

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

To most of our readers, *Guiseppi Dolfi*—the subject of this sketch—will probably be a stranger, for he is little known to fame, even in England, except through Lord Normanby's dispatches in the Blue Book. And yet, his name is a household word among the Italians, and, after Garibaldi and Mazzini, no man can be said to exercise a greater influence over the minds of his countrymen, than the unpretending Florentine burgher, of whose life and character Karl Grien's 'Italy' has recently afforded us some charming glimpses. The article on Cardinal Antonelli in last year's *Cornhill Magazine* was an extract from this brilliant work, which we are informed is now being translated into French and English. But as some time must necessarily elapse before the book will be accessible to those who can not read it in the original German, we will follow the example of our London contemporary, and cull enough from its contents to give the curious some idea of this man of the people.

'Guiseppi Dolfi,' says Karl Grien, 'is

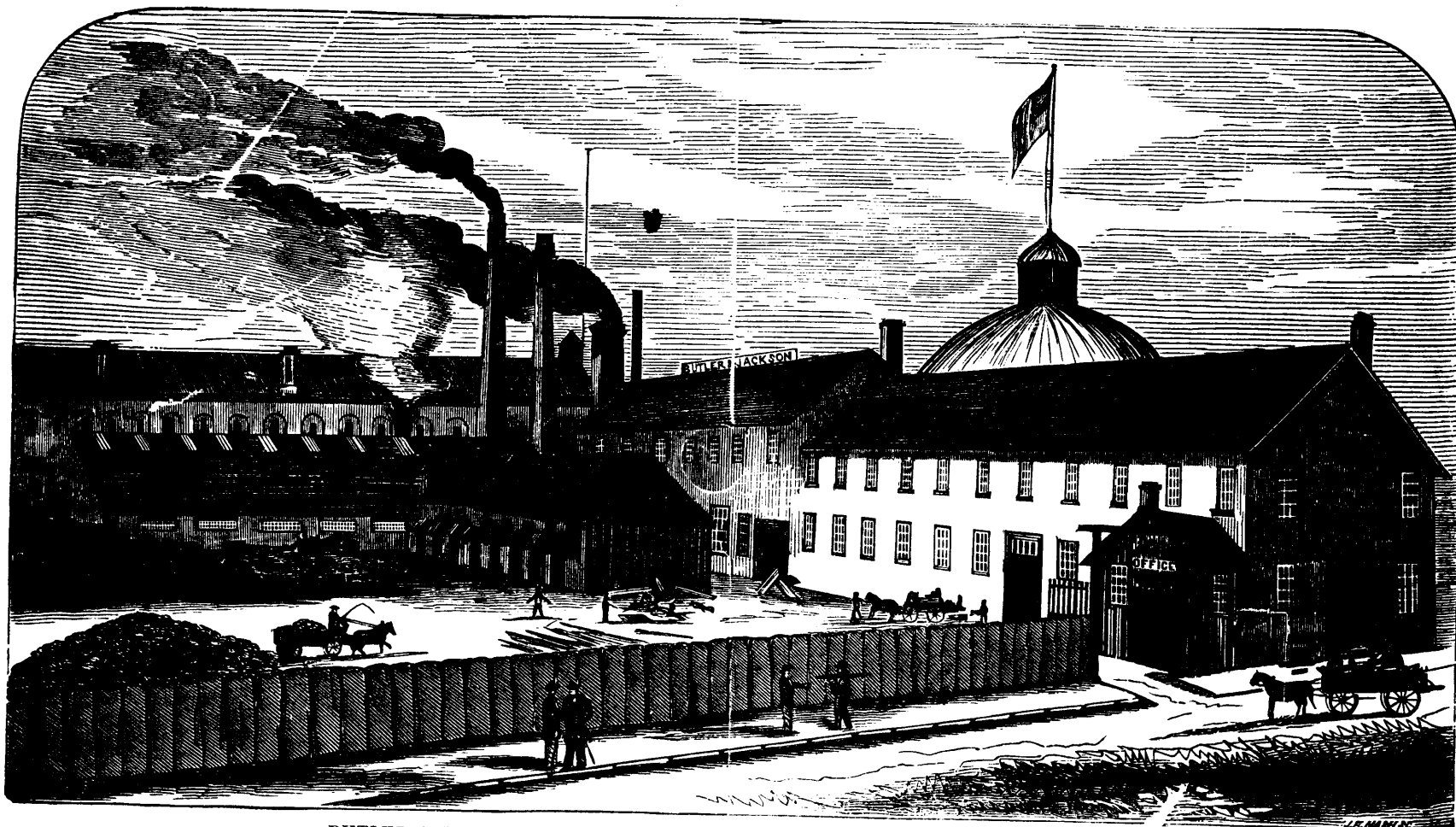
simply a master baker, on the Borgo San Lorenzo, near the Dome, in the city of Florence. The bread he bakes is good, for he salts his loaves—a practice very uncommon in Italy. He makes excellent paste, macaroni, vermicelli, &c., and spends his days usually in a little office at the furthest end of his shop. This office is about the size of a portable horse-stall on a railway car, and contains one single stool, just large enough for one person. On this little stool sits, however, a man like whom there is none in Plutarch.'

Guiseppi Dolfi owes much of his present influence and political power to the persecutions of the late Tuscan government. As early as 1853, they ordered a domiciliary search of his premises, but nothing was discovered to justify the step. The experiment was repeated two years later, and on this occasion with better success, for some documents were found at his house which led to his imprisonment for a term of two months. In 1857, shortly after the Livorno demonstration, he was again arrested and sentenced to eighteen days. These repeated persecutions,

however trifling in themselves, greatly tended to augment the importance and popularity of our honest baker. By his own class he was soon looked up to as a martyr, and even the Patricians began to rank him among the leading spirits of the time. When the troubles in the spring of 1859 broke out, Guiseppi Dolfi was sent by the Florentine patriots to the Supreme Council. Invested with executive powers, he raised within a few hours a force of 12,000 men, at whose head he laconically proclaimed that 'the unity of Italy needed no Leopold II., who should therefore depart without delay!' Formal negotiations were carried on for some days between the palace and the bakeshop, but the baker persisted in sternly repeating his famous '*fuora il Granduca*'—away with the Grand Duke! The latter still continuing to linger and remonstrate, Dolfi sent him the significant message that, 'if Leopold II. did not immediately depart, twelve thousand men would be ready to escort him.' This threat had its effect, and the Grand Duke concluded to leave. Amidst ironical cheers, but without any other molestation, the deposed Prince drove slowly, through the densely

thronged streets of the city. Half listlessly and half maliciously he took leave of his former subjects with a—'*a rivederci*' (to meet again :) to which Dolfi's sonorous bass voice, promptly replied, '*non s' incomodi*,' don't inconvenience yourself!

During the intense excitement which succeeded the receipt of the unexpected news of the treaty of Villafranca, the baker of San Lorenzo was one of the few popular leaders who did not lose their presence of mind. Florence was bare of troops, whom (as our author sarcastically observes) Prince Napoleon had managed to lead into the field just too late to take their share in the fighting, and four hundred muskets were all that could be found in the arsenals. Dolfi immediately seized these arms, put them into the hands of his most trustworthy adherents, and restored public order. This handful of men was the nucleus of the Grand Florentine National Guards, subsequently increased to eighteen hundred, who continue to this day to discharge all the military and police duties for that city. On Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, Dolfi had another opportunity to



BUTLER & JACKSON'S FOUNDRY, BRANTFORD, C. W. (BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

prove his unbounded influence in a most signal manner. In aid of this patriotic enterprise, subscriptions were opened all over Italy, and our baker also set himself to the task. 'The people's hard hands showered pennies into his till, until their aggregate sum amounted to 162,000 francs! Guiseppi thereupon contracted for all kinds of clothing, for which he paid the cash at his little office. On signing receipts, the contractors returned their profits to Dolfi, saying—as you, the chief contractor, received no compensation, we shall ask none ourselves.' After some disinterested act like this, Guiseppi Dolfi, would always quietly return to his shop, taste his flour, cast up his accounts, and resume his business, apparently quite unconscious of having done anything that deserved special commendation.

The account which our author gives us of an interview between Guiseppi and the present King of Italy is very amusing.

'Such a man—says Karl Grien—could hardly expect to escape the notice of the chivalrous Victor Emanuel. And as sovereigns are wont to do, no sooner had the King arrived at Florence, than Guiseppi Dolfi found himself gazetted a Knight of San Mauritius and Lazarus in the *Monitore Fosciano*. Great was the amazement of the easily moved Arno-Athenians, and still greater that of the Knight against his own will. He forthwith addressed a letter to his majesty for Guiseppi, like every intelligent Tuscan, writes both well and fluently. But while the missive is still on the way, he grows nervous, dresses himself, runs to the Palazzo Pitti, and demands instant audience of the King. Being admitted, he says:—Your Majesty, why have you done this to me? What use have I for such honors?

The King, eyeing the noble fellow with evident interest: Signor Dolfi you have deserved well of your country. I am aware of all you have done, and all that you have prevented. I possess no higher means of rewarding your merits. Dolfi: 'But you undermine my influence, you destroy my popularity among my fellow citizens, and render me ridiculous; Sire, take back your order!' The King: 'You are right. I would do the same were I in your place!' Dolfi: 'Why then did you make me a Cavalier?' Profoundly moved, the King demands: Can I do anything else for you? If you really wish to confer on me a favor, replies the sturdy baker, 'then achieve the unity of Italy! The King laughs out loud, gives the Popolus his hand, and pledges himself to do all he can.'

How pitifully small—adds our author—the old story of Alexander, the great King, and Diogenes, the little scamp reads when compared with the above dialogue!

'While this scene was transpiring at the Palazzo Pitti—continues the author—another, no less dramatic incident, took place on the Borgo San Lorenzo. It was on some Saint's day, and the bakery closed, when a large crowd assembled in front of it, noisily demanding admittance. Guiseppi's worthy spouse appears in a window of the upper story, and asks what is wanting. 'Is the Cavaliere Dolfi at home? We came to speak to the Cavaliere Dolfi. Where is the Cavaliere?' But the wife cries:—'Here lives no Cavaliere Dolfi: here only lives Guiseppi Dolfi, the baker, and you had better leave or something may drop on your head, which you will not like!'

The personal appearance of this remarka-

ble individual is said to be striking. The author represents him as a portly, fine looking man, forty three years of age, taller than most men by a head and shoulders, with a powerful voice and a commanding eye. His countenance is frank and beams with benevolence, but the conformation of his broad low forehead indicates a good deal of obstinacy. His mouth is remarkably firm, and looks just as if it could say the right word at the right moment, and with great decision at that.

Speaking of a visit which he paid Dolfi in person, the author says:—

'On entering the shop one must frequently wait a long while, for Dolfi gives continually audience, and in times of popular excitement there are often hundreds waiting their turn to see him. When I reached the door of the sanctum to be introduced, Guiseppi issued from his little den, shook my hand, and offered me his stool, which, of course, no one ever thinks of accepting. This interview took place the day after Dolfi had returned from a visit to Garibaldi, at Caprera. 'He told me that the hero was perfectly well, but rather impatient of the things to come.' The author, on taking his leave, remarks: 'I noticed that a good deal of bread and paste was being sold at the counters, some of which I had for dinner myself.'

A people who gives birth to such a man as this Florentine baker, with his classic simplicity and patriotism, cannot be so degenerated and dead to all higher aspirations as often represented. Indeed, many of the world's political celebrities might take a lesson from the honest burgher, with his somewhat contracted political views, but a heart and hand ever in the right place.

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT

In pursuance of that part of our programme which has reference to the illustration of our manufacturing industry, we give in our present number a view of the extensive foundry of Messrs. Butler and Jackson of Brantford. They devote their attention chiefly to stoves and plows, which they manufacture largely, and of every size and pattern.

TO THE LADIES.—FLIRTATION.—The history of the word will teach us something.—Once spell to flurt, a flurt, is meant to spatter dirt, insult, to flout; a flirt then was a scurvy cheat, a rogue; with a woman, a dishonest trickster; and thus Milton, Steele, and Ford use it. But we know no word flirtation. Lord Chesterfield says he 'assisted at the birth of that word from the most beautiful mouth in the world;' but for a long time it was coupled with an adjective, 'innocent flirtation,' implying that usually it was a guilty pastime. Now we mean by it merely an idle pastime, a playing at courtship. Grose defines a flirt-a-gig to be a wanton coy girl. Two people, a male and a female flirt, two old players, may indulge in the game, and no harm ensue; but not when one is in earnest, the other is a cheat. Of course, it is very nice to pretend to love, and women like it ay, more than men. But in all good people's eyes it is contemptible, and a vile folly. It is at best but polite hypocrisy.