

ITALIAN LIFE AND MORALS—EFFECTS OF ROMANISM ON SOCIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES."

I HAVE universally found that the differences in the relative prosperity of the inhabitants of Catholic and Protestant countries was in ratio to the degree in which the Holy Father would consider the former faithful and the latter heretical. This has indeed become a trite observation among travelers of both religions. But no less a writer than the Abbé Lamennais denies its truth, and instances for his authority the condition of the very countries which Protestants claim as their own evidence. England, Sweden, and Protestant Germany, according to him, are given over to irreligion, licentiousness, and political turmoil; while those countries that repose under the shadow of the Holy See are stable in their institutions, and united in their faith. A monk of St. Bernard, in conversation with me on the extent and progress of the United States, acknowledged that we were indeed a great nation physically; but, said he, "what a pity it is you have no religion. You will soon perish."

Such is the general sentiment among rigid Catholics. They can not conceive how good morals, prosperity, a wise government, or salvation can exist independent of papal authority. To secure its supremacy, they are ever ready to trample upon those rights which we believe to be essential to human progress. Liberty of press and conscience, and the separation of civil and religious government, they consider equivalent to anarchy and atheism. The very enterprise, toleration, and freedom of thought which are developed by our political institutions, and which we fondly conceive to be the fruits of righteousness, are, in their eyes, so many witnesses of our corruption and infidelity. With them, absolutism, or centering faith and power in the Roman Church, is the "one thing needful" for humanity. This accomplished, they close their view to all further comparison; or if by chance they look abroad, and the wide gulf between the wealth, comforts, intelligence, and energy of Catholic and Protestant states is too obvious not to be acknowledged, they class the latter among those who in gaining the whole world are losing their own souls.

Believing, as we do, that the possession of the good things of this earth proceeds mainly from those qualities that heap up most treasure in heaven—or, in other words, that virtue and vice, whether of the individual or nation, have their appointed rewards and punishments in this life as well as in that to come—we consider it a fair rule to judge papal rule by its fruits. In one Swiss Canton we find no beggars, universal thrift, cleanliness, and enterprise; in another, beggary, poverty, dirt, and general distress. The one is Protestant, and the other Catholic.

But as Protestantism predominates in Switzerland, the contrasts are not so striking as between those Catholic countries which are exclusively the religious property of the Roman

See, and England, Prussia, and the United States, where Protestantism, although enforcing toleration, sways or influences the entire population. France is in a transition state, a chaos of atheism, bigotry, and sentiment. Its shopkeepers, in mingled devotion and blasphemy, scarce knowing themselves which impulse predominates, place over their doors, "*La Grace de Dieu*" (the Grace of God), as a sign to attract custom, as may be seen in the street St. Roch, at Paris. The Spaniards call a fighting-vessel the "Most Holy Trinity;" and the Romans name a bank "The Holy Ghost;" but these names are given in sincerity and solemnity. France has grown prosperous and strong in proportion as she has become tolerant and free from the control of Rome; while Italy and Spain, the beloved of the Church, are filled from one extremity to another, in proportion as they are steeped in Romanism, with indolence, superstition, beggary, and their concomitant vices. If, then, wherever Romanism is omnipotent we perceive these results, it is natural to infer that they follow the relation of cause and effect.

My inquiries relate to Italy, and chiefly to Rome. Throughout the peninsula, except where the new-born liberality of Piedmont stimulates, or the iron hand of Austria, as in Lombardy, crushes, we find *Indolence* the national characteristic. The Church encourages this parent of vice, by appropriating more than a quarter of the year to festivals, on which all labor is forbidden and amusements encouraged. The vacations of the schools, on this account alone, are so numerous that the general ignorance ceases to be a wonder. Undoubtedly many of the holidays originated in the desire to relieve overtaxed labor and recall the untaught mind to sentiments of religion; but during so many centuries saints have so rapidly increased as to threaten to entirely monopolize the time of the living. "Let the dead bury their dead," has a pointed moral in Italy in the present age.

Another cause of indolence are the fetters imposed on knowledge. There are numerous primary schools, it is true. Rome alone possesses three hundred and seventy-two, which receive about fourteen thousand children of both sexes. Throughout the country they exist gratuitously; but, beside the simple elements of instruction, they, as well as the universities, are made subordinate to papacy. The instructors, in general, are priests. The Church Catechism is a text-book. All knowledge that tends to expand the mind, liberalize ideas, or develop physical energy unsuited to the theory of absolutism, is rigorously tabooed. Their intent is not to rear citizens, but to make subjects—to train disciples, and not masters. Catholic teachers are free to receive Protestant children—but a Protestant teacher is forbidden to receive a Catholic pupil. Indeed, it is with difficulty that Protestant parents can educate their children, unless they submit to the requisitions of the priesthood. Even the Catholic principal of the best institution in Tuscany, a Frenchman, has with



AN ITALIAN HOLIDAY.

difficulty, by the interference of his ambassador, been allowed to continue his school, because the authorities conceived that he was bringing up his pupils to be "*too manly*." They even wished to exile him from the country.

The field of knowledge being thus limited, enterprise is proportionally so; so that the educated, who have means, become in general effeminate idlers and corrupt in morals; while the poorer sort obtain some nominal office under government, at one or two shillings per day, or else try their fortunes in the few and in general despised branches of commerce left to their option, sufficiently unfettered as to admit of hope. In America, we can not realize the extent of the restrictions to personal freedom, even in the commonest concerns of life, which are the lot of Italians. If you are living on the sea-shore you are denied the use of a boat, unless as a licensed fisherman. Each city has its custom-house. I have seen a carriage stopped at the gates, and a penny's worth of cake, which a little girl held in her hand to eat, taken and taxed the smallest copper coin—equal to a *mill*—for which a receipt was regularly made out and given, before the carriage could enter. The poor are unmercifully fleeced at every *gabelle*; while the rich can carry loads of merchandise, unopened, in their trunks from one end of Italy to another, for a bribe of fifty cents given at each custom-house.

From Rome I have gone by land to Naples, thence through some of the northern states of

Italy, and back to Florence, and never once opened a carriage-load of trunks. The gift was expected, as a matter of course; but for the officers to do their duty, that was quite another affair. The system is seen in its greatest corruption in the Neapolitan kingdom. At every ten miles or so the traveler comes to a *dogana*. The soldiers stop the carriage. The ladies are requested to alight, and the gentlemen are ushered into an upper room, where, in solemn dignity, sit the officials, who become prolix upon the necessity of a strict examination of the baggage. Should you in your innocence offer the keys, they speak more to the point, and at last plainly say that it will save both trouble and expense for you to give them a fee. Otherwise, they will be sure to find something contraband. If you hand a *Napoleon*, they look astonished at your meanness, and shake their heads, and say this will never do. They would do the same if it were a shilling. An Italian must always be *twice* paid. The smallest additional gratuity settles the difficulty; and with a profusion of bows and good wishes you think you are ready to proceed. Descending the stairs, your mistake is at once rectified. First comes the officer of the guard for his gratuity—next the corporal—next the soldiers, each of whom swears he has been your special guard; that is, he has invited himself to a ride on your box for a mile or so—and, lastly, the *fucchini*, or porters, the most extortionate of all, who claim high pay for *not* taking your trunks off. This is all done amidst

a throng of beggars and thieves, who pick your pockets or steal from the carriage as opportunity offers, at the same time stunning heaven with cries for charity, or calling upon the Madonna to pass to your credit above the coppers you have distributed among them below.

A little further on occurs a similar scene at a so-called passport-office. I have had money, with which I was paying a porter, snatched from my hand in the streets of Naples by a sentinel on duty, and no one thought it strange. Go where you will in this kingdom, and you find a similar system of organized robbery, which makes one almost regret the good old days of banditti, when novelty and excitement added zest to the adventure. But now it is barefaced extortion, disgusting wrangling, and inevitable pillage. Formerly there was a chance of escape—now none. If you refuse to pay, your baggage remains untouched, but you are not allowed to proceed. The same corruption extends through all classes, with, of course, some honorable exceptions. The King of Naples is well known as the chief of the *lazzaroni*. Hats, handkerchiefs, and sundries are not always safe at an Italian ball, or among even what may be considered a genteel crowd. These peccadilloes, with lying and cheating, so common among even the better classes, bespeak a defective moral education, and find their solution in great measure in the confessional, which acts as a safety-valve to the conscience, a little money or trifling penance securing indulgence or absolution, until at last habit destroys the sense of sin and shame altogether.

In France, lies are expected as a matter of course. Among the ladies they pass under the softened expression of "*broder*" (to romance); with gentlemen, more vulgarly, "*blaguer*" (to fib); but both practice the vice either to please or to add piquancy to scandalous gossip, but seldom from baser motives. They so love to exaggerate, that even their daily newspapers are universally dated *a day in advance*; and even *Galvani* has been compelled to follow their example, to do away with the charge that he did not give the *latest* news.

With the Italians, however, lying is a downright vice. Without the courage and gallantry of the French, they lie from fear as well as fun. One need have no greater evidence of the depravity of morals among the higher classes of Italian cities, than the universal scandal, which spares no one, and at the same time announces a general corruption inconceivable in similar circles in Protestant countries, or which, if existing, would doom the offenders to social isolation. So the universal suspicion proclaims the equally-spread habit of falsehood. However much courtesy may gild social intercourse, the serpent-head of distrust is seen beneath. Jealousy is equally common. Not the more honorable sentiment founded on a regard for chastity, but the meaner spirit begotten of envy. It is really extraordinary to see how ludicrously, not to say inhumanly, domestics and the lower classes

will sometimes exhibit this, when one would suppose that common wants would produce common sympathies. As for the former, when it exists, it is chiefly among lovers, and not married couples, whose connubial eye is supposed to be blind. I have heard it remarked, by other ladies, of one of the chief nobility of Tuscany—a wife and mother that it would be well for the country if it possessed more of—"How strange it is that the Duchess—contents herself with only her husband." Such is the common sentiment. Matrimonial fidelity is the exception.

Generally speaking, Italian women are the most untidy of their sex, both as housekeepers and in their toilet, when not dressed for their diurnal drive. This arises from indolence and want of good home educations. Convents are the schools of Italian mothers. Slipshod at home, they loiter or doze away their time after the most approved listlessness, indifferent to every thing but appearing well on parade or at the opera. Their households are neglected, children intrusted to servants, and their work, if any, confined to embroidery, rarely music, and sometimes a little painting or design. Their want of good taste in dress, in which, as a class, they are behind every other civilized nation, is the more strange, as they possess a natural taste for the beautiful in art. When the sex is thus unrefined in person, the mind is upon a par; so that one is not astonished to find a latitude in conversation, and an ignorance on general topics no less lamentable, but combined with an amiability and wit which, under better auspices of government and religion, would raise them to the level of their sex in more favored countries.

The general effeminacy and want of energy of the male sex, would astonish any one not versed in their political history for the past two centuries. They weigh like nightmares upon the race; but without scope for ambition, or even ordinary physical action, what else can be expected?

The care which an Italian dandy takes to preserve himself from the fresh air of heaven, to avoid all exercise, and to develop his effeminate beauty, is ludicrously wonderful. There are said to be not over three days of their delicious climate in a year which are all right for an Italian. What with its being too hot or too cold, too dry or too humid, too changeable or too monotonous, the poor weather is little able to satisfy the race on which he lavishes most of his bounties. I was at a sea-side watering-place last summer. The water to me, who have lived eight years within the tropics, was uncomfortably warm; but the titled Italians first prepared themselves for their sea-baths by aperient medicines and a course of warm baths, so that their systems should not undergo too great a shock.

To return to schools and ecclesiastical education. One of its chief principles tends to perpetuate a canker which is gnawing at the vitals of Italy. The Church honors beggary in its bosom, by sustaining numerous communities of idle monks, who live on the charity and indus-

try of the public. It teaches through all its lessons, even as an article of faith, that alms expiate sins, and that it is necessary to give continually and abundantly to win heaven. Her charity is not of doctrine; she holds none in store for those who deny her faith—they are inevitably damned; but in good works and almsgiving she is lavish, because by them she buys salvation for herself. This abuse of the doctrine of charity is twofold. It makes heaven a matter of barter, and teaches the poor to believe that it is only necessary to wear rags, and live in filth and idleness, for the wealthy to become their debtors; while the excess of good works of the Church provides them with a bed in a hospital when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times.

"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," was the early mandate of Heaven, carrying with it a blessing. The spur of want is, however, the only sure provocative to labor. In Polynesia, and those climates where Providence, as it were, houses and feeds man gratis, the human race remains stationary, never rising above the incipient stages of civilization. What Providence has seen fit to do for certain races of savages, limiting at once their sphere and their supply, Rome, from the days of the Gracchi through its long decadence, sought to do for its turbulent population. But that which God did in wisdom man imitated in folly. The Romans looked upon the state as a parent bound to provide for its offspring. From daily bread,

they soon learned to demand their daily oil and wine; then money; and, finally, spectacles and amusements—all gratis. The consequence was, that Rome trained its citizens into a mongrel race of beggars and robbers, resolved to live without labor. They succeeded, but Rome fell; for the curse of idleness was upon it.

The Church succeeded the Empire. To destroy its legacy of corruption was no easy task, but one to which Christianity was equal, had she not herself bowed to idols. Under her imperial patrons she conquered but did not reform. True, individual virtue, and occasionally able and upright rulers, did much to counteract the prominent heathen vices, which slowly disappeared before the principles of the gospel; but with all their power they were inadequate, in the hands of papacy, to cleanse the foulest fountain of them all.

The modern Italians, like the ancient Romans, remain a race with outstretched hands. They are beggars. Beggary has become an hereditary vice. Shame, if it ever existed, has long since forsaken the practice. With unblushing falsehood it is to be seen in the palace and in the hovel, in all its cunning degrees, from the throne of St. Peter's to the veriest wretch that coils his scabby limbs under its shadow. The Church is responsible for much of this, not from design, but from its mistaken doctrine, that the greater blessing attends the *giver* than the *worker*. It honors *idleness*, sanctifies the spread palm, and thus impedes *labor*. Sixtus V. la-



ITALIAN MENDICANTS.

bored diligently to arrest this evil. The established workhouses forbade mendicancy under the severest penalties, and sought by energetic measures to extirpate the pest, but in vain. After brief intervals of apparent reform, it reappeared as vicious as ever. The popes forgot that, while weeding with one finger, they were bountifully sowing tares with an open hand. The Romans, of all Italians, have in consequence the most profound aversion to labor. They are listless and silent even in their amusements, varied only by occasional flashes of passion, or the excitement of the carnival.

The rich give abundantly and with indiscriminating generosity, but as frequently from policy or ostentation. Like old patricians with their clients, they gather about them a numerous horde of idle dependents or professional beggars, who, content in the abasement of receiving, gratis, their daily subsistence, have ceased to envy the common possessions of their lords. Nearly three-fifths of the real estate within the walls of Rome belong to less than one hundred families; the remaining two-fifths to the hospitals and convents. Consequently, not one in a thousand of the inhabitants of Rome has any fixed property. The Church and Government, including the few noble families able to support their state, own all Rome—a state of things sufficient in itself to kill enterprise, and keep the city as it is, a century behind even the other capitals of Italy.

Each city has its characteristic type of beggars, though none is without specimens of all—as they are a wandering race, and move to where charities are most abundant. Rome, however, is the capital of beggardom. In Venice they ply their art in gondolas. In Florence they dress in filthy rags, whine piteously, expose infants, and train bright-eyed young girls to waylay strangers, demanding alms with a pertinacity proof against all repulse, though liable to the penalties of the law; in fact, throughout Tuscany they are the dirtiest and most beggarly set of beggars Italy can show. At the entrance of Vassieux's reading-room, a white-haired old man, bent with age, his clothes hanging together by scanty stitches, is to be seen sitting in one position, and always in the same spot: for years he has been thus; he never speaks, but, as the visitors pass, meekly bows his head—silent if he receives a copper, and equally silent if disappointed. His dumb appeal is not without its fruits. A more expressive image of venerable patience, poverty, and humility the imagination never conceived; and yet, I presume, the old dodge, like Beppo, the legless, roguish king of beggars at Rome, is rich, and able to dower his daughters, if he have any.

In Naples they beg from the fun of it; bright-eyed, merry boys, full of life and activity, or lazaroni, up to a thousand tricks to excite compassion and gain the trifling sum that will feed them for a week, while, for a bed, stone steps or a basket are sufficiently comfortable. But at Naples they are all ready to do any thing but

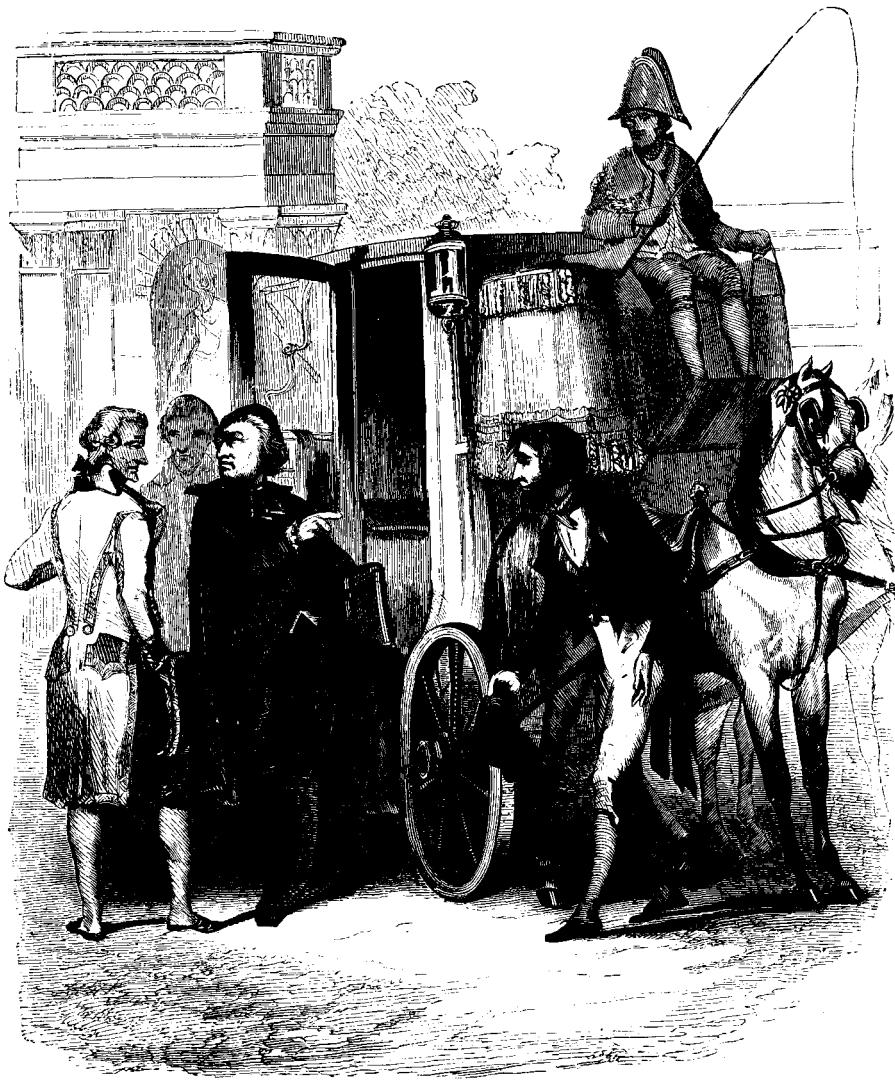
actual labor to unloose your purse-strings; they will lie, cheat, or steal as temptation offers, and, if it please you, dance, sing, engulf macaroni, and play the jackanapes after the drollest fashion possible. There is fun and mischief in their begging which half-disguises its viciousness.

The begging monks form a class, *sui generis*, under the especial patronage of the Church. They are the greatest eye-sores of the community, being in general men of almost brutalized appearance, unctuous and ignorant, and of corresponding habits.

Beggary in Italy is elevated to the rank of an occupation. Men and women are born and die beggars, as their parents before them. This class appears the more numerous, because they have the art of multiplying themselves, as it were, interminably. They are the carrion crows of benevolence. They strip it to its very bones, and scent their game afar off. There is no end to their disguises and ailments. Proteus-like, they change their rags and diseases to suit every phase of charity. With an ubiquity that savors of marvelousness they are here, there, and every where at the same instant; now lame, then dropsical, all at once minus an eye, arm, or leg, covered with sores, rheumatic, crippled by age or famished by hunger; surrounded by nursing, starving children; assuming every shape of disease or deformity, with crutches and all the outward appeals to sympathy, they excite terror and disgust as often as charity. There is no disguising their barefaced imposition. If their imperfections are real, the eighteen hospitals of Rome are ample for their relief. But they are like Bedonins in their habits, and prefer the plunder of the public to the legitimate relief of their wants. They are to be seen chiefly on the steps of the churches, when not begging, swearing, card-playing, quarreling, or sleeping from morning to night; where they then retire to, no decent mortal may know.

In contrast with these are the genteel beggars; counts and countesses, veiled ladies in black, who haunt theatres; others in gayer costumes, who track you to your homes; all begging under some pretext or other, and grateful for a half-dollar, when, from their appearance, you feel ashamed to offer the man an eagle. I have had a well-dressed gentleman approach me in the street, bow with great courtesy, apologize for interrupting me, and then go on to inform me that he was of the higher classes, but had lost his money, and would be thankful for a "*mezzo-baiocco*," half-cent! Ladies, too, so grateful as to kiss your hands for a half-dime! The degradation in such cases is too deep for the poverty to be wholly genuine.

The system of asking is universal. At certain palaces where you may have dined, the servants demand of you a fee. Mechanics, tradesmen even, all who serve you in one way or other, with few exceptions, ask for something additional, grateful if they get it, and nevertheless ready to try again if they fail. In the country on the usual routes of travelers



GENTEEL BEGGAR.

this nuisance is universal. Children follow the carriage for miles clamoring for coppers, and if refused, salute your ear with a curse and "May you break your neck! may the apoplexy seize you!" or some equally welcome catastrophe, winding up with some demoniacal sign, indicative of bad luck. I have always noticed that Italians never failed to counteract the spell by some cabalistic movement of the fingers, known only to the initiated.

The usual reference is to the Madonna for your welfare, though all the saints in the Calendar are in turn invoked. Sometimes, especially with the Romans and Neapolitans, there is a touch of flattery, or a dubious wish expressed in their demands extremely naïve and not always creditable to the morals of either party; as for

instance, "May your handsome Excellency be fortunate in your amours."

Aside from the parasitical and fictitious misery of Italy, there exists a vast amount of real, which even the colossal proportions of Roman Catholic charity are not sufficient to relieve. The mass of the people in ordinary times are but scantily supplied with even the most indifferent and least nourishing qualities of food. Consequently, in times of scarcity they are reduced to a condition bordering on absolute starvation. Their chief diet is coarse bread, beans, and chestnuts. Any thing better partakes of the character of luxuries. The faintness or want of strength resulting from so meagre a diet, is relieved by the stimulus of large draughts of the light wines of the country,

in general, mixtures deleterious to the health, though not very intoxicating. Indeed, one cause of the apparent sobriety of the peasantry is said to be their inability to swallow enough to make them tipsy, though there are men among them that will drain a gallon flask at a sitting. They drink sufficiently, however, to excite to crime and disorders; and their temperance may be considered rather a passive than active virtue; though, as men will seek artificial stimulants, it would be an advantage to the United States could light wines be substituted for strong liquors.

The effects of general want and poverty are shown among the Italians generally, and especially the Tuscans, in their short stature, heavy lifeless look and almost haggard appearance; the *tout ensemble* of dress and mien betokening a dispirited, badly-fed, and worse governed race. Their numerous holidays prevent their being overworked, but the pale, spiritless faces, bent figures, and misshapen shoulders of the laboring women, painfully tell their lack of generous diet and healthful employments. I never walk the streets of Florence without feeling pained at the sight of much silent misery that, callous as it were to its own wants, passes humbly and painfully by, seemingly without pleasure in the past or hope for the future. It really appears wrong to dress well and walk erect and joyful in the consciousness of health and the blessings of Providence, not to speak of the ostentation of the rich, in contrast with the blight which has fallen so heavily upon the lives of so many of our fellow-beings, through centuries of oppression and miseducation.

It is difficult to procure reliable statistics in Italy, but the few which I feel authorized to give, will show not only the extent of poverty, but the extent of charity also in this land. Indeed, so numerous and so richly endowed are the "palaces" for the destitute, as the poor houses and hospitals may truly be called, that, in view of the general beggary and destitution, we can not come to other conclusion than that they overdo their own charitable design. Too much assistance has made the population lazy and improvident. They rely more upon public charity than private enterprise. Consequently reform must commence with them.

In 1798 there were thirty thousand poor, or one-fifth of the population of Rome, upon the lists of the curates of the several parishes. Under the administration of the French up to 1814, the proportion had been diminished to one-ninth. Since that period it has been on the increase.

There are in Rome nineteen hospitals for the treatment of diseases. One of them, Saint Roch, is for the reception of pregnant women who wish to be confined in secret. In eight public hospitals the average number of sick daily, is about fourteen hundred, who cost nineteen cents a day each. For every five patients there are two assistants or nurses, at the daily wages of thirty-three cents each, so that nearly

one half of the revenues of the hospitals are expended on the well, who, of course, are greatly interested in multiplying them.

The hospital of the Holy Ghost receives all bastards without question. They cost Rome yearly fifty thousand dollars. There are besides some fourteen semi-convents, where young girls are gratuitously received and educated. They never leave these retreats except to marry or become nuns. If the former, they receive a dowry of thirty-five dollars; if the latter, fifty dollars, so much is celibacy in Rome held in honor above matrimony. As an anomaly, however, in this doctrine, there exists at Rome, and in Italy generally, *dotal* institutions, which annually provide a considerable number of poor girls with sufficient dowries to tempt offers of marriage. The lottery is also a recognized institution of the Church, or, more properly speaking, of its charity. Benoit XIV. ordered that at each drawing five maidens should receive their dowries from as many winning numbers; hence the fortunate damsels are known not by their Christian names, but as Miss 79, or Miss 1025, as the prize numbers may prove. The hospitals succor annually about five thousand poor, at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars.

The Pope has various resources for his public and private benevolence. The Apostolic Aumony, provides him with about five hundred dollars per month for general benevolence. The Datary, whence briefs and bulls are issued, a sort of ecclesiastical chancery, which employs about one thousand persons, and receives immense sums from the sale of dispensations, indulgences, and the usual paper traffic of Rome, produces the Pope about thirty thousand dollars. An acquaintance of mine paid to this institution two thousand francs for the privilege to marry his deceased wife's sister. Shops for the sale of dispensations from fasting, and all the numerous requirements of the Church of Rome, to say nothing of more criminal indulgences, are common. The lottery produces fifty thousand dollars; the bureau of briefs and other offices some six thousand more, so that the Pope, unless prodigal, need never be empty-handed.

Venice, which once counted nine hundred rich and noble families, now contains scarcely twelve in comfortable circumstances. Some thirty others live obscurely in corners or lofts of their dilapidated palaces, depending upon the scanty rents received from strangers. At one period more than two-thirds of its population, or seventy thousand souls, required public aid. Milan, to the stranger, presents neither beggars or poverty; its aspect is gay and brilliant, but this is owing rather to the severe measures of the Austrian police to prevent mendicancy than to real prosperity. Its asylums are on the same scale of palatial splendor as in other parts of Italy. As in Sardinia, the poor are removed from sight, and placed in buildings decorated with columns, mosaics, spacious halls and courts, rivaling in architecture the stately palaces of their rulers; which cold magnificence,



BRIGANDS—ARMED AND UNARMED.

associated often with forced labor, they would gladly exchange for a gipsy life of privation in the open sunshine. Two thousand eight hundred individuals, according to a Milanese writer, are daily succored by the houses of industry of St. Vincent and St. Marc alone, at a net annual expense of eighty thousand dollars. The same establishments at Venice are more prosperous, costing the city but about five thousand dollars, and even producing a saving, if the cleaning and lighting of the streets, with which they are charged, be comprised.

Mendicity in the beautiful and rich Etruria has been very appropriately termed by Doctor Pirelli an "unarmed brigandage." Its insolence and pertinacity, coupled with the healthful and robust appearance of the majority who demand, rather than ask alms, have won for it this character. Even in Florence, where alone it is forbidden by law, it often stalks the streets apparently unmolested, though it frequently assumes the disguise of traffic to blind the eyes of the police. Unlike other parts of Italy, it seldom descends to wanton exposure of ulcered or crippled limbs, or other disgusting corporeal modes of exciting compassion, but boldly says it is hungry, and simply exclaims, "Give me a quattrino." Florence and Arezzo alone have organized houses of industry for the unoccupied poor. Elsewhere they are at the mercy of, or prey unmolested upon, individual benevolence. All strangers arriving at Leghorn are taxed nearly one dollar a head for the poor. But their "palace" is occupied by Austrian soldiers,

while in rags and vermin they are allowed to infest the streets with more the air of nobles than of beggars. Such sights are not grateful to the eyes of a court. Consequently when the Grand Duke goes to the baths of Lucca or elsewhere, the police are active in clearing the roads of a class of his subjects which reflect no credit on his government. After his departure they make up their temporary losses by harassing strangers with two-fold energy. In the capital, however, the severity of the law, which inflicts imprisonment or fines for the first offenses, and perpetual imprisonment with forced labor for renewed transgressions, serves in some degree to abate the nuisance.

Formerly there were three hundred churches and convents in the little city of Florence, owning the larger part of its real estate. Thanks to the enlightened Ferdinand and the French, the greater part of these abodes of idleness were suppressed. Even now, however, the Church owns a large proportion of the city. The numerous heraldic devices of the lamb and cross, to be seen on so many of the houses and palaces of the city, indicate the wealth of the cathedral alone. At present there are seventeen convents of men and fourteen of females, besides seven houses of refuge for young girls under the charge of nuns. Of hospitals of all kinds there are eight or ten; that of Santa Maria Nuova, founded in 1287, being one of the finest and best organized in Europe, and succoring annually more than three thousand sick of both sexes.

In this hospital is to be seen the museum of the late Professor Segato, who discovered the process of petrifying animal substances, so that while they retained their natural colors and shapes, they became as hard as stone. The Church, as usual, interfered with his art, on the ground that it was contrary to the scriptural doctrine of "into dust shalt thou return." Consequently, unable to prosecute the discoveries further, he soon after died, leaving to the world this unique museum as the evidence of his success, and to tantalize science with regrets for the lost secret.

It comprises every portion of the human body transformed to stone, destined to endure as long as the world itself, if not ground to pieces by violence. There are two tables, one finished and polished, the other incomplete, made of mosaics, formed by sections of human bones, brain, lungs, blood-vessels, intestines, and muscles, as firm as marble, showing the internal structure of each, but resembling colored stones. Without an explanation every visitor would presume them to have come from some stone mosaic manufactory, for they are symmetrically arranged in squares, with the great variety of colors nicely graduated. Different portions of the human body, showing the internal anatomy, are so perfectly petrified as to form perfect objects of study for the medical student. Even morbid anatomy was subjected with entire success to this process. Animals of all kinds, reptiles, chickens, in and out of the egg—in short, nothing that had warm blood was capable of resisting his petrifying touch. The beauty of his art was that it preserved the life-like appearance and color of the animal; hence, for anatomical and natural history museums, his discovery was invaluable. The student had before him the real object of his study, perfect as in life, without any of the inconveniences and imperfections attending waxen representations and stuffed, or spirit-preserved, specimens. The Roman Church, above all others, did wrong to discourage the art. Next to medical colleges it is the largest dealer in dead men's bones. What an improvement it would have been, instead of exhibiting a knee-pan in a vial, or a dried skull in a gold case, to have held up for adoration an entire saint as fresh as in life. All skepticism in relics would then disappear, for however easy it may be to substitute one bone for another, there could be no possibility of destroying personal identity. The stone saint would be the actual image of the live saint; no daguerreotype could be half so exact; and when not in use, could be quietly laid by on the shelf, as is frequently done in life.

What a gallery of great men might not be bodily perpetuated to the world by this art. Who would not now like to see the real Homer, Socrates, or Cæsar, not in cold marble, but looking as if they merely slept, their actual flesh and blood stiff and erect before us? The sculptor would have abandoned his art in despair. I can not say that I should look complacently on

the process as applied to one's own family. Perhaps the relations of Homer, Socrates, and Cæsar would have had similar objections, and so we should have preferred the funeral pile to the adamantine embalmment. There is, however, in this museum the head of a young girl, with long flaxen hair of remarkable beauty, as soft and tresslike as in life. Belonging to this head is a virgin bosom, snow-white, and of a perfection of form that nature seldom equals, and art never surpasses. Power's Greek Slave, or the Venus de Medici, could exchange busts with this maiden without loss; so exquisite are its proportions, and so pure its outlines. Here, then, exists a figure which women will envy, and men admire through all time, as cold and hard as flint, yet warming the feelings with love and pity for the fate of one so young and beautiful. All that is known of her is that she was found dead with others under the roof of a church that fell in, and Segato possessed himself of her corpse.

Hospitals for foundlings appear to be a peculiar charity of Roman Catholic countries. They indicate both great distress and a low scale of morality. Increasing as they must, from the facilities they afford to illegitimacy and concubinage, evils scarcely less than those which they seek to remedy, Protestants should be cautious in imitating them. Indeed, in countries of their origin they are defended only as a choice between the infanticide and abandonment, which it is their peculiar province to prevent and relieve. Both legitimate and illegitimate infants find a home in these asylums to the number of several thousands annually. When of sufficient age they are placed in the families of the peasants, who receive a trifling sum for their maintenance, which ceases when the children are able to earn something for themselves. If the girls marry, they are entitled to a dowry of about thirty dollars, but after they have left the hospital and are at service, they frequently continue to obtain this sum without the necessary condition, through others to whom they furnish their papers for that purpose. In 1825 there were 10,194 infants received into the several foundling hospitals of Tuscany. The number increased to 12,494 in 1834, owing, in part, to the increase of population. In 1841 the family of the Royal Hospital of Innocents of Florence alone, numbered 7511, a large number of whom are legitimate children abandoned from cause of poverty by their parents. They can, however, at any time reclaim them by reimbursing the hospital for the expenses incurred. A considerable number, one in sixteen, are thus withdrawn, but with all the care and kindness bestowed upon those who remain, their lot is a hard one. I had a domestic once who knew nothing more of her childhood than that she was found in the streets and placed in one of these hospitals, where, after receiving the usual fare and education for a certain number of years, she was sent out into the world to gain her own subsistence. She knew neither parent nor rel-

ative—in fact, was perfectly alone, united to society only by the indissoluble chain of servitude; for what hope has one of these public orphans to contract ties of family when even noble born maidens without dowries are compelled to pine in solitude, or seek religious consolation in cloisters. She was humble and grateful, but sad; feeling deeply her forlorn situation, aggravated as it was by a pulmonary complaint, which threatened soon to terminate her sorrows in life, and unite her with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. I know not who are most to be pitied; the parent driven by shame or poverty to violate the purest instincts of human nature; or their offspring, fatherless and motherless, knowing no kin, nursed during infancy by hirelings, or else confined within the walls of a charitable institution, deprived of the sacred joys of a home, until bone and muscle are sufficiently grown for them to take their places as "the drawers of water and hewers of stone" for their more fortunate brethren. Vice brings with it another punishment. Whoever has noticed these orphans will have perceived that they appear like an inferior race of humanity, compared with the civilized European type. Their faces and forms seem as if run in one mould, with dull, unintellectual, almost imbecile expressions, and short stubby figures, like those of well-fed swine. After looking at these children I ceased to wonder at the stunted, haggard, lifeless population so often seen in the streets.

Naples, in its "Albergo dei Poveri," possesses one of the most sumptuous poor-houses in existence; one immense establishment, accommodating upward of three thousand paupers of both sexes, in which there are not only workshops for the fabrication of silks, cottons, laces, the cutting of coral, and other trades, but also schools of music, design, arithmetic, and other branches of knowledge, besides a printing-office, type-foundry, and other arts, so as to afford suitable employments and instruction for all capacities. Notwithstanding this model establishment and numerous others, whose annual revenues amount to nearly two millions and five hundred thousand dollars, Naples is infested with an idle, begging population, to reform which, would require all the energy of well-directed, liberal institutions, or else a severity which even its heartless despotism dare not exercise.

There is an important distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant benevolence in modes of action. Both are comprehensive, self-denying, laborious, and unwearied. The former, however, partakes of the parade and ostentation of the Church, which controls and directs its operations. It delights in uniforms, chantings, torch-lights, and masquerading. When it visits the sick or buries the dead, it puts on its robes of office. With all its apparent humility, it blazons forth its good deeds to the world by a state and trappings that announce its errand, and proclaim its subserviency to the Holy See. To relieve is the secondary, to proselyte is the

primary object of its creed. Its various associations form the militia of popery, and, owing to their real virtues, they are the most successful of its soldiers in extending its conquests. No one can meet the Roman "Brethren of the Dead," whose office is to bury the deserted victims of contagion, see the mournful costume of the Florentine "Brethren of Pity" in their more comprehensive errands of mercy, or watch the noiseless steps of the French "Sisters of Charity," as they glide, like ministering angels, to the hearthstones of poverty or the bedsides of the sick and dying, without feeling his heart respond to the sublime doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, and involuntarily reverencing that form of Christianity which thus manifests its benevolence to the world. But is there not more real sublimity in the silent, humble walk of Protestant benevolence—the doing good in secret—than in all the mighty machinery of Rome? The one takes hold of the sentiment, and exalts the imagination; it proclaims its work and demands its tribute. The other also has in its ranks Sisters of Charity and Brethren of Mercy as devoted and unwearied as any in the ranks of Rome. But they go forth on their daily rounds of Christian love unheralded by chants, and undisguised in the robes of state; less known to the public than if, in their spiritual pride, they doffed their usual habiliments to bury themselves and their good works in those lugubrious costumes with which Romanism conceals all but the eyes, for fear that the right hand shall know what the left doeth, while at the same time they bid the world to do them reverence.

Protestantism washes no pilgrims' feet, and feeds no paupers in the pride of charity amidst the splendors of a dominant hierarchy. It makes no theatrical exhibition of its benevolence, though its English form delights too much in good dinners. Its benevolence flows not at the command of a human "Holy Father," directed by one fallible will toward one infallible purpose; but is the offspring of individual hearts, concentrated by love, for the simple purpose of visiting "the widows and fatherless in their affliction."

Men see not the Protestant Brethren of Mercy as they pass by, for they are like other men; neither do women kneel on stony pavements when the Protestant clergyman carries hope to the dying, for his presence is not pompously announced by a long train of priestlings in gaudy robes, with the tinkling of bells, and the armed soldiers, who guard the Roman minister as he bears the body and blood of the Prince of Peace on his way to absolve dying sinners; nor do our Sisters of Charity wear other garb than that in which they so faithfully perform their duties as Christian mothers.

Protestant benevolence appeals directly to "Our Father in Heaven" to sustain and direct its energies; it acknowledges its accountability to the public, from which it derives its material aid: and in all points it seeks to dispense its bounties as Providence extends its blessings,

silently and effectively, to all who hunger and thirst. Both are the children of Christianity. Which does it most honor, and partakes largest of its spirit, the records of eternity alone may decide. Would that, while both remain on earth, their rivalry were solely in provoking each other to good deeds!

Roman Catholic cities, in their primary aspect, present a higher appearance of public morality than Protestant capitals. But few public women are met in their streets; drunkenness seems rare; and there is a general quiet and lethargy, the exact reverse of the bustle and enterprise of those towns that acknowledge Protestantism. Nowhere is this parallel more strikingly shown than between Geneva and Lucerne, Florence and New York, or Rome and London. This external morality is readily explained.

While the grosser forms of prostitution are not so openly exhibited in Papal cities as in Protestant, the distinction between virtue and vice is much less rigorously drawn. The Roman clergy are able to repress it outwardly, but it extends inwardly. Society in general is corrupt, while the streets are comparatively pure. The forced celibacy of the priesthood ever has produced, and will continue to, while it exists, a vast amount of hidden concubinage. The religious restraints and expenses of marriage produce more that is open, while the general laxity of public opinion tolerates corrupt unions that in England and the United States would bring upon the offenders the penalties of law and expulsion from society. Possibly there are fewer

public prostitutes in strictly Roman Catholic towns than in Protestant, but as an offset, the morals of their women are looser, and afford wider scope for intrigue, so that licentiousness is not concentrated, as in general with us, to a class of degraded females, and reduced to the baser condition of traffic. Our streets too are freed from a nuisance which no traveler escapes from in Italy. Pimps dog his steps every where, and though he may escape the sight of loose women, he is constantly haunted by the obscene importunities of their beastly male agents.

Intoxication is rarer, because strong liquors are not so available. There is, however, more general drinking, and perhaps, in the mass, more aggregate vice and misery from this cause than in America. In Italy all drink; teetotalism is unknown. If we possess a confirmed race of drunkards, they do not understand the principle of temperance; so that while they fail to show as many repulsive specimens of this vice as we, they exhibit more general misery and degradation.

The average morality of the Italian races, in other respects, I consider as beneath the American. Why is it that the lower story of every house and palace is fortified by iron gratings and massive doors, so as to resemble more a prison than private dwellings, if it be not from the general sense of insecurity to property? Petty dishonesty, pilferings, and what may be comprehended under the general term of knavery, extend to degrees of society whose social position would apparently place them above all



AN ITALIAN WINE-SHOP.

risk of taint. The servility which panders to vice and clutches at gain, through ignominy or disregard of self-respect, is painfully apparent. Female servants kiss the hands of their masters, and obsequiousness is the chief recommendation in domestics. There is much kindly feeling in the relation of servant and master in Italy, it is true, to the credit of both parties; but the *gulf* between the two is an impassable one—its boundaries are those of perpetual caste.

Italians are not educated up to the Protestant standard of *truth* and *honor*. As beggary with the lower classes carries with it no shame, so falsehood among the higher would not be deemed a vice. The multiplicity of newspapers in the United States prevents any crime from being long hid. Every thing which in any way interests the public is spread before it, from one extremity of the Union to the other, with the rapidity of thought. In consequence, all our evil deeds are dragged to light, and every day develops, as it were, some new crime. At the first glance it would appear as if we were a peculiarly criminal race, but when we consider that the newspapers reflect as a looking-glass the moral condition of a population of twenty-five millions, our surprise is rather at the paucity than the extent of crime. Italy presents nothing of the kind. Its population is not one of readers. Journals are small, scarce, and restricted to only what jealous governments permit to be known. They are but an indifferent clew to the moral condition of Italians. Crimes may be common or rare, and nothing be heard of them away from their immediate circle. Still, I do not believe that the Italians are given to the cold-blooded atrocities which figure not unfrequently in the criminal calendars of England and America. At all events we rarely hear of coolly-planned murders for the sake of booty; and yet brigands and assassinations figure largely in Italian tales. The Italian kills in warm blood, or in his profession of a "bravo." He uses his knife, particularly the Roman, as an Anglo-Saxon does his fists. It is his national weapon, and the idea of courage is particularly connected with a prompt thrust in revenge of real or fancied wrong. The Italian is like the Indian in respect to his mode of retribution. He seeks it in the way in which he himself is safest; and what northern minds would consider as base and cowardly, he considers as courageous and justifiable. All who have read the appeals of Mazzini to his countrymen will not fail to perceive that he relies chiefly on treachery and assassination—a wholesale repetition of the Sicilian vespers—to bring about a revolution. The criminal statistics of Rome would show that he does not appeal to their skill in the use of their national weapon without reason.

During the last century, the average of murders in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, was five or six a day, and on one occasion fourteen. While occupied by the French, there were in a single day one hundred and twenty assassinations. And as

late as 1828 they averaged one daily. A chapel of the Madonna in the church of the Augustins is hung about with knives, dirks, and other murderous instruments, suspended there by their owners, at the order of their confessor, as a condition of absolution and evidence of pardon of their crimes.

The streets of Rome are not safe at the later hours of night, even now, for any one who has aught about him to tempt the cupidity of its highwaymen. Roman friends of mine are accustomed to place their watches in their boots when out late at night. Every housekeeper will tell you the risks they run in not keeping the strictest watch over their premises; and any one's experience in visiting Italian families will convince them that they have more confidence in their portcullis doors and massive gratings than in either the honesty of their countrymen or the guardianship of the police. It is customary, when a visitor calls, to reconnoitre, either through a loop-hole or an upper window, so as to ascertain his quality and business before withdrawing the bolt. Fear and suspicion are manifested to great extent in the domestic arrangements of Italians, and with reason, for in no country is there more sympathy felt for the bandit. As he protects the poor, he is considered more as their champion than a criminal. The ranks of highwaymen are often recruited from the disaffected toward the government, whose oppressions force them, as it were, into open hostility. Hence they partake in part of the character of patriots; and, even with the aid of French and Austrian troops, Italy finds it no easy task to keep her roads and cities safe for the traveler. Judge, then, what would be the condition of the country were its five hundred thousand bayonets reduced to the number that compose the army of the United States!

The chiefs of the Roman brigands, from their audacity and extent of their crimes, have ranked with the vulgar as heroes. The Roman government, unable to cope with them, has, after they had glutted themselves with plunder, pardoned and pensioned them to keep the peace.

One of the most noted was Gasparone, who began his career by killing his confessor for refusing to absolve him for a robbery. Yet so scrupulous was he in the performance of those religious rites that ignorant Romanism substitutes for spiritual worship, that he acquired with the country people a reputation for sanctity; particularly for his devotion to Saint Anthony, and his careful abstinence from murders on Sundays and Church festivals.

Another, Gobertino by name, killed, during his career, with his *own hand*, nine hundred and sixty-four adults and six *infants*; regretting only on his death-bed that he had not been able to make up the number to a thousand. Around Albagna massacred his entire family, including his father, mother, two brothers, and sister. America and England may contain criminals capable of rivaling these exploits; but it is certain that the opportunity never would be allowed



ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

them. It is rare in either country that a villain gets beyond his first great crime.

My object in presenting this unfavorable summary of Italian character is to show to what extent, in comparison with Protestantism, I consider Romanism to be responsible for it, both for what it has actually done and what it has failed to do. If such are the results where Romanism is supreme, are not other nations in which it seeks to find sway warranted in viewing it, both in a political and moral sense, with a jealous eye? If there be in the institutions of Protestant countries any superiority over those of Roman Catholic, it is owing to the purer faith, greater knowledge, and more elevated view of human rights which they have developed. Protestantism is progressive. It looks both to the temporal and eternal welfare of the individual. What it claims for itself it allows to others, asking deference only to civil law, while creeds are left intact. It seeks to convert the understanding, and not to terrify the nerves and lull them into a false repose.

Romanism, on the contrary, is the opposite of all this. She forbids liberty of speech and freedom of the press. She refuses the appeal to the Bible. Intolerance is her constant principle. By one weapon or another, by being all things to all men, by persuasion when possible, by force when she has the power, she seeks to bind all nations to her spiritual despotism. Romanism and republicanism are antagonistic powers. When together, one or the other must succumb. In the United States, thus far, Protestantism has succeeded in extracting the sting

from her enemy. There are only two powers equal to cope with her. Democracy, on the one hand, strong in its own rights, and enlightened as to its true mission to elevate mankind by the gradual spread of liberty sanctified by religion and knowledge; on the other, a despotism capable of controlling elements as powerful as its own. In England and America it is kept within restricted limits by the superior power of an enlightened public opinion. In France it has again become restless and aggressive; not content with equality, it seeks supremacy. Whether the infidelity of France will be able to retain the toleration it has permitted to all sects in the contest with the subtleties and fanaticism of popery, remains to be seen. The policy for Romanism is to demand for itself all that it refuses to another—the golden rule has no place in its creed. Protestantism asks nothing more than that all sects should be placed on an equal basis, and left to find their way to the hearts of men through the paths of knowledge and truth. In doing this, she disarms herself of weapons that Romanism unscrupulously uses to her injury. They do not meet on equal terms except on Protestant grounds. When the Pope rules, the tongue is tied and the limbs fettered if they do not acknowledge his supremacy. It is a mistake to suppose that the attacks of popery are confined to Protestant countries. Her power has been checked repeatedly by Catholic princes, and equally against them she wages endless war on every point that crosses her selfish interests. Venice was free and powerful while she was tolerant and uncompromising to the demands

of Rome; Florence populous and prosperous until her rulers became priests and her interests confided to Rome. All free communities that have trusted to her for salvation have fallen by her arts. There is no hope for Italy while popery exists as a dominant creed. It opposes an insurmountable barrier to freedom and knowledge. None are more painfully convinced of this than enlightened Italians themselves. Piedmont is now a rising state, but every step of her progress is one of contest with the Pope. In Spain, popery refuses a Christian burial to a Protestant. In Germany and France she calls marriages concubinage when not sanctified before her altars with gifts to her priests. But I have already pursued this topic sufficiently far to bear my witness against the giant cause of the darkness and ignorance that overspreads so large a portion of our globe.

One topic which enlists the sympathies of liberty every where still remains. Will Italy ever become a united, free country, or must she ever remain, in the words of Metternich, merely a geographical idea? Nature evidently intended her for a unity. This, however, has never been accomplished. Rome founded her power over isolated cities and kingdoms; she melted them in the crucible of her power, but did not cast them out a united state. Romans, not Italians, ruled the world. When Rome fell, Italy resumed her previous condition of rival communities engaged in ceaseless contests. Commerce and war developed wealth and energy. Italy became great from the genius and arts of her hostile sons. She contained within herself all the elements of the first power on earth but union. Her commercial cities were each worth the ransom of kingdoms. They conquered territories and spread their power abroad, while neglecting to insure it at home. All paid homage to Rome as their spiritual head. Then was the time for a patriot Pope to have healed their dissensions and united them as one people. But no! The Popes were alive only to the extension of their own petty temporal sovereignties. They esteemed it a higher honor to rule over a few cities, wasted with fire and sword at their command, than to be the saviours of Italy. To this end they sowed fresh dissensions; they repeatedly leagued with transalpine enemies; they exterminated liberty; and finally became the chief among the many sad causes which have contributed to make Italy what we now find her—the mere foot-ball of European policy.

Besides popery, Italy is held down by two-fold bonds. First, the policy of France and Austria is to prevent a rival power, such as she would be if free and united, from holding a rank on the shores of the Mediterranean. Secondly, and by far the greater obstacle, is the spirit of disunion among her own sons. So long have they been accustomed to look upon cities as countries, that each citizen considers his neighbor of another city as a stranger—their country is embraced within the limits of their city walls. The bitter recollections of former feuds and rivalries

are still active. Venice hates Milan—Leghorn, Florence—Pisa, both; in short, the nearer are towns the more cordial is the hatred that exists between them. Patriotism is purely local. During 1848, the Livornese wished to plunder Florence, and would have preferred turning their arms against their countrymen rather than against their common enemy. The little, poverty-struck Lucca, now merged into Tuscany, mourns its court, and resents as an injury its absorption into a greater and more powerful state. The feeling between the numerous states into which Italy is divided, is far more cordial than between the cities of each state. Genoa is restless under the sway of Piedmont, and exalts in her imagination the departed glories of the Ligurian Republic. Venice dreams still of her old doges, and the power and commerce that have forever forsaken her wave-washed palaces. The peasantry of Lombardy prefer Austrian rule to Italian, and fired upon the patriots in 1848 who marched to their relief. Those of Tuscany cling likewise to their bondage. They say, we would rather have one “padrone” than many. The Grand Duke has a right to be our master, because his family have always ruled us; so we had rather have him than new masters. The unlettered Italian mind has no conception of liberty. It is a condition it never dreamed of. Despotism may be created in an hour, but republicanism is of slow growth. Those who hope to regenerate Italy in an hour, are putting faith in dreams.

Is there then no hope of Italy? Many shrewd observers say no. I differ from them. True, I believe that the vices of Italy are as great as I have represented them to be. But there is also, in her varied population, as much innate talent, genius, and natural goodness of heart as exists in any country. Romanism has wilted all that it has touched, but the germ still exists. Remove the causes, and the evils will disappear. In the simple-hearted inhabitants that people her mountain valleys she has resources of mind and soul that need but the talisman of cultivation to flood with new life her cities and her fields. Her towns still shelter learning, science, and virtue. Her industry is indeed crushed, and her commerce annihilated; but the same race that once won the markets of the world still exists, emulous of the fame of their fathers. New Savonarolas, Michael Angelos, and Rienzis will arise. The race of great hearts and lofty minds is not extinct. We say that nations die out. Is it so? A name may die out, but humanity never. It is a common saying that the races of Europe are in their decline, as if races of human beings, by a physical law, arose to a certain climax and then degenerated to mere brutes again. If this theory were true, what creates the greatness of the United States, for Americans are but transplanted Europeans? In America the citizen creates the government, in Europe the government creates the subject. This simple fact explains the gulf between them. The European thrives just in proportion as his government per-

mits. The Italians are but what their rulers have made them. Change their rulers, and there is hope. Unfetter the mind, and it will develop new channels of thought and enterprise. Mental stagnation was never intended by Providence as the condition of beings created in his own image. I will not theorize as to the immediate agencies by which Italy can be united and regenerated, for that concerns more particularly her own sons; but that she can be, and through her own instrumentality, aided by the sympathy and experience of other nations who have passed through their agony of travail, I both firmly believe and devoutly hope.

GLANCES AT OUR MORAL AND SOCIAL STATISTICS.

PROFESSOR DE BOW, Superintendent of the United States' Census, has just issued a new and most interesting volume of statistics. Last January, the House of Representatives ordered a compendium of the Seventh Census, embracing many details that had not hitherto appeared, to be printed for its use. The present work has been prepared in answer to that resolution. Its collection of information and facts is exceedingly valuable. Immense labor and research have been bestowed upon it, and no possible pains have been spared, by the study of collateral sources of knowledge, and the employment of every incidental aid, to make it a complete and reliable American Encyclopædia.

Viewed altogether—in its relation to statistical science, in its bearing upon the policy of the country, in its suggestiveness to the political inquirer, the social reformer, the intelligent moralist, and the cultivated Christian—it is not too much to say that it is one of the most attractive and important books ever presented to the American public. It may be termed a hand-book for the Republic—a condensed but explicit manual of progress and position—a broad outlining of what we are, where we are, and whither we are tending.

A census is not a mere enumeration of the people. It is not simply a series of figures, nor a tabular statement, in stiff and forbidding form, of sexes, births, ages, dwellings, industry, and similar topics; nor is it only a diagram, indicating by lines how our population has disposed of itself, and in what physical relations it stands. All this it is and much more. Whoever takes a comprehensive view of it can not fail to perceive that, beneath this arithmetical exterior, there are found the great cardinal facts of our real life. The register of the past, the prophecy of the future, are here. If read rightly, we can see therein an ample commentary on the principles of American Liberty and the precepts of American Law. The heart of our country, so far as mortal eye can penetrate it, can thus be searched, and we can ascertain, at least with a high degree of probability, the point we have reached in the scale of humanity.

On these accounts we welcome this volume. Congress has done a good service to the coun-

try in ordering one hundred thousand copies of it, and we can but hope that it will be judiciously circulated. We have been permitted to examine the work in advance of its appearance, and to lay before our readers a selection from some of its statistics:

AREA OF THE UNITED STATES.

The superficial area amounts to 2,963,666 square miles. Our original territory was 820,680 square miles, and hence our increase has been over three-fold. If we compare the soil of the United States in 1783 with its size in 1854, it is not the mere fact of geographical extension that strikes us so much as the value of the additions themselves. It has not been our policy to acquire remote colonies, or establish distant outposts, but to enlarge our immediate territory. Whatever we have gained has become a part of our national home. It has been made subservient to our wealth and power as well as to our dominion; and if we now reach from the Island of Brazos, in the Gulf of Mexico, to the Straits of Fuca, in the Northern Pacific, and from the Aroostook Valley to the Bay of San Diego, the whole of this vast surface—three times as large as France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark put together—is either directly or prospectively tributary to our strength and advancement. The territorial growth has resulted from the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the admission of Texas, and the Oregon and Mexican treaties.

At the present time, the States and the Territories have about an equal area. In the former, we have 1,464,105 square miles against 1,472,061 in the latter. There are, east of the Mississippi, 865,576 square miles; west, 2,070,590; intermediate between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, 1,200,381; west of the Rocky Mountains, 870,209. Slaveholding States and District of Columbia have 851,508 square miles; Non-slaveholding, 612,597.

If the reader will turn to the accompanying map, he will see the minor divisions of the country depicted. Their relative size is finely presented. One-fourth of the total area belongs to the Pacific slope; one-sixth to the Atlantic proper; one twenty-sixth to the Lakes; one ninth to the Gulf. If the Lake and Gulf regions be included in the Atlantic section, it will make it one third. More than one half is embraced in the Middle region, and over two-fifths are drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Let us stand in the southern part of Illinois and survey the scene. Far away to the north-east the Ohio river extends one thousand miles, its branches entering into the interior of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and receiving their products for distant transportation. Along the north a shore-line of lakes stretches for more than thirty-five hundred miles; toward the west, the Missouri reaches three thousand miles; while, north and south, the Mississippi measures the length of our possessions.