

to be seen at morning service at the College chapel"—meaning the old Parish Church where the students attended on Sunday mornings—"and in order to see that one, and with hardly a hope or wish to be seen, every Saturday evening, my duties being over for the day, I had my horse brought to the hotel door, and sallied out at dusk, riding all night, moonlight or starlight, fair weather or foul; riding the whole forty miles' distance to Windsor, barely stopping for two hours to bait at the half-way house, and only arriving at King's College at break of day. At College I breakfasted with McCawley and his wife, went with them to the College chapel, where the Doctor preached, and Mr. King of the Academy read prayers; dined with the latter and his wife; and when all good people went to evening service, I shook hands at the church door with all of them and left them, who said nothing, but doubtless wondered and thought me crazy, as they saw me mount my horse and ride away into the night. I rode back the way I came, and arrived at Halifax in time for my earliest classes on Monday morning."

He returned in the autumn to what he calls "another term of ignoble idleness" at the College, and at Christmas he begged the Bishop to permit him to go back to England. The Bishop granted his request on two conditions; first that he should wait till Easter to go, and then that he should find someone else to take his place. His successor was his friend Signor Montovani, a Milanese, of whom he writes, "he was a wiser man than I was, and had the success he deserved". Montovani married Miss Murphy, of Windsor, and built a house about five minutes' walk from the College.

Mariotti left for England on the Cunard steamer *Acadia*, and most of the leading gentlemen of Halifax and some of the ladies came on board to bid him good-bye. There is probably no one now living who remembers him in his Windsor days. His friendship with Dr. McCawley lasted for many years. The last of those who were students of King's College in his time was the late Col. C. J. Stewart of Halifax. It is said that he was a handsome man, with the bearing of a soldier, but rather shy in manner, and short-sighted; but he seems to have been a man of attractive personality.

His subsequent life may be touched upon briefly. He lived in London from 1843 to 1848. He became a British subject in 1846, and in 1847 he married an English lady and resumed his own name, Gallenga. In 1848-49 he filled the position of Chargé d'Affairs for Piedmont at Frankfort, and for the next few years he travelled backwards and forwards between Italy and England in the interests of his country. For a time he was Professor of Italian in University College, London, and in 1854 (through the influence of Cavour) he was elected deputy of the Piedmontese Parliament, and retained his seat till 1864, passing most of his summers in England.

During the Austro-French war of 1859 he was war correspondent of *The Times*, thus beginning a connection with that paper which continued until 1883. He was correspondent in the United States in 1863 during the Civil War, and subsequently in Spain, Cuba and Constantinople. He was a forcible and picturesque writer, and his published works number about twenty volumes. He died at his home, The Falls, Llandogo, December 17th, 1895.

