

ITALY IN TRANSITION.

TOWARDS the fair land of the South, Italy the bright and beautiful, the eyes of all Europe are turned with deep attention, and perhaps none with greater interest and solicitude than those of England. Her oppressed and down-trodden children have at length asserted their manhood, and their right to be "reckoned among the nations." The idea of "Italian unity"—to be a nation—has possessed the mind of her people; and with wonderful quickness, order, and moderation, her various states are uniting themselves to the Piedmontese constitutional kingdom, and endeavouring to weld themselves into one great nation. Italy is, in fact, in a state of "transition," and a reliable and trustworthy account cannot but be acceptable to us, who are watching with such intense interest the shifting scenes of her eventful drama, now enacted before our eyes.

A book with the title at the head of this paper has just been published*—the work of the Rev. William Arthur, the well-known author of the "Successful Merchant." Making a tour in Italy for the benefit of his health, in the spring of the present year, he carried with him an observant eye, and, mingling with the masses, he learned "the opinions of people of all classes, uttered freely to a stranger, who, not being a person of consequence, was more likely to hear their real views." It is this, as giving the *opinions of the people*, which gives the book its interest and value; and if, in the words of our author, "it lead any to a deeper sympathy in the sorrows of the Italian people, a stronger interest in their welfare, and above all, to prayer for the blessing of God upon the nation, now rising up in their long disjointed provinces, it will not have appeared in vain."

Passing through Savoy—where "the Savoyards seemed well content that they and their vines were to belong henceforth to the nation to which their language and their interests pointed them," although, as an intelligent native said, "they counted upon the fall of the Napoleon dynasty, and the restoration of the national liberties"—he entered Italy by the Pass of Mount Cenis. Turin took him more by surprise than any capital he had ever visited; nothing had led him to expect a city of such pretensions. "It is regular, open, and beautiful. Turn whatever side you may, all openings terminate in a mountain; a grand, uniform, airy city, worthy to be the capital of a young kingdom." It was a gala day, flags flying from the windows, and all things betokening rejoicing. The voting in Central Italy was in progress, and far exceeded their utmost expectations. "The Italians were to be united at last—there was to be an Italian kingdom." Entering a merchant's counting-house, one of the partners exclaimed, "What a moment you have come at! the voting is all favourable to annexation; we did not expect such a magnificent result; Italy never saw such a day." They thought the emperor well paid by Savoy, and that they had acquitted their debts to him.

They were daily expecting the Bull of Excommu-

nication, and our author endeavoured to learn the opinions of the people respecting it. One gentleman, an intelligent merchant, "simply laughed at it, and said that it might scare a few women, in country places—that was all." A banker treated it just in the same way: "It has been tried too often; it has no terrors now; it only disgusts people to see an attempt to use spiritual arms for a political end." As it had been said, the women perhaps would be frightened, a shop was entered, in which were only women and no men; mentioning the subject, "they all went off like so many alarm clocks, trying which would ring loudest: 'Let him! let him! does he think to frighten any one? No, not in the present day; if the Pope do it, he will hurt nobody but himself; if he shut up the churches, never mind; he and his priests will be forsaken; let him do it if he likes.'"

The Mortara Jew family were in Turin. Not being able to endure the scene of their family wrongs, they have retired to a place where person and conscience are protected. Madame Mortara was pale, sad, and worn with long sickness. Mr. Arthur had the happiness of telling her of the feeling with which such acts are regarded in England, "and how opposed they were to the spirit and example of the Christian religion." This assurance seemed to be music in her ear, and the little book, "The True Story of Edgar Mortara," though in an unknown tongue, appeared to be a jewel to her.

Passing into Lombardy, Milan was entered, the evening before the illuminations to celebrate the voting for annexation, and the anniversary of the five days of March, 1848, when the Milanese expelled the Austrians; the people shouted and sang, but with apparently the most perfect temper and order. On the day of the *fête* every balcony was covered with crimson, and from the windows was streaming the bright Italian tricolor, green, red, and white; it floated from every pinnacle of the Cathedral, even from the highest point of the spire; "everywhere the crowd seemed pleased to talk with a foreigner, and the feeling towards the English seemed good;" but after talking with one and another, it was astonishing "that no sincere defender of Rome could be met with, such as one might pick up in any crowd in Ireland." The troops passed in procession a platform at the end of the square, before some high officials; as the banners came by, there was one which affected the crowd most deeply, "the banner of Venetia, draped with crape. 'Venezia, Venezia,' was uttered in subdued tones; and as a long banner, all black, with the lion, the emblem of Venetia, emblazoned upon it passed, the feeling among the people was intense." Our author was greatly impressed with the order and good temper of the crowd; anything like drunkenness or misconduct was not to be seen.

Sailing on the Lake of Como, the honest boatmen "delighted to dwell upon the events of the past summer, and how the fame of Garibaldi passed from mountain to mountain and lake to lake, and how the Austrians were perplexed and the people excited, and how even boys left their homes in crowds to join the hero's standard, their fathers and their mothers telling them that they would be

* London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

of no use, but afterwards finding that they had fought like soldiers."

At Piacenza, in the dining-room of the hotel, mingling with the company, it was something fearful to hear and see the hatred expressed towards Rome. They talked of fines and imprisonments without any reason given, of hundreds kept in dungeons untried and uncondemned, murderers petted, and patriots put to death. Such were the charges uttered against the Papal government; "the hatred was not vociferous, but it was dank and hot, boiling, and smelling of blood." Wonderful that, with such feelings, no deed of blood and violence took place; and doubtless it is owing to the fact that the national movement is in the hands of men of the highest position, and by their influence, moderation and high principle have been preserved under the most exciting circumstances.

At Bologna the elections were taking place, and here, among "these hot-blooded Romagnoles," an Englishman would never have imagined what was transpiring. Everything was conducted with the most perfect decorum, not even a sign of the public tranquillity being disturbed; here, especially, it was the greatest marvel, "for the people, having been under the rule of the priests, spoke of them with an intensity of hatred one did not meet with either in Piedmont or Lombardy."

At Florence all was excitement, on the public entrance of Prince Carignan to assume the government as the representative of Victor Emmanuel; the enthusiasm was almost incredible. "Poor heads," moralizes Mr. Arthur, "tossing, and waving, and heaving, with such zeal, for a great movement. Oh for an effusion of God's Spirit upon this multitude!"

It is gratifying to have the testimony of so competent a judge as to the kind of preaching among the Italians. "It united the two great points, salvation by grace and holy living. There was no obscurity on either hand: the pure mercy of God as the only foundation, the obedient life as the only evidence, and the Lord Jesus Christ as the meritorious medium of the one, and the perfect example of the other, were ever kept in view."

We must not, however, imagine that all Northern Italy is ripe for Protestantism: to think so would be rash; Northern Italy is nothing of the kind; the people are weary of the priests, alienated from the church, and if any great statesman or leading ecclesiastic were bold enough to indicate such a movement, it is hard to say to what extent it might be carried; public events may perhaps force the State to choose between spiritual independence and temporal degradation, and it is by this dilemma that Providence has again and again wrought out the rescue of nations.

The appearance of the villages in the neighbourhood of Rome inspired a feeling of hopelessness, that goes very deep into one's soul. Rome itself did not tend to dissipate these impressions. The same exasperation existed here as elsewhere against the priests, who swarmed in the streets. A tradesman said, "Everything is in a miserable condition; no work for the poor, no trade, no hope for any one but the priests." A coach-

man who drove our author out said, "This government of the priests is horrid; they have brought us to starvation, and they swarm like flies, and eat and drink. They get everything into their hands; they grasp all we have; here families have no chance against them; if a man has any property he must look out, and die unexpectedly, or he will have to leave half to the priests. Signore," said he, "this is a place where they that are idle eat, and they that labour starve."

The ceremonies of the so-called "holy week" are described with graphic power; but our limits forbid quotations. Our English readers will hardly be prepared for the height of profanity reached, when they learn that the pope, on Easter Sunday, personifies "The King of Glory" entering heaven with his angels. On this scene of man-worship Mr. Arthur remarks, "that, except the words of the benediction, there has not been one syllable for eye to read, or ear to hear, conveying sense to a human mind, and even they were in a dead language. It is a Christian temple, yet it is full of images; men are bowing down to them, saying prayers before them, and kissing them. It is a Christian temple, and yet no word, either of the Law of God, or of the Gospel of Christ, can be read among its innumerable inscriptions, in the language of the people—a Christian temple, and yet never does human voice within it read, so as to reach the understanding, one word that Christ said or an apostle wrote. It is a Christian temple, and yet in it one shows himself, for the kneeling worship of his fellow men, receiving honours that earthly kings do not claim." "It is such an outrage at once upon all the feelings of humanity, and all the theory, not to say the practice of the religion of the Bible, that religion and manliness go down together, and the whole nature falls into the position of a servile instrument of whatsoever may come from the lips of a vice-God; and this is *done under* the profession of being Vicar of Christ, and representing the Lord of Glory." "The assumption to represent and even personate the Godhead is too unblushing, the superstition too low, and the claim to entire command of men's principles and souls, of their moral selves and being, is too dreadful to permit of irritation. The feeling is awe, deep awe, and horror; you feel face to face with a destroying power; these courts and chambers around you whisper of stories that would make you shudder, even in Benares or Constantinople. The tracts which surround the city mourn under the sorrows of desolation and oppression together, and seem written over with the woes denounced by the old prophets against apostate lands."

Corroborating the statements of the work, various official documents are given, found in the Papal archives. They fully bear out the intolerable character of the government under which the States of the Church have so long groaned; we cease to wonder at the intense and bitter hatred existing among all classes to priestly rule, and trust that they will never again be permitted to experience its tender mercies.

While we write, events are hurrying on. Garibaldi's progress has hitherto been unchecked. The

King of Naples has fled from his capital; and the liberator, attended only by his staff, has entered it amid the acclamations of the people. In the Papal States an insurrection has broken out; the power of France alone maintains the pope upon his throne, exemplifying the remark of the Grecian sage, that "good kings are guarded by their subjects, while tyrants are guarded by foreigners." May these events be so overruled that "all things may be established upon the best and surest foundations, and that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established" over Italy, "unto all generations."

HOW TO USE THE BAROMETER.

THE following is an extract from Admiral Fitzroy's instructions on the use of the barometer.

The barometer should be set regularly by a duly authorized person, about sunrise, noon, and sunset.

The words on old scales of barometers should not be so much regarded for weather indications as the rising or falling of the mercury; for if it stand at *changeable*, and then rise towards *fair*, it presages a change of wind or weather, though not so great as if the mercury had risen higher; and, on the contrary, if the mercury stand above *fair* and then fall, it presages a change, though not to so great a degree as if it had stood lower: besides which, the direction and force of wind are not therein noticed.

It is not from the point at which the mercury may stand that we are alone to form a judgment of the state of the weather, but from its *rising* or *falling*; and from the movements of immediately *preceding* days as well as hours—keeping in mind effects of change of *direction*, and dryness, or moisture, as well as alteration of force or strength of wind.

It should always be remembered that the state of the air *foretells coming* weather, rather than shows the weather that is *present*—(an invaluable fact too often overlooked)—that the longer the time between the signs and the change foretold by them, the longer such altered weather will last; and, on the contrary, the less the time between the warning and the change, the shorter will be the continuance of such foretold weather.

If the barometer has been about its ordinary height, say near thirty inches at the sea-level, and is steady or rising, while the thermometer falls, and dampness becomes less—north-westerly, northerly, or north-easterly wind, or less wind, less rain or snow, may be expected.

On the contrary, if a fall takes place with a rising thermometer and increased dampness, wind and rain may be expected from the south-eastward, southward, or south-westward.

A fall with low thermometer foretells snow.

When the barometer is rather below its ordinary height, say down to near twenty-nine inches and a half (at sea-level), a rise foretells less wind, or a change in its direction towards the northward, or less wet; but when it has been very low, about twenty-nine inches, the first rising usually precedes or indicates strong wind—at times heavy squalls—from the north-westward, northward, or north-eastward; after which violence a gradually-rising glass foretells improving weather; if the thermometer falls; but if the warmth continue, probably the wind will back (shift against the sun's course), and more southerly or south-westerly wind will follow, especially if the barometer's rise is sudden.

The most dangerous shifts of wind, or the *heaviest* northerly gales, happen *soon* after the barometer *first* rises from a very low point; or if the wind veers *gradually*, at some time afterwards.

Indications of approaching changes of weather, and the direction and force of winds, are shown less by the height of the barometer than by its falling or rising. Nevertheless, a height of more than thirty (30.0) inches

(at the level of the sea) is indicative of fine weather and moderate winds, except from east or north, *occasionally*.

A rapid rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather; a slow movement, the contrary; as, likewise, a *steady* barometer, which, when continued, and with dryness, foretells very fine weather.

A rapid and considerable fall is a sign of stormy weather, and rain or snow. Alternate rising and sinking indicates unsettled and threatening weather.

The greatest depressions of the barometer are with gales from S.E., S., or S.W.; the greatest elevations, with wind from N.W., N., or N.E., or with calm.

A sudden fall of the barometer, with a westerly wind, is sometimes followed by a violent storm from N.W., or N., or N.E.

If wind sets in from the E. or S.E., and the gale veers by the south, the barometer will continue falling until the wind is near a marked change, when a lull may occur; after which the gale will soon be renewed, perhaps suddenly and violently, and the veering of the wind towards the N.W., N., or N.E., will be indicated by a rising of the barometer, with a fall of the thermometer.



SCALE OF THE BAROMETERS USED AT THE STATIONS OF THE NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.