

but when in the spring of '91 her husband lay dying in Rome, with a Christian forgiveness she came to his bedside doing her best to bring him to a Christian death. It was her first and only visit to Rome since the fall of the Temporal Power, and the princess was such a keen papal partisan that she would not stay at the Quirinal which she considered as papal property but took up her abode at a hotel.

It was a mild rainy morning as the Italian troops passed through Rome escorting the body of Prince Napoleon on the first stage of the last journey towards the stately Superga where he was to rest among the dead of the house of Savoy. As the procession passed I could think of nothing save the long martyrdom of a woman's life for her country's sake. But to return to '59, when Victor Emanuel was preparing amid a people's enthusiasm for the decisive struggle with Austria.

When the king decided to lead the army in person, and confided his children to the care of Count Negra, he told him, in the case of Turin being threatened, to save his children, and the Austrian banners captured by Charles Albert in '48, and that if he saved these, nothing else mattered. The king's reckless courage in the victorious battles of Montebello and Palestro caused great anxiety to his friends. In the latter as he led a charge, he was completely surrounded and cut off, when the Zouaves and Bersaglieri with a shout of horror dashed through the enemy and saved him.

It must have been a glorious sight that dazzling June day, when the emperor and king rode side by side into Milan through throngs of rejoicing people past stately palaces garlanded with wreaths of red tulips and white camellias in their green leaves for the national tri-colour, on to offer thanks in the great white cathedral over which that same tri-colour floated. It was then that the victorious Garibaldi came to greet his king who pinned the gold medal for valor on his breast.

Soon after came the victory of Solferino, or as the Italians prefer to call it, San Martino, at which the king turned the fortunes of war with one of those shrewd jokes of his, so dear to his soldiery. His troops were faltering when the king called out, "My sons must take to San Martino, or the enemy will make us do San Martino." San Martino is the quarter day on which the Italians move, and the words raised a laugh even in that death storm.

It is well known how, just when all seemed gained for Italy, Napoleon faltered and insisted on the peace of Villa Franca, which required Victor Emanuel's whole powers to be put forth while he himself was suffering keenly from the disappointment, to soothe Cavour and Garibaldi into patience, and to persuade the unhappy people of the Duchies that they were not forsaken in their need. It was not until the following March that Tuscany and Emilia came under the king's rule and the new Italian nation numbered 11,000,000 souls.

There were many such triumphs still ahead of the king. His entry into Florence amid universal joy. The crumbling into pieces of the decayed Mopollitan government before Garibaldi's onslaught, and

his meeting the king with the greeting "Hail, King of Italy." Well might the Italian soldier at the review say, "Why should not our king be fat when he eats a province a day." But two coveted things remained to be desired.—Venice and Rome—and these had to be a certain time waited for though Venice came after the Austrian war in '66, and at last with the fall of France in '70, Rome became the capital of Italy.

In taking possession of Rome the king displayed great delicacy towards papal susceptibilities. Although the Italian army entered Rome on the 20th of September, the king only visited the city privately during the winter at a time of severe inundations, deferring his state entry as late as the following June.

When installed at the Quirinal, Victor Emanuel kept up the simple habit of his lifetime. Rising at five summer and winter, making only one heavy meal in the day between eleven and twelve, spending the night out at Villa Mirafiore which he had built for his Morganatic wife, whom he had married at the priests' insistence when on his supposed death bed at Pisa. So plain, not to say shabby was he in his dress that a Neapolitan street boy said, "the ministry load us with taxes, and yet have not the heart to buy Vittorio a new pair of trousers." One night he went to the opera in a grey coat and discovered that the Princess Margherita and a Russian princess were there. The predicament was grave, for a visit must be paid to their box. "I am all in black save the coat," the king said, "if someone would lend me a coat," and seeing one of his aide-de-camps, a young marquis, he sent for him, and laid claims to his. There was still wanting a white tie, and the marquis offered his, but the king, seeing one he preferred on the servant who stood at the box door, walked up to him and silently took possession of it for himself. Then smoothing his hair he asked naively, "Do I look like the king of Italy?" But it was among his own northern mountains that the king was his real self. Amidst the perils and fatigues of chamois hunting he seemed to expand with happiness. In the severest weather he slept under canvass and went without flannels or overcoat. On Sundays a priest was sent for to the nearest village and mass was said before the king's tent which all his party must attend.

But the years of activity passed away, and Cavour, La Marmora, and many another true friend had preceded him to the grave. At last in January '78 came the sharp, short illness, that finished the life of vicissitudes.

From all Italy came an irrepressible cry of grief for their first king. For eight days all business in Rome was suspended. Turin at once demanded the body of her own prince who had been forced to leave her in life, but public feeling was too strong. Humbert might send the king's helmet and sword to Turin, but he himself must not rest with his father and his kinsfolk on the Superga heights, but must lie in the capital of Italy, in the noble old Pantheon.

He was carried to his grave with stately pomp, a nation mourning as the long train passed down the Corso. His battle sword inscribed with the beloved name of 'Carlo Alberto', his old war horse draped in crape,

these told the tale of his life to the onlookers. "Father of his country" was inscribed over the door of the Pantheon where he rests under the incessant watch of his old soldiers.

How the Romans value that grave was shown last year by the fierce burst of resentment aroused by the foolish insult to it of one of the French pilgrims.

King Humbert did not come to the throne under circumstances to try his fortitude as that of his father had been tried. In spite of all divisions of parties a nation joined him in his passionate mourning for his dead father, and his heart was stirred at the warm greeting given to him as king. His proclamation on coming to the throne ended with the words "My sole ambition will be to deserve the good will of my people." And there is no doubt that he has succeeded in winning it, and that he is one of the most popular rulers in Europe. As a young man Humbert was not as popular as his father. With private faults of the same kind, Humbert always reserved and undemonstrative in disposition could not carry them off with their frank shrewd bonhomme, which kept Victor so in touch with his people.

He had been betrothed to an Austrian princess who had died, and was twenty-five when the match was arranged between himself and his cousin Margherita, daughter of the duke of Genoa. A burst of national enthusiasm greeted the marriage at Turin in April '68. The young princess with her sweet face and smile, was no foreigner, she was Italian, she was theirs, their princess, their first queen, and so the people bowed down and worshipped her as they have continued to do to this day.

There were great rejoicing over the wedding and it was at one of the balls given then at Turin that the late Emperor Frederick began his sentimental adoration for Margherita. A bit of her dress being torn while he was dancing with her, he drew out a house-wife from his pocket, and taking out scissors and pins, pinned up the rent, and cutting off a bit carried it off as a trophy which he always kept.

When the court took up its abode at the Quirinal, the Princess Margherita was thrown into closer contact with the king, and was often able to soothe him down into the necessary conventionality. But her position was a difficult one, for although the undoubted head of the court, she was perpetually encountering the jealous ill-will of the king's low born Morganatic wife. The Countess Nirasfore made many efforts to take her place as the king's wife, but these efforts were balked by universal consent. Still, the countess had enough power to frequently embitter the early Roman days for the young princess.

On Victor Emanuel's death, he was found to have left enormous debts. His unstinted charities, and boundless extravagance in horses, as well as the less noble weakness which caused him to allow such large sums to be got from him by different women, these had quite counter-balanced the simplicity of his personal habits. The nation, in the fresh enthusiasm of its grief, would have taken these debts upon itself, but Humbert refused the offer. He himself and no other should pay his father's debts. And he did so, with years of econo-