steps. We, however, determined to proceed, and were told, on going to rest, that the diligence would start at two a.m. the next morning. This being the case, we got to sleep as soon as possible, and had frightful nightmares of avalanches, people frozen to death, etc. We, however, managed to wake in good time at about half-past one. (How is it that one so often wakes at the time one wishes?)

The night was dark, and there was no sign of anyone about. So we rang the bell once, twice, thrice. No answer. Then we commenced to stamp on the ground and knock at the door, and at last we heard the heavy footsteps of a man coming downstairs. The man was very angry, and asked why we were making such a noise. A cool question to ask five minutes before the diligence was advertised to start! It then transpired that a mistake had been made, and that the diligence was not to start for about two hours and a half. We waxed very angry at this, but, as the poor man was not to blame, we pacified one another, and, what was a much more difficult matter, succeeded in assuaging the anger of the unfortunate porter, who had been robbed of two and a half hours' sleep.

Oh, those weary hours of waiting! How delighted we both were to hear the bells and lumbering noise of the diligence in the distance. We were taking our seats in the old conveyance, when we were much astonished to find that two American ladies, who had stayed over-night at Domo d'Ossola, were to be our fellow-travellers. How indefatigable the American tourists are! The two friends were rather hurt that others, and those women, should attempt the same dangerous journey.

It was quite dark when the diligence started, and the travellers had the good fortune to witness that beautiful phenomenon of nature, an Alpine sunrise. The diligence after leaving Domo passes beautiful and picturesque

scenery, which is still Italian in character; but after Iselle everything is changed. The road ascends rapidly, and at every turn is disclosed a grand scene of giddy heights, mountain torrents, and precipitous rocks. Scores of tourists "do" the Simplon every year; but few, very few, see it under the conditions that we bachelors did. Napoleon's magnificent road was covered with snow, and reduced in places to only half of its ordinary width by the avalanches, which had swept the way frequently during the past day or two. The diligence went very slowly, the travellers had to alight, and it was doubtful, even at this point, whether the passage could be made. It must be borne in mind that the Simplon had not been crossed for a fortnight, and so severe had the storms been, that the huge high road was at places not even traceable.

There is not space to speak of the famous Ravine of Gondo, the various refuges, and the splendid views to be seen all along the route. Besides which, these have been so often described before. The unique experiences of the bachelors commenced near what is called the "Agaby Gallery," for it was here that the diligence had to turn back, unable to go a step further.

It was a scene of desolate grandeur. No trace of a path could be discerned. A sheet of snow was in front of the travellers, and the dazzlingly white peaks of the neighbouring mountains looked like huge giants, angry that their peace should be disturbed by insignificant man. The travellers waited about half an hour, and then began to feel very uncomfortable and frightened. What if they were deserted! A fearful thought! The diligence

had long since disappeared, and though it is true a man was left behind to look after the post-bags, yet he did not seem at all anxious to comfort the tourists.

One of the American ladies suggested turning back, as further progress on foot was simply out of the question. But after a while a "cutting" noise was heard, and in a few minutes three sledges drew up. The four travellers got into two of the sledges, while a third brought on the luggage and post-bags. Progress was then made at a capital pace, and in a very short time the driver "pulled up" at the little village of Simplon.

The travellers found their way to the clean-looking inn, and were entering the latter when they were met by two English ladies, who turned out to be the same that had left Palanza a fortnight ago, and had not since been heard of. Fancy being snowed up a whole fortnight! Luckily they had not wanted for food or drink, as the inn was plentifully stocked with provisions.

A really capital repast, under the circumstances, was served, and the party, now augmented by two, six in all (nine including the drivers), got into the sledges. The old Hospice, a solid square structure, was soon passed, and the party in a few minutes drew up at the new Hospice. Here the travellers were kindly welcomed by the monks, and offered either soup or wine.

There was, however, not much time to spare, as a snowstorm was predicted, so the sledges were quickly got ready and the party again set off on their journey. The summit of the pass, marked with a cross, was soon reached; it looked like a valley completely enveloped in

snow, surrounded by lofty mountains. But there was no view, as the sky was overcast, and it was evident that there would be more snow.

The wonderful glacier gallery on the Swiss side of the pass was much more striking than it could be in summer. It was of course completely enveloped in snow, and streams of ice descended from it into the depths below. These hundreds of yards of ice, precipitated over the chasm, gave the appearance of a frozen waterfall.

It was after passing the ice gallery that the great danger of the route commenced. The path which overhung a precipice was, owing to the accumulation of snow, often so narrow that one part of the sledge absolutely "overlapped" it. Some men who were removing the snow came to the assistance of the drivers at this point, and standing on the back ledges of the sledges, they swayed them on one side. The travellers were told to sit perfectly still, and for about a mile the danger was very great. Of course, had a fall of snow swept the path, the party would certainly have perished, and considering that the day before avalanches had been frequent and excessive, no little risk was run in traversing this part of the road.

The descent to Bérisal is very steep, and owing to the narrowness of the path the pace was slow. After this point there was no danger, and in the distance a diligence was seen coming to the aid of the travellers. A safe ending to a dangerous and perhaps foolish expedition.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LINEAL DESCENT FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A.D.	
1066.	William I.
1100.	Henry I.
—	Matilda, Empress of Germany.
1154.	Henry II.
1199.	John.
1216.	Henry III.
1272.	Edward I.
1307.	Edward II.
1327.	Edward III.
—	Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
—	Philippa, Countess of March.
—	Roger, Earl of March.
—	Anne, Countess of Cambridge.
—	Richard, Duke of York.
1461.	Edward IV.
—	Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII.
—	Margaret, Queen of James IV. of Scotland.
—	James V. of Scotland.
—	Mary Queen of Scots.
1603	James I.
—	Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.
—	Sophia, Electress of Hanover.
1714.	George I.
1727.	George II.
—	Frederic, Prince of Wales.
1760.	George III.
—	Edward, Duke of Kent.
1837.	Victoria.

Queen Victoria is thus twenty-seventh in lineal descent from William I., but thirty-sixth in succession to the crown. From 1066 to 1837 equals 771 years.

"IF YOU PLEASE."—At a wedding when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy

wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtsy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

CURIOSITIES OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

There are some curious examples of alliteration in French, and amongst them there are few more deserving of preservation than the following:—

1. Le riz tenta le rat; le rat tenté tata le riz.
2. Ton thé t'a-t-il ôté ta toux?
3. Didon dina, dit-on, du dos d'un dodu dindon.
4. Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si l'un des cordons en cordant se décorde,
Le cordon décordé fait décorder la corde.

We now give the English translation:—

1. The rice tempted the rat; the tempted rat tried the rice.
2. Has your tea removed your cough?
3. Dido dined, they say, off the back of a plump turkey.
4. When a twister, in twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines does entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist does untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

A DANGEROUS GIFT.—Beauty is a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires and the base flattery it gets for its possessors are not to be envied.

TO BE TAKEN NOTE OF.—"Now" is the constant syllable clicking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the present.

Dr. Parr.

THE GOOD SENSE OF WOMEN.—Women have more of what is termed good sense than men. They cannot reason wrong, for they do not reason at all. They have fewer pretensions, are less implicated in theories, and judge objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and therefore more truly and naturally.—Hazlitt.

THE DOLLS OF A MUSICIAN.—Dragonetti, one of the greatest known players on the double bass, was an eccentric man. Among his treasures were a number of curiously dressed dolls, which he used to play with like a child. When he attended musical festivals he took a selection of these dolls with him, and amongst them was always a black one which he called his wife.

PERSUASIVE TONGUES.

Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade.

Randolph.

PIANOFORTE PRACTISING.—It is not the quantity but the quality of the pianoforte practising that ensures progress. A merely mechanical or thoughtless exercise of the fingers may strengthen the muscles and sinews, but will not produce real progress. Only when the intellect initiates, assists, and directs the mechanical practice can a satisfactory progress be obtained.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

WE certainly were "in for" uncomfortable experiences on our journey homeward. Swiss passes are sunny enough in the summer, and ideal, but in the winter an Englishman might more comfortably attempt the North Pole.

Simpletons that (in our last chapter) we proved ourselves to be in daring the Simplon Pass in April, although fortunately for us we did not come to the mishaps that befell our predecessors in imbecility, we yet resolutely *went through the programme* decided upon in London, and determined to walk over the Tête Noir to Chamounix!

We separated from the "Amurricans" at Brieg, and proceeded by train to Martigny. Of course there was not a soul staying in the hotel, and of course we had to wait while a room was arranged as our sleeping quarters. But after tedious waiting in the bedroom for bedding, basin, towels, &c., which it took

quite an hour to produce, we marched down to the desolate *salle-à-manger*, where we were supplied with an excellent dinner and cheerful service. It seemed as though we must be veritable angels of light to break the winter monotony of these hotel-keepers, for they were most kind and attentive, and seemed so happy themselves that they evidently wished to make us feel the same. Surely without comfort indoors, to militate against outdoor miseries, our lives would not have been worth the holding.

The day after our arrival was spent in visiting the two gorges near at hand, and also the fine old tower of Martigny, from which a fine view of the Alps can be obtained. But the rain spoilt everything for us, even the waterfalls, which are usually improved thereby.

As we gazed up at the mountains, we could not help quoting Björnson's verses:—

What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the peaks of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine trees grow,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.

Once, I know, I shall journey far
Over the mountains high.
Lord, is Thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where Thy saved ones are;
But bar it awhile from me,
And help me to long for Thee.

In the evening we had some delightful music in the drawing-room, and retired early in order to be well prepared for our following day's expedition.

Unpropitious was the morning, and Madame ———, the proprietor of the hotel, shook her head. However, on the arrival of our mule



WINTNER 31

FROM TOWER OF MARTIGNY.



and guide, we determined to proceed. Our portmanteaux were put upon the poor beast's back, and, armed with alpenstocks, kindly bestowed upon us as a parting gift from Madame —, we started with pride beaming in our faces, and with a step that was quite military.

Our guide was the reverse of cheerful, which made us despise him—indeed, he looked, and so did the mule, as though he was going straight to the gallows, "Where he deserves to go," said stalwart No. 1 of the slim figure and iron muscles. His complexion by this time was not delicate, and as for his hair—well, the weight of moisture upon the curls from the drenching rain seemed to have taken the curvature out of them.

The clouds were heavy all round us, and the rain descended too profusely, and with a steadiness that seemed to say, "All hope abandon ye who enter the solitudes of this mountain." "Trespassers beware" seemed to gleam from every tree, though on and on we trudged, using our alpenstocks in every fanciful and unfanciful manner, in order to get the greatest assistance from the prop. We soon were wringing wet and very hot, and the ascent seemed to get steeper every moment. At last No. 2 lingered behind in order to rest and recover himself, without being seen by the guide. He, however, quickly became aware of our weakness, and halted himself.

After a brief pause we recommenced the ascent, and suddenly found ourselves in a white world, with snow falling instead of rain. What a transformation! It is glorious to see the pine trees clad in snow and the beautiful flakes descending thickly all around. "Here is our reward," we exclaimed in one breath, "for where could one see a fairer sight?"

How beautifully has Bryant, the American poet, caught the influence of such a scene as this in the following verses:—

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes,
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is
white,
As myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave
so high;

Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!
I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and
dear,

Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like those fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

It was very difficult work reciting these lines mounting a steep path; so we had to take another rest and consult our flasks, and before restarting we amused ourselves with beating the snow off the pine-branches, and it was surprising to

THE TÊTE NOIR.

find how the trees danced with joy at the relief from the weight, and what a different angle the branches resumed. Some of them were trailing on the ground, but on becoming rid of the burden would mount to right angles—their normal position.

Of course we met no human being in our climb, nor did we hear or see the movement of any kind of animal or creeping thing. The very brambles were all buried beneath their blanket of ice and snow. Silence reigned supreme, for there seemed to be no rustle even in the air.

"How uninhabitable is this enchanted land!" exclaimed No. 2.

But No. 1 explained, in the words of Ruskin, that "it would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is."

And with this comforting thought left to germinate, he expounded the teachings of the same great writer, and showed the benefits to the world of our mountain ranges in (1) the directing of the flow of the fountains and springs from subterranean reservoirs, (2) the maintenance of a constant change in the currents and nature of the air, and (3) to cause perpetual change in the soils of the earth.

We had now reached a more exposed part of the pass, and the air was colder, though we were warm enough from our exertions. No. 2, who had walked over this ground several times before, was able to pronounce that the first half of the day's work was nearly accomplished, and that we should soon arrive at the half-way inn.

And sure enough the little wooden house soon came into sight, and we steered ourselves through the trackless snow-wastes to the building.

We quite expected a warm welcome from the landlord and his daughter; but instead of cheering us, they seemed scarcely to care for our presence. They showed us into a bare wooden room, entirely fireless, and left us for some little time. The guide had unharnessed the faithful mule, and was taking refreshment in the kitchen. We knocked and called for an attendant to dry our outer garments, and ordered bread-and-butter and coffee, which, however, was scarcely fit for consumption when, after a long delay, it arrived. So we requested our clothes to be brought, and the guide, with another mule, if possible, to prepare for the remainder of our journey.

But we were solemnly informed by the proprietor of the inn that no one could proceed in such weather, and that we must consider ourselves snowed-up for the day at least. Suspecting this to mean a week or perhaps a ten days' residence on poor fare, we indignantly refused to accept such a fate, and insisted on our rights as travellers to be properly conveyed to Chamounix. The guide, however, said he could not undertake the work, for he was already over-fatigued, the mule could do no more work that day, and, to settle the matter, said there was no other beast to take his place!

"Then," we replied, "the landlord here must act porter himself, and find another to help him carry the luggage to Chamounix;" for we insisted on reaching there that afternoon. We further told him that if he detained us any further we would cause him to suffer for it. So with a shrug of the shoulders he gave in, and, with a spare-looking man to help him, they mounted the portmanteaux upon their backs, and we led them off in true bravado fashion.

It was, indeed, a sight to see the big fat landlord with the smaller package labouring under his burden! To look at him one would have thought him a tower of strength, but truly appearances are sometimes very deceptive. The big, rubicund-complexioned and big-shouldered man writhed under the weight, and could not keep it in position upon his back, while his little spare companion

moved along merrily, enjoying the work and his friend's evident misery. The big man rested frequently, mopping his face and giving vent to violent sighs and groans; but we manfully kept up, plodding with our alpenstocks on through the wide fields of snow. On this exposed plateau walking was very difficult, if, indeed, it could be called walking, when the entire leg would disappear in the snow, and progression was only made by a kind of jump. Many a time we looked round to see the porters resting their packages on the ground, while the lower parts of themselves were hidden in the earth. In fact, the luggage acted as the dew-claw does to the St. Bernard dog, preventing their sinking underground entirely. As we bachelors sat down on the snow to rest, the whole of our alpenstocks, six feet long, would sink lightly through the snow, and we would be compelled to search for the tops to pick them out with our fingers. These extensive snowdrifts were very trying, and, indeed, if retrogression had been less difficult, we should certainly have retraced our steps.

It is a curious fact, and one fraught with some danger, that much snow should produce a feeling of weariness and drowsiness. At this juncture No. 2, tired out with his unusual exertions, actually begged his friend to let him take a nap in the snow; but of course the idea was ridiculed by No. 1.

The Ettrick Shepherd simply expressed the truth when, commiserating the fate of some unfortunate ones who were lost in the snow, he speaks of the "poor creturs, no that verra cauld, for driftin' snaw sune begins to fu' warm and comfortable, but wae's me! unco', unco' sleepy."

O joy! a mountain hut was reached, and never were rest and refreshment more sorely needed, especially by that imposing imposture of a porter.

From this point the slighter man took both packages and sallied gaily along with a nod and a smile at us and at his weaker friend. In this way we soon passed the Glacier D'Argentiere, and found ourselves in the Chamounix valley. The relief of walking on level ground once more was exhilarating in the extreme, and although we could have hired a fly for the remaining five miles, yet, when we considered the danger of a cold drive in wringing wet clothes, we walked on, with only occasional rests by the porter to readjust his baggage.

No. 2 was the most "done up," for as the various points of interest in the valley began to show themselves, he was unable to turn his head to the right or to the left for fear of disturbing his regular pace. He was walking automatically, and his lithesome and cheering friend supported him always as best he could.

Hotel D'Angleterre was closed, but we found ready admittance at Hotel du Mont Blanc, and if we were asked at which hotel we most enjoyed ourselves we should say Hotel du Mont Blanc at Chamounix.

Of course, there was no one else in the place (excepting Mrs. Fred Burnaby, at a neighbouring inn), but the dinners we had! Wherever they got the material from will remain a wonder to us until our dying day. We always had fish and birds, together with the most delicious meats, and were positively "in clover." Fires in our bedroom, with full use of the dining and drawing rooms, decorated with shrubs and candles in numerous silver candlesticks. As we shut ourselves in at night we were the proudest and happiest of mortals, with every comfort an Englishman needs, and a close friendship to unite our very souls. What cared we that the raging winds were vowing vengeance on the innumerable aiguilles of the Mont Blanc range! We were happy and contented, and the rest after our toilsome expedition was relished with avidity.

Has any reader of this highly musical periodical ever felt the vital power of music on the senses after experiences equal to those of the bachelors? Then they know that music can soothe, comfort, and heal as no other art can do; then they know the true mission of music in life, and can appreciate the feelings of the two in the taperlighted and curtained boudoir of this gorgeous Alpine valley. True unison and harmony prevailed between the travellers, both, though widely different in character, realising the solemnities of life and the value of the present moment; each one caring for the other's wants and interests as new emotions pass and repass to disturb or bless. Friendship God-given, pure and holy, inspires scenery and art with untold and irresistible power, and prepares also the mind and heart to receive their influence.

We remained in Chamounix three or four days, and made several excursions with a guide. The first was to the Mer de Glace, which, curious enough to say, was dangerous only during the ascent to Montanvert, for the whole of the side of the mountain was enveloped in snow and no path was visible. Our readers who know the walk in summer will scarcely credit our word that we were in danger of our lives from frequent avalanches which descended into the valley, filling the country with thunderous sounds; any one of these could have hurled us down the mountain to our complete destruction. The passage of the Mer de Glace was the easiest part of the walk, as all the crevasses were filled with frozen snow, thus making it as simple as crossing a London thoroughfare. Of course we pretended great disappointment, which, however, could not be felt with anything like keenness, as we had had quite enough danger elsewhere. However, we could boast that ours was the first passage of the glacier since the previous September—seven months past.

Another day we walked to the Glacier de Bosson, which is rapidly becoming formidable in its proportions, but the vast boulders of ice were unmanageable; and here we considered ourselves defeated, much to the relief of Fritz Schuler, our guide.

On one of the days the valley was gaily decorated for the visit of the bishop to hold a confirmation, and it was a sight to see his arrival in a primitive tumble-down barouche, with the faithful preceding the frail old man with bands of music and much stately rejoicing.

Our drive to Geneva was one of the loveliest we have ever had. The almond and peach trees were in full blossom, and magnificent sunshine brightened and glorified everything as we passed along; a happy and kindly ending to a holiday, the like of which we may never see again. We shake hands over the prospect though of a visit to the central cities of Italy, but no more Swiss passes in winter for us! We enjoy the memory of them, but do not care for a repetition of the inconveniences and dangers.

After all our pleasures, we wonder if there is any place that can give us so many happy moments in one day as home can? Certainly, in roaming about we get too many discomforts to please us altogether, and the very loveliest city or village seems more lovely as the memory lingers over it afterwards. And although it is perfectly true that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," yet,

"Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet, for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true."



GENOA FROM THE HEIGHTS.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

WHEN two friends start together for a tour, especially for a Continental tour, it is generally supposed that their friendship is put to a severe test. "You never know the character of a man until you travel with him," is a well-known saying; and though it does not follow from this that the result will be unsatisfactory, yet the majority of us have irritable qualities and annoying ways which are almost certain to show themselves whilst travelling.

The petty troubles of life, which Thackeray says are the most difficult to bear, are almost a necessity of Continental travel, and they give rise to exhibitions of temper and angry rejoinders which too often separate friends who, if they had remained at home, would, perhaps, never have quarrelled.

With my friend and I, however, this was not the case. Whether it was because our friendship for one another was of a very sincere kind, or that we possess much in common, certain it is that when we considered ourselves justified in making a second tour to the sunny South, we at once thought of one another, and determined to again put our savings together, and start under the same conditions as before.

My friend is a bachelor of methodical mind, and he said, "We are yet young, and hope to live long enough to go many times abroad together, and as Italy is of all countries the most interesting, we will arrange to visit it four times. North Italy we saw last year, and this year we will visit the Riviera and Central Italy, making Florence the head-quarters of our holiday, but leaving out Rome."

"But are we not going as far south as Orvieto?" I asked; "and that is only a few hours' ride from Rome."

But my friend's plan was to thoroughly "do" the more important places of Central Italy, and to leave the Eternal City and the surrounding country for a third visit, while Naples and Sicily would be visited in our fourth tour, should we be so fortunate as to spend four holidays in the glorious peninsula.

Our delight in visiting Italy for a second time was great. The country would not, of course, be new to us. The beautiful and luxuriant landscape, the grand churches, the marble palaces, the wonderful art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the interesting people, the strange and sad poetry of Italy, "glorious in her decline"—all this would not be novel; but the first tour had taught us to love art and to have a keener appreciation of the beautiful, and it was thus, with a more intellectual (kind reader, pardon the vanity) if less excitable pleasure, that we started the second time for Italy.

And now for one necessary misery—the sea. It was not a smooth passage, and the sea was not blue, as it was when we had arrived at Dover on the previous year. On the contrary, ominously large waves were dashing against the pier, and a piercingly cold wind did not augur well for the comfort of the passage. I am a very bad sailor, and the hour and twenty minutes seemed interminable to me. However, it came to an end at last, and Calais, so old-world and so foreign, was reached. A capital train then took us to Paris, where we rested for the night.

The approach to Italy *via* the Mont Cenis, though interesting, does not compare with the St. Gothard route. Of course the latter is a pass from Switzerland, and the train skirts the

finest of the lakes, and passes in its course the valleys of the Reuss on the one side and of the Ticino on the other. This is probably the grandest railway journey to be made in Europe; after it the Mont Cenis is disappointing, though some fine Alpine scenery is passed after Aix-les-Bains. From the latter place the line rises incessantly until Modane is reached. This is the last town on the French side of the Alps, and is the seat of the Custom House, the officials of which are the most troublesome and exacting to be found anywhere.

My friend, who had recently read a letter in a leading newspaper cautioning travellers to open all their packages and show the officials everything, insisted that I should take out my packets of tobacco, weighing altogether about a pound. This I greatly regretted to have to do, as the tobacco was of my favourite brand, and I knew it would not be possible to get any like it in Italy. My friend also unpacked his box of excellent cigarettes; he was evidently under the impression that we should regain our goods for a trifling sum. A party of four, who had travelled with us from Paris, was equally scrupulous, and produced a can of biscuits, which had been procured for consumption on the journey.

All this was but ill repaid. My tobacco was the first dealt with; it was put into an enormous scale and weighed. The official then told me I might retain it, on the condition that I paid the duty, naming a most exorbitant sum, almost treble the value of the tobacco. Of course I decided to leave it. The cigarettes were also confiscated. My friend then reasoned with the men, and

declared he had always been allowed to pass a small amount of tobacco; the result of which was that he was condescendingly presented with six of his own cigarettes! The officials had no mercy; they even kept the tin of biscuits.

The great Mont Cenis Tunnel, next to St. Gothard, the longest in the world, is entered soon after Modane. The height of the tunnel above the level of the sea is considerably greater than that of St. Gothard, and, though shorter by about a mile and a half, the transit takes longer. After leaving the tunnel, the line descends, and passes some fine gorges, the views of which, however, can only be obtained at intervals, on account of the number of the tunnels. After awhile the

broad plain of Piedmont is reached, and, like that of Lombardy, it is interesting on account of the variety it affords from the mountainous districts.

At Turin we just had time for a very welcome breakfast, and then, changing trains, we proceeded to Genoa. The scenery before arriving at the latter is most beautiful and interesting. The train winds in and out of the Appennines, each turn of the road disclosing fine views of mountain scenery and thoroughly Italian villages and towns. The suburbs of Genoa, however, seemed interminable, and it was almost night before we arrived at the handsome and spacious railway station of Genoa.

We were then put into a rickety old omni-

bus, and away we rattled over the flagstones to one of the many hotels which overlook the harbour and command an excellent view of one of the most picturesque of Italian ports.

We rose early, for sleep was out of the question after about five a.m. Italian workmen seem to do a great part of their day's work before we tourists are out of bed, and, as if in protest against our laziness, they do all the noisy part first. I am sure if we were to judge of Italians by the rattling, hammering, etc., that goes on in early morning, we should come to the conclusion that they were the most industrious people in Europe. The middle of the day, however, tells quite a different tale. Picturesquely grouped together on the steps of a church, and basking in the sun



MONACO FROM THE MAINLAND.

sleep during many of the hours which we consider among the best in the day. This way of inverting the sleeping hours is certainly a wise one, considering the Italian climate, and we should be reluctant to sneer at the Italians, asleep or resting in the middle of the day, enjoying that *dolce far niente* which English workmen are only allowed to indulge in before and after their day's work, as the Italians may retaliate, and ask about the amount of work done before seven a.m.

After a breakfast thoroughly inadequate in quantity to our wants, we strolled out of the hotel, intent upon getting a general view of the city before visiting the principal sights. This we always like to do; but my friend prefers to hire a carriage and drive through the streets, while I advise a ramble over a strange city on foot. In this instance my advice prevailed, and we decided to climb one of the heights at the back of the city, and get a birdseye view of Genoa and its interesting harbour.

Before we had gone a hundred yards from the hotel we had to return for our great-coats. The cold in London during the early part of the year was very severe; but it was nothing to Genoa. An icy wind rushing down the lofty, narrow streets, seemed to freeze the very marrow of our bones, and the contrast of this to the hot-looking sky, which was of a dark, deep blue, made us feel quite irritable. However, we walked quickly on, passing, now a street of stately palaces, and now a narrow, lofty passage.

Presently we emerged from the city, and climbed a small hill, only to confront a great bastion, which blocked further progress. We descended, and wandered through a suburb, beautifully planted with trees and defended by fortifications, some of ancient date and some but recently erected. Then we started for another hill, but were stopped this time by soldiers, and told there was no thoroughfare that way. Certainly Genoa is well protected. It seemed to our untechnical minds to be the strongest place imaginable. In all directions are fortifications, and regiments of soldiers are continually marching up and down its narrow streets.

Arrived at the summit of a height behind the city, we had a glorious view of Genoa; truly "La Superba." In the form of a crescent, backed by lofty hills, the city rises from the sea, and covers the steep acclivities with its streets, churches, campanili, and marble palaces. Above are embattled forts and a rich luxury of vegetation, and below is the glorious blue expanse of the Mediterranean; while the grand sweep of the harbour, terminated at either extremity by two piers, encloses the interesting scene of a prosperous commercial port; for Genoa is still a place of considerable activity, though, of course, greatly fallen from the time when it held the foremost place in the world's commerce.

Hills rise in all directions, covered with the oleander and olive, and with groves of the orange and lemon; while peeping out from the mass of verdure may be seen either an embattled tower, some remnant of the endless wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, or the graceful and peaceful residence of some Genoese noble.

We descended into the city again, and I suggested luncheon, for I was hungry after the walk and frugal breakfast. We entered a truly Italian restaurant, and had a *table d'hôte* luncheon, consisting of thin garlic soup and macaroni. Neither looked appetising, but they proved better than we anticipated. The macaroni especially—which, by the bye, is not served as it is in England, but cut into thin strips and served with thick gravy—was very palatable.

On emerging from the restaurant we came across a crowd of people going to some show

to be celebrated on a neighbouring hill. The Genoese men are robust and handsome, and they seemed to us to be the most excitable of the Italians. In their ordinary talk their gesticulation and gabbling give an outsider the impression that blows are imminent; but this is only their method of carrying on conversation. The women are graceful both in their actions and dress. We noticed that some of them wore a muslin veil over their heads and shoulders, and falling slightly over their forehead, and tucked in under the chin. Most of them are fair, but rather pale.

After wandering about some narrow streets—Genoese geography is very difficult to master—a street of stately marble mansions opened before us.

This we knew to be the Via Balbi, said to be "unsurpassed in Europe." This street, with the Nuovissima and the Nuova, makes one continuous thoroughfare, and contains unquestionably a greater number of fine palaces than any street in Europe. Not but that the palaces are somewhat uninteresting. They are heavy-looking Renaissance structures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and being all of one style there is none of that contrast which is so great a charm in the great water thoroughfare of Venice. The courts and staircases, however, are very grand. One enters a large hall, which leads to a court surrounded by arcades resting upon slender, graceful columns, and frequently beyond this is a charming garden of orange trees, which must look deliciously cool in summer. The staircases also, especially that of the Palazzo dell' Università, are very splendid.

From this street of princes we found our way to a much humbler part of Genoa. Here the roads are very narrow—mere lanes, in fact—and the houses unusually high, with huge cornices nearly meeting across, so that only a narrow strip of the bluest of blue skies is seen. The houses are painted all kinds of colours, and out of the windows are hung bits of muslin, tarpaulin, filthy rags, etc. At the street corners are curious little shrines of the Crucifixion or of the Virgin, and a variety of strange wares are being bought and sold in all directions. All very interesting, and ablaze with colour; but very evil-smelling. All so foreign, so Italian, so wondrously picturesque; but so very dirty.

On we wandered, through many such streets, until an opening to the right showed us that we were near to the coast. At this point my friend suggested that we should turn back and visit some of the churches. "It is four o'clock," he said; "to-morrow we leave Genoa, and we have not yet seen the Cathedral, the Annunziata, or S. Maria di Carignano." So we turned back, and found our way to the former.

The Cathedral of S. Lorenzo was commenced in the eleventh century, under a Pisan architect, but the façade, with its magnificent portals, is supposed to be the work of a French architect of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. These portals are much purer in style than other Gothic work in Italy, although they are not quite free from the influence of an earlier style. They are adorned with a great deal of very beautiful sculpture. The upper portion of the façade is of striped black and white marble, and very inferior to the lower portion. In the interior, which is also striped, the nave is the finest part; it is separated from the aisles by dark marble pillars. Very interesting is the chapel of St. John the Baptist, and into it no woman is allowed to enter, except for one day in the year, on account of the crime of the daughter of Herodias. Unfortunately we were not able to enter the chapel, as it was too late in the day, and a boy, whom we had commissioned to get the keys, never returned.

From the Cathedral we walked to the Piazza Annunziata, situated between the Via Balbi and the Via Nuovissima; in fact, it is the connecting link between those streets. The Church of the Annunziata, which is entered from a portal supported by marble columns, is internally gorgeous beyond all description, and one of the finest examples of its kind in Europe. Basilica in form, and of noble proportions, its walls literally glitter with colour, and that the effect should be as sumptuous as possible the white marble columns are fluted with marble of a darker hue. The Annunziata has been sneered at as "an illuminated snuff-box"; but it is a perfect example of a kind of church only possible in Italy, and is a remarkable monument of the munificence of a single family.

We did not venture out of the hotel after *table d'hôte* on account of the cold, so we had a log fire lighted in our room, which was a great comfort. The bedrooms in Genoa and some of the cities of the Riviera are very long, and the beds are placed at the extreme end of the room, so that the remaining space does very well as a sitting-room, especially when there happens to be a fire-place, which, however, is not always the case. Another thing that struck me as singular was that the beds are hung round with gauze; but my friend explained that this is to keep away the mosquitoes, which are very troublesome in late summer and autumn.

Early next morning we commenced our travels in the Riviera di Ponente. Now the Riviera is a district very much talked about, and visited by great numbers annually; but as is often the case, fashion goes to a portion only of this beautiful coast, and leaves the rest, if not unvisited, at all events but little known.

As can be seen by the map, the Riviera is divided into two portions—that going from Genoa in a south-westerly direction towards Nice is called the Riviera di Ponente, while the south-eastern portion from Genoa towards Pisa is known as the Riviera di Levante. It is as well to subdivide the Riviera di Ponente into the fashionable and unfashionable parts—the former is from San Remo (inclusive) to Nice, and the latter from Genoa to San Remo (exclusive). The carriage road from one end of the Riviera to the other is called the Cornice Road, the obvious meaning of which is a ledge cut out from the steep shore.

Our plan was to take the train to Savona, and then drive to Albenga or Orneglia by road. This would give us an opportunity of seeing the comparatively unfrequented part of the Riviera di Ponente. We could then take the train from Albenga or Orneglia, and visit Monte Carlo and Nice, and on the return journey we might see Mentone or San Remo.

This plan turned out to be a good one with the exception of the first stage—the railway journey from Genoa to Savona. This was unsuccessful, because we could see but little of the scenery owing to the frequency of the tunnels. What we did see, however, was very beautiful.

Arrived at the station at Savona we could not find our guide books—a serious matter considering that we did not know the district. My friend then remembered that the books had been left to my care, and I was "roundly abused" for my negligence. Presently I meekly suggested that we had better telegraph for the books, and my friend acknowledged that this was the best thing to do, so we left the station and found our way to the post office.

Savona, a very ancient city, is, after Genoa and Nice, the largest place on the Cornice Road; but it is not often visited by tourists, and has a very unaltered aspect. The harbour, once so important, is very picturesque, and when we were there its beauty was much

enhanced by an exquisite sunset. Looking towards Genoa the mountainous coast was visible for miles, enclosing a vast expanse of the still Mediterranean. The sky and part of the coast was a deep red, and in the foreground was the grey and venerable tower rising near the harbour, and the picturesque port and shipping of Savona. The scene was extremely beautiful, but looked strangely unreal, very like a well-painted back scene of a theatre. I suppose it was the solemn stillness and the gorgeous sunset which gave it this effect, for when we visited the same place the next morning it did not strike us as being so ideal as on the previous evening.

Before proceeding to Albenga we drove to the famous Santuario, about five miles from Savona. The sixteenth century church embosomed in the mountains, which are covered with a luxury of vegetation truly characteristic of the Riviera, is built on a spot where the Virgin is said to have appeared, and it is enriched with a quantity of gold and silver offerings and other treasure. In the lower part of the chapel, reached from the nave by a descent of steps, is the celebrated statue of the Virgin, wearing the gorgeous jewelled crown of Pope Pius VII., who resided in Savona during the French occupation of Rome.

From Savona we drove over the Cornice Road to Albenga, passing numerous picturesque towns, backed up by the sweetest

Italian landscape; the latter not so rich or luxuriant as at Mentone and Monte Carlo, but doubly interesting from the combination of architecture and scenery. No fashionable tourists here, no restoration (except that which is absolutely necessary)—no “improvements,” in fact, of any description. Some of these towns, and there are a great number of them, must have remained much as they were two or three centuries back. The inhabitants, a simple and hardworking set of people, live by fishing and boatbuilding, and have been but little affected by the great political changes of Italy. They are also very frugal, and would be comparatively prosperous were it not for the dreadful earthquakes so frequent in the Riviera.

Little did we know when driving through the paved thoroughfares of these primitive fishing towns, that in three days an earthquake more terrible in its consequences than any that had happened for years would visit this district, entirely destroy many of the towns, and decimate the population to a frightful extent. What a curious dispensation of Providence that the earthquake should have visited with such fearful calamity these primitive and harmless spots, and have left almost untouched the gambling hell of Monte Carlo!

The whole way from Savona to Albenga is most interesting. Sometimes the road is on a level with the Mediterranean; at other times it ascends a rock, a veritable cornice road, and

from a height overlooks the “tideless sea.” Looking back in the direction of Genoa the exquisite coast line in the form of a bay is seen for miles, and to our right is that picturesque combination of architecture and scenery before alluded to.

Our driver from Savona was a merry fellow, rather smartly dressed, and with a feather in his cap. Before arriving in Albenga he lighted a long cigar, put his hat jauntily on one side, and commenced to crack his whip in a most determined manner. Evidently he intended to make an impression on the natives of Albenga. Unfortunately, his little scheme was entirely spoilt by a ragged old man, who saw we were tourists, and mounted the box of our carriage, notwithstanding the threats and entreaties of the driver. It was quite distressing to see the disappointment of our driver, whose entry into Albenga was, of course, completely spoilt by the ragged old beggar.

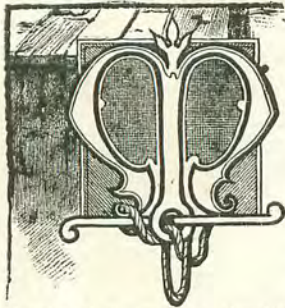
Not liking the “garlicy” appearance of the inn, we drove to the station, and waited there for a train to take us to Monte Carlo. It was dark by the time we started, and nothing could be seen between Albenga and Monte Carlo. We found out the next morning that the famous gambling centre is placed in by far the loveliest scenery of the Riviera.

But I have now come to the end of my space, and must hold over an account of our experiences of the Casino until next month.

(To be continued.)

WHEN NOT TO TAKE MEDICINE.

By MEDICUS.



intention in this paper is to give a few useful hints, not so much about the value of certain medicines, but regarding their indiscriminate use. Some people get into a habit

of using drugs without the slightest notion of their utility or mode of action; others, fond of doctoring themselves, and in possession of a medicine chest, open the lid when they feel out of sorts, and their choice of the remedy would be quite as judicious if they shut their eyes and took the first bottle their hands touched, like a person drawing tickets from a bag in a lottery. Some there be again who run their eyes over the quack remedies advertised in the newspapers, and, with a simplicity of faith which would be praiseworthy in a better cause, believe all they read, buy, and begin. This over-weening faith in drugs is greatly to be condemned. Wholesale self-physicing is not only silly, it is positively dangerous. Instead of opening the medicine-box at all, it would, in nine cases out of ten, be better if the would-be patient were to sit on the lid for an hour. That, at all events, would be safe.

Now this paper of mine should come in opportunely, because it is in this month, more perhaps than any other, that people begin to wonder what medicine they ought to take. Were you to ask some of these physic-lovers why they wish to take any drug at all, seeing that they do not seem to be suffering from

any particular ailment, you would receive such answers as the following:—

No. 1.—I haven't received the benefit which I expected from the summer holiday, and so something must want putting to rights.

No. 2.—I want to get myself strong for the coming winter.

No. 3.—My nerves feel all unstrung.

No. 4.—I dread the cold weather, because my lungs are weak.

No. 5.—My liver's all to pieces.

No. 6.—My stomach is out of order; I'm tired, jaded, and altogether out of sorts.

And so on and so forth. Well, let me have a word to say to each class. To the first, then, I might remark: When you went on your summer holiday, did you set about the right way to gain benefit? Ah! you know you did not. *Rus in urbe* is very nice and pleasant, but *urbs in rure* is quite a different sort of thing. And that is what I expect you endeavoured to secure. You make the mistake that thousands do, and who consequently return home, after their spell of seaside “enjoyment,” ten times more worn out than when they took their tickets to start. Indeed, so stupid are town people in general about health matters, that the only way to compel them to reap the benefits of sea air and sea quiet and sunshine would be to shut them up in the top of a lighthouse.

But there, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

I will grant, then, that the benefit you have received at the seaside is not what it should or might have been. But remember this does not indicate any serious chronic illness, nor any trouble which medicine alone can dispel. You are suffering more from what I may call “fag” than anything else, and this word fag simply means a succession of small shocks to the nervous system; none of them are very great in themselves, but, taken together,

capable of causing considerable depression. As long as the excitement lasted, as long as you were breathing pure, bracing air, with the sun shimmering on the waves, and everything gay and gaudy around you, with something new to look at every minute, you did not feel this “fag;” but now that you are back home every nerve in your body seems to ache or be uneasy, and every muscle feels out of place. Well, is yours a case that medicine can remedy? I hardly think so. What you want is rest. All you can get take. You want quiet too. Perhaps you belong to the work-a-day world. Well, the duties of the day being over, do not go out again. Abjure even exercise for a time. Read amusing books, so that the mind may be pleasantly occupied and the body be left alone. Lie on the sofa, instead of sitting up. Take a warm bath at night, and sponge the body with cold water in the morning. Sleep is a great restorer in such cases, but it must be procured by legitimate means. Sleep all you can, when you can, and where you can, the church alone excepted.

So much for “fag.”

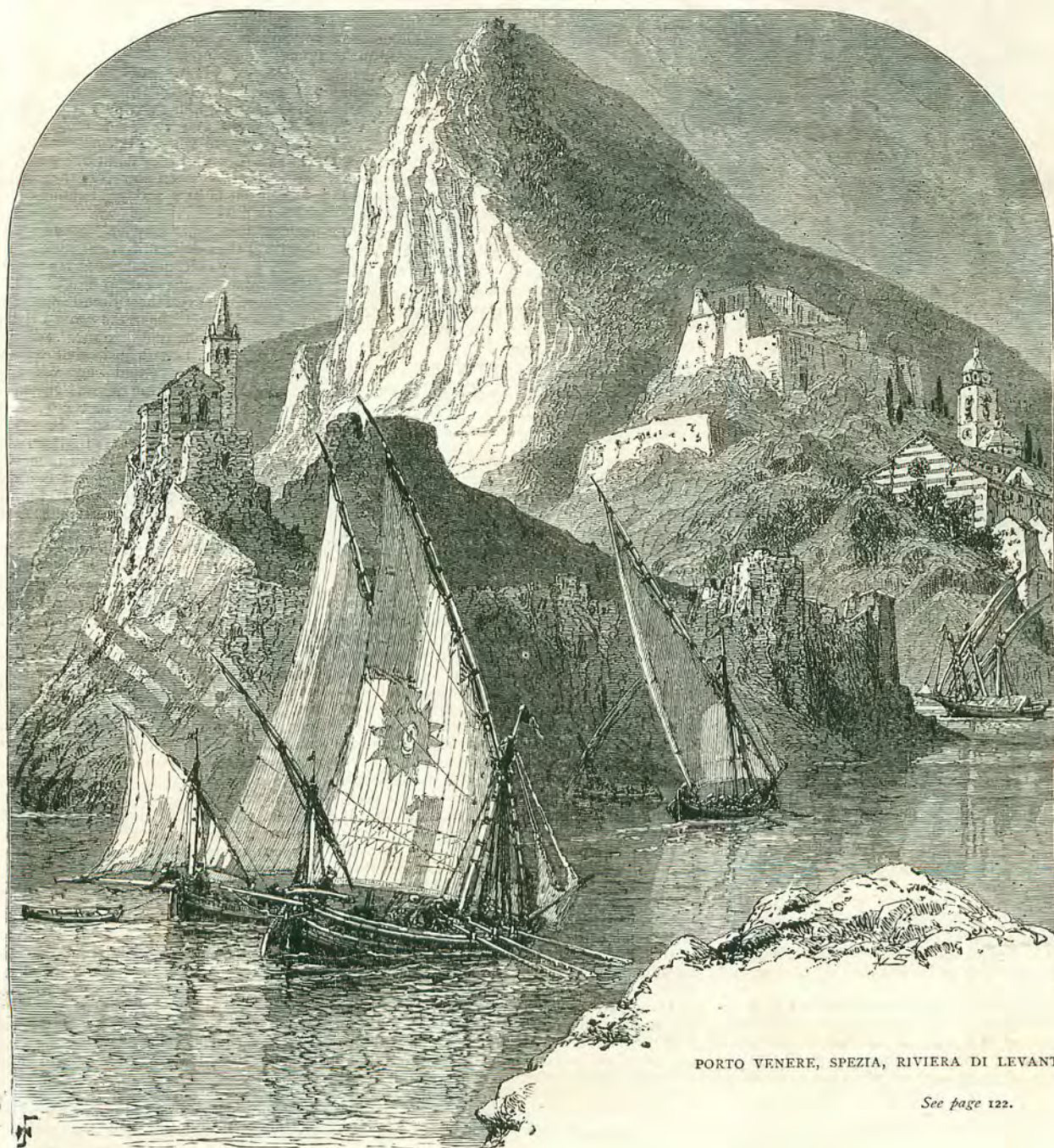
Now we come to the second class of medicine-mongers—hard-working people, perhaps, who have to struggle with the world, and who have not had the chance to enjoy a summer's holiday. But still I say “Halt!” and I place a gentle hand on your shoulder, as I find you making your way to the medicine chest. You have work to do this winter that you must perform, and you want to gird your loins for the battle. But I do not think you will find in a sugar-coated pill the armour that will assist you in this battle. The irksome, tiresome duties before you will no doubt strain both mind and body. But consider first if some portion of these may not be avoided. If they be duties to an employer, and you have undertaken them, the answer is “No!”



VOL. IX.—No. 412.

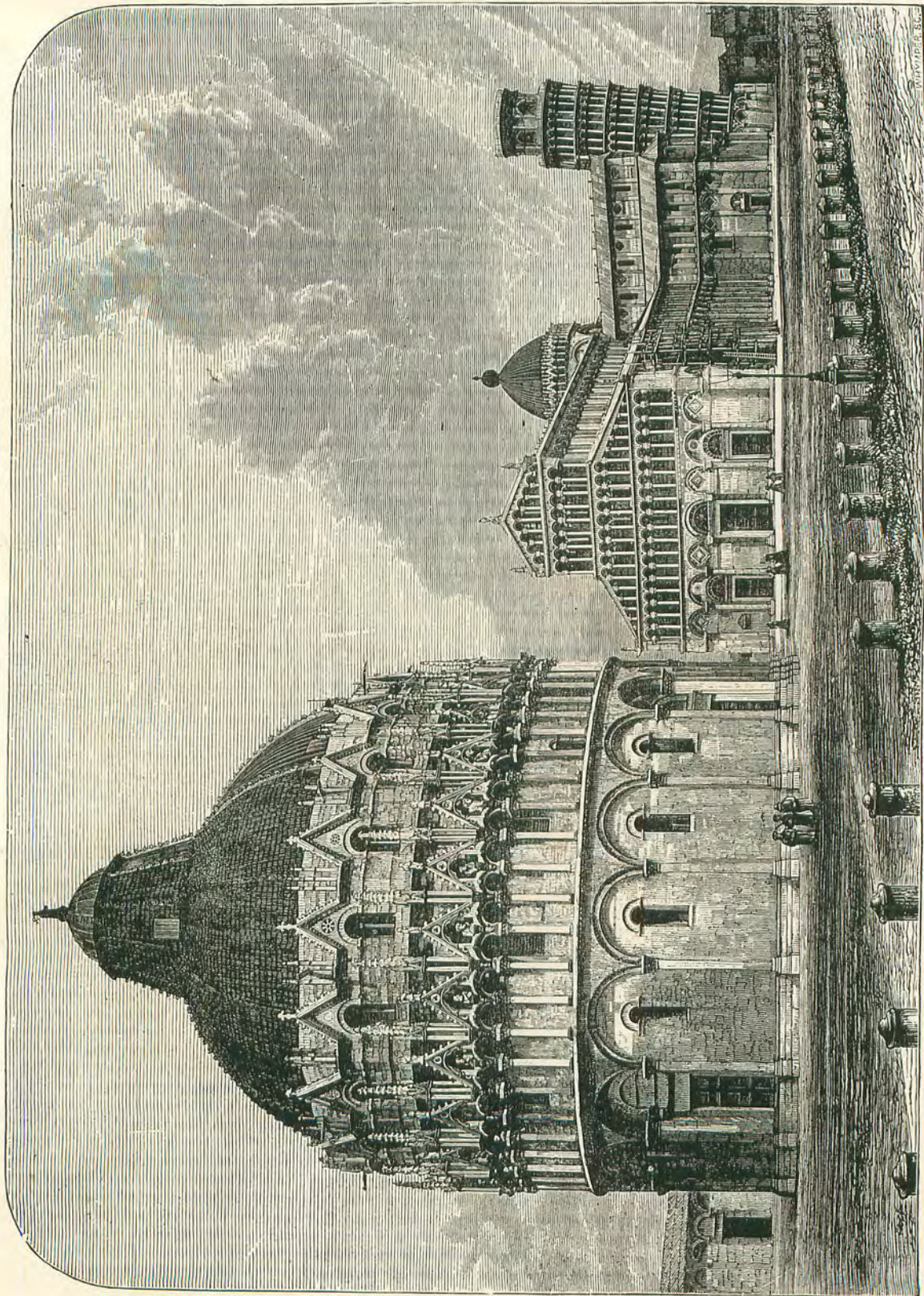
NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



PORTO VENERE, SPEZIA, RIVIERA DI LEVANTE.

See page 122.

*Campo Santo.**Baptistery.**PISA.**Cathedral.**Leaning Tower.*



MONTE CARLO.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

THOUGH we had expected to be greatly struck with the scenery of Monte Carlo and Monaco, it far surpassed our expectations. Indeed, it is almost impossible to over-estimate its exceeding beauty. Monte Carlo, the last publicly recognised gaming-place of any importance in Europe, is situated on the mainland, on a bay, shut in by the jutting peninsula, which, with its buildings and imposing battlements, was so excellently illustrated in last month's *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

The palms here are in great abundance, and the mountains are more bold, the vegetation more varied, and the flowers more numerous than at any other spot on the Riviera. At least, so it seemed to us. My friend, however, said he could not like Monte Carlo, as there seemed to be an atmosphere of sin about

the place, and there came over him an indescribable feeling of anxiety to leave this "abode of evil passion."

I laughed at him for his over-sensitiveness. Still, we occasionally came across evidences of fast and dangerous society. At the station, for instance, and on the terraces were gaudily-dressed and painted women, anything but ornaments to their sex in any sense of the word; and now and again we saw men and women, old before their time, with faces the very picture of woe, wandering about on the terraces or in the lusciously beautiful gardens of the Casino. I did not admire the building itself, though it is of imposing dimensions and approached by handsome terraces, on either side of which is a luxury of palm trees and fine shrubs.

We first entered a large hall nearly filled with people, who were talking in quite an apathetic manner, and not at all as if they had won or lost money. This hall was separated from the gambling rooms by curtains, which we were not allowed to pass without an order. So we turned back and found our way to a room, where we obtained the necessary order by presenting our cards.

Beyond the curtains before-mentioned were two huge rooms, with (if I remember rightly) four tables in each. Around these tables were seated the players and croupiers, and behind these the spectators. Altogether, I should say there were five or six hundred people. Now, what of the anguish depicted in the faces of the losing players, and the exultation of the successful ones? I saw nothing whatever of

either. The gamblers took their gains or surrendered their money without the slightest show of emotion; just, in fact, as if they were buying or selling at a counter.

A strange thing was the number of women players—not only strong-minded, middle-aged women, but old creatures of seventy and young and pretty girls of nineteen. I shall long remember a girl of about twenty, with the sweetest face and most delicate hands, who, we were told, had been at the tables consecutively every day for two months. She had a beautiful "money rake" fitted up with gold, and dotted down her notes with an enamelled pencil. While we looked on she "swept" nearly a hundred napoleons, after which she quietly left the table without even a smile of triumph. This girl, like many others, was a professional gambler—in fact, it seems the women are quite as persistent in their attendance at the Casino as the men, and we heard of many who lived at Mentone and went every day to Monte Carlo to visit the gaming tables.

How anybody could live with such incessant excitement is a wonder. No doubt by long practice the excitement wears off, and what was a dangerous experiment becomes a regular profession and business of life, and I fancy the suicides are not amongst these professional gamblers, as the latter approach the tables with cool heads, with a "system" under which to work, and with a fixed intention of risking only to a certain amount, whether luck attends them or not. These inveterate players have also gained by experience that judgment and coolness which is undoubtedly necessary for success in these games of chance. This must be the case, for it is certain that many people live by "play," and the Casino authorities must of course themselves make money, and as the chances are equal for "bank" and players, the former must in the end win by the want of "system" and recklessness of the latter.

It was Carnival time, and the trains between Monaco and Nice were crowded with gaily-dressed people of all nationalities. What scores of foreigners flock to the Riviera during Carnival time! During the greater part of the winter and early spring the health resorts of San Remo, Monaco, Mentone, Nice, etc., are visited in great numbers by the invalids of fashionable Europe; and at Carnival time, in addition to these, there are the loungers and votaries of fashion, who crowd the large hotels and rather spoil everything by their dandified manners and insipid talk. All this disgusted my friend, who was longing to be in one of the quiet and picturesque old Italian towns; but I insisted that we should first see Nice, especially as the "Battle of Flowers," the greatest event in the year, was going to take place on the day of our arrival.

It was glorious weather, and the handsome streets of Nice were thronged with pleasure-seekers, a large portion of whom were wearing or carrying bouquets. All the principal shops were gaily bedecked, and there were carriages literally laden with flowers. Still further animation was imparted by grotesquely-dressed people with hideous masks, and others whose persons were completely enveloped in dominoes. All this gave the impression of a city run riot, which is perhaps really the case with Nice during Carnival time.

How often the scenes of the Carnival are represented in English paintings! But, however faithfully the costumes are portrayed, there is one thing that no representation can give one, and that is the wonderfully clear atmosphere of the Riviera. This makes everything appear doubly beautiful, and moreover has a stimulating effect upon one. I know there is a charm in what is called by artists the "atmosphere" in English scenery, but this "beautiful indistinctness" would not suit the Riviera. Who can wonder at the enormous

popularity of the health resorts of this coast, when the easy gaiety of the people, the scenery, the clear, dry atmosphere, and what is so important a matter to invalids, a cheerful, blue sky are taken into account?

An early hour in the afternoon was fixed for the "Battle of Flowers," and as it grew near to the appointed time all the loungers and masqueraders turned their steps in the direction of the Promenade des Anglais. This noble thoroughfare facing the sea, laid out by English residents over fifty years ago, seems to be the focus of the fashion of Nice; and is admirably adapted for such a display as the "Battle of Flowers," as it is broad and straight, and overlooked by some of the best hotels in the town.

A large portion of this street was shut in, and barriers erected on either side of the road like at a horse race. Crowds of people were assembling behind the barriers, and long before the appointed hour for contest the enclosure was filled with gaily caparisoned carriages, the latter "studded" all over with flowers. I forgot to mention that seats were placed on either side of the enclosure, which were of course charged for—a further charge being made for seats under the awnings, which were placed on either side of the middle of the course.

Both the spectators and those in the carriages were "armed" with little bouquets, and the battle consisted in the ladies throwing these at the men, and *vice versa*. At intervals the scene was enlivened by the vigorous strains of brass bands, and it struck me as being a mistake that the music was not kept up incessantly, as the proceedings got rather tame when the bands were silent. The lady "warriors" were dressed in light summer costume, with the exquisite taste characteristic of the French, and the beautiful floral decorations of the horses and carriages alone were worth seeing. The scene was certainly very pretty, and additional interest was, of course, imparted by the presence of the distinguished persons who annually repair to Nice to take part in the gay contest.

Having seen the "Battle of Flowers" once, however, I have no ambition to see it again; but my friend was very severe, and was almost angry with me for having dragged him to see what he termed such a "foolishly frivolous scene." "Now we shall lose our train," he kept saying to me, and he waxed genuinely angry when, having asked the time of a bystander, he found that we had but seven minutes before our train started.

Oh! the race we had through street after street, for the station was at the other end of the town; and how we were stared at by the lazy idlers, who evidently thought us mad to run under such a broiling sun! I arrived at the station first, and hurriedly asked the first porter I met whether the train had left; but as my question was asked in a mixture of English, French, and Italian, he did not understand it. One of the ticket collectors, however, spoke English, and, much amused at my hurry, told me the train was not due to leave until about half an hour. If there is anything irritating in travelling it is this difference of times. I suppose we had been told French time, and the train was to start by Italian. My friend was far too exhausted to enter into conversation, and, throwing himself into a seat, he slept until the train was due. It is the happy faculty of some people, my friend amongst the number, to be able to sleep when there are weary hours of waiting or travelling to get through. I, myself, can never sleep except on a bed, and the long railway journeys are therefore much more exhausting to me than to my friend.

It was getting late by the time the train arrived at San Remo, and we got out at this station, and walked through the town to the Hôtel Victoria. Of all the places on the

Riviera, San Remo appeared to us to offer the greatest contrast of wealth and poverty. Near to the coast are placed some of the largest and best hotels in all Italy, and in the season these are patronised by people of great wealth and high rank, who come from all parts of Europe to enjoy the blessings of a bright and sunny winter. The promenade in front of the sea seemed to be quite monopolised by these illustrious invalids; and after driving through San Remo, one might come away with the impression that it is a small place entirely given over to fashionable visitors. But this is not the case. A large Italian population inhabits what is known as the upper town.

How singular is this old part of San Remo! What labyrinths of lanes and archways and flights of steps climb the sides of the steep hill! And how picturesque are the sombre old houses, tied together overhead by stone arches, and occasionally daubed all over with dirty bright colours! What curious groups of "live things" congregate in the narrow streets—old women and children, cats, dogs, and fowls—all herded together in picturesque confusion! Descend from this to the fashionable lounge facing the sea, and how strange seems the inequality of wealth! But wealth is after all but a small means of happiness, and San Remo is a good place for studying this. The visitors are sumptuously fed, well clothed, and waited upon by countless servants; but a portion of them are suffering from incurable complaints, and others come to repair their constitutions, debilitated by the late hours and dissipations of fashionable life.

From San Remo we went to Genoa, where we changed trains, as it was our intention to arrive at Pisa by the evening. The Riviera di Levante, though not possessing the semi-tropical vegetation of its western rival, presents most glorious scenery, and is rich with historical recollections. Would that we had had time to stop at one or two of its beautiful and interesting towns! But we were already due at Pisa, and we had to be content to see the Riviera di Levante from the windows of our railway carriage. But surely there are more tunnels passed in this journey than in any in Europe. One suddenly catches a glimpse of a perfectly ideal bit of scenery, when one, two, or three tunnels, following close upon one another, have to be traversed. This is so annoying that we occasionally vowed we would not look out at all, as the disappointment of having a lovely scene suddenly shut out from our view was so great.

The construction of the railway over the Riviera di Levante was a great effort of engineering skill. The tunnels are numberless, and on emerging from these the train appears to be rushing over precipices overhanging the sea, far below are little fishing villages, seemingly rising from the water, and nestling at the foot of a huge rock or mountain.

The culminating point of beauty, perhaps, is between Sestri di Levante and La Spezia. Afterwards, in reading of the ideal loveliness of this part of the coast, how we wished we had abandoned the railway and driven over the Cornice Road; for the latter, true to its name, traverses the sides of the mountains, instead of boring them, and has ever-changing views of the beautiful coast. After passing the last height before Spezia, a view is obtained which is said to be one of the finest in all Italy. The coast line of the noble bay is much broken up and studded with villages, while in the background rise the bare and serrated marble mountains of Carrara. The Bay of Spezia must needs bring sad recollections to all Englishmen, for it was here, as few need be reminded, that Shelley spent the last months of his passionate and melancholy life, and it was also on this coast that his body was cast ashore, to the infinite grief of his wife and friends.

But we saw nothing of the bay from the railway. The train stopped for a short time at Spezia (there was no view from the station), and then rushed on past Carrara, the headquarters of the marble works, past the picturesque and beautiful Massa Ducale and Pietrasanta, and then entered the marshy plain, and in a short time the grey buildings of Pisa came into sight.

What a change from Nice at Carnival time to the old-world city of Pisa! What luxurious variety the former suggests, and how hoary, decayed, and sadly fallen is the present appearance of the latter! Of all places I have seen, Pisa is the most old-world and sad in appearance. It is not ruinous, nor is it without a large population; but it seems dead—utterly dead. There is a feeling about the place that nothing is being done. The long streets are deserted; the Arno is deserted; even the Piazza del Duomo was deserted when we were there. The gloominess of the city is frightful, and this depression is increased by the dull, gloomy climate. Two friends of mine once remained all the winter at Pisa, and seemed to have enjoyed it. How they could have lived there a week is a wonder to me.

Though so old-world, Pisa—with the great exception of the Piazza del Duomo—did not suggest to us former magnificence. Yet magnificent it was in every sense of the word—a most ancient city, with a grand history of triumph in art, commerce, and war. Older in its development than Florence, and at one

time capital of one of the most powerful states in Italy, it became finally subject to Florence in the year 1509. But more than a century and a half before this the power of Pisa received a blow from which it never quite recovered at the hands of Genoa. As in commerce and power, so in art, Pisa rapidly progressed, and was unrivalled during the early period; but its artistic precedence yielded to Florence even earlier than its political power.

It was a moonlight night when our train approached Pisa, and the old city, so well seen from the railway, looked more than ordinarily romantic. Arrived at the station, we put our luggage in the omnibus belonging to the Hôtel Victoria, and away we rattled through the dark streets, turning the corners in a most dangerous fashion, until we drew up at what looked like the opening of a large stable. This was not inviting, and we thought we must have made a mistake. Could this dingy old place be the entrance to the Hôtel Victoria? Our doubts were soon set at rest by the proprietor himself, who, after welcoming us, apologised for receiving us at the back door, as the proper entrance was in a state of repair.

After *table d'hôte* we repaired to the Piazza del Duomo to see its buildings by moonlight. We wanted no guide, as a portion of the leaning tower was visible over the houses of a street close to our hotel. But it was some little time before this street opened out, and, grouped together on the green sward, the historical buildings appeared before us. "The

group of buildings clustered in and about this verdant carpet, comprising the tower, the baptistery, the cathedral, and the Campo Santo, is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world; and from being clustered there together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character. It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out and filtered away."

The pale light of the moon, though it showed little of the detail, magnified the scale of the buildings, and revealed to us the grand outlines and wonderful harmony of the group, "fortunate both in their society and their solitude." That huge building, with great transepts and dome, in the centre, was, of course, the cathedral; while to the left a circular structure, which even by this light we could see was more ornate than its fellows, was evidently the baptistery. Behind these we could just get a glimpse of the dome and long building of the Campo Santo, and to the right our attention was arrested by the beautiful and extraordinary leaning tower.

There they stand, the four glorious buildings, upholding the fame of Pisa centuries after the political power and commercial activity of the city have passed away. While they stand Pisa will never be forgotten, and will be visited by admirers of the beautiful from all parts of the world.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.



A LADY'S ARGUMENT.—"True!" cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made, "I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson."

A UNIVERSAL EPITAPH.—Few more ap-

propriate epitaphs can be found than the common Latin one of "*Sum quod eris, fui quod sis*"—"I am what thou shalt be, I was what thou art."

SUET AND DRIPPING.—Early in this century, Mr. Suet, a well-known actor, went to dine about twenty miles from London, and, being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in a bedraggled state through an incessant rain. He was so muffled up in coats and handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired doubtfully, "Are you Suet?" "No!" replied the wag, "I am dripping."

IN PRAISE OF CHARITY.

True charity is truest thrift,
More than repaid for every gift,
By grateful prayers enrolled on high,
And its own heart's sweet eulogy,
Which, like the perfume-giving rose,
Possesses still what it bestows.

SELF-CRITICISM.—"I have such a martial air," said a Gascon, "that when I look into the glass I am afraid of myself."

USELESS SCREAMS.—A young lady was travelling with her uncle, when, by a mishap, the carriage was overturned. Finding after all her screams that she had received no hurt, she asked her uncle how, in such imminent danger, he managed to preserve perfect silence. "Because," said he, "I was tolerably sure that death would not be frightened away by my making a noise."

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Time past is forgotten, ere man be aware;
Time present is thought on with wonderful care;
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save,
Yet oft ere it come we be gone to the grave.
—Tusser.

"AH, IMPERIAL MAJESTY!"—A poor German composer being introduced to Mozart, whom he considered to be the greatest man in the world, was so overcome with awe that he dared not lift his eyes from the ground, but remained for some time stammering, "Ah, Imperial Majesty! Ah, Imperial Majesty!"

KINDRED HEARTS.

Or bathed in bliss, or overwhelmed in woe,
The heart must still require a kindred heart;
Divided joy bids double joy o'erflow,
And pain divided loses half its smart.
—Goethe.

COMFORTABLE HOUSEKEEPING.

When Sheridan, by the assistance of his friends, was installed in a house in Saville Row, he boasted to one of his relations how comfortably and regularly he was living, so much so that everything went on like clock-work.

"That I can easily believe," was the reply; "it goes on by tick! tick! tick!"

GOOD BREEDING.—A girl's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."—The Duchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing at supper one evening with Louis XIV. an officer who had no reason to be proud of his good looks, was very loud in turning his person into ridicule. "Madam," said the king to her, still louder, "I think him one of the handsomest men in my dominions, for he is one of the bravest."

A PROOF OF GRATITUDE.—The only way we can show gratitude to our great Creator and Benefactor, for all He has given us, is to be as useful as we can to His creatures, and to love our neighbour as ourselves.

RETURNING THANKS.—Nothing is more difficult than to return thanks neatly.

A terrible struggle was going on in Mary's heart. She had never before so fully realised her affection for Jim as an intellectual companion and cousin as different to the all-absorbing passion which drew her to Ronald Adair. Jim, quiet, trustful, working for years with the hope of her love as the crown of his life—she could grasp his pain at her defection—it was possible to contemplate; not so the parting from Ronald. She clung to him with the whole force of her nature, and, besides the love, there was the knowledge that as his wife she would move in the society for which her education and tastes had fitted her, the old galling humiliation buried for ever. It was one of those crises that comes perhaps once in a lifetime—when the demarcation between right and wrong is so faint as to be barely distinguishable, when every fibre of our nature urges us towards one course, and a feeble hand points towards another. She could not push the love from her; to renounce it would be to renounce all she held dear. Her lips refused to form the words which trembled upon them, but her hand still lay in Ronald's as he drew nearer.

"Mary," he whispered, as a hot tear fell on their clasped hands, "you are crying, dear. Oh! keep your tears until we have said good-bye, if it must be said. Let me think of you as I have always known you. No; I cannot let you go. We will both land at Kurrachee; we shall be there in a few days. We will be married there, and no one can part us then."

Mary no longer resisted. A force, against which she was powerless, had completely carried her away. She sat passive and silent, while Ronald poured out his plans, conscious only that those plans embodied her too, while the ship followed in the track of light, melting all the gloom that had gathered about them.

"My father and mother!" said Mary, faintly.

"We can write to them," said Ronald. "I will tell them I can give you all the luxuries of life to which you have been accustomed, that as my wife you will be in a far higher position than as that of an ordinary officer—"

"Yes, yes," said Mary, hurriedly, turning cold. Oh! fatal coil, that had again wound its folds about her. Position in life—an officer's wife—she saw Jim in his scarlet coat, and herself the associate of the soldiers' wives. The idea was repugnant to her; she turned from it—she clung to Ronald.

"I," she said, "I will write. My parents will forgive me. There is no going back now."

In her passionate endeavour to escape from the trials of her former days, and at the same time to follow the bent of her affections, she completely lost sight of the fact that where most she loved there she wrought the deepest wrong, by placing the impassable gulf of an unspoken lie between herself and Ronald.

A week later they reached Kurrachee. There was so much to think about and to arrange, so many excuses to be made for Mary's change of plans, that dreaded letter to be written to Jim and entrusted to the captain. In it she threw herself upon her cousin's generosity, she asked his pardon, she told him how this marriage with Ronald would separate her from all that she dreaded, and then she touched lightly on his pain.

Captain Johns promised to deliver this missive into Jim's hand when he came to the quay to claim his bride, but as he promised he looked sternly at Mary. Mr. Wonham had in a way placed her under his care, so that, although he had no absolute authority over her, he felt bound to say something on the subject of her falling away from duty.

She bore his remarks in silence; she felt she had deserved them, but the future was hers, and Ronald loved her.

They had been married little more than a

week when a packet reached Mary. It contained two letters—one from Captain Johns, the other from Jim.

"I have very sad news to give you," wrote Captain Johns. "On the way down to Bombay Mr. Saunders was taken ill with fever. He stopped at a friend's house, hoping that a few days' nursing would bring him round. All that could be done was done, but nothing could save him, and he died on the morning of the day he should have met you. Thank God, he never knew that you were faithless to him!"

The other letter was from Jim, written in an uncertain hand, and in some places almost illegible.

"Mary, dear, I shall never see you again in this world. At the moment when life was offering me her greatest joys, it has pleased God to call me hence. Do not grieve too much. It may be some comfort for you to know that your love has been most precious to me; that the having known you, and the thought of you, has helped to keep me straight in a land and amid surroundings that tend to bring out the evil in man, and repress the good. Good-bye. God bless and keep you always—"

Mary sat with the two letters in her lap, while a dull kind of stupor crept over her. Jim was dead! At the very moment when she pronounced her marriage vows he was lying dead among strangers, and with his last breath he had thought of her! He never knew her changed and faithless; his honest heart had held no fears; he had trusted her completely, and she had failed him. For a time a shadow of grief rested upon her, clouding these first hours of her married life, but by-and-by new interests and affections banished the sorrows of the past, and Jim lived in her memory but as one of those about whom the halo of family love has shed a never-to-be-forgotten chain of remembrance.

(To be concluded.)

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.



It has been remarked that the four buildings in the Piazza del Duomo at Pisa gain much by being alone in their glory, and away from the disturbing influence of the town. This is certainly the case; for though there is in Pisa little of that bustle and activity which are generally associated with cities, yet when we stand on the green sward from which the buildings rise, and gaze at their stately magnificence, it is a great advantage to be quite undisturbed—the deathlike stillness adds so much to the solemnity of the group, and enables us to revel in those thoughts of bygone ages which are certain to suggest themselves to the intelligent observer, be he ever so little of an archaeologist or moralist.

We turned our steps first to the Campanile, or, to call it by its more familiar title, the Leaning Tower; as whether deservedly or not, it is far more famous than its brethren, the Cathedral, Campo Santo, and Baptistery. Does it lean very much? Does it seem as if it is toppling over? These questions we asked ourselves, and while we agreed that

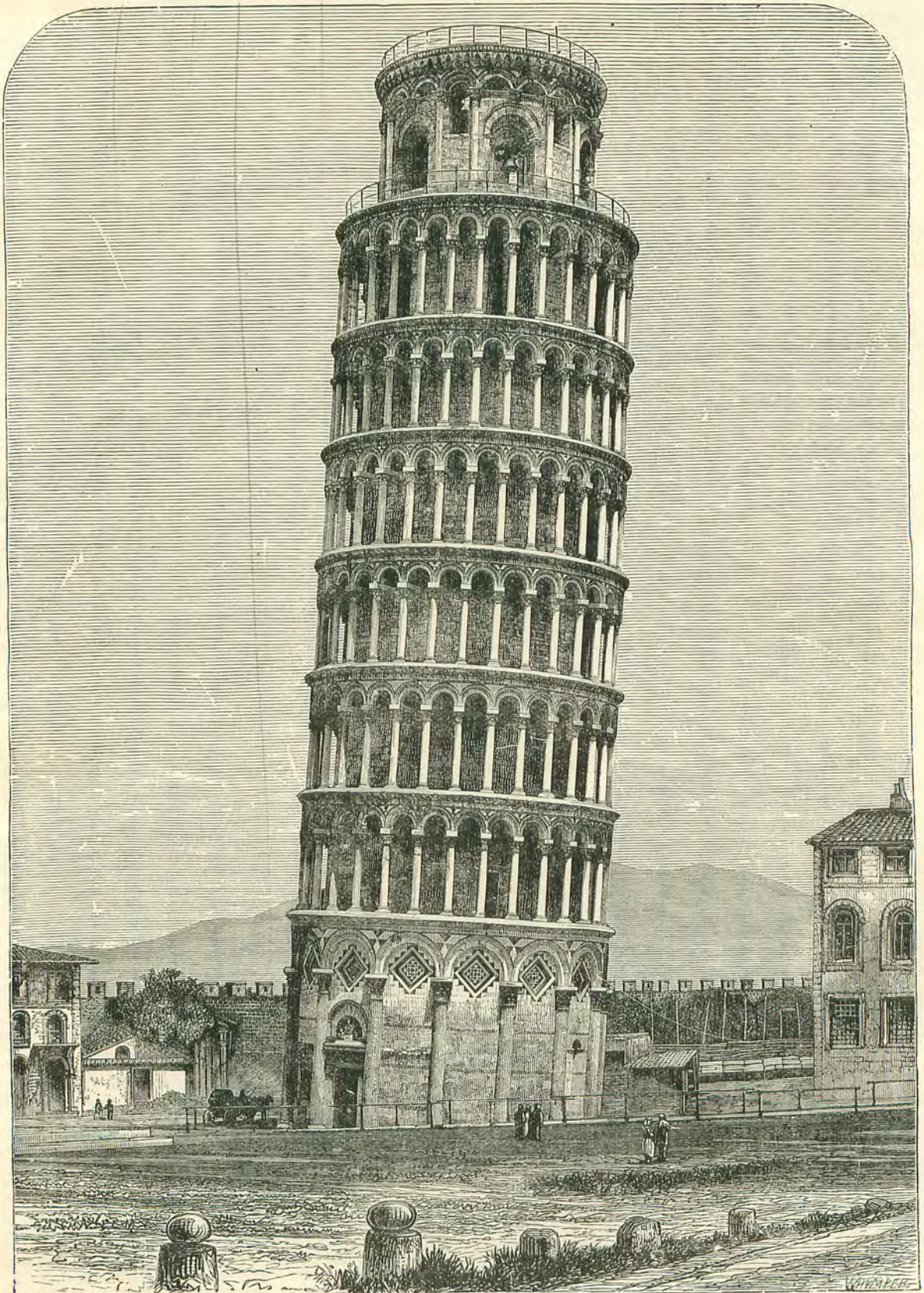
"it inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire," yet we thought, when viewed from a distance, that it does not give the impression that it is falling. But when we got underneath the falling side, so to speak, we altered our opinion, and thought the tower looked very unstable. The reason of this is that at a distance the tiers which were built to correct those that had given way are more apparent. Indeed, the upper portion of the tower is scarcely visible when one is immediately underneath the aslant side.

The beautiful design and grace of the Campanile are as noticeable as its curious slanting appearance. Cylindrical in shape, and consisting of eight stories of columns, bearing semicircular arches, it rises 179 feet from the ground, and is constructed of white marble, which has toned down into a lovely cream colour. The Campanile, like the Cathedral, Campo Santo, and greater part of the Baptistery, is Romanesque in style, and was begun in the twelfth century. A few people consider that it was designed to be out of the perpendicular; but this is hardly likely. The probability is that the foundations "gave" when the tower was being built, and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that the upper portion is built so as to correct the slanting appearance of the lower. It is possible, however, that this was done to preserve the tower from falling, and to keep the centre of gravity within the base.

It is undoubtedly the fact of its being so much out of perpendicular that has made this tower famous throughout the world. It is also certain that a great number of people know that there is a tower at Pisa which leans, but who know nothing of its architecture, and have never heard of the three adjacent buildings, which are of even greater beauty and architectural value.

Close to the leaning tower, and in the same style of architecture, though earlier in date, is the glorious Duomo. Consisting of a nave with double aisles, transepts also with aisles, and a dome, or, more properly speaking, a cupola over the centre, the Cathedral of Pisa is a perfect example of the style of architecture to which it belongs. Externally the façade is the most beautiful portion. It consists of five tiers of columns, supporting semicircular arches, arranged under a gable, similar in design to the Campanile, which, moreover, it exactly resembles in colour (or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Campanile resembles the façade, the latter being the older), the original white marble having assumed a creamy hue.

Grand as the cathedral is externally, when it is entered the majesty of the proportions and the perfection of the details almost take one's breath away. We entered the choir, and the moment we did so my friend separated from me in order to escape my "talk," as he called my criticisms and comparisons and



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

recognitions of objects we had read about. When first entering such a building there is, perhaps, something to be said in favour of casting away all details, and allowing the general effect to strike us—to shut out all criticism, in fact, and to allow the harmonious grandeur of the whole to give us that thrill of delight and astonishment which is perhaps somewhat diminished when we come to discuss its details, and to compare it with other buildings. Of course, I only mean this when we first enter a building, as we ought afterwards to find out its particular excellences and peculiarities, and even faults (if there are any), and it is only when this is done that we may be said to have seen it properly, and be able to form any judgment upon it. Besides which, if we trust too much to our emotions we can never classify a building, find out its historical interest, nor describe it to another.

The interior of the Duomo at Pisa is grandly harmonious and impressive, and, as before stated, it is a perfect example of its style of architecture, just as Amiens Cathedral and the west front of Rheims are perfect for Gothic work. In the form of a Latin cross 311 feet in length and 237 feet across the transepts, the church looks considerably larger than it really is. On either side of the nave are twelve marble columns of the Corinthian order, from which arches spring; above is another order of columns, smaller and more numerous; while to complete the classic character an architrave is carried along the nave between the arches and the gallery. The dome or cupola is supported by arches which rest on four piers, and the church is lighted by windows, chiefly of beautiful stained glass, situated above the second order of the interior. Many of the details, such as the bases, capitals, etc., come from an earlier building, but fit in excellently with the present structure; and the nave has a flat wooden roof very richly gilded, but the aisles are vaulted.

The furniture of the church is excellent. There is a restored pulpit from the design of Giovanni Pisano in the nave, and near to it a fine picture of St. Agnes, by Andrea del Sarto, and the twelve altars are said to have been built from the designs of Michael Angelo. But perhaps the most interesting thing in the nave, or indeed in the whole church, is the handsome bronze lamp suspended in the middle of the church, for according to tradition it suggested to Galileo the working of the pendulum. (See our illustration at the end of this paper).

In the right transept is the chapel of St. Raniero, who must have played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of the city, judging from the numerous representations and allusions to his life in the paintings of the Pisan school. Nearly all the cities in Italy have their particular pet saint or saints, the plural only referring to two, generally a man and a woman. Thus Siena has its Catherine and Bernardine, Assisi its Francis and Clare, Pisa its Raniero, and so on with the greater number of Italian cities. Whatever may be said for or against this practice, it is interesting to the traveller to find so many representations of one particular saint, and so many churches and streets named after him. One always thinks of the saint and the city together—the one suggests the other. Thus, who could think of Assisi, and forget the mystical Francis? and in reading the life of that singularly interesting man, would not the grey walls, ancient buildings, and glorious paintings of his native city rise up before us?

How the Italians, even now in this matter-of-fact age, cherish the memory of their native saint! How every detail of his life, whether historical or traditional, is fondly remembered! What an undying interest generation after generation feel in his deeds and words! We sometimes scoff at the Italians for this hero-

worship; but after all it may not be a bad thing to take the example of a holy man for a model, and to imitate whatever was good and righteous in him! We are also hero-worshippers; but we venerate the name of a statesman or general who happens to have been a native of our town or village.

But I am wandering, and must return to my subject, the cathedral at Pisa. The nave has been spoken about, and we now come to the choir and apse, which are richer in ornament, as they escaped the fire which did so much damage to the building towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Before leaving the cathedral we must mention that the name of the architect was Burchetto, and a great genius he must have been, for the building is one of the most remarkable in Italy, and far in advance of its contemporaries. Its origin arose from the victory of the State over the Saracens in the middle of the eleventh century; the warlike Pisans having beaten the enemy at the port of Palermo, and returned home with six ships heavily laden with valuable booty. With a truly mediæval spirit they determined to spend their gains in erecting a mighty monument to surpass all others in architectural grandeur and costly splendour; and that this monument should take the form of a church is surely an evidence of religious fervour and gratitude to their Maker on the part of these ancient warriors.

Perhaps in some cases it would have been better for the Italians to have built fewer churches, and have expended more money on their poorer brethren; and a common idea with us is that the early Italian states exhausted themselves by building such costly edifices, and that a good deal of their decline may be attributed to this. But the opinion is hardly tenable; much more likely that it arose from civil and foreign wars, or, more likely still, from mere natural causes—the inevitable decline of all states and kingdoms that have had their share of civilisation and success, and have died, or are dying, a natural death. Nations are like individuals. However careful we are of ourselves, however particular never to commit any excess, anything, in fact, against the laws of health, and whatever pains we take to ward off decline, we shall most inevitably follow the natural course.

“At first from age to age we ripe and ripe,
And then from age to age we rot and rot.”

And as the Italian states had their share of success, they only followed the example of all things human in declining from their former prosperity.

But as I write this, the fact comes before me that, notwithstanding its wonderful classic and mediæval past, Italy as an united state undoubtedly has a future before it, and even at the present moment is a great country, and one of increasing prosperity. This does not contradict the above, for the old states and their capital cities have sadly declined, but the spirit and enterprise which so greatly distinguished them still live in many parts of Italy. Like a man who has had local ailments, but whose general health is reviving, the glorious peninsula may again be foremost in the world, and defy old age, and prove itself the one country which can never die.

After the cathedral we visited the Baptistery, a beautiful circular structure also of white marble, and built in three stories surmounted by a cone, next to the leaning tower the best known building of the group. It was stated in the last article that the Baptistery even by moonlight was seen to be more ornate than its companions. Daylight showed us that this ornamentation is of a different date from the main structure, and is pointed Gothic.

Commenced in the middle of the twelfth century, thus later than the cathedral, but

rather earlier than the Campanile, the Baptistery was started in the same style of architecture as those buildings, but owing to lack of funds was not completed until the fourteenth century; and the mediæval men, who nearly always built in the style in vogue at the time, added the Gothic additions, which are said by purists to mar the general effect. Nine people out of ten, however, will agree that the later additions add very much to the beauty of the Baptistery, and make it externally the most attractive building in the Piazza del Duomo.

As we were entering we heard what appeared to us to be the tones of a grand organ—a sonorous, majestic, and perfect triad, which could only proceed from the diapason notes of the king of musical instruments. The moment we entered I looked for the organ, but saw at a glance that there was not one. Could the sounds have come from a harmonium? No, they were too clear and “pure” to have proceeded from that instrument. As we were wondering from whence the sounds came, another triad was heard, bell-like and beautiful, and we then discovered that the harmony was simply caused by the custodian singing three notes in succession. We could scarcely believe it; pleasing echoes are no doubt often produced by these means, but that such beautiful sounds could be thus caused seemed almost incredible. This may seem an exaggeration, but I am sure that the majority of people on entering the Baptistery and hearing such harmony would have been convinced that the building contained a very perfect organ.

The interior of the Baptistery is not especially interesting, except for the superb pulpit by Nicolo Pisano. This great work, one of the masterpieces of a great genius, is hexagonal, and rests upon nine pillars. There are five bas-reliefs, all of surpassing beauty; four representing scenes from the life of our Lord, the remaining one being the Last Judgment. The sixth side of the pulpit is formed by the staircase.

After seeing the Baptistery we walked about the piazza, ascended the leaning tower, and entered the cathedral again, and it was afternoon before we found ourselves at the entrance of the long, low building known as the Campo Santo, or garden of the dead. Externally, it is less interesting than its three companions, but its interior contains valuable monuments, statues, and sarcophagi, and above all its walls are covered with original frescoes of extraordinary interest and value. The building is 415 feet long, and was chiefly built in the thirteenth century, from the design of Giovanni Pisano; there are, however, many Gothic additions of a later date. The frescoes are almost all of the fourteenth century, and the finest are the work of the Pisan painter, Andrea Orcagna. Many of the frescoes are of huge size, and contain several scenes, being, in fact, perfect histories on walls. Some of the pictures are allegorical, such as “The Triumph of Death”; others descriptive, like the Life of St. Raniero; some contain perfect Biblical histories, and others consist of vast representations of the Crucifixion, the Last Judgment, Hell, etc.

Many tourists just glance at the frescoes, and seeing their damaged appearance pass on, and thus miss many a lesson in early Italian art, and many a charming mediæval legend quite intelligible to the careful observer. But above all they miss the grand Christian truths portrayed with such realistic ability by the old painter and moralist. For instance, how much is taught by the huge picture on the south wall, evidently allegorical of the Triumph of Death! Look at the cavaliers and ladies seated under orange groves, sumptuously apparelled, and listening to sweet music! The people are evidently of high degree, and the group is

symbolical of the pleasures of life. But lo! Death is approaching them in the guise of an awful woman swinging a scythe. Many princes and dignitaries have already fallen under her ghastly weapon, and their souls in the guise of infants are seen emerging from their bodies; some to be borne upwards to realms of eternal peace; others, alas! in the hands of fiends, are carried to the regions of the lost, here represented by a fiery volcano; while a few are the objects of contention between angels and demons, who wrestle with one another for the mastery. How this portion of the picture brings before us the unexpected and fearfully unwelcome approach of death! How we despise the pleasure and frivolity of life, when we realise what its termination may be! Then turn to another portion of the picture and see a group of God's poor—men and women in rags, suffering from crippled limbs and incurable maladies. The world has no joys for such as these, and they pray for a deliverance from their life of unending misery and pain. But death hearkens not to their cry, and pursues her way where she is most unexpected and most unwelcome.

These two groups form one part of the picture, and are separated by a rock from two other subjects. The lower of these is a party of richly attired men and women on horseback, accompanied with dogs and falcons. They are evidently returning from the chase, when their path is intercepted by three open sepulchres, and near to these an aged man holding a scroll containing words which refer to death. The hunters are not impressed; the sepulchres point no moral to them; and one of the party holds his nose to escape the smell of corruption. One charming lady only is touched with the sight, and bows her beautiful head with an expression of great sorrow. Thus it is with us. We are continually brought face to face with death, but few, very few, of us learn from it the lesson we might. "Of course people are always dying; but it is not my turn. I am not going to die yet."

Above the hunters is a group of men who are engaged in tilling the land, milking a doe, and reading for their own and other people's benefit. These are the true philosophers, and death, which they neither fear nor long for, is here not portrayed.

The "Triumph of Death" is perhaps the finest work in the Campo Santo; but the picture of the "Last Judgment," also on the south wall, and by the same painter, Andrea Orcagna, is very interesting. As usual, the blessed are to the right of the picture and the wicked on the left, while below is the earth, where the graves are open and giving out their dead, angels parting the good from the bad. Those on the right side have a beautiful, tranquil expression, but it would be hard to describe the agony and utter despair of the lost. Orcagna has, indeed, represented the

awful character of the final judgment with terrible power, and well does he bring before us the incalculable difference in the ultimate fate of those that have led a good life and those that have abandoned themselves to sin.

The "Pandemonium" is attached to the left of the picture of the "Judgment," and is really a continuation of it. Here, of course, everything is horrible. Seated in the centre of the picture is a colossal figure of Lucifer, with the horns and forehead of a bull, and the snout of

curious of all, is represented by a group of women with high hats, somewhat resembling the present fashion, only of paper; their faces are hideous, but they hold hand-glasses, and are intently gazing at themselves.

The "Pandemonium," though designed by the great Orcagna, is the work of his brother, and is garish and coarse, vastly inferior to the "Judgment" and the "Triumph of Death."

The three pictures which I have attempted to describe are the most interesting in the Campo Santo; but many of the others deserve to be carefully studied, as also do many of the monuments and sarcophagi. But we must now take leave of the Campo Santo, and also of the Piazza del Duomo; but, before leaving Pisa, I will relate a little adventure we had, which shows that the women tout no less than the men are ever on the look out to "turn a penny," whether honest or otherwise.

My friend and I were choosing a Carrara marble model of the Baptistery, in a shop adjoining the little chapel of La Madonna della Spina, when we found that we had not brought sufficient money with us, so I returned to the hotel to get more. On returning I could not find my friend, and an old woman, who appeared to be looking out for me, pointed to the door of the chapel, and said in good English, "He is in there." I accordingly entered the chapel, and she quickly following, locked the door after her, and commenced to describe the altars, statues, etc., to me. But my friend was not in the chapel, and I saw that a trick had been practised upon me, and telling the woman to "stop jabbering, and let me out at once," I commenced to tug at the door. She laughed, held up the key, and continued her remarks on the chapel. It was very annoying. I could not get the key without a struggle, and that of course was out of the question. But I was not to be "done" so easily, and I threatened to shout if she did not let me out at once. This she said she was willing to do on payment of a lira, for showing me the chapel. I paid the money at once, glad to get off so easily, and returned home to the hotel, vowing vengeance against the rascally Italian touts.

Meanwhile, my friend, who had taken a walk, and thus missed me, returned to the marble shop, thinking I should be there. The old woman was evidently on the look-out for him, and she had the cool impertinence to decoy him into the chapel with the same pretext which had been so successful with me. In fact, my friend was even worse off, for he had to give two francs for his ransom, probably because I had paid up so willingly.

We afterwards met the woman, and she, not in the least disconcerted, made us a low curtsy, and muttered some words of thanks, and we could not help laughing at a trick which was so characteristic of the Italian tout.

(To be continued.)



GALILEO'S LAMP.

a wild hog. He is chewing and spitting out a figure—probably Judas—and round about him and beneath are the wicked, and from the various devices we can guess what were their besetting sins. Thus, a series of figures with their hands tied behind them, seated at a table spread with viands, are the gluttonous. The group gnawing their own flesh are those that have given way to anger. The tongues of the malicious and calumniators are being drawn out with pincers; and vanity, the most

VARIETIES.

WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.—Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in the night to the top and by skilful hands may soon be whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

ON GOOD TERMS WITH EVERYBODY.—If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

SLOW PROGRESS.—One reason why we all grow wise so slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

THE DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHER.—There was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

LOOKING BACK.—Joyful remembrance of wrong actions is their half repentition, as repentant remembrance of good ones is their half abolition.

MODEL HUSBANDS.

There are a good many men in this world who know all about what a wife should be, but who have very hazy ideas about the component parts of a model husband.

A STRAIN ON THE AFFECTIONS.—A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.—*George Eliot.*

SUPERIOR LANGUAGE.

"Mamma," said Mrs. Meagrim's daughter, "The superfluity of water Destroys its flavourality, And quite obnoxious makes the tea."



FLORENCE,
FROM BELLOSGUARDO.



THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.



HERE are such numbers of interesting cities in Italy, all of which we are told it is our duty to see. The capital towns of the old States are all different from one another; all have individual characteristics, and, to a certain

extent, a separate art history. It is an unpardonable offence to pass one by. Our artistic friends advise us to commence at the most northern point of the Peninsula, and gradually work our way down south. They hold up their hands in horror at the idea of our leaving out Brescia, Vicenza, Cremona, Mantua, &c., from our North Italian tour, and they are equally indignant that Parma, Modena, Pistoia, and a host of others are to be passed by in our second visit. According to these enthusiasts, every city is the most interesting in Italy. If you pass by one place you will miss the finest Renaissance work in the whole Peninsula; if you don't go to a second, you will not see some masterpieces of a great artist; a third city that is not on your list contains a church or a palace unequalled in Europe, and so on. This is very perplexing, for without we have unlimited time and money at our disposal, it would take many years to see all that *must* be seen in Italy.

It is, however, recognized by the vast majority of people that there are four cities which stand like giants above the rest; unequalled in Italy for their historical interest, artistic importance, and general magnificence. These,

I need hardly say, are Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. My friend and I attempted in a former series of papers to give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER our impression of the singular city on the Adriatic. Venice is the most unique place in Europe, and perhaps the most romantic. Its site, its buildings, its history are quite unlike those of any other city. It may be said that Florence cannot show so great an individuality, or so much that is curious, or so much that is romantic. But Florence contains an amount of art treasure unequalled by any city, with the possible exception of Rome. Its churches, campanili, palaces, picture galleries, streets, and bridges are interesting beyond measure, and the delightful situation of the city, surrounded by lofty hills, some surmounted by the remains of ancient towns, is beautiful in the extreme. Well is it surnamed "la bella."

Moreover, Florence is comparatively little altered, and every street brings recollections of great painters, great sculptors, great writers, men whose influence was felt not only in Italy, but over the greater portion of Europe. The city has given to the world some of the greatest minds that God has ever made. It has been the birthplace, or workshop, or both, of painters never equalled, of sculptors and architects not surpassed in modern times, of men whose writings have undying fame, of scientific men, of politicians, of philosophers without number.

Utterly insignificant in classic times, Florence was later in its development than most of the Italian cities. Under the rule of the Medici, in the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries, Florence was the

heart of intellectual Italy. It was the focus of talent and pioneer of refined civilisation. The Eternal City itself was almost insignificant in comparison. Here lived the immortal Dante, Boccaccio, and others, whose influence in literature was so great that Florence may almost be said to have been the founder of the modern Italian language.

It was Florence that commenced what is called the great art revival of the fourteenth century. Cimabue and Giotto, both Florentines, introduced an altogether new era in art, and founded a school of painting, which was to become not only greater than any that had preceded it, but unapproachable to this day; a model to all countries and to all times. The development of the school was, of course, not confined to Florence, but for a century and a half it produced the greatest masters, and exercised a paramount influence over the other cities of Italy.

In the golden age of painting, which may be said to have been between the years 1480 and 1550 A.D., when the art arrived at a state as nearly perfect as the human mind is capable of, Florence still produced a large share of the greatest men. The three kings of painting, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, were all at one time engaged in Florence, and though some of Michael Angelo's and Raphael's greatest works are to be found in Rome, a large portion of their art education is connected with the city on the Arno. And in the sister art of sculpture, the Florentines Della Robbia, the Ghiberti, Donatello, Michael Angelo, and others, have only been surpassed by the immortal geniuses of ancient Greece. And at Florence lived Galileo, the great astronomer,

and Machiavelli, and he who has given his name to a vast new world, Amerigo Vespucci, and others whose fame is now as great as it was in the past, and will always be as great until the end of time.

Add to this that the Florence of to-day is, except for the removal of its grand old walls, much the same as it was during the rule of the Medici. Walk through the narrow lofty streets, enter the huge and icy churches, wander along the Lung' Arno, ascend the hill to the church of S. Miniato, where a matchless panorama of glorious buildings is enfolded beneath you, and you will realise that a gem of mediæval times has been handed down to us unspoiled and but little altered; not a ghostly inanimate corpse like Pisa, not a poverty-stricken and fever-beladen ruin like Orvieto, but a bright city, sadly fallen, undoubtedly, from its former magnificence, yet by no means without vitality and signs of future prosperity.

To approach such a city as this without enthusiasm would be impossible, and our anxiety to reach Florence would, I think, be shared by the majority of people who are so fortunate as to visit the Sunny South. Arrived at the station, we drove to one of the large hotels in the Piazza della Trinità, situated near the Arno, in a convenient and central position. Unfortunately all things on this earth of ours have their disadvantages, and Florence, which has been so well provided for, both nature and art having bestowed upon it their choicest treasures, is cursed in winter and early spring, at all events, with a perfect fiend in the shape of an icy and penetrating wind. It rushes from the surrounding mountains down into the narrow streets, and seems to freeze the very marrow in one's bones. It took all the romance out of us, and only left a longing for the creature comforts of boiling coffee and a blazing fire. Our landlord, however, quickly supplied our wants, a log fire was lighted in our bedroom, and having partaken of some deliciously warm coffee, we began to arrange our programme for the day.

Where there is so much to see, it is difficult to know what to visit first. Many people make it a rule, when in a strange city, to visit the Cathedral first. There is always something interesting about the chief church, and it is often, especially in Italy, surrounded by other important buildings. The Cathedral at Florence, Giotto's incomparable campanile, and the magnificent Baptistery, may be said to be the most attractive group in the city, and we decided that it would be a good plan to direct our steps to it.

My friend would not take Bædeker, as the red cover attracts the curiosity of people and the importunities of touts. A few steps brought us to the river, and turning to the left we continued our walk along the Lung' Arno. We soon came in sight of the Ponte Vecchio, one of the most interesting bridges in all Italy. The lower portion of this bridge, consisting of three arches, is very solid; and well it is, for it has to support a street of shops and houses, the whole surmounted by a long roofed gallery, with windows at regular intervals. Such a curious old-world bridge! it looks like a design made from a mediæval chronicle. What funny old houses, looking as if they would fall into the water! and so irregular that they seem to have been built in order to look picturesque. Then the perfectly straight gallery above looks as if it would swamp the tumble-down old houses, like an extinguisher.

A little beyond the Ponte Vecchio we turned to the left, and soon found ourselves in a large Piazza, shut in by buildings of singular interest. We had taken the wrong direction to get to the Cathedral, and had arrived at the famous Piazza della Signoria, the centre of activity in Florence—almost to that city what

the Piazza of St. Mark is to Venice. The huge embattled building, with its mast-like bell-tower, we recognized as the Palazzo Vecchio, the work of the great architect, Arnolfo di Lapo. Near to it, and approached by three vast circular arches resting on Corinthian pillars, is a great open hall, with a vaulted roof. This is the equally famous Loggia di Lanzi. Underneath the arches, and in the hall, are groups of sculpture—master-works by Donatello, Benvenuto Cellini, Giovanni da Bologna, and others. The Loggia is said to have been designed by Orcagna, who, my readers may remember, was the painter of "The Triumph of Death" and "The Last Judgment," in the Campo Santo, at Pisa.

My readers must realize that the Loggia is like a portico closed in on two sides, but open from the front. It is a beautiful structure, and its interest is of course greatly enhanced by the magnificent works of sculpture between the arches. These Loggias, which are generally attached to a palace or a public building, were erected in order that the inmates, or important men, might witness the gatherings in the Piazza without mixing with the crowd, and also no doubt that they might have the advantage of the fresh air, and yet be protected from sun and rain.

I have said that the massive Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia di Lanzi help to form the Piazza della Signoria, and other interesting palaces are collected round the square. This Piazza is now, and has been for ages, the focus of life in Florence, the spot where the people have congregated to air their grievances or to force their opinions on their rulers, the scene of many a fight, and the meeting place of politicians, of philosophers, of artists, and of warriors. Here must have taken place numberless scuffles between the adherents of the Guelphs and of the Ghibellines. Here may have been collected together in artistic conference, Brunelleschi the architect, Ghiberti and Donatello the sculptors, and Masaccio and Filippo Lippi the painters. Here Lorenzo the Magnificent must have held many princely pageants. Many a time has this pavement been trodden by that superb triumvirate Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. But above all the Piazza is the scene of Savonarola's mighty oratory, of his extraordinary triumphs, and of his tragic end.

No one can visit the Piazza della Signoria without recalling the great preacher and his chequered career. Commencing his mission about the year 1490 A.D., Savonarola endeavoured to stir up among the Florentines a deeper religious feeling, and to protest against the luxury and frivolity of the times. He was triumphant for a time; so much so, that in the year 1495 he was made practically a dictator, the son of Lorenzo de' Medici having been exiled in the previous year. The Florentines became extraordinarily religious, and the Piazza della Signoria was the scene of those singular ceremonies, the like of which had scarcely been seen since the days of the apostles. In the presence of vast crowds and of the leading men of the city, all emblems of vanity, such as costly dresses, false hair, mirrors, and even works of art, were brought to the Piazza and burnt, as a practical proof of sincere repentance.

Unfortunately, such sudden reforms and such religious fervour are but too often short-lived, and the old spirit of the Florentines soon began to revolt against Savonarola and his teaching. Assailed from without and within, the great preacher quickly lost both power and popularity. The Convent of St. Mark was no sanctuary for him; he was dragged from thence to the Palazzo Vecchio to be tortured. Finally he was led out with his companion to his death, which took place in the self-same

Piazza which had witnessed his greatest triumphs, and before the very people who were so affected by his preaching as to ~~destroy their~~ costly treasures, thereby hoping to ~~atone for~~ past sins and to propitiate the Most High.

And the historic Piazza—how little it is changed! People pass to and fro, buy and sell, idle, congregate together, just as of old. But, alas! the crowds now contain no Dante, no Donatello, no Michael Angelo, no Galileo. Still there is vigour in Florence, and I pointed out to my friend a group of men gabbling and gesticulating in angry tones over the details of the Italian defeats in Abyssinia. How savage they looked! The martial spirit of the Guelphs and Ghibellines still exists; the pride of a distinguished race was present with those men. Florence cannot again hope to lead; the glory of independent action is probably forever denied her; but she is a limb of an important kingdom, which is recovering in its unity some of its former greatness. The individual glory of the various states, just as the universal sway of Imperial Rome, has passed away. Italy, however, rises again, phoenix-like, but in another form. May its future be not unworthy of its mighty past!

We left the Piazza, and, proceeding down the arcades of the Uffizi Gallery, again arrived at the Lung' Arno. We then crossed the river by the Ponte alle Grazie, the oldest of the Florentine bridges, and commenced to climb the eminence leading to the Church of S. Miniato. The summit of this hill is interesting in many ways. Here it was that Michael Angelo, the artist, architect, sculptor, and poet, assumed the character of engineer and warrior. The forces of Pope and Emperor were being employed against the republic of Florence, in order to force upon it the hereditary rule of the Medici family. The Florentines had formerly elected several members of this family to be their rulers—in the case of Cosimo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and others, with great advantage to themselves; but their proud spirit would not brook interference from without; they would not have a ruler forced upon them. Under the leadership of Michael Angelo the republic struggled for eleven months in this unequal fight, and that it was able to do so was in a great measure owing to that great man, who, not content with being sculptor, artist, architect, and poet, must now assume the rôle of warrior, and employ his mighty energy to defend his beloved city from foreign aggression.

But it was neither to witness the scene of Michael Angelo's warfare, nor to visit the interesting church of S. Miniato, that we had climbed the hill. Our object was to gain a panoramic view of Florence. And we had chosen our time well. The day was drawing to a close, in all the majesty of an Italian sunset. The snow on the distant Apennines glittered like silver. The lofty eminence surmounted by Fiesole, and the attendant hills looked like giants keeping guard over the ancient city. And Florence itself, bathed in a flood of glorious light, the palaces, terraces, and churches, lit up with purple and gold; Brunelleschi's perfect dome, the ivory-like cathedral and its attendants, the graceful campanile and huge Baptistery; the stern embattled front of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its curious and lofty tower; all these great buildings, and countless others, each so beautiful and so perfect, what a grand group they make! What a splendid panorama it is! And the glorious sunset lit up the city with magic power and showed us every detail, and converted the Arno into a running stream of molten silver, and exaggerated if possible the beauty of a city, which even in Italy, the land of beauty, has received the epithet of "la bella."

We tarried for a long time on the hill of S. Miniato, until the purple and the gold had

disappeared behind the snow-clad Apennines, and had given place to a cold grey. Still Florence was beautiful, but with the beauty of old age. The palaces, churches, steeples and bridges were all ghost-like, and seemed to tell of greatness which is past, and of an art which is no more. By-and-by the dark shadows of night crept over the city, and one by one the buildings gradually disappeared from our view.

We had rather a difficulty in finding our hotel, the evening was so dark, and we missed our way several times. After a while, however, we found the Piazza della Trinita, and got to the hotel just in time for the late table d'hôte. It was at this dinner that we heard for the first time of the earthquakes which had worked such destruction and filled Europe with con-

sternation, and which, moreover, we had ourselves only just escaped from. It was about four hours after we had left Genoa, on our return journey from the Riviera, and while we were travelling to Pisa, that these terrible convulsions of Nature took place, and we had heard nothing about them, though in far-off London the news was over two days old.

There were at dinner, besides ourselves, two Americans and a stately German, who was our informant, and who dilated on the terrible loss of life and the enormous amount of suffering and damage the earthquakes had caused. Unfortunately his narrative was disfigured with much exaggeration. The number of the dead he multiplied by ten, and he as greatly overstated the damage to property. The

Americans, like ourselves, had heard nothing of the occurrence, and we all four disbelieved the German's story; and he, instead of trying to convince us, or leaving the matter alone, flew into a violent temper, threw down his chair, and rushed out of the room, slamming the door after him.

We could not help laughing at such a childish display of temper; we did not laugh, however, the next morning when the English papers arrived, and we read of the loss of life and damage which, though greatly exaggerated by the German, were truly appalling, and we uttered a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty that we had been allowed to escape from a terrible death in a foreign land.

(To be continued.)



THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

BRAVO, GIRLS!

How merrily the money comes pouring in from our generous and loving-hearted girls!

The kind letters from both rich and poor, enclosing contributions and offering suggestions as to the locality for the new Home, show how real is their delight in helping the sick to health and strength.

God grant that we may continue as we have begun, and with His approving smile we may do much for those who are especially His—the poor lambs of His flock.

EDITOR.

Christmas Eve, 1887.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged, £31 6s. 11d.

A Reader of the G.O.P., 1s., Bertha Black (collected), 7s., Florence Newbold (1s. per annum promised), Miss G. Hebden (collected) 2s. 3d., Kathleen Allwright, 1s. 6d., M. P. . . . , 6d., S. H., 1s., Edith and Jessie Brody, 1s., Miss H. Kirkpatrick, 2s., Lottie Rice and Dil Ashley (collected), 4s., A Reader of the G.O.P., 3d., Miss Macduff, 5s., Ernest, 5s., Margaret J. Walpole, 6d., Annie E. Johnson and Emma Forster, 1s., Four Readers of G.O.P., 1s., Irene, 6d., Miss J. R. Nicholson, 2s., Shirley, 2s. 6d., Huley Parish Sunday School, 5s., Ten Greenacres Bobbin Reelers, 10d., Mary Fleet and Sister, 5s., Hatty Baker, 5s., B. T. E., 1s., Mary Scoles and Sister, 1s., K., 6d., Mab, 6d., Ethel Bingen, 1s., Mary C. Peasegood, 1s., Mrs. Georgiana Last (5s. per annum promised), Minnie Florence Smith, 1s., Ada Scholey, 3d., One of the Girls, 2s. 6d., E. Coutts, 1s., Lucy H. Bates, 6d., Oxwich, 1s., A New Girl, 1s., C. A. Wiht, 6d., M. E. Suffolk (collected), 10s. 6d., Ethel Bessie Smith (collected), 2s. 6d., D. K., 6d., S. Goatchen, 4s. 6d., E. A. T. Minehead, 1s., E. J. L., 1s., Ever a Well-wisher, 2s., C. A. Gunson, 6d., Beryle, 6d., Gertrude Eddison (collected), 2s. 3d., Florence Steen, 6d., Mrs. Colburn, 2s. 6d., Three Readers of the Paper, 1s. 6d., Two of the Readers of the G.O.P., 1s., Polly Garratt, 1s., M. M. Haydon (three readers), 2s. 6d., Lucy C. Grindley, 5s. 6d., Adèle (2 fr.), 1s. 8d., E. A. Lord (collected),

5s., Ethel Mary Freese, 2s. 6d., Four Sisters' 6d., A. Law, 6d., A. Taylor, 1d., A. Crosier 6d., Four Sisters, 1s., Edith Mary Wells, 1s., Alice A. Nagle, 10s. 6d., Gertie Haldane (collected), 1s., L. H., 1s., Annie Ricketts (collected), 2s., Alice G. Lingwood (collected), 1s., Florence Fairmaner, 1s. 6d., The Borders, 6d., Three Girls, 1s., Mabel Domaille (collected), 5s., Mrs. Hayward Strudwick (5s. per annum promised), 10s., S. Auglin (1s. per annum promised), A Second Class Certificate, 2s., Mrs. Clements (collected), 2s. 6d., Frances Louisa Hewlett, 1s., M. F., 5s., E. W., 6d., Gertrude Coates (collected), 1s. 6d., Dena Robertson, 6d., Amy L. Watson (collected), 10d., Ongar, 3s. 6d., Mary A. Crane and Sister, 2s., L. G. W. (1s. per annum promised), Miss Speer, 6s., G. C. E., 1s., Ida McDowall, 9d., L. A. P., 1s., Three Friends, 1s., Miss Robinson, 1s., A. E. C. (collected), 1s., A. O. S., 1s., L. H. (collected), 1s. 6d., E. A. T. (collected), 1s. 6d., E. Consterdine (collected), 9d., Louise, 2s., Ellen E. H. White (collected), 1s. 6d., "Little Motherless One," 1d., Meg, 1d., Mrs. Rhind, 6d., S. A. Robinson (collected), 2s., M. Boxall (collected), 1s. 6d., Constance Nelson, 1s., Maggie Selbie, 1s., Christmas Rose, 3d., Johanna Lyth, 1s., Three Readers, 1s. 6d., "An Old Girl" (collected) (£1 per annum promised), 5s., E. Barber, 1s., Mrs. Mylchrest, 2s., L. Watson, 1s., Evelyn Dennison Burney, 1s., The Misses Wilson, 2s., Two Ms, 2s., L. M. Wray (collected), 4s., "A Lover of the G.O.P.," 1s., C. W., 1d., Ella (collected), 1s., A Lover of the G.O.P., 1s., Ida Reed (collected), 1s. 0½d., E. P., 3s., "A Middle-aged Woman who Enjoys the G.O.P.," 2s. 6d., N. Robinson (collected), 6d., L. Middleton, 6d., Charlotte Rutter, 1s. 6d., E. E., 3s., E. H. J. and Sister, 2s., Mary Lowing, 1s., H. Light (5s. per annum promised), 2s. 6d., A Lover of the G.O.P., 6d., Mary S. Bassett, 2s., K. K., 1s. 6d., M. C. T., 1s., A Reader of the G.O.P., 6d., Two Servants, 1s. 6d., Isabel Parr (collected), 1s., M. H. S., 1s., "Birdie," 6d., Miss Robinson (collected), 5s., Alice M. Bone, 6d., Lily Smith (5s. per annum pro-

* This letter had never been sealed, and consequently we have not received the money.

mised) and Two Servants, 5s. 4d., A. R. B. and Friends, 2s., A Reader of the G.O.P., 1s., Spes, 4d., Edwina Murray, 5s., Miss Fitzgerald (collected), 3s., J. and A. Wilks, 4s. 2d., E. A. Newby, 1s., Gladys, 1d., A. H. Kenny, 6d., Elsie Annie Bennet (collected), 10s., "Doncaster," £4, J. M., 6d., Edith H. Watson, 1s., E. Pratt, 6d., Lizzie Smith (collected), 4s., Clara Dickens (collected), 2s., Myrrh, 1s., Janie (£1 1s. per annum promised), 2s. 6d., A. C. B., 4d., A. F., and H. Beasley, 1s. 6d., "A Country Girl," 1d., C. M. and A. Cumming, 3s., Florence L. Fisher, 1s., Lucy Nicoll (5s. per annum promised), Miss Cannell and Sister (10s. per annum promised), 3s., "Sixpence" (collected), 2s. 8d., J. Walter (collected), 4s. 6d., Mary Anne Noltir, 1s. 1d., S. Smith (collected), 2s., M. A. S., 5s., E. M. James (collected), 2s., Anon from New Kilpatrick, 1s., Mary F. Code (collected), 2s., C. Hopps, 1s., C. J. J., 3d., Edith J. Lewis, 1s., A Reader and Sister, 4d., A Reader, 1s., A. Esskine (collected), 3s. 3d., T. Ellis, 1s. 2d., The Girls at 4, Braybrooke-road, Hastings, 2s. 6d., Augusta Arnold, 1s., K. B., 6d., A. F. M., 1s. 6d., From Bronlledraeth, 2s., S. E. Simpkin, 1s., Miss Hephzibah, 2s., Alice M. B., 2s., A Trio, 1s., Mrs. Lynn (collected), 2s., L. Pither, 2s., M. S. Royston, 3s. 6d., Eight Sisters, 2s. 6d., Sissy Hague, 1s. 6d., Franck, 1d., Lyddy L. Barley (collected), 1s. 6d., Nelly Tighe (collected), 3s. 6d., A Mite, 6d., B. M. Wray, 1s., Mrs. Thomas (collected), 1s., T. L. N. (collected), 2s., L. A. J., 6d., Mrs. Brown (collected), 2s. 6d., A. Lambourn, 1s., Miss J. Hindley Collard, 1s., G. A. Elliott, 1s., "Young Australia" (collected), 6s. 9d., Mrs. Coates, 1s., T. S. Arthy, 6d., Miss Asby, 3s., A Working Girl, 1s., J. Wilson, 10s., K. Telfer, 3d., Lizzie and Emily Barnsley, 4s. 7d., H. R., 1s., Edith Tugwood (collected), 2s. 2d., Mrs. Eleanor Willcox (collected), 6s. 6d., Adelaide Dix Hawkin, 6d., E. D., R. P., and H. M., 1s. 6d., Miss James, 2s. 6d., L. Parsons, 2s., The Misses M., £1 5s., M. Crawford, 1s., Mary L. Evans (collected), 2s., E. P. C., 1s. 6d., Alice Birtwistle (collected), 2s., Miss Drinkwater, 1s., Amy R., 1s., Mrs. J. S. Ross, 1s.

Total amount received, £58 13s. 3½d.



MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.
(Raphael.)

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.



FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.



THE NEW FACADE OF FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.



THE few hours that had been left us on the day of our arrival in Florence had been spent in visiting the Piazza della Signoria and the adjacent buildings, in wandering along the Lung' Arno, and in climbing the hill of S.

Miniato, in order to gain a panoramic view of the city. It had been intensely cold, with that raw wind for which Florence is celebrated in the winter months. The next day was bright and sunny, and far warmer than the preceding, and we were rather surprised at the busy aspect of the city. Numbers of people were wandering about, our own countrymen being largely represented, not only by tourists, but by resident English, for we are quite a colony in Florence, especially during the spring and autumn. Florence is, however, by no means a city given over to tourists, or dependent upon them; there seems to be plenty of business being done, and there is more activity and life than is to be found in most Italian cities.

This appearance of prosperity is said, however, not to be borne out by the financial condition of the city. The people are heavily taxed, and since the year 1871, when it ceased to be the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, Rome having supplanted it, the great revival which seemed to be in store for the city on the Arno has either been nipped in the bud or postponed to another generation. Be this as it may, Florence presents a by no means cheerless aspect to the casual tourist, and the bright shops and air of fashion disappoint many people who, when in Italy, wish for artistic and poetical repose.

It may be remembered that we had failed to arrive at the Cathedral in our first ramble from our hotel, so we took another direction this time, through a more populous part of the city. What tortuous and narrow streets, what numbers of palaces and churches, and how closely built the city is, and what a teeming population it seems to possess! The houses are somewhat gloomy-looking, and many are built of dark and now grimy stone. The heavy projecting cornices, which must temper the heat in summer, add to the sombre effect of the narrow streets in winter, and the gratings and battlements bear evidence to the turbulent and restless spirit of the Florentines of bygone days. With what interest we gaze at the old palaces and houses, which by inscription or tradition we know to have been inhabited by the great of the past. There is very little restoration, and save for the crumbling of a stone here and there, and the subdued colouring of the hand of time, we might have been transported to the golden days of Florence. The modern Tuscans, with their bright costumes and intelligent faces, seem—with their buildings—to unite the present with bygone days. Picturesque streets alone will not enable us to live in the past. An intelligent population, busy and eager crowds, are necessary to keep up the illusion. If we have not these, if the people are miserable-looking, and give us the appearance of being mere caretakers of their city, then melancholy thoughts rise in our minds, the past seems cut off from us, an infinite chasm separates us from the great of old.

We approached the Cathedral by a wide street; but before we came in sight of it my friend pulled my arm, and, almost with fear in his countenance, pointed to a procession of men, about twenty in number, each dressed in a long black robe, with a cowl over the head, completely covering the face, except for two small apertures for the eyes. Four were carrying a coffin over their shoulders, and others

candles. Their ghastly dress and quick, noiseless walk gave them the appearance of spectres, and our natural impulse was to get away as quickly as possible; the black robe and cowl gave them such an uncanny appearance. After the first shock we recognised these spectres as the "brothers of the Misericordia," and certainly neither we nor anyone else need fear these self-denying men, always ready to minister to the sick and bury the dead. Six centuries have seen these "brothers" and benefited by their works of charity, for they do not receive any remuneration for their work. It would be supposed that only those in the direst extremity of poverty would enrol themselves as members, but this is not the case. All classes of men, from peer to peasant, are included in the brotherhood; even princes have donned the black robe and cowl of the "Misericordia."

There are curious enigmas in this life of ours. We had scarcely lost sight of the "brothers of mercy," when a group of soldiers passed us. Such a merry-looking lot of fellows; evidently they had returned from practice, for they were cracking jokes and singing with much gusto. They looked the embodiment of happiness and good-fellowship, and yet they carried about them implements of death, and their *raison d'être*, so to speak, is to be ready in an emergency to destroy their fellow men, and inflict terrible agony. Curious indeed that they should suggest friendliness and *bonhomie*, whereas the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men, minister to them in their last agony, and give them Christian burial, almost terrified us.

Our readers may remember that the Cathedral of S. Mark, at Venice, is approached in one direction from a magnificent Piazza formed by rows of stately palaces. We approach the great church in another direction from the Grand Canal, on our right being the huge Gothic pile of the Ducal palace, and on our left that perfect example of the Renaissance, the Library of S. Mark. These two approaches to the Cathedral of Venice respectively, the Piazza of S. Mark and the Piazzetta, are, as I have said, formed by rows of splendid buildings, which, with their satellitious attendance upon the glorious Cathedral of S. Mark, constitute a group of buildings which, with one possible exception, is the most magnificent I have seen. The possible exception is the group of buildings in the Piazza del Duomo at Pisa; but these are almost outside the melancholy city. They may once have formed part of Pisa, but now they have their own companionship and solitude, and seem to discard the ghostly remains of a once powerful capital.

Now, the Cathedral at Florence, with its noble relations the Campanile and the Baptistery, is approached by a Piazza scarcely worthy of the name, is situated in the very centre of the city, and in one of the busiest parts of it, bustle and activity surrounding it on all sides. And does the bustle and activity constitute a disturbing influence? Not a bit of it. I was going to say that the Cathedral, though commenced in the thirteenth century, looks a work of yesterday. This would be an exaggeration, but it gives one no idea of age. The feeling which came over me, when first looking at it, was not so much one of admiration as of wonder. I hope I am no Philistine, but it looked to me like a colossal inlaid workbox. It seemed almost unreal. I felt a wish to touch it, to prove that it was not an extraordinary vision. The costly marbles with which the Cathedral is cased, black, red, green serpentine, and ivory white, give it an appearance perhaps best described by the word "lovely." We lost sight of the style of architecture, of the very form of the church; all is swallowed up in wonder at the beauty of the material and the exuberance of the detail. And the deep blue sky and bright sun overhead accentuate its dazzling loveliness, and make it look the work of angels, not of men.

Giotto's Campanile contains all the good characteristics of the exterior of the Cathedral, together with far greater beauty of design and of form. Our greatest art writer gives it the greatest praise which it is possible to bestow upon a building. But after having read his exquisitely poetical description, I am bound to confess that both my friend and myself were somewhat disappointed.

Brunelleschi's dome has been before alluded to. It is, I believe, the largest properly constructed dome in the world. Though not so high from the ground as that at St. Peter's, at Rome, the proportions of that church being greater, the Florentine dome itself is both higher and larger in circumference than its rival. When about to construct the dome at St. Peter's, Michael Angelo, after gazing at Brunelleschi's great work, exclaimed, "I will make her sister more stately, but not more lovely."

We entered the Duomo. Oh, great disappointment! A dark and dreary desert. Impressive in some measure by reason of its great proportions, but chilly, bare, uninteresting as so great a church well could be. Singular that so fairy-like an exterior should enclose this silent, dreary vault. In fact, it is hard to exaggerate the disappointment—perhaps the greatest we experienced in all our Italian travels—we felt in entering the church.

In the Cathedral of Florence is a memorial fresco to an Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood. This man, a kind of captain of "free companions," won his spurs in the wars against the French, under Edward III. When these were over, he seems to have wandered about Europe, offering his sword to the highest bidder. He and his companions fought for Pope, Visconti, for the Florentine republic—for anyone, in fact, who wished "a goodly fight," and was willing to pay for it. He seems to have been a skilful leader, brave as a lion, but cruel and relentless. Such a character as is beloved in romance, ay, and in real life too. Sir John was known and dreaded all over the Peninsula, and was buried with great pomp by the Florentines, who, however, afterwards with much regret surrendered his body to Richard II. It is indeed curious that men like this should be esteemed and admired. To kill and destroy merely for the sake of money, to be utterly callous whether the cause of the fight is right or wrong—such warfare is the reverse of noble, and deserves no admiration.

After the Duomo we visited the Baptistery, formerly the Cathedral of Florence, and now sometimes called the church of St. John the Baptist. It is coated with marble, like the Cathedral, but its three great bronze doors are its chief pride. These, in their way, have never been surpassed, and Michael Angelo in his vigorous language said they were "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." All the baptisms in the city take place here, and as we were entering the building, the shrill crying of an infant told us that the sacrament was then being performed. A great number of children were awaiting baptism, some in swaddling clothes evidently extemporised for the occasion, carried by women whose hungry faces told only too plainly that they were members of God's poor; while others, bedecked in lace and fine linen, surrounded by relations and friends, were as evidently sons and daughters of the wealthy. But whether rich or poor, and whatever the creed of the parents, the sacrament is the same for all.

After seeing the Baptistery, we found our way to the Uffizi Palace, and having paid a lire each, commenced our rambles through the interminable gallery, a walk of miles through an avenue of masterpieces of priceless value. The room known as the Tribune is undoubtedly the gem of the whole, for here are collected together, and seen side by side, examples of the greatest school of sculpture

and the greatest school of painting that have ever existed. My readers, perhaps, know that, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the Italians in mediæval times, of Germans, French, and English in later days, the supremacy in the art of sculpture has ever remained with the Greeks of classic times, and in the Tribune of the Uffizi, the walls of which are covered with master works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, and others, are seen the "Venus de Medici," the "group of wrestlers," the "dancing faun," the "Apolloni," and the "slave whetting his knife"—five examples of perfect classic sculpture.

Perhaps the rooms in the Uffizi which, next to the Tribune, interested us most, were the hall of the Niobe, and the saloons containing portraits of painters of all countries from the fifteenth century, executed by themselves. Our artists, Leighton, Watts, and Millais, painted their portraits for this gallery, and their works are well hung, and, notwithstanding the rivalry to which they are subjected, they bear evidence to the excellence of our present school of portraiture.

Through room after room, corridor after corridor, we wandered, until we felt a perfect surfeit of sightseeing, and began to get into that frame of mind when, like the American, we thought it pity that there are so many masterpieces, or at all events that so many have been gathered into one gallery. Just as we had decided to leave the Uffizi, a staircase attracted our attention, and we thought that by way of a change we would descend it and see where it led to. Being quite alone, we could, of course, ask no questions, so down the staircase we went, and arrived at a long corridor containing woodcuts and engravings; but having just seen so many great works, we did not deign to notice these. After the corridor of engravings, the passage, if I remember rightly, turned to the left, and we found ourselves in another gallery, containing portraits of courtiers in very old-fashioned costumes, of bishops with very uncomfortable-looking mitres, of popes, kings, and other dignitaries.

My friend here suggested that we had gone far enough, and had better turn back, for, said he, we "might be trespassing." Perhaps we shall arrive in some noble's palace, or this passage may, like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, lead from a palace to a prison, and

it would be very unpleasant to find ourselves in a dungeon, which, like those we read of in romance, when once entered close of their own accord, and admit of no egress." But having gone so far, it seemed a pity to turn back, and spying a window some distance off, which evidently disclosed a view, we went to it in order, if possible, to gain some clue to our whereabouts. The view from this window was a great surprise to us; instead of streets and buildings, which we had expected, a garden, or rather a series of arbours and terraces, met our gaze. Secluded walks, bordered by dark evergreens, picked out by what at this height looked like little white specks, but really statues and vases. What a refreshing relief from the miles of canvas!

Now there could be no doubt that we were looking at the Boboli Garden, and that we were close to Brunelleschi's massive Palazzo Pitti, which contains a picture gallery not inferior to the Uffizi itself. Consequently we had crossed the Arno, and had travelled a very long way from the entrance to the Uffizi, which is near to the Piazza della Signoria. We could scarcely believe this at first. To have crossed the Arno and to arrive in another part of the town through an avenue of picture galleries seemed such a novel idea. At this point we met the American gentlemen who were staying at the same hotel as ourselves, and they solved the mystery for us, and explained the geography. The two palaces of the Uffizi and Pitti are connected by the series of passages and staircases, and the Arno is crossed by the long gallery which surmounts the tumble-down houses on the Ponte Vecchio. Little did we think when looking at this gallery from the Lung' Arno, and still less, perhaps, when we were in it, that it is a connecting link in the great chain of picture galleries which travel so curiously and pursue their way so pertinaciously from one part of the city to another, not even allowing their course to be arrested by the natural boundary of a river.

I have little space to speak of the Pitti gallery; suffice it to say, that it is, if possible, even more interesting than the Uffizi, especially in its examples of that prince of painters, Raphael. Moreover, the rooms, unlike the majority of those in the Uffizi, are very handsome, and would be worth visiting apart from the masterworks which they contain. The circular picture of which we give an engraving

is perhaps the most celebrated representation of the Madonna in existence. The tradition connected with it is, that Raphael, when at the shop of a wine dealer, or more probably of a cooper, saw a beautiful young mother nursing a child, and, sending for his colours, he painted the lovely group on the top of a wine-cask. Unfortunately the extreme "finish" of the picture would preclude all idea of this being the identical work which he executed on the tub, but it may have been inspired by a sketch made in the manner described.

After visiting the Pitti, and examining its treasures, we felt completely "worn out." We had had enough of painting and architecture, and I suggested that we should go to hear some music, and enjoy art of another kind. A great *prima donna*, not a child of the Sunny South, however, was to sing, and the work to be performed, once pre-eminently popular in this country, was by a celebrated Italian composer.

The price of the seats was rather high, but we paid the money, being anxious to hear a representative Italian work in the country of its production. The overture commenced in an inoffensive and quiet manner, and led us to expect a dignified production. After the first twenty or thirty bars, however, the music degenerated into the commonest valse manner, and finished with a kind of *potpourri* of the well-known melodies of the opera, the accompaniment being as poor as it could be, ridiculously unworthy of an orchestra—only fit, in fact, for a street band.

The singers came in for a great deal of approbation, and the work was received with frantic applause, the Italians in the poorer parts of the house shouting their bravo and bravissimo in a manner that would surprise the London rough. And our own resident countrymen and countrywomen were in great force, and followed suit to the Italians in their delight at the work. But my friend and I, humble members of London's "unmusical" city, unhesitatingly condemned the degraded and now fortunately almost obsolete style of composition. We did not of course give vent to our feelings, but left before the second act, greatly to the surprise of Florentines, both native and foreign. It is but just to the composer to say that he has himself expressed, both by words and later works, his disapprobation of this kind of music.

(To be continued.)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NO FAN.



HE next morning there was great consternation at Hoplands, for Fan was missing. She did not appear as usual at breakfast, and even Tom was obliged to acknowledge that everything looked disconsolate without her.

The kettle did not boil, the tea was unmade, the toast was cold, the bacon greasy, the eggs unboiled. As a rule, Fan saw to all this, and saw to it with seeing eyes. It was a bitterly cold morning, and frost had glazed all the window-

panes and half congealed the blood in Tom's veins, as he rubbed his hands over the smoky fire. There were no dogs on the hearth-rug, and no sound anywhere.

"These are her gipsy ways. She is revenging herself on me," muttered Tom. "She is mistaken if she thinks she will have any effect. I can wait."

He took up a newspaper and pretended to read. Mr. Harton came in.

"Where's Fan? Bless me, something must have happened. Breakfast isn't ready, and the room's like an icehouse. Fan! Fan!"

The latter words were shouted in the hall, from the bottom of the staircase. No answer. He rang the bell.

"Where's Fan?" he asked of the servant.

"I thought she was here, sir; I'll go and see."

The girl went and returned immediately.

"She must have gone for a walk, sir, for she's took her hat and cloak. She's sure to be back directly. I lays the breakfast and never waits for her, for she's always to the minute."

"She is," assented Mr. Harton, while the servant drew up the fire, boiled the kettle, and did all she could to compensate for Fan's non-appearance.

Tom sat over his paper, silent and relentless; while his father tried to look



THE ANNUNCIATION.

By Fra Angelico, born 1387.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

It is difficult to be in a more unpleasant position than that of a laughing stock to a street crowd in a Continental town. It is bad enough at home. More than one of our satirists have alluded to the misery one feels in losing one's hat in a high wind; everybody laughs, and each unsuccessful attempt to grasp the refractory headgear brings forth more merriment on the part of the bystanders. A much more *annoying thing* is it to be followed by a man in the position of a cabdriver, who considers himself aggrieved, and follows us down street after street calling us unpleasant names, and shouting boisterous jokes at our expense. Somehow, in such cases, a crowd always sympathises with the cabby, more especially if he is funny—even the very policeman, to whom one at last appeals, chuckles, and would, if he dare, join the enemy.

But imagine an equally trying situation in a foreign town, and above all in an Italian town, where the touts have much more experience in the art of annoying than is possessed by the most ingenious London cabby. Only let an Italian idler consider himself badly used, and he will follow you half over the town, and keep up an incessant volley of abuse; the worst of the case being that one does not understand the jargon, except that it is levelled against us—this one can tell from the laughter of the crowds, who are certain to be following. If we know nothing of his

patois, and there are more than one hundred different kinds in Italy, the matter is of course much worse, for one cannot then appeal for help—in fact, the only thing to do is to take to flight.

We found ourselves in such a predicament while at Florence, and it happened in this wise:—We had arrived at the church of S. Lorenzo, in order to see the New Sacristy, containing the famous marble monuments by Michael Angelo, and while we were admiring Brunelleschi's symmetrical and beautiful interior, a tout came up to us and adopted the rôle of guide without permission, which is one of the tricks of the trade, and is such a nuisance to travellers in Italy. My friend at last asked him to take us to the "Sagrestia Nuova," and he answered, "Si si," so we followed him into a building (we afterwards discovered it to be the "Old Sacristy") containing reliefs by Donatello and a monument to one of the Medici family. It was fairly interesting, but we saw at a glance that Michael Angelo's great works were not there, and we kept on repeating to the man, "Sagrestia Nuova, Sagrestia Nuova"; but he paid no attention, and went on with his description of Donatello's reliefs.

We were not going to be put off in this fashion, so we went back to the church and then into the open air again, followed by the tout. We went round the church, and found

on the north side of it a quadrangular building, with an entrance from the road. The man pointed to this building and said it was the "Sagrestia Nuova," and then went and tried the door, which was locked. Seeing that we were going away, he asked for payment; but my friend, who certainly does not err on the side of meanness, refused to give him anything, and said to me, "Don't you see the man has done this for the purpose? He knew the building was closed, and therefore tried to cheat us into the belief that the old sacristy was the one we wanted."

We walked on quickly, thinking thereby to get rid of our persecutor, who was begging and cringing for payment. But as it was a matter of principle, my friend would not give in. After a time the tout began to realise that it was a hopeless business, and he determined to pay us out for it. Some very grandiloquent words, rapidly pronounced, told us that the tone of cringing was changed to one of abuse, but we paid no attention, and pretended not to notice him. His abuse waxed louder and louder, and what was more serious, some idlers and brother touts joined him and urged him on. It was very annoying; a burst of laughter every now and then told us we were being ridiculed, and the worry of not being sufficiently acquainted with the language to ask for protection quite unmanned us—we determined to run away. Seeing a church

open, we rushed into it, only to find on emerging that we had been waited for. I then suggested that we should slip round the next corner, which we did, and found ourselves almost at the steps of our hotel.

When safe in our room, we indulged in some by no means flattering remarks on the Italian touts and idlers. As my friend said, "What a stupid people they are! If they would give as much time to a useful occupation as they do to worrying poor unfortunate tourists, they would be successful men." But other thoughts soon occupied our minds. A batch of letters had arrived for us, and we seized them with that anxiety and interest which only those feel who are separated by long distance from those they love. I don't know whether it is the case with others, but my first sensation on receiving a letter from a far off friend or relation is one of fear, almost of dread. It may contain some bad news—some accident or illness may have befallen one of those I dearly love. To receive bad news when far from home gives us a much greater shock than when we are near the spot, or but a few miles away. For in the latter case we go at once to the sick bed, and we feel a kind of confidence in the help we can afford, even though it is but little that we can do. Most of our letters referred to the earthquakes, and our friends heartily congratulated us on having left the Riviera before those frightful occurrences.

The rest of the day we gave to visiting the huge churches of S. Croce and S. Maria Novella. Both contain art treasures, and S. Croce has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence, from the number of monuments to eminent men it contains. But notwithstanding the pictures and frescoes, both the churches wofully disappointed us, their general effect being chilly and bare. Their huge size makes them to a certain extent impressive, but they are daubed all over with brown and white wash, which gives to the stone an appearance of plaster. S. Croce is the larger, and though far less good in architecture, is as effective, by reason of its beautiful stained glass. But we cannot help thinking that anyone accustomed to the rich and graceful Gothic of our own land and of France would feel but little interest in these huge brown-washed edifices.

After S. Maria Novella, we again found our way to the New Sacristy of S. Lorenzo, which we were allowed to see on payment of fifty centimes each. The sarcophagi containing the bodies of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici face one another; and reclining on these are the famous statues of "Day and Night" and "Evening and Dawn;" while above are niches containing statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo in a sitting posture. The whole is the work of Michael Angelo, and though some of the statues are unfinished, the sculptures are considered to be amongst the finest executed by the great Florentine.

The first thing that struck us was the enormous boldness and vigour of the work. Michael Angelo was proud of his knowledge of anatomy, and he here displays it to great advantage. The figures are in rather a forced attitude, and suggest none of that repose which might be expected from statues on a tomb. On the contrary, they seem "bursting" with life—even "Night" is full of vigour and passion. I especially remember one figure of a man in the full zenith of his strength. He is impatient and angry, his veins are swollen like a man preparing for a mighty contest. He seems to be making a final effort to free himself from his prison garb of marble. The sitting figure of Lorenzo in the niche above "Evening and Dawn" is of quite another stamp. Lorenzo, his head slightly bent, and his figure in an



THE MARKET PLACE, SIENA.

easy attitude, seems meditating on some mighty problem. We are greatly fascinated by that deep and profoundly thoughtful expression which has gained for this statue the epithet of "il pensiero."

The chapel of the princess, which is close to the New Sacristy, is a lasting memorial to the wealth and luxury of the Medici family. Covered with a dome, and octagonal in form, this chapel is sumptuous as only an Italian building can be. It was built in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, a period when all the great artists of Florence had disappeared and given place to men whose chief idea was costliness and splendour. The walls are a glittering mass of marbles, and so gorgeous is the chapel that criticism is silenced, and we can only wonder at a building which would be an impossibility north of the Alps.

Our stay in Florence was now drawing to a close, but before leaving the city we went to the convent of S. Marco, which is so intimately connected with those two great men, Fra Angelico and Savonarola. We had seen many pictures of the former, who, perhaps more than any painter, strove after the religious ideal in art, but his work can be studied nowhere so well as in the convent. In execution and knowledge of form, Fra Angelico was inferior to his successors, and even to one or two of his contemporaries, but none have ever surpassed him in that ability to impart to his pictures the mystical beauty of religion. Many of his angels and saints are not handsome or pretty, but they are beautiful, with an ideal beauty scarcely of this world. To say that there is no voluptuousness about them is not nearly sufficient—they seem to breathe the sacred truths of the Gospel, and we give an example of his work, the first fresco in the convent of S. Mark, which has received such praise from our great art critic—Ruskin. Palestrina, the great composer of the sixteenth century, has been compared to Angelico, and the comparison is perhaps good, for the heavenly harmonies of the musician, like the pictures of Fra Angelico, appeal to our highest sentiments, and kindle within us a love of the holy and pure.

The great painter seems to have led a simple and beautiful life, and ever to have used his genius for the benefit of religion, and a tradition relates that he always painted on his knees. How different his career from that of the fiery orator Savonarola, whose triumphs and tragic end constitute one of the most exciting episodes in the history of Florence! And yet we can see in the convent of S. Marco the little cells of both, and their style of living was precisely the same. The great orator did not, however, confine his preaching to the convent, which was far too small to contain the vast crowds who went to hear the mediæval Chrysostom, but transferred his pulpit to the Cathedral, and soon became the most famous orator in Italy. His home, however, was the

convent of St. Mark, where half a century before the saintly Angelico had lived and worked.

We took our last look at Florence from the hill of Bellosguardo, and then bade farewell to the queenly city. The approaching night was casting her shadows on the noble buildings, and blotting them from our sight, but they continued to dwell in our remembrance, and will do for many a long day. How often we now think of those histories in stone, and of the great minds that originated them; of all the art, the genius, and the great influence exercised by this mediæval Athens—this fountain-head of art, science, and literature! Though now, alas, it is politically unimportant and economically in a bad way, its dower of beauty remains, and to the educated and refined the word Florence brings a host of recollections, both of its present and its past, such as few cities in Europe can recall. Thus those master-minds, the makers of Florence, have immortalised their city, and made her name a synonym of beauty throughout the whole civilised world.

We were favoured with beautiful weather, and the morning that saw our departure from Florence was balmy and bright, a perfect spring morning, in fact—such a one as we occasionally get in May. In weather like this we are bound to be happy, and those melancholy thoughts at the idea of leaving Florence which we had felt on the previous night, gave way to pleasant anticipations as to what was in store for us at our next stopping place. The first part of our journey to Empoli we had seen before when travelling from Pisa to Florence. After Empoli, the train goes south to Siena, which was the next city on our list.

At Empoli we were joined by an Englishman, who entered into conversation with us, and was our companion the whole way. This man, dressed in a cassock and broad-brimmed hat, was an excellent example of that class which I can perhaps best describe as "pampered ecclesiastics." He was gentle and exceedingly refined, but with that kind of refinement which is charming in a woman but effeminate in a man. Vulgarity was evidently quite antagonistic to him, but he probably could never rise to any pinnacle of virtue. His two objects in life seem to have been to administer a comfortable amount of religion to people, especially ladies, in a high class of life, and to devise all manners of means to make himself snug, and avoid the petty troubles of existence. He was exiled from Mentone by reason of the earthquake, and told us that he remembered when he found his bed reeling by the oscillation, that the best thing to do to save himself was to stand under the doorway of his room. This he did immediately, and thus saved his life, for the ceiling of his room and of the landing outside fell down, and he was protected as though under an umbrella. This all may take as a valuable hint.

Then he told us of his driving over to the Casino of Monte Carlo with Lady —, but was refused admission on account of his calling.

All his little weaknesses came out so funnily in his conversation, and we were not sorry to have him as far as Siena, but after that we vowed we would bid him "good-bye," and it was quite funny to hear my friend strongly recommend an hotel in Siena, which I fear he knew little about, except that it was *not* the one we were going to. The reverend gentleman was rather mean, and very "sauney," and he much amused my friend by saying, "I have been most fortunate in my choice of hotels. The waiters have looked after my little comforts, and quite nursed me (for you know I have very weak health); but what has touched me more than anything, is the kind way they all have, even the *femme de chambre*, of gathering together to see me off." My friend smiled, and ventured to suggest a remark on the subject of tips. The poor man was quite shocked. "Oh, dear no; I will not for a moment think so badly of them, for it is quite wrong to give tips. They came to see me off, and wished me good-bye, only their small knowledge of English prevented their expressing themselves." After all there is some advantage in being an "innocent," and I asked my friend if he did not think such simplicity worthy of imitation.

As we drew near Siena the character of the scenery changed. The bold hills telling us of our propinquity to a great mountain chain gave place to a quite tender landscape—not un-English—except for the villas and castles which crowned so many of the hills. The soil was of a beautiful rich colour, and there were evidences of increased fertility and wealth. A characteristic of the scenery near Siena is that the hills appear to run in the same direction and parallel to one another, and their long undulating lines, together with the rich auburn effect of the country, make quite a change from the grandly mountainous districts and the dead level plains which one comes across in other parts of Italy.

Siena appeared to crown a high hill, but as it was getting dark we could see little of it. We got into an omnibus at the station, and rattled over some most uneven streets, first uphill then down-hill, while from the windows we caught glimpses of most picturesque bits, and as we passed the market-place (see illustration) I called my friend's attention to the mast-like town, which has so great a resemblance to that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. We deposited our travelling companion at the hotel we had recommended, and right glad we were to see the last of him. The omnibus then took us to our own destination, a most comfortable and quiet hotel.

(To be continued.)



PAIN.

By RUTH MITCHELL.

IN the white heat of pain, an angel stands
With gaze serene and outstretched beckoning hands,
Summons my shrinking soul to gain his side,
That there it may be strengthened—purified.

The flames writhe tow'rd me with their scorching breath;
"Spare me," I groan. "Not this! give rather death."
With loving sternness still he calls me on
Through fiercest fires; and lo! the pain is gone.

Yes, when submissive to that call we strive,
Desp'rate to reach his feet; we then revive,
To learn, when once the fiercest heats are known,
The rest—the peace which they can win alone,

Who, through the cleansing fires of pain, have passed,
Who, freed from dross of will and self, at last
Shine out as purest gold, which has been tried
In fiery furnace, and is purified.

VARIETIES.

BE CHEERFUL.—You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

A GOOD REASON.

"Why do you draw all your ladies in Greek and Roman costume?" asked a sweet young thing recently of a well-known R.A.

"Because," said he, "modern fashions change too rapidly for me to meddle with them. One year it is bangs, and the next year bustles. As the father of a family, I cannot afford to have my works dependent on the caprices of woman's taste."

SHERBET IN ARABIA.

The Arabs have various kinds of sherbets or sweet drinks, the most common of which is merely sugar and water, made very sweet. The most esteemed kind is prepared from a hard conserve of violets, made by pounding violet flowers and then boiling them with sugar. Other kinds are prepared from conserves of fruit, &c.

The sherbet is served in covered glass cups containing from two-thirds to three-quarters of an English pint. These are placed on a round tray and covered with a circular piece of embroidered silk or cloth of gold; and on the right arm of the person who presents the sherbet is hung a long napkin with a deep embroidered border of gold and coloured silks at each end, which is ostensibly offered for the purpose of wiping the lips after drinking, though the lips are scarcely touched with it. —*Lane.*

COLD COMFORT.

The coldest comfort we ever read of is that which is said to have been given by a Highlander who saw an Englishman sinking in a bog on Ben Nevis.

"I am sinking!" cried the traveller. "Can you tell me how to get out?"

"I think it is likely you never will get out," the Highlander calmly replied, and walked away.

TRAINING FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.—In the laws of Spain, written by Alphonso "the Wise," about the year 1260, there occurs the following passage. It is in a law respecting the duties of the governesses of the king's daughters:—

"They are to endeavour, as much as may be, that the king's daughters

be moderate and seemly in eating and drinking, and also in their carriage and dress, and of good manners in all things, and especially that they be not given to anger; for besides the wickedness that lieth in it, it is the thing in the world that most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they ought to teach them to be handy in performing those works that belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides, it taketh away bad thoughts, which it is not convenient they should know."

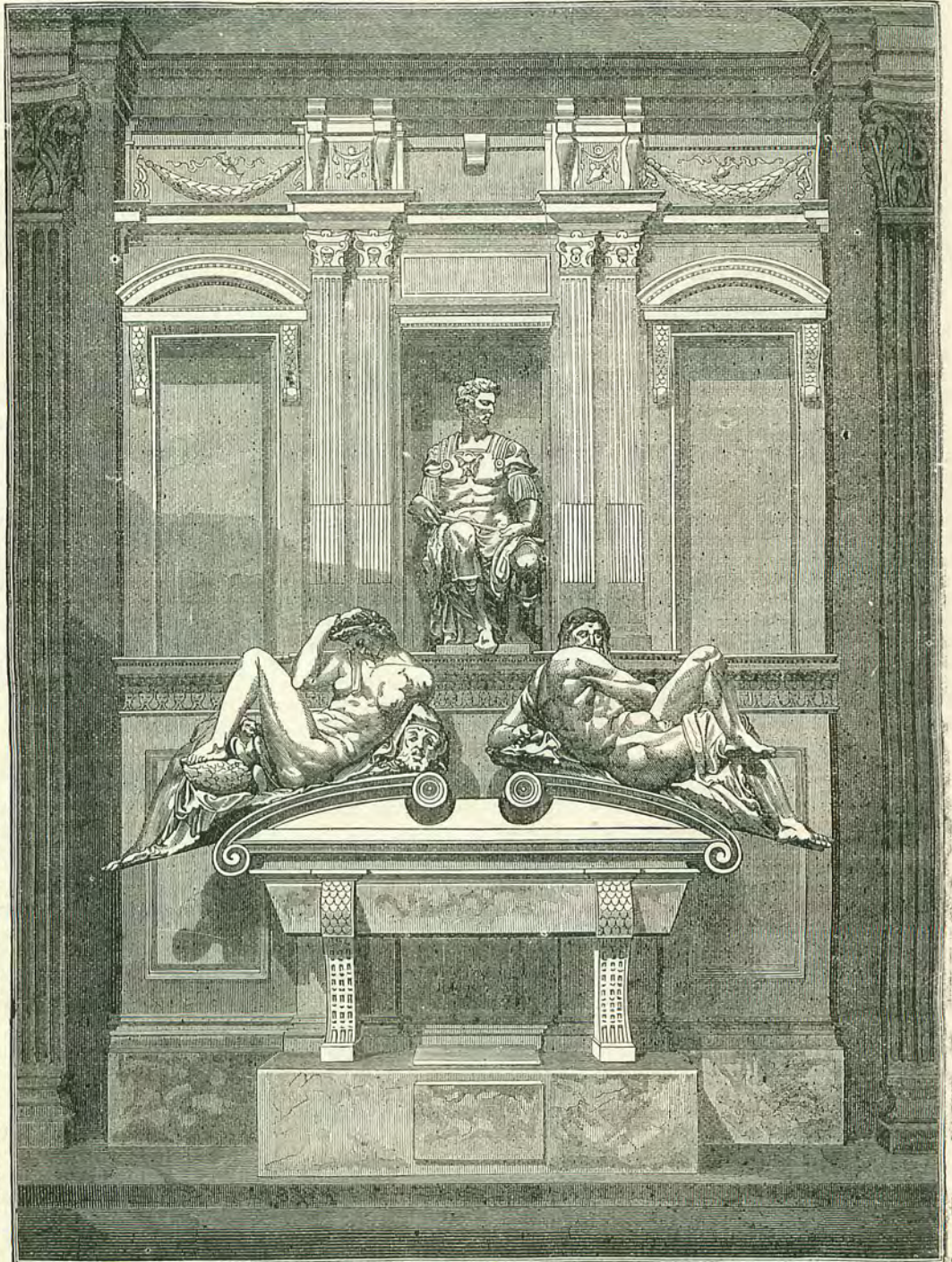
THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

There is no writer that shall not perish; but what his hand hath written endureth ever. Write, therefore, nothing but what will please thee when thou shalt see it upon the day of resurrection.

Arab Saying.

SEEKING FOR WISDOM.

Consult the ancients, listen to the aged. She is little wise who has only her own wisdom, and little learned is she who has only her own learning.



MICHAEL ANGELO'S MONUMENT IN THE NEW SACRISTY, SAN LORENZO. (See page 393.)



VOL. IX.—No. 435.

APRIL 28, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

SIENA AND ORVIETO.

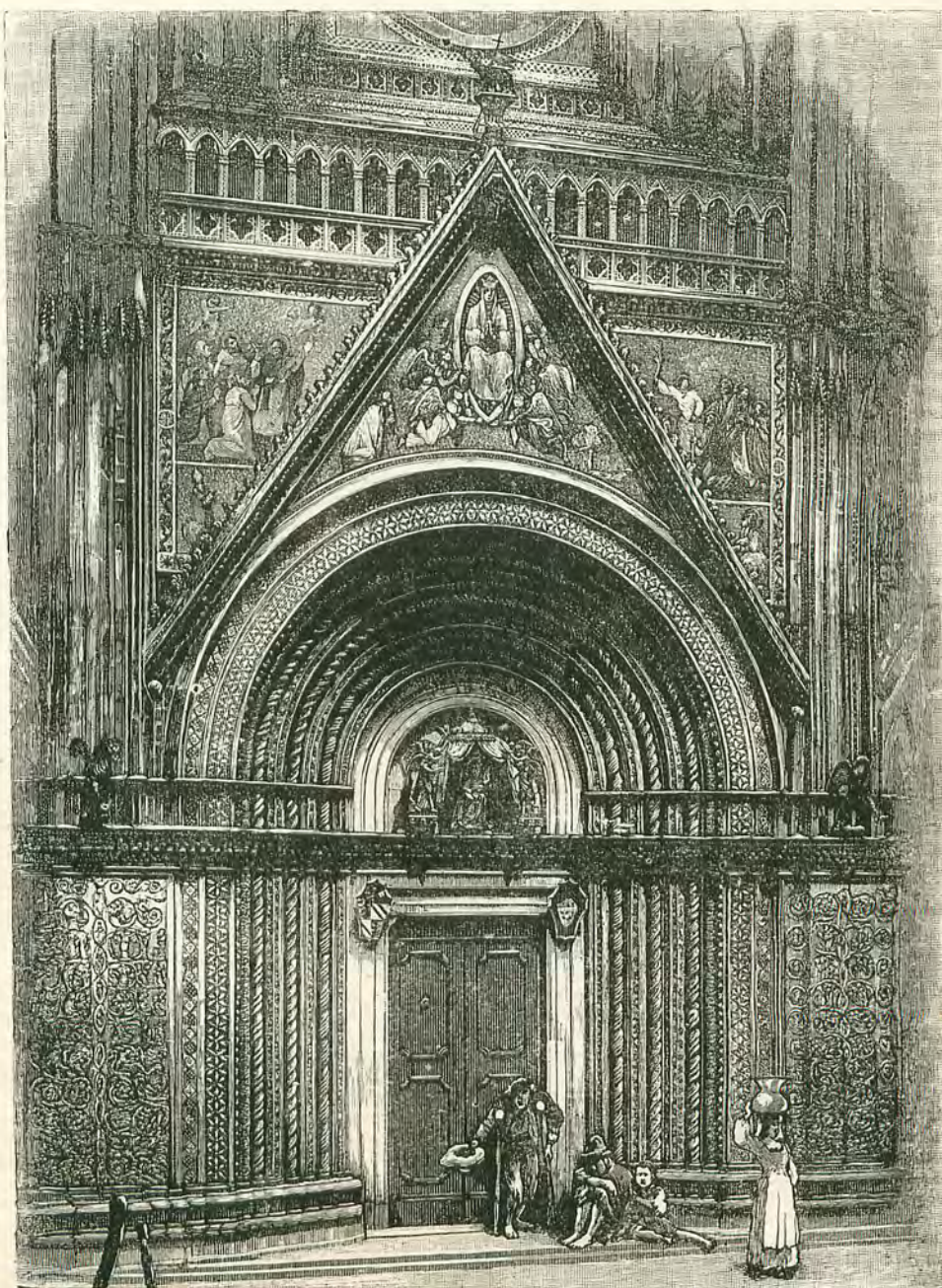
THERE is, perhaps, more dissimilarity in the old capital towns of Italy than in those of any other country, and this constitutes one of the great charms of Italian travel. Our readers who have visited the old cathedral cities of England may have been struck with their sameness. Beautiful and reposeful they undoubtedly are, and the cathedrals themselves are as perfect as any in Europe, but these cities have so much in common, and are so alike in character, that we could not visit say half a dozen of them without feeling a desire for a thorough change.

The site, the art, the buildings of Siena are quite unlike those of Florence; the people are and have been in many ways dissimilar, and the landscape is altogether different. In order to realise Siena, our readers must imagine a city girt round with its own walls, surrounding a lofty hill, which commands a curious barren country of a rich and reddish brown tint. On the slopes leading to the city are olive trees and cypresses, and within the walls is a mass of grey and red-brick mediæval buildings, from which the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico, and the cupola and striped campanile of the cathedral rise high above the rest—significant of the twin authority of Church and State.

The geography of Siena is most difficult to master—the streets run up and down hill in a confusing and zigzag fashion. They are also very narrow, which is awkward, for the Siennese nobility are wont to drive at a goodly pace, much to the discomfort of foot passengers, who are occasionally compelled to stand on the doorsteps in order to avoid the wheels of passing vehicles.

Siena is a little world in itself; girt round with its ancient walls and fortifications, it is cut off from the rest of the world. It is a little mediæval paradise, everything is Gothic, and there are no Renaissance

All rights reserved.]



WESTERN DOORWAY OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL.

palaces and façades so characteristic of Florence. Much of the picturesqueness arises from the site, and in turning the corners of its streets we look down upon groups of red and grey buildings and roofs all huddled together in the strangest confusion, while in the distance we catch glimpses of the undulating hills and numerous villages of the surrounding country. Florence has its gaudy shops and a certain air of fashion, Siena has neither, and yet it boasts of an aristocracy the most ancient in Italy. The people seem to be hard-working and contented, and there is comparatively little squalor and poverty.

We visited the Piazza del Campo before the cathedral, and were struck with the resemblance of the Palazzo Pubblico to the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence. But the Sienese building is both finer and larger, and bears evidence to the decayed fortune of the city, for a small portion of so huge a building would suffice for the present official wants of Siena. It occupies nearly the whole south side of the Piazza, which, like the Piazza della Signoria of Florence and the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, is the centre and heart of the city, and the scene of its pageants and battles.

How quarrelsome and warlike were the old republics of Italy! The demon of unrest seems to have taken possession of them and never to have departed. One would have thought that a city like Siena, surrounded by fortifications and built on a height which must have been almost impregnable during the Middle Ages, would have turned its attention to the welfare of its people, and endeavoured to be a contented and united little state. Instead of this its history is one of never-ending discord and bloodshed. Four centuries of strife resulted from its rivalry with Florence, and how did it end? By Siena forcing a hated tyrant on the Florentines, and by the Florentines helping the Imperial forces of Germany to subdue the little mountain city and decimate its population and utterly break its power, so that it never again regained its independence. But all the misery and bloodshed which disgrace the history of Siena arose in the first instance from the people themselves. At one time a democracy would rule the city, at another time the nobles would have the power, and so on, and party spirit rose to such a height that the opposing factions were ever ready to call in foreign aid, and quite naturally other powers were ready to make use of these civil wars, and profit by them.

But it must not be supposed that Siena's record is entirely a dark one. The art, the magnificent cathedral, the noble public buildings, and, above all, the saintly characters the city has given birth to, show the greatness, the untiring industry, and the heroic sanctity of which the people were capable. We can only wonder that these Italian states, which were ever at war, have left works of art which seem to mark the limit of human genius and industry.

Siena is rich in curiosity shops, and there were many pretty trifles that my friend and I would like to have bought, but such exorbitant prices were asked that we left the shops in disgust. Our knowledge of Italian being limited, and our appearance undeniably English, we were probably asked about four times the proper value. The Italian vendors are very knowing, and if they see the slightest anxiety on the part of the purchaser to obtain any article, they raise the price. We learned their little tricks after awhile, and when at Siena we tried a little experiment which turned out very successful.

My friend went into a shop and admired a really fine piece of majolica ware; he let the shopman see how greatly he was interested in it, and after a while asked the price. The man thought for a moment, evidently considering to what extent it would be safe to

venture, and then asked seventy lire (about £2 16s. in our money). This was quite enough for my friend, and he left without saying a word. He then told me all about it, described the majolica ware which he was anxious to have, and asked me to try by strategy to get it cheaper.

Two or three hours later I went to the shop and looked at a number of things, asking if the price was so-and-so, naming absurdly small sums. By-and-by I came to the piece of majolica, for which I offered four lire. The man seemed half amused and half angry. "Why," said he, "it is worth four times that price"—which, he it remarked, would be fifty-four lire less than the price mentioned to my friend. After some persuasion, however, I got four lire "knocked off," and secured the majolica for twelve lire. It would be interesting to know the real value of this piece of ware; probably I over-paid for it. No one would believe in such extortion except those who had travelled in Italy. Just before going abroad, I read a pamphlet by a well-known writer on Ethics, who defended what are called "tricks of the trade," and contended that there was nothing immoral in them. I fancy his experience must have been confined to English tradesmen.

The tourists who go to Italy because it is "the thing to do," or because others go, appear to avoid Siena. Florence with its resident English, Venice, Rome and Naples are visited by these most uninteresting people, but Siena seems out of their beat, so we met some most pleasant people at our hotel, which, be it remarked, is one of the very best in Italy. One old couple especially was most kind to us, in lending us guide-books and telling us of interesting places in the city. We made a friend also of a Frenchman who spoke English capitally, and who helped us to plan an excursion to Orvieto to see the famous cathedral. By-the-bye, this Frenchman was in a terribly anxious state of mind. His wife was in the Riviera at the time of the earthquakes, and he had not received news of her, and it was quite painful to see his distress, which he could not conceal, as an Englishman would probably have done.

The space between the walls of Siena is now too big for the city, which, like the frame of an old man, has shrunk and narrowed, and the vacuum has been filled up with gardens, which greatly enhance the beauty of the city, whether seen from within or without. Siena, which is a far older city than Florence, has even now an aristocracy of its own, which is very exclusive, but very simple in its mode of life. These nobles shut themselves up in their palaces and limit their experience of the world to the city and the surrounding country, and it is said many of them have never been so far as Florence! How curious this sounds to us English, but yet there is much to be said in its favour. The Sienese ladies seemed to us to be handsome, and what is, I believe, called "stylish" in their dress; but softly be it spoken, their complexions are rather too brilliant, and suggest too plainly that art has been used to heighten the contrast of red and white.

We must now hurry down the steep declivity leading to the tanners' yards, in quite the poorest part of the city, situated at the foot of a hill, on the summit of which stands the great Church of S. Dominico, like a huge outpost. In this humble quarter stands a three-storied house which is never missed by any visitor, for it is celebrated as the residence of a woman whose history is so bound up with that of Siena that we can scarcely think of one and not of the other. The house looked plain and uninteresting from without, and we felt almost ashamed to enter a domestic building without permission. But when once we entered the doorway and looked towards the room to our

right, we felt quite blameless of any charge of intrusion. This room was evidently the sacristy, and two old priests with benign countenances were sitting watching the antics of two or three tiny little boy-acolytes, donning the priests' gorgeous headgear in childish sport. Still, we did not know what to do, whether to try to get permission to view the house or leave the place altogether, until one of these amusing children jerked out his hands, directing us to another part of the house on the left of the doorway, and so vehement was he in his gesticulation that the scarlet biretta tumbled off his little curly head. With a smile we turned to the left as directed, finding ourselves in a dark room, and our surprise was mingled with alarm when we discovered that we were standing dangerously near prostrate forms of Sienese worshippers at mass, which was being celebrated in another room.

At the end of the room we were in was a door, up to which we moved, and there we were close at the side of the officiating priest.

The two mischievous children came in attired in scarlet and white, and proceeded to serve the celebrant to the materials required for the consecration. Afterwards they knelt on the lowest altar step, and continued an animated discussion with each other by signs, as to which outrivalled the other in the matter of marbles, which were there and then produced from the pockets of their cassocks, in order to silence once and for ever that all-important question.

In other Italian churches we had seen children carrying on their natural merriment on these apparently inappropriate occasions, but at Siena they were side by side with us, and the strange and almost alarming contrast between the solemn attitude of the priest, with hands and eyes uplifted, and the secular conduct of these little mites of seven or eight years, greatly astonished us.

Catherine of Siena, in whose home we were, was one of those grand characters who in days of tribulation and distress seem to be sent as special emissaries from heaven to alleviate the sufferings of men, and allay their angry passions, to give counsel to princes, and to reform a whole country. And the strong personality of Catherine strikes us almost as much as her sanctity. The daughter of a dyer, while yet a girl she was known all over Siena as a peace-maker and a sick nurse. The fearful plague which occurred in Siena, in the year 1348, was Catherine's great opportunity, and her almost superhuman efforts on behalf of the fever-stricken population made her famous all over Italy. She did not confine her influence to Siena, but travelled to other cities, and prevailed on the princes of the neighbouring States to forget their rivalry, and put a stop to those terrible internecine wars which produced such endless misery. She was of course not always successful, but it is known that she hushed up numerous quarrels, and prevented much bloodshed. The feud between the Pope and the Florentines was allayed by her, and she induced the Pope to remove his Court from Avignon back again to Rome. In fact, if we had not historical evidence to prove it, we could scarcely believe that so great an influence was exercised by a woman.

The house of Catherine consists of a series of little chapels, which contain interesting mementoes of Siena's greatest daughter, and we cannot but be struck with the many evidences it contains of the simplicity of her life, and the extraordinary veneration in which she has been held for so many generations.

After visiting this most interesting house, we climbed up the hill again and tried to find our way to the Cathedral. This was no easy matter, for though it is perched on the highest spot in the city, yet the streets do not seem to

lead to it, but to wander in a circular direction. After awhile, however, we were successful, and found ourselves in the piazza in front of the cathedral. This building is but a portion of the original design, the plague having stepped in during its erection, and delayed the work of completion for several years. During these terrible years the city was so crippled that we can only wonder at the enthusiasm of a people who, after such an affliction, could erect a church so grand that many experts give to it the palm over all the cathedrals of Italy. It is most difficult to describe such a church; it is a perfect dream, a palace of art. We held our breath when contemplating it. The redundant and bewildering detail of the west front, the graceful and lofty striped campanile, strike us with amazement. The glorious interior with its striped marbles, the intricate carving of the pulpit, the mosaics and frescoes, the inlaid pavement; all are as perfect as can ever be made by man. And that this building should have been commenced in a period of bloody strife, and completed by the mere remnant of a population which the plague had spared, seems almost impossible. Surely with all their faults, these Italians were a race of giants!

Our stay in Siena was very limited, and much that was interesting had to be left for a future visit. A miserably slow train took us from the city and from the red-brown landscape, so studded with villages and pretty campanili. The scenery changes soon after we leave Siena, and becomes rocky and wild. Huge districts are almost destitute of trees, the villages become rarer, and there are few villas and bright campanili.

Arrived at the station of Orvieto, we at first saw no sign of a town, nothing but a dull and dreary, almost savage landscape. We had scarcely left the train when a perfect army of beggars surrounded us. Such a poor deformed and wretched-looking lot! My friend was quite touched with the sight, and opened his purse to give to one of them. This was a signal to all the rest to press round us and beg and implore for a trifle. They would not let us move, and no sign that we made would induce them to let us go in peace. By-and-by, however, an omnibus drew up near the station, and a few harsh words from the driver, accompanied by threats of the whip, sent the poor wretches away, to wait perhaps for half a day for the next batch of travellers.

Free from these unfortunate people, we took a survey of the country. What a change from Siena! A more desolate scene we had scarcely beheld. Not a village in sight; hardly a tree. Stern rocks and great masses of mountains bounded the view, and a wretched shallow river, a tributary, I believe, of the Tiber, wound its way round the precipitous heights. We asked one of the porters where Orvieto was, for we could see no sign of it. He pointed to a rocky precipice, and there sure enough were the grim-looking walls and ruined fortress of Orvieto, though so high up that it is small wonder we had failed to notice them.

We were not permitted to look about for long, however, for the driver opened the door of his tumble-down old omnibus, and literally pushed us in, without asking our advice or inquiring where we were going. Before driving off we were joined by two Italians, who at once shut the windows and made the stuffy carriage quite air-tight. They then lighted a long cigar each, the fumes of which nearly made us sick. We asked them to be kind enough not to smoke, or at all events to open the windows of the carriage, but they either did not, or would not, understand us. Oh, the horrors of that journey! The heat was intense, and the vehicle was so small that we had to sit in a cramped position. We drove at a snail's pace, and it seemed hours before we left the zigzag

road and entered the city. Before this, however, we had insisted on ventilating the vehicle.

The omnibus drew up at a dirty and dilapidated-looking inn, and our door was opened by a large man with uncombed beard and hair, a dirty face, and ill-fitting clothes, altogether reminding one of a stage brigand. He turned out to be the host, and a very bad one he was. We were led through the courtyard into the inn itself, a very roomy building which had evidently seen better days. Its present aspect, however, is not inviting; broken-down staircases, dirty, dreary, evil-smelling corridors and huge rooms, like the fever wards of a hospital. This is what a once grand palace has become. It has one consolation, however, in its decline, the whole city has kept pace with it, for at the present day Orvieto is one of the ugliest, dirtiest, and most unpleasant places in Italy.

Our room was simply huge, and would have held five-and-twenty beds with ease. As, however, there were only two, and the washing arrangement consisted of two iron stands, holding tiny pudding basins, it will be understood that we did not suffer from want of room. Of everything else which conduces to comfort, however, we stood in great need—especially cleanliness.

Having about two hours before *table d'hôte*, we escaped from the hotel, within the walls of which we vowed we would spend as short a time as possible. We found the streets of Orvieto like our inn—dirty, dreary, and uninteresting. Relics of a great past are met with here and there, but they accentuate the gloom and squalor of the present. The people seemed quite different from the Siennese, and infinitely less refined. To be fair, they did not strike me as being either discontented or miserable, notwithstanding their great poverty.

Orvieto has, however, one great consolation, and a priceless inheritance in its cathedral; everything else is gone—the once fine streets and palaces have gone to rack and ruin, and if it were not for this one great exception, Orvieto would be visited by no one.

The Cathedral of Orvieto rivals that of Siena, is of even greater extent, and like it has a reputation throughout the whole artistic world. It was undergoing a thorough (let us hope not too thorough) restoration when we visited it, and we could not see it properly. Its vast size struck us, as also its magnificent proportions; but why its reputation should equal that of Siena we could not understand. The interior was completely covered with scaffolding, but we were able to catch glimpses of the famous frescoes of Luca Signorelli in the Lady Chapel. We were fortunate in being able to do so, for these works of Signorelli are as celebrated as the cathedral itself. They served as models to Michael Angelo, and the great Florentine is said to have greatly benefited from his study of them.

Immense vigour, great mechanical power, and masterly effects of grouping, are displayed in a marked degree in these frescoes. But I looked in vain (this is only a personal opinion) for the deep feeling and religious beauty so noticeable in the works of Fra Angelico, Sadoma, Perugino, Andrea del Sarto and Raffaele. Signorelli has made an almost ostentatious display of his knowledge of anatomy and his mastery over form, and the beholder is tormented by the forced attitudes, and longs for a relief.

At *table d'hôte* we met two young Englishmen, leisurely travelling through Italy as art students. We were pleased to be able to help them to useful information about the cities in which we had stayed, and as they were anxious as to matters of economy, we generously lent them a guide to Florence, on the understanding that it was to be posted to us on their return to England. Should these gentlemen see

these articles (and men *do* read and enjoy THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER), they are hereby requested to return that book without delay.

The charges at the *wretched inn* were too high considering the quality of the fare and the utter absence of comfort. My friend succeeded in slightly reducing the bill, but as it was we paid far too much. We left the inn early in the morning, and discarding the tumbled-down omnibus, walked down the hill to the station, not at all sorry to leave Orvieto. The scenery from the zigzag road is grand and striking beyond description, but gloomy and bare, and of the kind of which we soon tire.

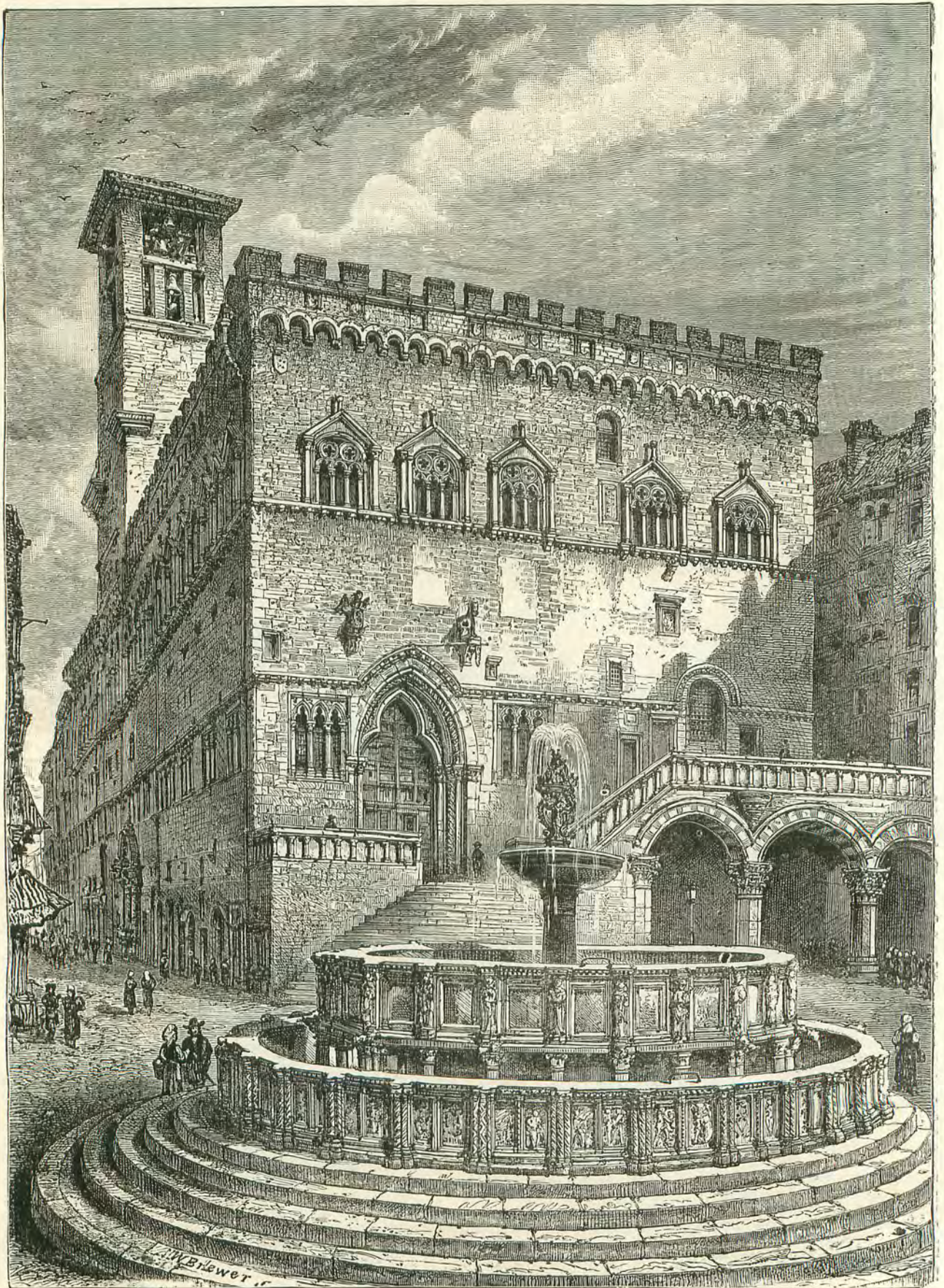
It was evening before we arrived in Perugia, but there was a full moon which showed us many of its interesting buildings, notably the fountain and Gothic palace, of which we give an illustration.

What a difference between the hotels in Perugia and Orvieto! The one so luxurious, and the other so dirty and miserable. The hotel in Perugia is perhaps a little too grand for Italy. After a ramble through the picturesque streets, and after visiting the old buildings of a city so old-world as Perugia, it is rather too much of a change to sit down to a *table d'hôte* of grand viands, served in the most approved manner, and to listen to conversation on the latest fashionable news in London. All the past interest and all the present venerable beguery of the old city are forgotten. When we enter the hotel, we shut out Perugia past and present.

We arrived at the hotel in time for *table d'hôte*, but had no time to "get ready," and though not, we hope, self-conscious, we felt a little ashamed to sit down to so grand a table with our travel-worn clothes and dusty boots. Sitting next to us were two fashionable-looking men, who were evidently acquaintances in London, and had met for the first time in Italy. Their conversation, which we could not help overhearing, amused us. After the usual greetings, they commenced: "Do you know that Lady So-and-so is here?" "No; you don't say so! How is she looking?" because, you know, she is said to be very much older than she looks," and so on; and then followed an animated discussion on the number of fashionable English at present travelling in Italy, on the prospects of the coming London season, and on the respective merits of this and last year's Carnival. Not a word about the art and the magnificent buildings they must have seen, no mention of the history and countless associations which every old city in Italy conjures up, we should have thought, to even the most trivial tourist.

The first thing we went to see on the following morning was the beautiful fountain, which we had just been enabled to catch a glimpse of on the former evening. The fountain is situated between the cathedral and the Palazzo Pubblico, and the three make a wonderfully picturesque group. As can be seen from the illustration, there are three basins to this fountain, the highest being of bronze and the two lower of marble. If I remember rightly there are forty-eight bas-reliefs, twenty-four on each of the lower basins, and these most beautiful sculptures are the work of those two great architects and sculptors, Niccolò and Giovanni Pisano. The subjects of these bas-reliefs are some of them very curious. Heraldic devices, symbolical pictures of the arts and sciences, the fables of the stork and the wolf, and the wolf and the lamb are represented; but there are also scriptural subjects and figures of the apostles. The inhabitants of Perugia are, and always have been, proud of this beautiful fountain, and well they may be, for it is one of the finest in Italy.

(To be continued.)



PALAZZO PUBBLICO AND PISANO'S FOUNTAIN, PERUGIA.



Interior of Siena Cathedral.

THE GIRLS' YEAR.

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

BY JAMES MASON.

"It will be an encouraging beginning to our seventh meeting," said Lucy, "if I give each of you a copy of the table I have drawn up to show what we have done in six months. As I said last month, it will surprise you."

She then handed to Florence and Edith the following particulars of their reading and study for half a year. It shows what can be done by perseverance, aided by the quick wits and methodical habits of three girls eager for self-improvement.

SHORT POEMS.

The ode "To a Skylark," by Shelley; "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith; "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge; "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," by Milton; "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden; "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Burns; "John Gilpin," by Cowper; the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," "Baucis and Philemon," by Swift; and "Tam o' Shanter," by Burns.

FICTION.

"The Fair Maid of Perth," by Sir Walter Scott; "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen; "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man," by Chamisso; "The Gold Bug," and "The Descent into the Maelström," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith; "The Spy," by Fenimore Cooper; "The Scottish Chiefs," by Miss Porter.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," "The Life of Nelson," by Southey; "The Life of George Herbert," by Izaak Walton; "The Life of Richard Wagner," by Francis Hueffer; "The Life of Mrs. Godolphin," by Evelyn; "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," by De Quincey.

HISTORICAL EPOCHS.

The Gunpowder Plot; the Crimean War; the Great Plague of London; the Fall of the Bastille; the Spanish Armada; the Jacobite Rebellion of '45.

SCIENCE.

"Astronomy," by J. N. Lockyer; "Geography," by Sir George Grove; and part of "Geology," by Archibald Geikie.

MUSIC.

"The Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven; three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words (No. 1 of Book 7; No. 6 of Book 5; and No. 4 of Book 6); Novellette in F major, by Schumann; Variations on the National Anthem, by Beethoven; Fantasia in F minor, by Chopin; and Valse Allemande, by Rubinstein.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Table of foods in season for six months, and special study undertaken on the art of cleaning furniture; Christmas fare and Christmas parties; the art of buying things; the arrangement of the dinner-table; ironing and water supply.

ESSAYS.

On the best use of odd moments; the art of rule in woman's kingdom; some advantages of good temper; the art of observing; borrowing and lending; and people with two faces.

DAILY MAXIMS

for a hundred and eighty-two days. On religious life, thrift, friendship, education, conversation, and truth.

ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

for a hundred and eighty-two days.

COUNTRY RAMBLES,

illustrated by "The Common Objects of the Country," by the Rev. J. G. Wood; and

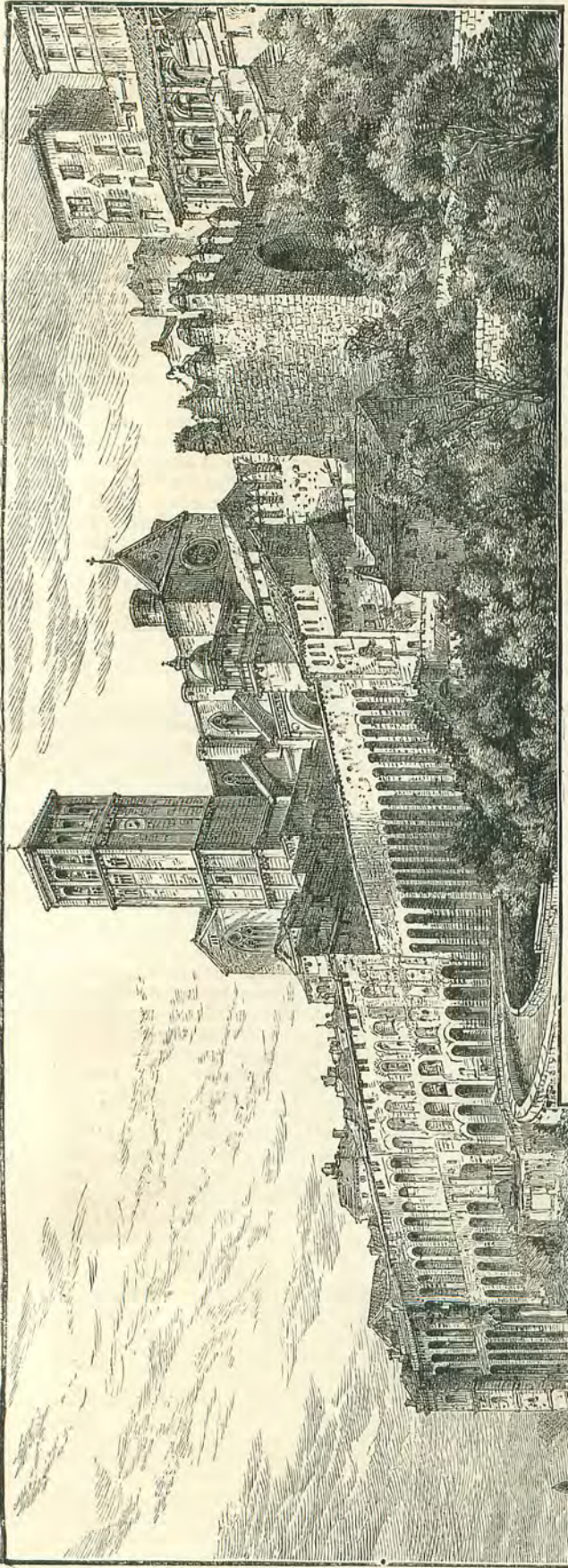
"Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges," by W. S. Coleman.

"I wish," said Lucy, "that I had taken note of what all the books have cost me to buy."

"If you haven't, I have," remarked Florence. "I got some new and some secondhand, and the total expenditure up till now is eleven shillings and sixpence. Books are cheap nowadays. For this small sum I have bought all the short poems, getting a great many more than those we have read into the bargain; all the works of fiction, all the biographical works, except those on Wagner and Mrs. Godolphin, which I had already, and the three science primers. I did not need to buy any of the music, and as for the other subjects, I had books of reference enough."

"I find," said Edith, beginning to speak about the first poem they had read during the month, "that the original of Swift's 'Baucis and Philemon' is in Ovid's 'Metamorphosis,' where the story is told in this way:—Jove and Mercury represent the two brother hermits. Meeting with hospitality only in the thatched cottage of the poor old couple, the gods after their entertainment took Baucis and Philemon to the top of a hill, whence they saw the houses and lands of their uncharitable neighbours all swallowed up in a lake. Only their little home remained, which expanded to a temple. In this they served as the priests of Jove, until they were changed into companion trees, hung ever with fresh garlands by their worshippers."

"Baucis and Philemon, as Swift first wrote it," remarked Florence, "was very different from the poem as we have read it. After Swift wrote it he sent it to his friend Addison for criticism, and the result, he says, was that



THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

LIKE so many of the cities of Central Italy, Perugia surmounts a lofty hill, and, as at Siena and Orvieto, the scenery from its walls is most interesting. The landscape around Perugia is, however, far more beautiful than that at Siena or Orvieto. In one direction is a mass of mountains and rocks not running parallel to one another, but broken and irregular like a country convulsed by an earthquake, and in the midst of this confusion, and in the far distance, is the placid and poetical lake of Trasymene. In another direction is a rich and luxurious plain, bounded by the snowy peaks of the Apennines; while nestling at the foot of a great height, and itself climbing a lesser eminence, is that little city which has had so paramount an influence on the religion and art of Italy—Assisi.

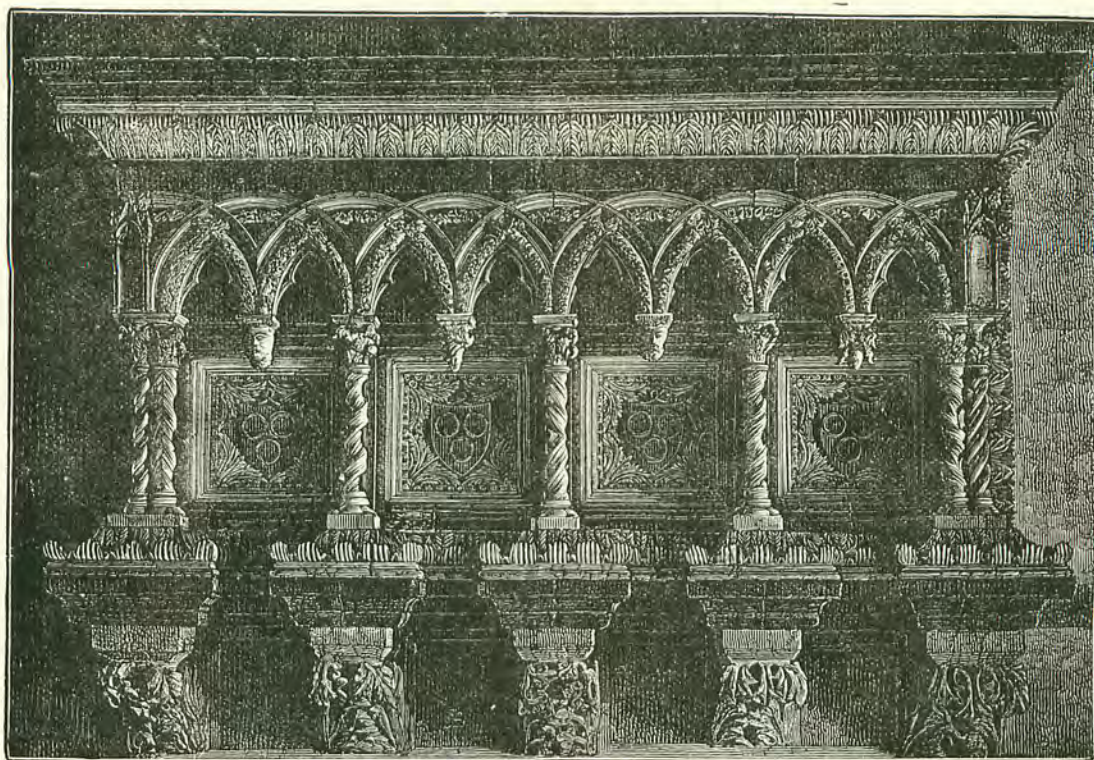
Perugia is a most interesting place, for not only are its streets and buildings picturesque and unrestored, but it is the headquarters of one of the most important of the Italian schools of painting, and, as would be expected, the best representatives of this, the Umbrian school, are to be found within the walls of Perugia. Though still in their native city, these works have, alas! been removed from their ancient surroundings and are no longer in the sanctuaries for which they were designed, but are

huddled together in a picture gallery, the Pinacoteca. This piece of folly has robbed the city of half its interest, and it is most melancholy to enter church after church and see blank spaces or second-rate copies, where once were the master works of great painters.

There is an upper and a lower town of Perugia, approached from one another by a steep break-neck road. Huge walls and archways bind the upper town, and there is a curious rough and ancient look about the place. The market place, the Piazza del Duomo, and several of the streets are marvels of picturesqueness, but the churches are disappointing, partly, no doubt, from their having been robbed of their pictures. Though it contains no grand central attraction, like Siena possesses in its cathedral, Perugia, by reason of its quaintness and unrestored buildings, is beloved of artists perhaps more than any city in Central Italy, with the exception of Assisi.

In the last monthly part there was a description and illustration of the fountain of which the Perugians are so justly proud. But a short distance from this, and to the north-west of the cathedral, is the Piazza del Papa, containing the celebrated bronze statue of Pope Julius III., which the Perugians value even more than

H.W. Brewer



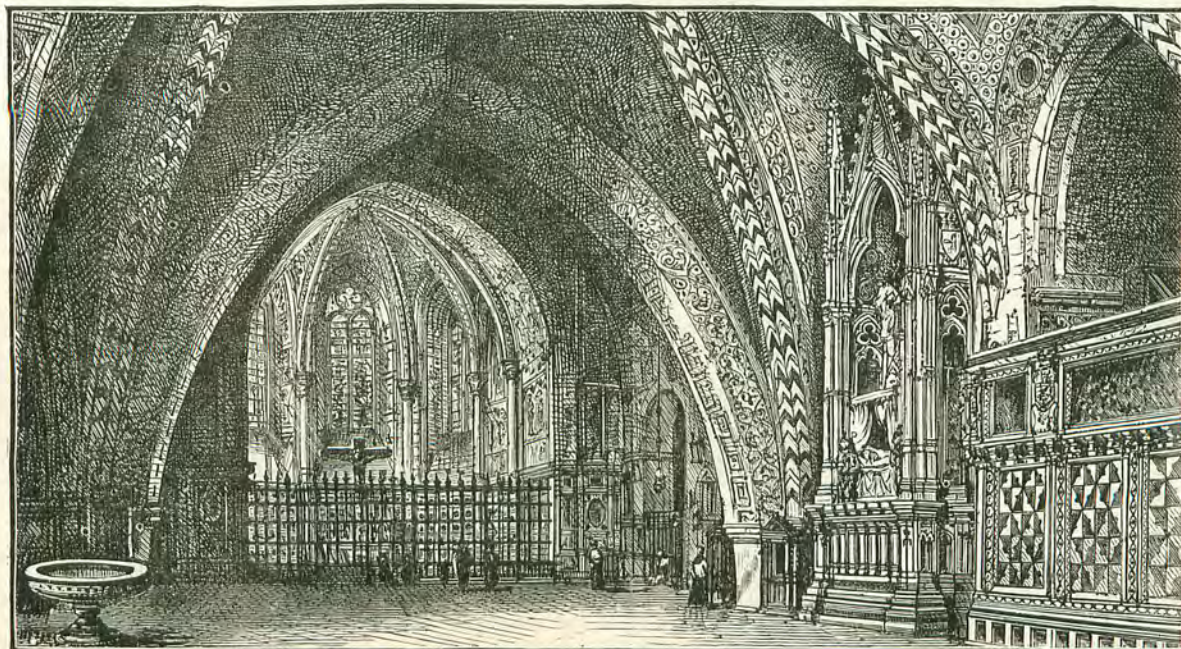
PART OF MONUMENT OF THE CERCHI FAMILY, ASSISI.

their fountain. No one can help being struck with this statue. The Pope is seated on a bronze chair, dressed in his pontifical robes and crowned with the tiara. His right hand is put forth in the action of benediction, and the expression of the face is kindly but majestic, and extraordinarily life-like. Placed on a pedestal, he appears to be watching over the city and guarding it, and as we gaze at the serene and beautiful countenance, it seems almost imbued with life, the mouth appears about to open and to utter those words of

comfort and blessing, which the action and pose of the figure lead us to expect.

After visiting the Piazza del Papa we entered the cathedral, which is disappointing. Though of good proportions, the interior is ruined by its gaudy restoration, and though there are frescoes, they are not remarkable for Italy. From the cathedral we went to the Pinacoteca, or picture gallery, which, as before stated, contains the spoils of the churches, and is therefore the place where the work of the Umbrian masters can best be studied. All those who are

interested in the Italian schools of painting will give more than a passing thought to the school of which Perugia is the headquarters. Even the most casual tourist and the most hurried traveller to Italy will at once realise that the characteristic of these Umbrian pictures is their religious tendency. And this is one of the many reasons why the removal of the pictures from the churches to the gallery is considered by some to be a mistake. Though so devotional in character, these pictures are not wanting in knowledge of form, but this is



INTERIOR OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI.

not made their sole aim, as it is in some of the paintings of the Florentine school.

Our readers may remember that in the first article on Florence, Cimabue and Giotto were spoken of as the most important of the inaugurators of the great art revival of the fourteenth century. Before their time what is called the Byzantine school reigned; art was greatly restricted and degenerated into mere copying of certain patterns, and Cimabue and Giotto deserve all their fame for having been so largely instrumental in breaking the fetters of conventionality. The Byzantine school was religious, but unbecomingly religious, so to speak; the figures were unnatural and the heads ugly, and thus the revivalists ushered in their school by a closer study of nature and a search after the beautiful. But this naturalistic tendency became exaggerated in after ages, and the religious spirit was forgotten in the attempts to gain complete mastery over form, and to impart physical beauty. Now the Umbrian painters, more especially Pinturicchio and Perugino, added a religious and devotional enthusiasm which was to some extent wanting in the Florentine artists, and thus their pictures are perfect examples of what religious works of art should be.

The Umbrian school is also deserving of attention for having had some influence on Raffaele, who was at one time a pupil of Perugino, and whose early works bear a great resemblance to those of his master. Raffaele is for this reason sometimes spoken of as the climax of this school. But he was more than this; he was the climax of all the Italian schools, uniting in himself all their excellences; some of his earlier works, however, may be said to belong to the Umbrian school.

I suppose that one reason that induced the government to remove the pictures from the churches to the Pinacoteca was the supposition that they would be seen by a greater number of people. When we were at the Pinacoteca, however, we saw very few people—in fact, the first time we visited it we did not come across a single soul, whereas in most of the churches there were several tourists who, like ourselves, were disappointed at finding the pictures removed from their architectural surroundings.

We found quite a different set of people congregated at the *table d'hôte* from that of the previous evening. Lady—with all her hangers-on had left Perugia, and a few elderly and aggressively artistic women monopolised the conversation. One of these was talking rapturously about Orvieto, praising everything in that—to us—unpleasant city. I ventured to remark that the hotel there was not everything that could be desired. This angered the old lady, and she said, "It's a pity that people who have such prejudices ever leave home. Orvieto is a place for artists. Look at the cathedral!" I was hurt at this extremely impolite outburst, and said that the grandeur of the cathedral had nothing to do with the inn, which was bad, and would be bad if a dozen cathedrals were collected within a stone's throw of it. The company was, however, against me, and I was frowned at by all present.

In the lower town of Perugia there are two very interesting churches—the Gothic S. Dominico and the convent church of S. Pietro de' Casinensi—one of the most perfect basilicas to be found out of Rome. The former is the most noticeable object in the grand panorama seen from the upper town. The exterior is about as bare as it could be, and the tower, which is pierced with long windows devoid both of tracery and glass, has a singular expression about it: it looks like a weather-beaten, blind old man. Our readers may have noticed the curious lifelike look that some old towers have: our cathedral towers, for instance. Those who have been to Canterbury may have been

struck with the "Bell Harry"; it looks quite human. Whether this is due to the age or the design I don't know, but I have not noticed it in modern towers.

S. Dominico contains a huge stained glass window, which is said to be one of the finest in Italy; it is so brilliant that it looks the work of yesterday, but to me it had not that subdued effect which the old windows of our cathedrals, such as York and Canterbury, possess. In addition to this window there is a glorious monument to Pope Benedict XI. in S. Dominico. This pope, who seems to have been of a peace-making and inoffensive nature, strived without success to reconcile the various factions in Florence, and had incurred the hatred of the well known Philip le Bel, King of France, who, our girls may remember, suppressed the Knights Templars with such atrocious cruelty. The king determined on the death of the pope, and carried out his intention by sending to him a servant with a basket of poisoned figs, and a message that they had come from a neighbouring convent. The pope ate the figs and died after eight days' intense suffering.

S. Pietro is quite a different kind of church from S. Dominico. It is of ancient basilica form, and has this advantage over the other churches in Perugia—it retains all its pictures. The splendid columns of granite and marble come from an ancient temple, and the space above them is covered with frescoes. An old man, a lay brother of the monks, showed us round the church, and then led us to a passage from a window of which we obtained a glorious view of the fertile valley lying between Perugia and Assisi, the latter being directly opposite, nestling at the foot of a huge mountain, and looking as if built of ivory, so white did it tell against the sombre background.

The hotel at Perugia deserves its reputation as one of the best in Italy, and if a trifle too grand, is very comfortable and not expensive. Moreover, the waiters are intelligent, and know sufficient of the country to plan excursions; they also arrange with the drivers, which saves a good deal of trouble.

The morning which witnessed our departure for Assisi was deliciously bright, and it was with the pleasantest feelings that we took our places in the comfortable little carriage, which was awaiting us at the door of the hotel. We were soon out of the city and hurrying down the steep descent which leads to the fertile vale of the Tiber. The country looked lovely; it had rained a little during the night, and the sun made the rich vegetation sparkle, and drew from the flowered hedges the most delicious fragrance. We felt quite buoyant, and sang out snatches of songs, and felt quite different beings from the hard-worked, serious bachelors of home.

When we had gone about a mile and a half from Perugia, our driver stopped near to the entrance of the famous tomb of the Volumnii, which we had been told on no account to miss. Our driver left us for a short time, and returned with a man who acts as a caretaker of the tomb, which, be it remarked, is a portion of the ancient Etruscan Necropolis of Perugia, the existence of which was unknown down to the year 1840.

Our girls may remember the Etruscans, who made so stout a resistance to the budding power of ancient Rome. Well, this is one of the most precious relics of a people and a civilisation which were ancient when the twins Romulus and Remus laid the foundations of the Eternal City. Our guide led us down a flight of steps to a wooden door, which he unlocked. We were in complete darkness, and there was a curious, damp, warm atmosphere about the place not unlike that of a hothouse. A torch was then lit, and we found ourselves in a large chamber with a high roof. From this we were led into nine others. These chambers or caves

contain urns and recumbent figures; but the strangest thing in the tomb is one of the ceilings, in the centre of which is a huge Gorgon's head of hideous and startling aspect, in a perfect state of preservation. There are also other figures with ghastly countenances, and snakes darting out their tongues. There is no trace of decay, and the workmanship of the recumbent figures, urns, and horrors shows a considerable amount of skill.

It was like emerging from the dead to get back again into the open air, for this tomb, with its unpleasant atmosphere and grinning monsters, suggests the abode of the evil spirits. Fancy being locked in such a place, and left to the companionship of the snakes and fiends!

At a short distance from the tomb we reached that most historical of all rivers, the Tiber. The scenery at this point is most interesting. Three streams are seen, the Tiber and two of its tributaries, all crossed by pretty bridges. Behind us is a hilly country very fertile and glowing with colour, and in the distance, crowning a great height, Perugia stands, presenting a very bold appearance. In front is a level but rich and luxuriant plain, in the midst of which stands a huge church with a lofty dome, S. Maria degli Angeli. Assisi is as yet some distance off; but some idea of its quaint mediæval character can be gained.

It is at this point also that the intelligent traveller will feel an enthusiasm, for he is approaching a little city, the inaugurator of a religious revival, which in little more than a single generation spread over the whole of Western Christendom—a revival which was one of the indirect causes of the birth of modern art, and which led in a measure to the erection of those glorious Gothic cathedrals and churches, which have never been surpassed.

I said it was a city which was the direct cause of the religious revival, and the indirect cause of the art revival and the "building spirit" of the 13th and 14th centuries; but it is truer to say it was a man, a native of that city, who exerted this influence, and without whom the fame of Assisi might have been confined to the province of Umbria. Francis of Assisi was the most saintly, the most mystical, and the most grandly interesting man of his time. As is well-known, he was the founder of the order of monks known as the Franciscans, or mendicant friars, and whose motto, so to speak, is a triad of virtues—Poverty, obedience, and chastity.

Francis commenced his mission in his native city by preaching on the roadside, and both he and his followers begged their bread from door to door. He afterwards travelled to other cities in Italy and elsewhere, and the impetus which he and his followers gave to religious fervour led to a reformation of morals, which extended from one end of Europe to the other, and this in little more than a single generation.

And the increased religious feeling led to the erections of mighty cathedrals and churches. A glorious sanctuary was built in honour of Francis—the triple church of S. Francesco. Cimabue and his greater pupil Giotto enriched it with their frescoes; Dante sang its praises; it became the sanctuary of early Italian art, and to it flocked for inspiration the great painters of the various Italian schools. Then the propinquity of Perugia to the birthplace of Francis was undoubtedly the cause of the spiritual tendency of the Umbrian painters, and thus this simple man, to whom worldly ambition and worldly greatness were abhorrent, who preached by the wayside and begged for his bread, exerted an influence on the age, greater far than any of his contemporaries, and built for himself a reputation which will probably last till the end of time.

I am anticipating, however, for we are not at present in Assisi, but have just arrived at the important church of S. Maria degli Angeli in the plain, and some little distance from the hill which the city of Francis crowns with such wondrous beauty. A huge and cold-looking church is this S. Maria internally; but when we were there the bareness was not so apparent, for it was crowded with people, distributed in picturesque groups. It must have been a *festa*, for the peasants were attired in their best clothes, and their bright-looking shawls and stuffs added that colour which the church rather lacks.

We soon perceived that there was a central object of attraction—a chapel with a gabled roof, internally black with age, and lighted by suspended lamps. This is the famous chapel of the Porziuncula, in order to build which Francis and his seven first followers begged for money in the streets of Assisi. It has always been and is now an object of extraordinary veneration, and as we approached and gazed at this little foundation, as it were, of Francis's great success, the early history of the man came back to us, and we were reminded how small was the beginning of his eventful career.

Soon after leaving the church of S. Maria we commenced to ascend the hill of Assisi. The view of the city from this steep road is simply superb (see illustration). The great convent of S. Francesco is right above us, and seems to be built on the huge aqueducts

which descend to the side of the hill; this, together with the colossal but half ruined walls, battlements, and towers, makes the approach to Assisi so singularly impressive.

Arrived at the summit of the hill, or rather at the convent of S. Francesco, we bade adieu to our driver and entered the cloistered quadrangle leading to the lower, or more properly speaking, the middle church; for S. Francesco consists of three churches, one above the other. This middle church is by far the finest. It is low and dark, solemn and beautiful, and ablaze with frescoes. As will be seen from our illustration, the roof is groined, and there are several tombs, but it is the general effect—dim, religious, and rich—which strikes us most.

By far the finest frescoes are those on the groined roof above the high altar; the subjects of which, it is said, were designed by Dante. These, the masterpieces of Giotto, are divided into four compartments, three of which are emblematical of the vows of the Franciscans—poverty, obedience, and chastity—while the fourth represents Francis in glory!

"Poverty" is Francis being wedded by the Saviour to a poor woman. Two boys are seen mocking her, and on either side of the group angels hover. "Obedience" is not so distinct; it seems to represent a robed figure, supported by two others, putting a yoke over the head of a monk. "Chastity" struck me as the most beautiful. It represents a woman in a strong fortress; Francis with his followers is on one

side, and on the other is "Penance" with wings, driving away the three enemies of man—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

From these our readers will see *how deeply* interesting are the frescoes in the middle church; in fact, it would take days to see them properly. There was a service being conducted in the church when we arrived, and after its conclusion my friend got hold of a monk and requested him to show us the third or lowest church. He took us down a flight of steps into a dark cavernous chapel. The monk then lit a torch, and we discovered the chapel to be small, but the shrine of Francis especially, very magnificent. The monk knelt before it and spoke in a whisper, and showed us in what reverence Francis is still held by his followers.

The upper church is quite different. It is a light and graceful structure, a perfect masterpiece in its way; but bare and without the "dim religious" effect so noticeable in the middle church. The walls of the nave are covered with a double row of frescoes, the upper ones by Cimabue and the lower by Giotto; but they have been "restored," and in such a manner that they are now utterly worthless, and a libel on the memory of the original painters. Better by far that they had been removed altogether.

After visiting the triple church of S. Francesco, we found our way to the inn, and left for the morrow the other sights of Assisi.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOYLESS LAURA.—What was the meaning of the Angels' song on Christmas Eve, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men; for unto you is born a Saviour;" "Behold, we bring you good tidings?" &c.? Where is your gratitude? Have you not, through your Blessed Redeemer, the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? You must be out of health; your liver is out of order, and you probably need a doctor's advice, otherwise we should feel that you needed reproof for shutting yourself up and crying for nothing, amidst so much kindness and attention. Rouse yourself to active, busy employment, and make yourself useful to others; try to lighten their burdens, and leave any little ones of your own at your Saviour's feet, asking His pardon for your ingratitude, and help to realise your advantages and undeserved blessings. Suppose you had a broken back, or were blind and penniless, and had to go to a hospital for incurables?

JOANNA.—The word "Noon" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Non*, in Danish *Noen*, and the Latin *Nona*. With the Romans it was the ninth hour, and the time of making their chief meal. In Danish *None* also means a collation. "Noon" signifies midday, when the sun is in the meridian. We are glad of your goodwill to help our enterprise—the "Girls' Convalescent Home."

LUCY LISTER.—The quotation seems to be from some hymn. It is not from any well-known or standard poet. Englishmen usually give the left arm to a woman, for the same reason that a nurse carries an infant on that arm, leaving the right hand for its use and protection. Foreigners give the right. They also take the right side of the road in driving, while they sit, by a strange contrariety, on the left side of the box.

C. E. FRY.—We are very glad indeed to direct our readers' attention to your society, instituted to awaken and keep up an interest in missionary work. As no subscription for joining is required, anyone could undertake to unite in the daily readings, and we hope that many will send in their addresses to you (Miss Fry, 55, Chestow Place, Bayswater, W.) The lending of books to those unable to procure them is a great boon, and of the "Missionary Intelligence." We take this opportunity of directing special attention to the mission to the fleets of the Deep Sea Fisheries, for which, in the spring of 1883, we had all kinds of articles of warm clothing made, amongst which were 1,170 pairs of cuffs and 568 comforters, worked by our girls. We strongly recommend as one of your books for study an account of the Deep Sea Fisheries Mission, given in an illustrated work by Mr. Mather, secretary to the

Thames Mission, 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. It is entitled "Nor'ard of the Dogger," and is well illustrated. (Nisbet, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.C.)

THE LIVER.—The meaning of the word "hey" as an adjunct to a name, as "Hackin Hey" and "Lancelot Hey" at Liverpool, signified "a lane." These two old lanes led up to the tithe-barn in Tithebarn Street. Old lanes so called often used to lead up to a monastery. There is "Hollin Hey" near Bolton, where two old lanes meet; and there is a spot called "Hey Brow," between Bolton and Bradshaw, which is at the bend of an ancient lane, now a good road. There is also a place called "Abbey Hey" at Manchester.

DAISY.—We are much obliged by your contribution and your little story, which we have read with interest.

SINCERITY.—The blinds are drawn down until after the funeral is over, in token of respect.

MODESTY.—The verses show much good feeling and some descriptive talent; but they are not very original in thought.

BETH is very anxious that we should inform those of our readers who have had chilblains on the nose or face, that she found touching the unbroken chilblain once or twice a day with a little paraffin on a brush has cured it completely.

TROUBLED ECLA must think less of herself and her feelings, and more of giving pleasure to others.

AGATHA.—You should not pray for a husband. How do you know that it would be for your happiness or your advantage, and not a hindrance to your usefulness and your spiritual life? Perhaps the field of labour which God designs for you is your parents' home. Pray rather that He would clearly point out the work for which He knows you most suited, and to give you wisdom, strength, and grace to do it. May He deign to employ you in however humble a vocation for His glory, as His faithful servant. If He deem you competent to fulfil the duties of a married woman worthily, and have no work for you to do at home, He will provide a suitable husband for you in His own good time. Acting on your own responsibility you cannot expect His blessing.

JENNIE.—We thank you for your subscription. You make an incorrect quotation of a passage in the book of Job. "Oh that one would hear me . . . and that mine adversary had written a book." (xxxii. 35.)

BEATRICE.—If you want to know what prayers offered in faith are accepted, you must read for yourself, for the Bible itself is our only true guide, teaching us as well in what way and spirit to pray aright. If you wish to work for your heavenly Master's glory, the first thing is to show piety at home, and requite

your parents. Over and above that, we advise you to refer to our answer given to "Anna," as you will then learn how to do more outside your home, and this to be both easy and valuable work in the Master's Vineyard. We shall always be glad to hear from you. 2. Flies, grubs, snails, spiders, etc., are all natural food for the magpie. He can find game for himself if you have a garden.

ANNA.—If you desire to do some extra "work for Christ," beyond the sphere of your own home, many fields for usefulness are open to you. The better to learn what they are, we recommend your study of a new book, by one of our staff—"Restful Work for Youthful Hands" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.).

KATIE.—We feel very sorry for your terrible affliction, and do pray that our wise and merciful Father may grant you patience and strength, with that peace which comes from a "mind stayed on Him." We do not believe that any medical advice would do you any good. Accept our best thanks for the welcome contribution of "nineteen stamps" for the good cause in hand.

MARY.—Although your brother may be "a lawyer," it does not follow that he must exactly know what he means by using the phrase, "nine points of the law." There are nine good things generally requisite to ensure your gaining your cause; which are said to be, "a good deal of money, and as much of patience, a good cause, lawyer, counsel, judge, jury, witnesses, and luck." You might, however, gain a cause without being in possession of the whole list of "points" connected with the trial. As to solicitors' fees, amounting to 13s. 4d., 6s. 8d., and 3s. 4d., the explanation is easy; for these sums severally represent the old mark, half-mark, and quarter-mark, in use in very early times. The regulation of these fixed fees dates back to several centuries ago.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—To clean black cloth, and remove grease and other stains, take some Fullers' earth and pearlash, moisten with lemon-juice, mix well and form into balls, and scour the cloth with them.

CUMBERLAND LASSIE.—We much approve of your whole conduct so far, and of your plans for regaining your former position in life. Apprenticeship yourself by all means; and when you have, through God's blessing, obtained a better position, you may be able to help the less wise and thrifty. We thank you for your own and Miss Gibson's subscription to the Home of Rest.

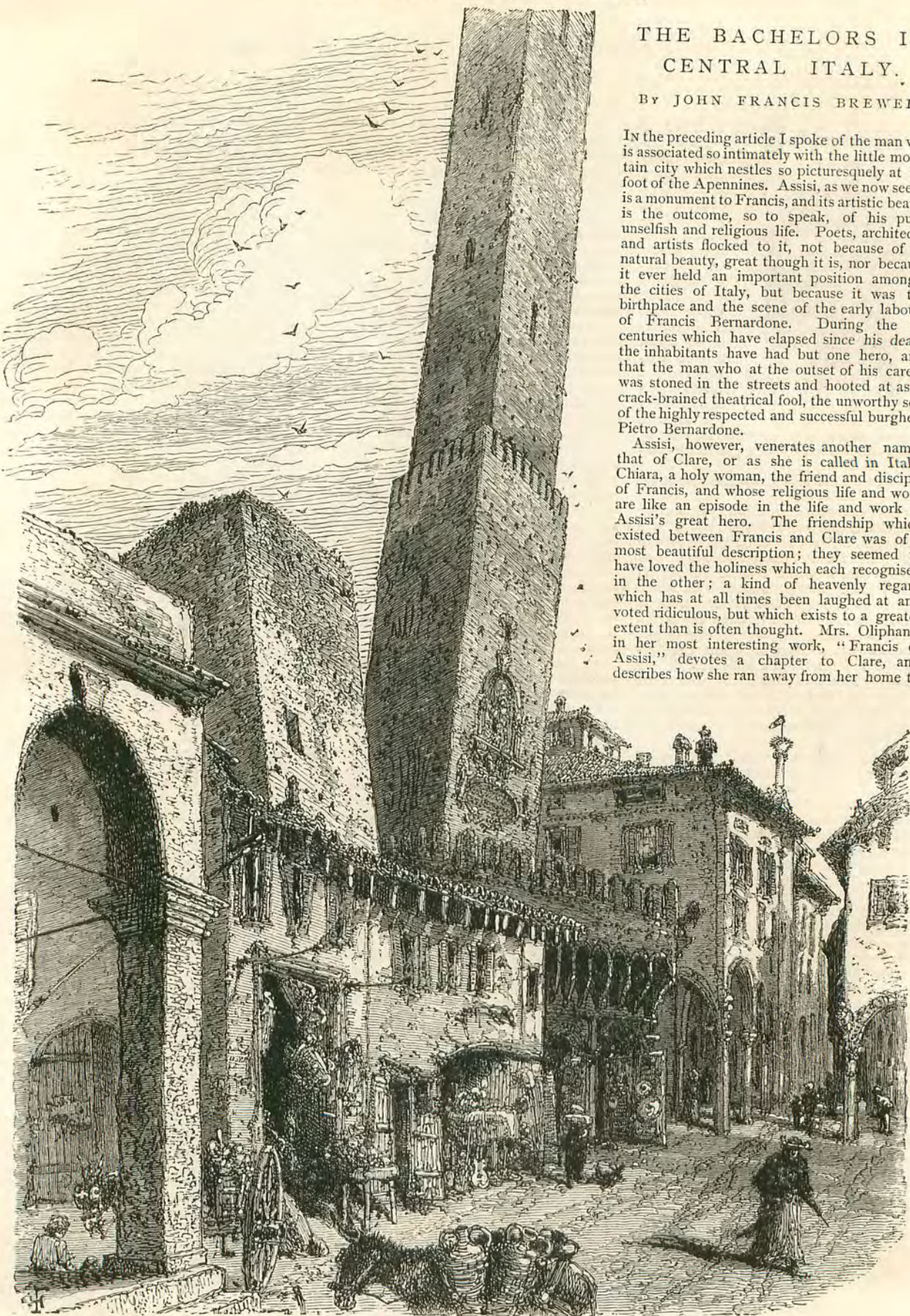
VERDIGRIS.—The small coins seem to be of Trajan, Constantine, and Augustus Cæsar. We could not give a valuation unless we knew their condition. But it is not of very great worth.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

In the preceding article I spoke of the man who is associated so intimately with the little mountain city which nestles so picturesquely at the foot of the Apennines. Assisi, as we now see it, is a monument to Francis, and its artistic beauty is the outcome, so to speak, of his pure, unselfish and religious life. Poets, architects, and artists flocked to it, not because of its natural beauty, great though it is, nor because it ever held an important position amongst the cities of Italy, but because it was the birthplace and the scene of the early labours of Francis Bernardone. During the six centuries which have elapsed since his death the inhabitants have had but one hero, and that the man who at the outset of his career was stoned in the streets and hooted at as a crack-brained theatrical fool, the unworthy son of the highly respected and successful burgher, Pietro Bernardone.

Assisi, however, venerates another name, that of Clare, or as she is called in Italy, Chiara, a holy woman, the friend and disciple of Francis, and whose religious life and work are like an episode in the life and work of Assisi's great hero. The friendship which existed between Francis and Clare was of a most beautiful description; they seemed to have loved the holiness which each recognised in the other; a kind of heavenly regard which has at all times been laughed at and voted ridiculous, but which exists to a greater extent than is often thought. Mrs. Oliphant, in her most interesting work, "Francis of Assisi," devotes a chapter to Clare, and describes how she ran away from her home to



THE LEANING TOWERS, BOLOGNA.



ST. CECILIA.

[Raphael.]

become a nun. Mrs. Oliphant writes, "We have all learned for generations to take it for granted that the life of the convent was a cowardly running away from the perils of ordinary existence—a compulsory innocence, if not an hypocrisy. But very different was the intention of Francis, very different the meaning which Clare in her youth gave up of the world. That sacrifice of all pleasantness, comfort and enjoyment; that giving up of love and friends; that voluntary begging and renunciation was to them the renewed and continual offering upon the altar for the sins of the world. It was Christ's sacrifice over again; not like His one great redemption, but yet a type after, not before the event, a repetition in more precious flesh and blood, of the spotless lamb offered by Israel, which all pointed to the Lamb to come. Clare, too, bent her young head and annihilated herself, that the world might remember how He made of Himself the one effectual offering."

Assisi struck us as a clean town, but very quiet. It seemed but sparsely populated, and we saw little begging. In fact, it is exactly what we would wish it to be, and is like a very old man, grave, venerable, and beautiful, full of past history and associations; restful and passive now, and not willing or able to bear the worry and turmoil of younger days.

We visited the triple church of S. Francesco a second time, and found that the impressiveness of the middle church struck us even more than when first we had seen it. This time we left S. Francesco from the upper church and emerged on a piazza, for the hill upon which Assisi is built rises rapidly, and both the upper and the middle church are nearly on a level with the ground. From S. Francesco a very steep road leads to the top of the hill or Grand Piazza of Assisi, where there is the church of S. Maria della Minerva, which contains a portico once belonging to an old temple dedicated to Minerva, a perfect gem of old Roman architecture. Goethe describes this as one of the reasons which induced him to visit Assisi, and adds that he did not see the interior of the church, not wishing that Christian association should spoil the effect which the grand portico had upon him. An impious idea in one who was presumably a Christian.

The Cathedral of Assisi would not be particularly interesting but for the fact that it was the place where Francis, who had by this time got to be venerated as a man of great sanctity, preached with such infinite tenderness on the passion of the Saviour, and exhorted his hearers to repent and lead holy lives. As we were leaving the building a bright-looking boy spied us and insisted upon accompanying us wherever we went. No amount of persuasion would get rid of him, and the little urchin dogged our footsteps for about three hours. He offered his services as guide, but we said we did not want him, and told him to go; seeing that was no good, we threatened him, at which he burst out laughing. If we went into a church, he followed us; if we sat down, he did so also; if we took out a guide book and commenced to read, he looked over our shoulders and read with us, and every now and again he would hold out his hand for money with such an imploring look. Though a great nuisance, it was difficult to be angry with such a merry little fellow. He talked a good deal, and seemed to think us very stupid not to understand him; in fact, I really believe he followed us more for amusement than for an idea of gain.

At a short distance from the cathedral is the church dedicated to the memory of Clare, and thither we betook ourselves, followed by our little persecutor. Huge flying buttresses cross the road and give to the church an appearance of great solidity; but the interior is even more interesting. There are frescoes by Giotto (a pupil of Giotto), and in a crypt under the high

altar, approached from the church by a steep flight of steps, is the body of the beloved friend of Francis. We descended into the crypt and found ourselves in complete darkness. After awhile a screen was drawn aside by someone we did not see, and there in a little chapel which was lit up, was the body of Clare in the robe of the second order of Francis. How picturesque, how Italian, how interesting all this is! The old church, the dark crypt, the lighted inner chapel, at first hidden and then revealed to us by the drawing aside of the screen by an invisible hand!

The grand triple church of S. Francesco, the interesting building erected to the memory of Clare, contain, indeed, the bodies of the saints of whom Assisi is still so proud; but of course neither Francis nor Clare ever themselves saw the temples afterwards to be erected to their memory. How we wonder, for instance, what Francis would have thought had he known that but two years after his death a great architect from far off Germany would have approached the little mountain city and laid the foundations of the glorious church of S. Francesco, afterwards to be covered with frescoes by the inaugurators of the greatest of all schools of painting! But Assisi as we see it now is chiefly commemorative; two spots there are, however, which are intimately connected with the lives of Francis and Clare—respectively, S. Francesco delle Carcere and S. Damiano, situated at some little distance from the city, and so interesting that they ought not to be missed by travellers.

Unfortunately we were pressed for time and could not visit both, so we chose S. Damiano, it being the nearer, and commenced to descend the steep hill which leaves the city close to the church of S. Chiara. Our little follower was still with us; all our persuasions and threats had failed to get rid of him, and we had begun to regard him as a kind of unavoidable nuisance. He on his part seemed quite happy, and had given up asking for money and talking, but his interest in us did not appear to diminish.

The convent of S. Damiano remains pretty much as it was left six centuries ago by Clare, and there are innumerable relics of her and the miracles which tradition ascribes to her prayers. The choir, the refectory, and the dormitory are absolutely unaltered, and the old wooden desks, the seats, and the large tables are the same which were used by Clare and her followers. S. Damiano became after a time a monastery for monks, but was suppressed by the Italian Government, and would probably have been turned into a barracks or pulled down, had it not been for the Marquis of Ripon, who purchased it and thus probably saved a most interesting historical relic.

We had to hurry back to Assisi to get our carriage ready, for our time was getting short, and we were due in Perugia in two or three hours, besides which the weather, which had been as hot as we have it in midsummer, had got suddenly quite cold, and a drive in an open carriage on an icy evening is anything but pleasant. Our little companion waited until we had got into the carriage and seemed even to meditate following us to Perugia! Thinking better of it, however, he turned away with a look of the utmost sorrow. We were quite touched by such devotion (or what appeared as such), and calling him back gave him a little money, and the last we saw of him was when a turn in the road gave us a view of the starting place, and there was the little fellow still watching the carriage and waving his cap to us.

Our holiday was now drawing to a close, and, with the exception of Milan, which we had seen before, one city only, Bologna, was on our list. We had to take the train from Perugia to Florence, stay about an hour at the latter, and then go straight on to Bologna, crossing the range of the Apennines.

The journey the whole way is most interesting, and until we draw near to Bologna we are never out of a mountainous district. Castle-crowned hills, luxurious beautiful country, and picturesque towns are seen in abundance between Perugia and Florence, and the important city of Arezzo is passed. But the journey is a long one, and by the time we drew near to Florence, we were famishingly hungry. The train was very late, and we found to our dismay that but a short time would be allowed us at Florence. My friend rushed out of the train to order a meal at the restaurant, leaving me in charge of the luggage. Everywhere in the station there was bustle and confusion, and it took me about ten minutes to find my friend, and another five minutes was wasted in waiting for our food. After allowing ourselves a few minutes to satisfy the pangs of hunger, we called for the bill, as it is a bad plan to allow too little time for settling accounts in these Italian station buffets. The charge for our simple meal was absurdly high, and my friend, whose chief fault, perhaps, is to give way to rather violent fits of anger, literally stormed with rage. He had been too long without food, and what with the cold and the waiting about, and the attempted extortion, there was some little excuse for his temper. We looked at our watches and found we had still about five minutes left us to dispute the bill. My friend went up to the counter and protested against the prices; but the server simply shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Oh, very well," said my friend, "then we won't pay at all," and shouldering our luggage we prepared to leave the station. This brought the server to his senses, and it was amusing to see his excitement after his careless manner when first we had questioned the bill. Evidently he was not accustomed to such determined tourists. When just about to leave the station, the server called one or two waiters, and rushing up to us they began to seize our luggage and to gesticulate in a very violent manner. The other people in the restaurant thought there would be a fight, and I believe there would have been, had I not persuaded my friend to come to terms and avoid a disturbance. My friend refused to pay more than half the amount charged, and after an angry discussion, these terms were agreed to, and we left the station, feeling that we had not only benefited ourselves but the community at large by protesting against extortion.

It was night by the time our train arrived at Pistoia and commenced to cross the range of the Apennines. The full moon showed us the scenery, which, though not so bold and magnificent as that to be seen from the railways which cross the Alps, is yet romantic and beautiful. But it was so cold, and we became so hungry, that we were right glad when the seemingly interminable journey was over, and we arrived at Bologna. Though past midnight, we found an omnibus at the station to convey us to the Hotel Brun, where a light meal was ready for us. A huge dreary building is this Hotel Brun, but the proprietor, a German, is very attentive, and looks after the comfort of his customers, and moreover possesses a fund of information concerning the art, antiquities, and history of Bologna.

Our readers may have heard of the University of Bologna, which has always been the most important in Italy. Philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence have always been deeply studied by its inhabitants; there is an intellectual ring about the place, and even now the upper classes are said to be remarkable for their scientific attainments. The present aspect of the city is sombre and dull, and we felt it was emphatically the place we should not choose to live in. Like at Padua, all the streets are arcaded, and perhaps this helps to give the sombre effect. Bologna



The Girls Own Paper.

S. R. Bolas & Co. Photo Printers 11, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Carlo Dolci.

Purity.

is, however, picturesque, and a perfect museum of mediæval architecture; and perhaps the reason of our not appreciating it was that our time was so limited. To see properly so large a city, and one which contains one hundred and thirty churches, innumerable old palaces, and twenty monasteries, in a few hours is obviously an impossibility.

The two leaning towers, of which we give an illustration, are so curious as to be quite a feature of the city. As can be seen, they differ greatly in height and lean different ways, but unlike their more celebrated brother at Pisa, they possess but little artistic beauty. Close to them is a pile of seven churches, known collectively as S. Stefano. We just glanced at these and then hurried on to the huge church of S. Petronio, only the nave and aisles of which are built, but so colossal are these that if the church was completed on the same scale, it would be probably the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the world. The proportions of this mighty building alone make it striking, for the general effect is cold and much of the detail is ugly.

Bologna boasts a most interesting picture gallery, the Accademia delle Belle Arti, where the Bolognese school of painting is finely represented. The vast gallery, however, is not devoted to one school only, but contains splendid works of many of the princes of painting, and I would call my readers' attention to the engraving after the picture of S. Cecilia by Raffaele, which has been considered by many judges to be one of the finest pictures in existence; it is far the most valuable art treasure in Bologna, and even the most casual observer would recognise it as the gem of the Accademia delle Belle Arti. Of all the Bolognese school, Francesco Francia (see illustration) is far the greatest, and the girls who are interested in art and have visited our National Gallery, must have been struck by the "Pieta" of this master, an exquisite picture full of religious fervour and most perfect execution.

Bologna is also celebrated in the history of art as the home of the Eclectic school, whose adherents threw over the mannerism into which Italian painting had fallen after all the great masters had passed away, and by a careful study of the principles of their art, and above all a thorough knowledge of the works of the golden age of Italian artists, endeavoured to bring about a revival of taste and to give to painting an impetus in the right direction. The most eminent of this later Bolognese school were the Caracci, Dominichino, and Guido Reni. Our readers must understand that these artists are not comparable for a moment to the great geniuses of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries; but they produced an immense number of good pictures, and will always be interesting as the last masters who upheld the supremacy of Italian art, and they represent the last page in the history of what may collectively be called the great Italian school of painting inaugurated by the Florentines, Cimabue and Giotto.

With the stay at Bologna our tour in Central Italy came to a close. One day remained for us, however, which we spent in Milan; we

then proceeded by the S. Gotthard Railway to Switzerland, and thence home by the Bâle and Calais route.

It may be suggested that in these papers too much space has been devoted to the artistic treasures, to the history, and to the scenery of Central Italy, and too little to the adventures and narrative of our travel. We can imagine a girl looking at the title "The Bachelors in Central Italy," and saying to herself, "Ah! I will read those articles, for I shall find descriptions of the difficulties and funny little experiences that two unfortunate bachelors will have to undergo in Italy. Won't they be cheated!" etc. Such a girl after reading one or two of the papers would be likely to turn to her friend and say, "Those articles on Italy are very dry—all about art and history and that sort of thing, don't you know?"

But our girls must remember that these

country in the world is the extraordinary way in which it recovers its existence after overwhelming disaster. We speak of the *renaissance* in Italy, and apply the expression to its great revival in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But is not the whole history of Italy that of *renaissance*, or re-birth? Here is a country that was highly civilised and excelled in all the arts before history was written. Of the Etruscan civilisation we know absolutely nothing, except that it goes back far into the dim past. Of the very language the people spoke we are in entire ignorance; one word only, has, I believe, been deciphered. Whether the rock-cut structures of Central Italy are contemporary with similar works in Egypt, or whether they date from a period shortly before the Roman conquest, or whether they are works spread over many ages, it is at present impossible to say, knowing as we do nothing of the language, and the inscriptions being therefore literally a dead letter to us.

Could we read aright these relics of the far distant past, they might tell us of states and of kingdoms which grew up and disappeared, and upon whose ruins later civilisations and monarchies arose, as far removed from and as ignorant of the original possessors of the soil as we are of them.

Be this as it may, there were certainly highly civilised communities in Italy before the Roman power was established. Italy then rules the world as the great Pagan power. Apparent annihilation follows the break-up of the power of Imperial Rome; but Italy rises again and takes an important place in the Christian civilisation, while in the later middle ages the Italians, partly by a profound study of the art and literature of classic times, were chiefly instrumental in bringing about what is always called the *renaissance*—a revival or reconstruction in art, literature, sculpture, architecture and thought, and this spirit of the *renaissance* spread over the whole of Europe. In our own days, after having almost disappeared from the political horizon, Italy again becomes a first-rate power. Like all the *renaissances*, however, the good is not unmixed with evil, for with this new life and new vigour a strong inclination is manifest to break too much with the past, to ignore great works of former times, and to sacrifice to present commercial enterprise the glorious monuments of antiquity.

Our girls must look upon a town in Italy as a lesson, and one which cannot be learnt without some little previous study. The history, the genius, the characteristics of the people of Italy are built up with the bricks and stones of its glorious buildings, and are reflected in its frescoes and pictures. Innumerable lessons of success and failure of the greatness and weakness of Italy's *past* can be read by the intelligent traveller in Italy's *present*.

But this history and these lessons are lost to the careless and ignorant. Even to these, however, a tour in Italy is productive of much pleasure and interest. The country is a long way off; its inhabitants and customs are different in many respects from our own; it is approached by railways tunnelled through and



FRANCESCO FRANCIA.

papers, like so many that appear in this magazine, are intended to instruct as well as to amuse. We hope that those of our readers who may travel to Italy will like to know something of the art and history of that fascinating land; while those who are not so fortunate as to be able to travel, will obtain a better idea of a country by reading descriptions of its scenery, its buildings and pictures, and the history which they embody, than a racy and smart account of the troubles and petty exigencies of touring and satirical remarks on the characteristics of a foreign people—remarks which so often show the egotism and narrow-mindedness of a writer, unable or unwilling to understand and appreciate anything which is un-English and contrary to his or her experience.

What makes Italy the most interesting

carried over the seemingly impenetrable barrier of the Alps; the climate there is a good deal warmer, and the vegetation richer than in England; there are a great many pretty buildings, some altogether different from any in our own country, and there are miles of pictures.

These are undoubtedly interesting facts which are patent to everyone, but the girl who wishes that an Italian tour shall be to her, as it should to everyone, an event in a lifetime and an experience never to be forgotten, will not be contented with such self-evident facts. If to

such a one these papers have been a little help, and above all if those girls who cannot hope to travel have, by reading the accounts of the tour of the two London bachelors, obtained some idea of what is to be seen and learnt in the old cities of Italy, our chief object has been secured.



MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER VII. HER PROTEGE.

THE snow still lay thick and white upon the ground, but the coming and going of many feet had beaten down a path between the farm and Shepperley. So without more ado Miss Pringle prepared to go home, taking Hubert by the hand, much to the discomfort of Master Bob, who had made sure of a playmate for some days to come.

"Phillis Penelope had better remain at the farm pending the funeral," she said to her niece. "She is best kept apart from the depressing influence of our predominant sorrow. In a week or so, when all is over, I shall be glad of her enlivening presence to cheer poor Hubert."

"Don't you think Bob would be better?" questioned Barbara. "Boys are the best companions for boys; they take to each other's ways more naturally."

"Probably so, when they are in equally high spirits. With your permission, Hubert would prefer Phillis Penelope whilst his terrible loss is paramount. Besides, having taken her education in hand, we must proceed with that,—eh, my dear?" to the dark-eyed girl clinging to her side.

"I don't know," began Barbara, as she stood on the doorstep to watch them depart, whilst Phillis kissed her god-mother and gave her hand shyly to

Hubert; "I am afraid, aunt, you are undertaking too much." But she said no more then, and when Bob had given sad-looking Hubert a parting slap on the back, and Mabel had said "Good-bye," offering her palm with a coquettish simper, Miss Pringle and the boy she had adopted took their way down-hill over the slippery snow, linked together by a love and a loss common to both.

The following was anything but an idle week for dapper Ruth, now a brisk damsel of eighteen. The blinds were closely drawn and there was sadness at the cottage, if there was not the hush of a dread presence in a closed room. She was despatched in all haste to Lawyer Townley, to Miss Bradley, and to Jonathan Holroyd the tailor. And between the comings and goings of these functionaries, and of Mrs. Rivers and others to remonstrate with Miss Pringle on the folly of embarrassing herself to maintain and educate a great boy whilst there were public charities for such purposes, the bright brass knocker was kept going, and busy Ruth likewise.

Hubert, though not quite ten years of age, was old enough to think, and he sat silently behind the red flower-pots in the darkened parlour window, contemplating the coal fire with a sorrowful countenance, thinking of his far Australian home, of the voyage, of that fatal struggle through the snow, of the kind strangers who had taken care of him, of the three young Heathfields; of Bob, whose boisterous ways had somewhat irritated his raw wound; of the pretty girl with the fair hair and blue eyes who spoke so pleasantly; of her darker little sister, who seemed so sorry for him; mixed with wonderings if the men who had stolen his father's money would be caught; if

that Mr. Townley, who asked so many questions, could find his father's luggage, and through all would come the face of his dead father as he had seen it lying in Mr. Heathfield's outhouse.

Miss Pringle talked to him at times, but she also was inclined for reflection. So, to keep the boy from brooding, she brought forth from her bookcase a volume of her rare treasure, "Pringle's African Sketches," with many injunctions for its careful use. But he was not much of a reader; inaction was burdensome; his surroundings were strange; he strove to keep back tears as unmanly, and feeling, without the power of expression, that all life was a tangle, his handsome face had an aspect of care and trouble, sad to see on one so young.

A large concourse of spectators assembled in Shepperley churchyard to witness the funeral of the dead Hubert Underwood, the following Wednesday, when the boy Hubert and Miss Pringle followed as mourners.

Many were the comments of the crowd on the superfine quality of the new mourning she had provided for the boy as well as for herself, and her folly in taxing her small means for such a purpose. Scraps of the story had found their way with the jury into Shepperley, brushing up the memories of old people to re-tell what they knew of Miss Pringle's broken-off match with that very Mr. Underwood.

But no one, except the old rector and close-lipped Mr. Townley, had a word of approval or encouragement for the course she had taken.

The latter, a short wiry man with eyes that blinked and twinkled, lips close shut as if to keep in secrets and to keep down irrepressible mirth, and a head inclining