

the probable president was unconscious of the honour which awaited him. The deputation from the Convention found him in homely guise, with coat sleeves turned up, interested to hear whether Seward or Banks were the nominee; and when the paper was put into his hand which gave him a fair chance of the highest office in his country, his only remark was, as he turned towards his humble dwelling, "There's a little woman at home who'll be pleased to hear this."

Mr. Lincoln is a man of temperate simple habits. He resides in a two-story wooden house, without garden or ornament, and in the evening sits upon his door-steps in his shirt-sleeves and talks with his neighbours. Although he has hewed his way from manual labour to a learned profession, his abilities are by no means of the highest order. His *forte* is political strategy and stump oratory, singularly combined with a downright honesty which has never been impugned, and which has earned for him, through all the West, the *sobriquet* of "Honest old Abe." As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is either superlatively ludicrous or deeply impressive. He employs but little gesticulation; but when he desires to "make a point," he produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward as to excite a merriment which his words could never produce. His oratory became famous last winter, when he delivered political stump speeches in the Eastern States, charging a shilling per head for admission—a thing previously unknown—and which drew down severe censure. His political creed is strongly anti-slavery, and he regards "an irrepressible conflict" between North and South as a necessity.

The Republicans throughout the country are now pressing forward the campaign with redoubled energy, and with daily increasing hopes of success, and it is expected that Lincoln, with his romantic antecedents, will carry the votes of the whole North-West with a rush. "Wide Awake" or "Rail-splitting" clubs, equipped in long capes and large visored caps, and bearing torches and rails, in emulation of the early feats of their backwoodsman candidate, march in vast processions, and hold their political festivities in their "wigwags," in almost every town and village, emulous of the excitement of the Harrison canvass of 1840, when the "log-cabin" and "hard-cider" of a presidential aspirant were adopted as the rallying symbols of the victorious party. No event would be more characteristic of the genius of the mighty Republic than the election of this backwoodsman politician to the presidential chair.

A RAMBLE IN THE CALABRIAS.

GARIBALDI'S advance upon Naples will be remembered in history with Napoleon's progress to Paris after the return from Elba. In rapid triumph, the two events were alike; but in true grandeur, the march of Garibaldi excelled, as far as dis-

interested patriotism is above selfish ambition. The stages of that memorable progress through Calabria were observed by the writer with the greater interest, from being familiar with the road, over which the journey had been made not many months before. In hope of giving similar pleasure to others, I have referred to the notes of each day's journey, made at the time, and arranged them in this form, though our route was from Naples to the Calabrias—the reverse of Garibaldi's course from Reggio to Naples.

We left Bella Napoli (beautiful Naples) early in the month of May, well provided with letters of introduction, as we had been assured that many of the villages were most miserable, and that one seldom, in those wilder regions, met with any inns that made even a pretence of lodging travellers for the night. The whole of this country is most striking, whether we consider the grandeur of the scenery, the very great antiquity of some of the towns, or the fine people who inhabit it, who show unmistakable signs of their Grecian origin, in the regularity of their features, and the high order of beauty to be met with amongst even the lowest classes of the Calabrians.

Our first point after leaving Naples was Cosenza. The river Busento, which one passes just before entering the town, flows over the grave of Alaric, the King of the Goths. The singular account of his funeral will be read with wonder. The barbarians employed a captive multitude forcibly to divert the course of the river, and then the royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid trophies and spoils of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric were deposited was thought to have been for ever concealed by the massacre of the prisoners. To those interested in classic researches, the whole of Calabria teems with remains and spots connected with those times. The excursions to be made from Cosenza are numerous, especially that to explore the table-land called La Silla, less known than any mountain district in Europe. It stretches nearly as far as Catanzaro, and is most beautiful, presenting a succession of rich pastoral plains divided by beautiful ravines, with rapid streams watering it in all directions, while the mountains are clothed with impenetrable forests of fir, oak, and beech.

The inhabitants of this district are very peculiar and interesting; we spent many days amongst them, getting thoroughly acquainted with the women and their families. The men were almost all higher up, with their flocks, as this region is used as a summer pasture-land; and at the breaking up of the winter, not only the shepherds, but many of the landowners, remove to La Silla, whole families accompanying this annual migration. We were fortunate enough to witness some of these parties making their summer progress, and indeed frequently joined them on the route. Nothing can be more completely pastoral and simple than their mode of life, and they seem a most contented people. They have but two sources of alarm: the one, the constant visitations of earthquakes; and the other, the fear of the inroads of banditti; but this latter

had gradually been decreasing for the last few years, and at the present time hardly any of the bands (formerly so ferocious and daring) are in existence.

Our muleteers, by name Pepe and Anselmo, two of the best specimens of the class of guides that I have met with, were most eloquent on these subjects, and many a wild tale did they tell us, illustrative of their atrocities; for with the most fiend-like cruelty, many of these bandits would choose the time when a village was laid prostrate by earthquake, to rush down upon the devoted inhabitants and deprive them of all they possessed. Anselmo was a hale old man of sixty, who had spent great part of his early life as a charcoal burner in the forests of the Abruzzi; and much had he to relate of the wild and solitary life he led. He had often spent whole weeks in the interminable forests, without seeing a human being, separated by a considerable space from his fellow workmen, who were scattered, each by his lonely fire, watching the wood smouldering on the burning embers, which must never be extinguished, day or night, or the charcoal would be spoiled. Like all rude uncultivated people, these charcoal burners seem much given to superstition; and many a singular legend did he relate, wherein the probable was strangely mixed up with the wild and the impossible. Sometimes he would choose the moment when we were passing through some gloomy defile at the close of day, with no living creature in sight, to enter upon one of these startling narratives; and greatly did it add to the interest with which we traversed this romantic country. The hospitality that we met with from the resident proprietors of La Silla deserves the most grateful mention.

From Cosenza we make our way to Catanzaro, the second capital of the Calabrias, containing 11,000 inhabitants. We only made a short halt here; we followed the advice of our trusty guides, and determined to make our way to the east coast, from hence intending to visit some towns on that side of Calabria, and so gradually make our way to Reggio. It could not have been more delicious weather, or more perfect for sight-seeing; for the great summer heats had not come on, and yet nothing could exceed the clearness of the atmosphere, or the balmy freshness of the sea breezes.

Previous to leaving the neighbourhood of Catanzaro, we determined to make an excursion to the famous convent of San Stefano del Bosco, about fourteen miles from Mileto. It is situated in a valley at the foot of the central ridge of the Apennines. It is now only a magnificent pile of ruins, but it abounds in interest of all sorts; for here St. Bruno first established the rigid discipline of his order, and here he died and was buried. It has always been looked upon as the great sanctuary of the Carthusian Order. It was entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1783, and is now a heap of ruins. Farther up the valley, on an eminence overshadowed by the most magnificent silver firs, there is a chapel and an oratory, with a fine marble statue of St. Bruno. This place is the scene of an annual fair, from the 1st to the 8th of May, and nothing can exceed the gaiety of the scene, as it is

resorted to by the peasantry from all the surrounding districts.

I have not time to notice in detail all the towns that we passed on our way; but I will mention some few interesting particulars of our journey. Strongoli, situated on a very steep barren elevation, was besieged by Hannibal in the second Punic War. A steep descent leads down to the beautiful river Neto, and the banks of some of its tributary streams are literally covered with sweet peas in a wild state; the fragrance of their perfume being most delicious, and the brilliancy and variety of their colours most beautiful. I have never anywhere seen such handsome people as the inhabitants of Cotrone, a fortified town on the sea coast; both men and women have all the attributes of physical beauty. They are tall, finely formed, have regular features, and their picturesque costume sets off their good looks. Milo, and many of the other celebrated wrestlers in the Olympic games, were natives of this town. This city was one of the earliest Christian bishoprics.

Passing by Catanzaro, on our return, we started afresh on our way to Reggio. The road is full of beauty, and the people are most interesting. There is something in their perfect simplicity, their freedom from those mercenary propensities which so disfigure the Swiss character, their reverence for old age, and their devotion to the cause of freedom, that renders them worthy of all admiration; and, having passed considerable time amongst them, and owing to our knowledge of the language, and the intimate terms our muleteers were on with so many of them, I became better acquainted with these poor people than would generally be the case in any country one was travelling through.

While writing this, I find in the paper of the day the following account of these very people, and I cannot resist quoting it, to show the very exact accordance there is between the two descriptions. "No one in the world could do justice to the enthusiasm, the gentleness, the simplicity of these good Calabrians. They accost Garibaldi as their deliverer, and would throw themselves into the fire to oblige him or his followers. The primitiveness of their ideas, of their habits and manners, is surprising, and no one can doubt either the excellence of their nature or the genuineness of their good-will." Hitherto the Calabrians have been miserably ill-governed, their claims disregarded, and their ancient laws and privileges trampled upon; and no one who honours this glorious country can help longing to see it in good hands, and all its innumerable advantages done justice to. The scarcity of money in the country is remarkable. All the people's wealth is in kind. We could not purchase some small silver ornaments at a shop in Cosenza, as they had no means of giving us change for the money we offered.

Our guides advised us to take the bridge road leading from Gerace over the Aspromonte by the Passo del Mercante to Casal Nuovo. The scenery is magnificent, the road passing through the wildest glens and the grandest primeval forests. Both seas are visible from the summit of this pass, and the road descends on the western side through a succession of splendid scenery; the gulf of Gioja

lying immediately beneath one, and the Lipari Islands are distinctly visible. We rejoined the high road to Reggio at Rosarno, famous for the repeated devastation caused by earthquakes in 1783. It was then almost destroyed; a ravine opened half a mile long, and there are many deep gulfs formed near the town. A species of tufa, becoming nearly as hard as iron, issued from the valleys, in the form of mud, and inundated the country for miles. We were shown specimens of this tufa. At Cinque Frondi, the whole valley shows a succession of landslips caused by the same earthquake. We remained a few days at Palmi, to rest from the fatigue of so many days' travelling on mules, which are certainly the most uneasy of animals to ride upon. We had a letter of introduction to a rich proprietor who had a residence in the town. This is a very important one in the district, and the public buildings are very handsome. The town stands on a rocky cliff rising out of the sea, which is entirely covered with orange-trees and olives, backed by higher hills clothed with chesnut forests. We were in a charming house, high upon the cliff, and from my bedroom window I could see the shores of Sicily as far as Cape Milazzo, with Etna standing out against the clear blue sky in solitary grandeur. Our kind hosts did their best to make our time pass pleasantly, and I was very glad to see the mode of life of a regular Calabrian family. I cannot fancy anything more agreeable or more praiseworthy than the lives they led in the midst of their families; they rarely left their homes, and devoted themselves assiduously to their duties, both religious and social. They had a beautiful farm outside the town, which furnished them with nearly all their provisions; and when the heat became too great in the city, they retired to a charming summer residence high up in the mountain. We left our friends with great regret, and proceeded on to Reggio, where we intended to remain a fortnight at least before we started on a fresh ramble.

This city is the capital of Calabria Ultra. It is situated in the midst of great natural beauties; the streets are unusually spacious for an Italian town, the reason for which is, that it is an entirely modern town, having been rebuilt after its complete destruction in 1783. There is great architectural beauty in many of the buildings, and hardly any town in the world can boast of so beautiful a public walk as the Marina; the views from which are unsurpassed in natural beauty, especially when the setting sun throws the magnificent Sicilian mountains into strong relief. This town was originally founded by the Greeks, and St. Paul visited it on his voyage from Cæsarea to Rome.

The bay is remarkable for the optical illusion called *Fata Morgana*, which occurs only at high tides, when the most perfect calm of sea and air prevails. The best description of this wonderful spectacle is given by Minasi, a Dominican monk; and, as it may be interesting to my readers, I quote it. "When the bright surface of the water in the bay is not disturbed, either by the wind or the current, the spectator being placed on an eminence of the city, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, will on a sudden see in the water, with

the greatest clearness, castles, columns, lofty towers, superb palaces, with balconies, alleys of trees, herds, flocks, all in their natural colour, passing in succession along the surface of the sea. If the air be slightly hazy, opaque, and at the same time dewy, and adapted to form the iris, the objects will all be vividly coloured or fringed with red, green, blue, and the other prismatic colours."

Our stay at Reggio passed only too quickly, and at last, to our great regret, came the day of our departure. We had decided, after much consideration, to profit by the offer of a friend, who had placed his yacht at our disposal, and to coast along all that beautiful line of country to Salerno; then, making our way to Benevento, again take to mules or horses, and explore all the country between that town and the Abruzzi.

Many of the grandest scenes of this remarkable district of Italy must be familiar to many of my readers, in the matchless pictures of Salvator Rosa, whose name is associated with all one's thoughts of the Calabrias and the Abruzzi; for when his first studies were over, instead of following the artist's beaten track, he struck out a new path for himself, and spent many months rambling about amongst the picturesque grandeur of Basilicate, the rocks of Mont Gargano, the caverns of Otranto, and the wonderful valley at the foot of Mont Sarchio, which is formed almost entirely of volcanic deposits. These formed the studies of this great painter. A very romantic incident is related of his rambles. He was taken by the banditti, and spent a considerable time in one of their haunts; he was tolerably well treated, and profited by the opportunity thus afforded of painting the wild and the terrible.

The inhabitants of the Abruzzi are much wilder and more inaccessible than the Calabrians, but they are equally brave and independent, and ready to fight for their liberty. Many hundreds of them have come south to beg to be enrolled in Garibaldi's bands. Here, amongst these inaccessible mountains, may still be found some remnants of the hordes of banditti that formerly overran the country; and our guides would never let us travel late at night, when we had penetrated into the wilder part of the country. Charcoal burning is carried on to a great extent; and as evening closes in, one sees these picturesque fires, each lighting up some portion of these dense forests. The men who attended them readily answered all our questions, and asked a good many in return, and seemed anxious to get information.

It was with the utmost regret that we finally left these most interesting countries, so highly cultivated, teeming with natural produce of the most varied kind, possessing the advantage of communication by sea between all the principal towns, and peopled by a race of as brave, industrious, and intelligent men as are to be met with anywhere. Knowing as much of the country as I do, I have watched with the deepest interest the present struggle, and offer a sincere and fervent prayer that it may end in delivering the people from the evils they have so long had reason to complain of, and in establishing among them all the advantages of a free government.