

God be with you!—I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Gentleness, dignity, high feeling. He would rather pass the remnant of his days childless and solitary than with a child, between whom and himself there would not be unbroken confidence, of whom he must entertain doubts that his soul would abhor. Desdemona, on her part, shows not a spark of contrition; she is argumentative, if not a shade defiant; but observe, he calls her "gentle mistress" and "jewel." "I have done, my lord." Yes, he has done; it is soon over; a few short weeks end it. Says his brother over Desdemona's dead body:

Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

It is true that Brabantio says at last:

Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

No defence of this will be attempted here. If to have run from her father's roof without even being at the pains to find out whether his consent could be obtained was "deception" in Desdemona, then what her father said was true. But it should have been left unsaid. It was evidently put in by Shakespeare for a purpose, although inconsistent with Brabantio's character—and those who think that such inconsistencies are not to be found in him are very much mistaken; it would be easy to point them out. It is to show the direction which the sequel would take. Iago says afterwards:

She did deceive her father, marrying you,

and Othello can only at once admit,

And so she did.

However, let it have all the weight that it can justly carry. After all is said that can be said, to brand Brabantio's character, as it is branded, and to hold Desdemona faultless, as she is held, must be admitted to be an utter misrepresentation of the real truth of the first act of the play. Thenceforward, there can be nothing but boundless pity and heart-bleeding for poor Desdemona. Was there ever a more horrible fate? Victimized, insulted, struck, befouled with vile accusations, murdered by the man she loved, "not wisely, but too well!"

It is not for a moment to be inferred that such writers mislead us deliberately. On the contrary, it is the result of the extraordinary force of the prepossessions with which they come to their work. Certain female characters of Shakespeare's, of whom Desdemona is one, must be held up as patterns of perfection of womankind, and to that every other consideration, be it what it may, must give way. Shakespeare knew better than to draw faultless men or women. They are not to be found in his plays or out of them.

D. F.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Autobiography of Garibaldi (*Memorie Autobiografiche di Giuseppe Garibaldi*. Florence: Barbera) is a volume that will sell like an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is intended to be translated into English, French, and German. It is a work unique in its kind, as much by its rough diamond literary talent and richness in contemporary facts, as by its astonishing—aye, its heroic—sincerity. The "memoirs" show us Garibaldi in his entirety—one of the happiest of men, and the most representative of his generation. It is Garibaldi photographed by himself day by day, in a sort of journal or scribbling diary: the notes are dashed off without plan or study, written in the intervals of his active military life, that he has later read over, co-ordinated and unified. But the general character of the work has not been changed one jot or tittle; it displays the wild freshness of morning in every page, the warmth of improvisation in every line, and stern earnestness in every word. The memoirs smell of powder, of the clanking of arms, the palpitations of struggles, the intensity of hates, the enthusiasm of victories. They suggest in many parts the idea to have been written between the intervals of combat; the sword for a moment put aside for the pen. And yet the nervous jottings breathe the writer's child-like ingenuities, his weaknesses, his contradictions, his special narrownesses, his contempt for legality, and yet his passion for justice. The greatest democrat of the age has been his own interviewer, the honest Griffith who has stenographed the chronicles of the most romantic of lives.

Garibaldi was born at Nice in 1807, not far, it is said, from the spot where his friend Gambetta is buried. He hated three things: "priests—who were his first school-masters;" the Mazzinians, who ever crossed his attempts to secure Italian unity; and Cavour, whose diplomacy he abhorred. The political and military rôle of Garibaldi belongs to historians to judge; these memoirs are occupied with the man. The publisher has worthily done his duty, by scrupulously giving the manuscript such as it was left by the writer, even to not correcting obvious inaccuracies in dates and names of places. Some publishers in this respect so use the scissors that many memoirs resemble Jeanne Hachette's knife, which was so often repaired that none of the original remained.

The boyhood of Garibaldi was not different from that of other boys. He learned to write and read, and had a navigation-knowledge of mathematics, which was early tested by his setting out with some companions in a yawl, to sail down the Mediterranean, to live by fishing, and *en avant*, to seek fortune. The runaways were captured by a smack sent after them. Ere they could double any Cape of Good Hope, they had to encounter the Cape of Storms at home. Garibaldi ever regretted he did not learn English.

The book is divided into five parts, corresponding to the five principal periods of Garibaldi's life. He was apprenticed to be a sailor, and the rude lessons he thereby acquired seasoned him for his checkered career. Boys will devour his moving accidents by flood and field, his adventures, his shipwrecks, and his fights in South America. Few but will feel for the torture he underwent at Gualaquay, when he was tied up by the hands to a beam for two hours, and whipped. And this after a journey of over fifty miles strapped on a horse, and exposed, defenceless, to the torture of clouds of mosquitoes. Garibaldi throughout all his career had a poetical ideal of woman; he maintained she was superior to man, and "the most perfect of human creatures." His affection for his mother was proverbial, and his devotion towards his first wife, Anita, profound.

The history of his first love is charming in its Biblical simplicity, though not quite orthodox. When off the coast of Brazil, he saw, from the quarter-deck, on the beach a beautiful young woman. He at once got into a boat and was rowed ashore. He then had matrimony on the brain; he was welcomed on landing by the husband of the siren, and invited to take coffee at his house. Garibaldi experienced a kind of ecstasy in presence of the captivating Portuguese beauty; they reciprocated their heart-likes in silence. "Thou art mine!" exclaimed Garibaldi. Anita felt she was, so the lovers fled, and their idyl unrolled in battlefields, in marches, in partisan combats, and in the supreme command of the land and sea forces of Uruguay. Anita followed her lord on horseback, sharing his fatigues and dangers, sleeping on the ground like an ordinary soldier, helping to work artillery, and having to witness sailors, drunk with blood and wine, make the corpse of a comrade serve for a gambling table.

The second phase of Garibaldi's career opens with Rome. He set out in 1848 from South America with a few men, and sailed for Italy. He visits his mother—broken by age—and then enters on a campaign, "to cleanse Italy of priests and robbers." The possession of Rome was his ideal of Italian Unity; it was not the Rome of old Rome in which he glorified, but a modern Eternal City, regenerated by a great and free people. Perhaps the descriptions of the events of 1848-49, and those of 1859, are the most vigorous bits of writing in the books. Garibaldi knows how to write as well as to act. He has the true Caesar gift of description; he expresses the poesy of the events he feels. Can anything be more sensational than his flight, after the capture of Rome by the French Republican soldiers; or more sensational than his campaign of 1859? It is, however, in the expedition of the "thousand" where the Dantesque fulness and quasi-religious character of his style can be seen; as when he and his phalanx during a starry night, when "all the air a solemn stillness holds," seems to speak to the very souls of the heroic band, who go to enfranchise an enslaved people.

The third part of the volume terminates with the events of 1860. The fourth part is devoted to the affair of Aspromonté, and Garibaldi's escape from Caprea. For his check he blames "the rule of the priests" that reduced the descendants of the soldiers of Marius and Scipio—his volunteers, to idiocy and effeminacy. One-half of his volunteers withdrew from the campaign, due to the influence of the Mazzini party, who wanted an Italy united by a republic, instead of by a monarchy. Thus demoralized in advance, the volunteers only retired more rapidly when the French rained bullets at Mentana, where the "chassepots worked wonders," following General de Failly; but according to Garibaldi, the balls created more fright than they inflicted injury. It was the deceptive working of that modernized rifle, it was on its alleged "marvels," that Napoleon III. and his *entourage* staked their all during the War of 1870. The General would be nearer the true motive for the Second Empire—not the nation—discounting its success, had he named the *mitrailleuse*.

The fifth and concluding part of the book is devoted to the war of 1870-71. Garibaldi passes over, with a chivalrous reserve and in the best taste, the treatment he experienced from the Royalist National Assembly sitting at Bordeaux, in return for placing his sword on the side of Republican France. He not the less complains that it was merely to utilize his prestige that his services were accepted against the Germans, since he was not supplied with the means for any serious action. He maintains that the great fault committed by the French in their resistance was the not proclaiming a military dictatorship, having its abode in the headquarters of the armies. The great, perhaps the sole force of the Germans, lay in that concentration of all their military and diplomatic services. Dictatorship, from such a lover of liberty! the dreamer of universal peace, in the great man of war, were strange contradictions. Now, there was a large share of *féminité* in Garibaldi's character; but there was a still larger fund of combativeness, since he lays down—after gloriously illustrating it—"War is the veritable life of man." Comte de Moltke agrees with him in that doctrine, and unhappily both would appear to be right.

THE coldest spot known on the earth is Werchojansk, in Siberia. The mean temperature for the year 1885 was 2.9 deg. F. below zero. For January and December it was 62.9 deg. below, and for July it rose to 60.6 deg. above zero. The lowest temperature in July was 39.2 deg. above, while in January a fall to 88.6 deg. below zero was experienced. Werchojansk is in latitude 67 deg. 34 min., longitude 133 deg. 51 min.