

the kingdom, and not one in ten of those to whom I have spoken is anything but an enthusiast about "New Italy," though many of them would prefer that it should be a republic instead of a monarchy.

The review was held in the old Prætorian camp, near the Porta Pia, the gate by which the soldiers of United Italy entered Rome on the memorable 20th of September, 1870. By the kindness of Mr. W. W. Story, (sculptor, author, and poet,) we saw the "march past" of the royal party from the windows of his studio, which has been transferred from its old quarters, near the Piazza Barberini, to his "up-town" residence, near the "Piazza dell' Indipendenza," just north of the railway station.

First came a squadron of mounted cuirassiers: then King Humbert and his staff, including the heir apparent, Prince Victor Emmanuel, and his cousin, the Duke of Aosta. Then more dragoons: then a dozen mounted flunkies in the royal scarlet liveries: next two open carriages containing the Queen and her ladies of honour; then more dragoons; and, finally, infantry,—infantry,—infantry,—until you were tired looking at them.

The King has grown an old man since we saw him twenty years ago as Prince Humbert. This was his 51st birthday, and he looks quite his age, if not more. His once coal-black moustache is as white as snow, but he sits his charger like an old centaur, and looks, I think, handsomer than ever, in his magnificent uniform and white-plumed helmet. Queen Margaret (though fair and gracious still), has "gone off" sadly during these twenty years, and now looks "fair, fat, and quite forty," which I suppose is somewhere near her age. The popular enthusiasm for "*il Re*" is by no means as exuberant as it used to be, for Victor Emmanuel; and though there was a running fire of "*vivas*" all along the line, but few people uncovered as their Majesties passed—a vast-

ly different reception from that which greeted the Pope from the tens of thousands who filled St. Peter's last Sunday to see the beatification of a new Spanish Saint. But that (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says) "is another story."

#### A VISIT TO A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

After the military pageant, we had something much more to my taste. Mr. Story asked us down stairs to visit his studio, and himself acted as our *cicerone*. It was a rare treat—a day to be marked with a very white stone. He is now over 75 years old; and, having lived in Italy ever since 1848, has become extremely Roman, without, however, ceasing to be an American of the best type. His right hand has not yet lost its cunning; and some of his later statues are, to my mind at least, equal to any of his earlier work. He showed us a new Cleopatra, fresh from the chisel, and done in the purest white marble. She is a low-browed, sensuous-lipped, Egyptian beauty, reclining, supported by one full round arm, upon the cushion of a divan;—very *decolleté* indeed,—a tiger skin thrown carelessly over one shoulder being her only garment (?). She has a dreamy, far-away look in her great eyes, as if he had taken her in the midst of that soliloquy about pre-existence, which he so well describes in his own poem of "Cleopatra." Perhaps you may remember the lines;—

"I will lie and dream of the past time,  
Æons of thought away,  
And through the jungles of memory,  
Loosen my fancy to play;  
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,  
Ribbed with yellow and black,  
Supple and cushion-footed  
I wandered, where never the track  
Of a human creature had rustled  
The silence of mighty woods,  
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,  
I knew but the law of my moods.  
I sucked in the noontide splendor,  
Quivering along the glade,  
Or yawning, panting and dreaming,  
Basked in the tamarisk shade,  
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,  
As the shadows of night came on,