



G. Garibaldi

of the city authorities, at the request of the court. In 1593 the people got the idea that a plague resembling the modern influenza, from which they suffered much, and feared more, was generated by the dogs, and they waged an exterminating war against them accordingly. When the real plague came early in the following century, they again laid the blame upon the dogs, and instead of reforming their own filthiness and neglect, fell upon the poor brutes with the edge of the sword. In the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, alone, upwards of five hundred of them were slaughtered as a propitiation to the demon of pestilence.

SICILY AND ITS WRONGS.

We have all wondered at the combination of energy and good fortune which have carried the bold liberator of Italy to such successful issues in a career,

the story of which seems more like a chapter of history from the sixteenth century, the age of bold discovery and adventure, than from the nineteenth. But half the secret of Garibaldi's success lies in the life that has been endured by the people he went to deliver—a life so burdensome that it has made the office of an agent, civil or military, of government, odious to every man, woman, and child in Sicily; and the consciousness of this universal hatred so demoralized an army of twenty thousand disciplined men, that they yielded to a twentieth of their number, although led by a hero supported only by an unarmed and unorganized mob.

Although we all know that the Bourbons of Naples are falling from their throne through their long imbecile course of tyranny and oppression, it is not easy for English people, who have never left their free island home, to realize the full force of these words. Political writers and free-spoken



Woman of Sorrento, (Kingdom of Naples).

Iazzarone of Nap.

Woman of Trapani, (King. Nap.)

SOUTHERN ITALIANS.

Sicilian Shepherd.

Woman of Soriano (Abruzzi), Kingdom of Naples.

Young Shepherd of Calabria.

Woman of Biserti, (Sicily).

statesmen often have told us the story of families ruined or saddened for life by the unjust exile or detention till death of their dearest, wasting away the last moments of honourable life in hopeless banishment or in pestiferous dungeons. These are awful calamities, that fall severely upon some few but leave the mass undisturbed except by apprehension; and apprehension is slow to seize on the minds of men, just as every soldier hopes to escape the death that is falling on his comrades around.

Such acts of world-patent tyranny are not those that tell most on a suffering people. Philosophers have observed that the small and repeated annoyances of the daily life of all of us are harder to bear than the great evils, which strike but rarely. It would seem unendurable to us that our newspapers and books should be garbled or suppressed by a director of police, our public meetings forbidden, our authors silenced or exiled, and that we must ask our parish priest for a recommendation for a passport to go a day's journey from our home; and yet, these are annoyances to which most natives of civilized Europe are now subject, and to which many of them willingly submit as a choice of evils between irksome restraint and lawless disorder. These restrictions of the freedom of thought and action have been wrought out in the kingdom of the two Sicilies to a system of galling and petty tyranny, which has been long preparing a ready greeting for the first hope of freedom.

A residence in Sicily, in the winter of the year 1849, gave me some insight into the daily annoyances which have goaded a sensitive people into hate of their rulers, as well as such experience of the minor miseries of a Sicilian's daily life as could befall a foreigner unconcerned with political change, and, moreover, protected by a consul whose name, as a fearless and upright Englishman, is known and dreaded by every official in Sicily.

My first stroll round the beautiful city of Palermo showed that I had chosen no holiday time for my visit. Marks of the shot and shell that had stilled for a time the cry of the people for justice and freedom were everywhere seen; and even in the principal streets, at an hour when most southern cities are all astir with life and gaiety, I was amazed to find the shops shut, the cafés mostly closed or deserted, and the passengers few, and hurrying between strong patrols of armed police and soldiers.

I had first taken up my quarters in a French hotel, frequented only by foreigners; but choosing to change to one exclusively insular, in pursuance of my favourite pastime of watching national manners, I was favoured next morning with an intimation that the director of police required my presence; and, as the invitation was conveyed by two policemen in a dirty undress uniform and armed with thick staves, I was compelled to consider myself arrested as a dangerous character, especially as I found a small commiserating mob gathered at the inn-door to witness my exit under the protection of the *gens d'armes*. Fortunately, on my way to the *polizia*, I met a friend who was known to the director, and who soon obtained an explana-

tion that my name in the police report (sent in by the innkeeper, nightly, of every guest harboured by him) had been distorted to a suspicious degree; but, as my way of spelling it proved I must be an Englishman, I was to consider the arrest a mistake, and myself at liberty, the director with fulsome civility explaining that my arrest was owing to my having been thought a Neapolitan, who could have no right to own such an unspeakable name as mine. But, while thanking the fawning official for his sweet phrases and compliments towards Englishmen in general, and myself and the consul especially, I had reason to know that more than one of his satellites were mentally taking my portrait, and would know me so long as I staid in Palermo.

Wandering that evening along the Marina, I met my friend Kalm, a Swedish artist, whom I knew to be travelling at that time in Sicily. He did not seem to be at all in a frame of mind suitable to the name I have given him, and it soon appeared that he too, though known to all his friends as the most harmless and simple-minded of mortals, was a dangerous character, under observation of the police. He explained that he had been robbed of his trunks at Messina, and being unable to recover his property, and not unnaturally provoked at seeing a cravat of his own round the throat of one of the spies who pretended to search for the thieves, he had expressed views on the duties of policemen which were decidedly Swedish and anti-Neapolitan; he had said in his best Italian, and his words had been told, that "a police should be active in tracing thieves, and not in spying honest men." In consequence of this rash expression of private judgment, poor Kalm was advised in confidence to leave Messina, and so came to Palermo; but he found the fame of his words had gone before him, as, on applying for a pass to Girgenti, he was recommended to remain quiet in Palermo or to return to Naples.

Now Kalm had a commission to paint two pictures of Girgenti, and must needs go to make his sketches; he therefore appealed to his consul, a Sicilian merchant, who sought an interview with the police director, and endeavoured to explain that the Swedish artist was travelling with pension and protection from his government, and would not be likely to undertake the overthrow of King Ferdinand. "But," said the intelligent and inflexible director, "are there no landscapes in Sweden, that this man must needs come here to paint ours? We can't have foreigners running over the island just now. There are prints of Girgenti: let him buy some."

The Swedish consul, being a Sicilian, had no more to say, and the case was put into the hands of the only foreign functionary who dared speak his mind to all; and a few plain, though of course unofficial, words from the practical Englishman made it clear to the cautious director that permission might safely be granted for the dangerous artist to cross the island and return in a limited time, due premonition having doubtless been given to the authorities at Girgenti of the suspicious character who was to visit them.

Pending the settlement of the passport difficulty, it had been the custom of Kalm and myself to

pass an hour or two almost every evening at the rather solitary *café* that remained open on the Toledo after eight o'clock, in company with some young Sicilians who were former acquaintances of mine in other parts of Italy. These young men had never taken part in their national politics, being mostly engaged in artistic or literary pursuits; but some of them shortly received a warning that their nightly consorting with foreigners in a public place, and walking or standing in the streets in groups of five or six, were proceedings highly irregular, and likely to bring them under "observation" of the police (by which was meant that a spy would be set over them), all good subjects being expected to take their ice or other evening refreshment with all convenient speed, and then retire to their homes; "where," as one of our friends remarked, "they could come to no other harm than a domiciliary visit;" "and where," added another, in a similar *aside*, "they can be easily found if they are wanted."

But artists and writers are a sociable tribe in all lands, and, as we found that solitary evenings in a comfortless hotel were dreary, and we were forbidden to walk together in the bright moonlight, or to sit in a *café* on rainy evenings, some of our insular friends kindly made us welcome in their homes.

I can't say that our harmless in-door recreations were ever disturbed by a visit from the dreaded police, but it often happened that our walks to our lodgings, through the dimly-lighted streets, were arrested by some uncouth policeman in plain clothes, bursting upon us from a dark corner, supported by two soldiers, and inquiring, in no civil tones, "where we came from, our names, and where we were going;" all which information was carefully noted in his pocket-book by the light of the nearest street-lamp. Then we were at liberty to pursue our way and our chat, which was, however, continually broken by the necessity of answering the challenge of every patrol and sentry we passed.

My visits to my Sicilian acquaintance were varied by evenings with English friends, some of whom lived far from my inn, and my stay was often prolonged till near midnight, an hour at which no Sicilian walked the streets; my walks across the breadth of the city, however, could not be said to be solitary, as I met with challenges from patrol or sentry, or was called on for information of my name and pursuits nearly every five minutes of my walk.

The evening of my last visit to the villa Catania happened to be cold and almost frosty; and, having staid somewhat later than usual, I started home on the run, exhilarated by the keen north wind and bright starlight, and the cheerful society of the house I had left. On reaching the first guard-house, the sentry challenged as usual, and I replied; but, to my discomfiture, instead of letting me pass, he levelled his bayonet, and called me to halt; the guard turned out in arms, the usual shabby policemen came forward, and put the usual questions, and enlightened my ignorance of the cause of this ado by asking "what I was

running for?" In reply to my explanation, that Englishmen were apt to run in going home to bed on a sharp starlight night, the official informed me that "running in the street was disorderly and forbidden; that I was excused as an 'Inglese,' but cautioned for the future."

I was glad that a caution was needless, as I was about leaving this favoured island, in which no action of life seemed to be free from police interference. I saw and heard enough of the kind I have sketched, to make me wonder how long the people would bear such a burden, and also to make me now and then—I think of it ten years after—thankful to the kind Providence that has placed me in

"The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

A WALK ABOUT STIRLING.

"GREY Stirling, bulwark of the North," stands sentinel among a score of battle-fields. From the days of Tacitus, when Agricola struggled with the Celtic prince Galgacus on neighbouring slopes of the Grampians; through ages of conflicts between Picts and Britons, Scots and Southrons, Highland turbulence and Lowland loyalty; this stronghold has been witness, and in some measure controller, of the storms of strife which have swept across the level countries within its ken. At the present day its strength is chiefly a show-scene, guaranteed to Scotland by the Articles of Union.

Travelling thither from Edinburgh, we pass stations named Falkirk and Bannockburn; which historic words cause us to thrust our heads forth of the carriage to behold, in the first instance, a red-roofed town amid din and glare of forge-works; and secondly, broken ground intersected by a brook, and bearing a village distinguished by carpets and tartans. The approach to Stirling reveals a sloping height, with houses climbing upon it towards a pile which resembles a palace more than a fortress, and looks as little grim and feudal as any castle with its history could be supposed. Like true greatness, it can afford to lay aside pretension. In general outline the town is similar to Edinburgh, being built on the principle of safety, which perforce guided the architectural plans of our ancestors, before men had lives quiet enough to think of broad streets or sanitary regulations, and when the shelter of a fortification was essential to burghers' prosperity.

We arrive at the *Stirling Station*, and step out into the usual bustle and excitement; whence, making our way towards the Castle, we ascend the nearest of the aforesaid narrow streets; whose upper portion, past the tall spire of the Athenaeum, is called after Robert Spittal, tailor to James IV; a man who, for his benevolence, deserves this or any other remembrance by which his name can be held in modern memories. Higher in the street, a black stone set in front of an old gabled house with high steps bears the following inscription:—"This hous is foundit for support of ye Puir be Robert