

Travelling notes in France, Italy and Switzerland of an invalid in search of health / [John Strang].

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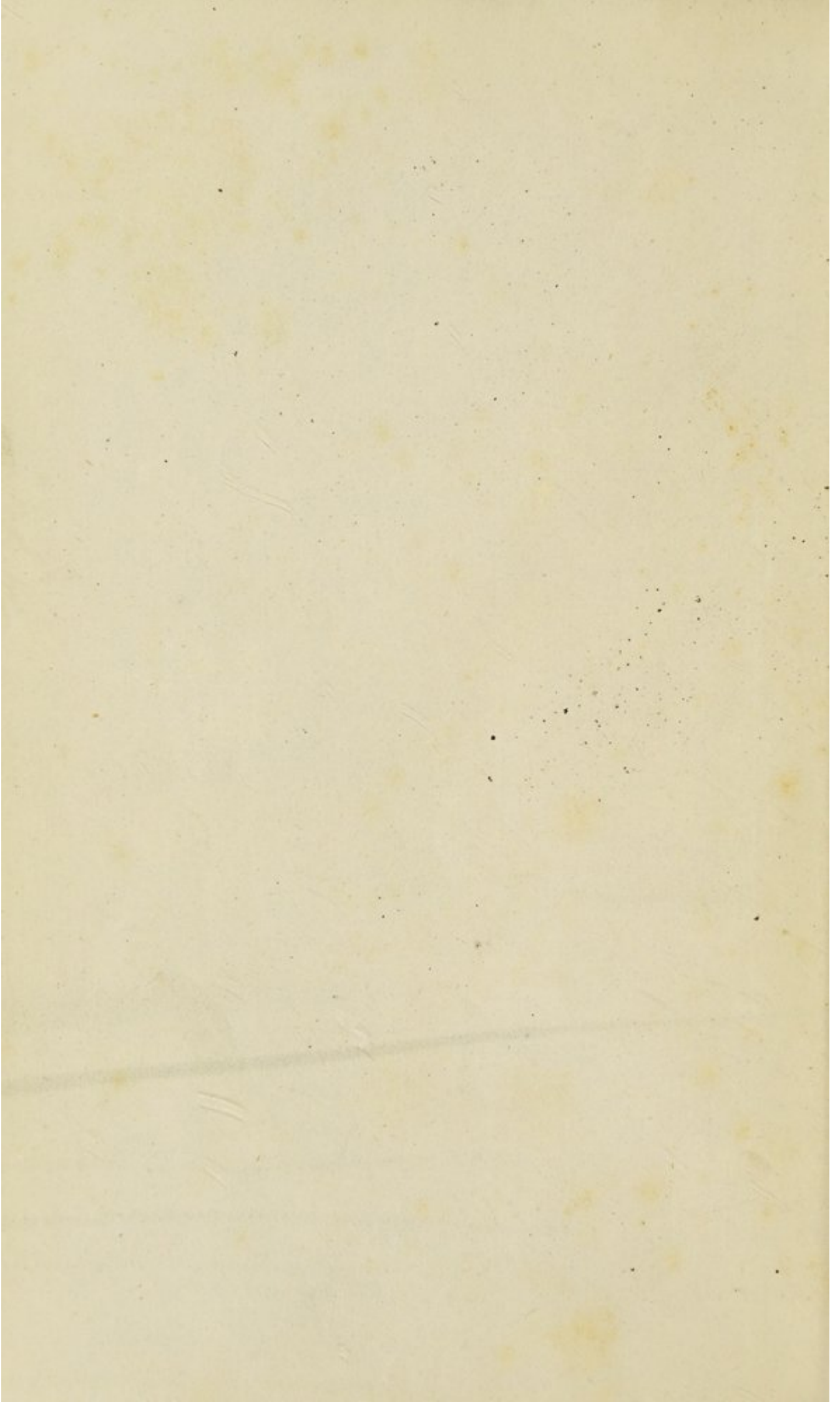
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TRAVELLING NOTES

IN

FRANCE ITALY AND SWITZERLAND



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TRAVELLING NOTES

IN

F R A N C E

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

OF

AN INVALID IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

Dr Strang

GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON

LONDON: LONGMAN & CO

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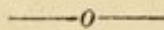
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P R E F A C E .



THE following "TRAVELLING NOTES" were written during a rather hurried tour last summer through portions of France, Italy, and Switzerland. The journey was undertaken chiefly under the idea of benefiting the Author's health by change of scene and climate, and the Letters may therefore be regarded as mere impressions of what he saw, contrasted, however, with recollections of what he had more carefully and calmly surveyed forty-six years ago.

These were addressed to the Editor of *The Glasgow Herald*, and were published in the columns of that journal without the Writer having had the opportunity of correction. They were consequently full of errors in respect to proper names and to

general composition, and they would have certainly remained so (the writer being sufficiently contented with the notoriety they had obtained) had not a pretty general call been manifested for their republication. In accordance with this perhaps too flattering demand, the original Letters, in the view of their appearing in a more permanent shape, have been revised and corrected, while some important matters noted in the Author's diary, but which could not, in the hurry of locomotion, be inserted in the Letters as first despatched, have now been interpolated.

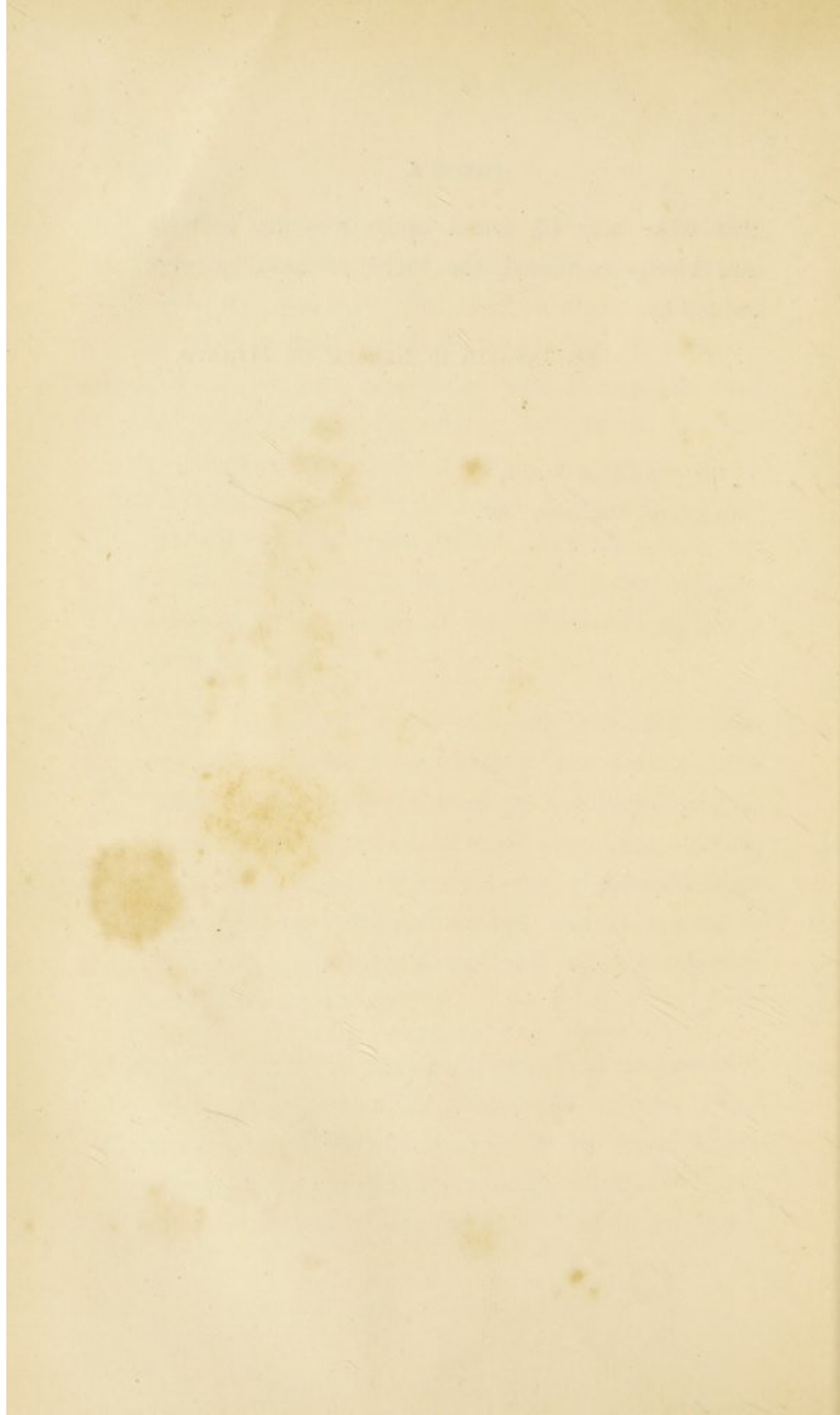
In conclusion, the Writer feels it incumbent on him to apologise for presenting such hasty impressions of travel over a track so hackneyed and so much better illustrated by many abler pens; and the more so as these impressions were obtained through eyes somewhat dimmed by age, and in a state of health not improved, if not shaken, by a tolerably extended official life.

That, after all the corrections and emendations which have been made, there will still be found many shortcomings is scarcely to be doubted; but when all the circumstances under which they were written are taken into account, it is to be hoped

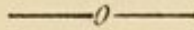
that what may be found amiss may be willingly and kindly pardoned, the more so as they were indited by

AN INVALID IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

22 WOODSIDE PLACE,
GLASGOW, *November, 1863.*



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1871

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1871

TRAVELLING NOTES
OF
AN INVALID IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

LETTER I.

PARIS.

PARIS, *14th June, 1863.*

OF all the medicines in the pharmacopœia for the cure of an overtaxed mind and an enfeebled frame, not one appears to me so effectual as change of air and of scene. To get rid of the fag and monotony of a stereotyped set of daily duties, even for a brief season, is a new life to a public officer. Severed from his accustomed desk and his usual avocations, he feels or fancies himself in a new and happier world; and should his health be somewhat impaired, as mine certainly has been, he has at least the hope, by bidding adieu to, and forgetting for a time, his routine life, to obtain a flood of novel and more pleasing ideas, calculated to stimulate his worn-out spirit as well as to invigorate his emaciated body. Be this as it may, in my own case at least,

I already feel the beneficial effects of my commenced holiday, and with every additional hundred miles that lie between me and my home, I am at once gaining strength and spirits, and, what is still more pleasing to myself, I am revelling in something akin to the inquisitive nature of a now almost forgotten boyhood!

After travelling through England by short railway stages, and thereby affording myself sufficient time to examine the natural beauties, the architectural ornaments, and the scientific wonders of that "merry" and progressive land, I at length found myself on the shores of the Channel, and crossed over—with upwards of a hundred passengers, on a comparatively smooth sea—to *la belle France*; and here am I once more amid the *agrémens* of its gay and magnificent Capital. What a flood of strange associations ever and anon sweep athwart my memory as I find myself threading the now few remaining narrow and dingy old streets which in my youth so strikingly characterized the Paris of 1817, and contrasting those with the numerous new and marvellously broad, tree-lined avenues which an imperial necromancer has so lately called into existence! Well may the archæologists of France, and the antiquarian Oldbucks of Paris, wail over the "rehabilitation" of the Capital; for it is but too true that, before the demolishing spirit of the new Empire, there are but few beacons left to point to a past age—few relics asso-

ciated with the deeds of a chivalrous but cruel era—few of the well-known and well-loved haunts and homes of men whose names form the progressive milestones of former centuries. All, with scanty exceptions, are swept away; and in their stead is now upreared a monumental city, along whose wide and lengthened streets, and into whose flower-environed squares, the sun can freely pour his enlivening rays, while the *emeute-controlling* cannon could, if required, as freely pour its missiles of death and destruction against any opposing Governmental foe!

Since my last visit to the French Capital—although only a year ago—many important changes have, even during that short period, taken place throughout the city. And when my memory carries me back to the period when I first visited it—alas! now six-and-forty years ago—the metamorphosis on all things appears to me greater than anything that ever sprung from the brain of Ovid. By whatever means, and at whatever cost, such great changes have been brought about it is unnecessary to inquire; but true it is, that while Paris was, within my own remembrance, a mere congregation of narrow, crooked, dirty streets, without sewers or foot pavements, and illumined with lanterns hung from wires across the streets, and these very sparsely spread, rendering darkness more visible, it is now broken up into wide thoroughfares, flanked by buildings of splendid architecture, having sewers capable of containing iron railways, streams of pure

water constantly running along the side gutters and *trottoirs*, many of which are more than five-and-twenty feet wide, and so lighted with brilliant gas lamps as to give to the city the appearance of a nightly illumination. Last evening, on returning from a delightful ride through the Bois de Boulogne, nothing struck all of us so much as the appearance of Paris from the *Place de la Concorde*. Before us the long-extended and matchless Rue de Rivoli presented a seemingly never-ending blazing line of light. On right and left the wide-extended space, with its two splendid fountains and its unequalled Luxor Obelisk, stood out in the light which streamed from hundreds of gas lamps; while along every street diverging from this great centre of universal attraction, hundreds of *voitures*, each with its two lamps, flitted here and there like fire-flies, giving life and animation to the scene. The effect was quite magical; and I could not help thinking how sadly inferior Glasgow, or even London, must appear to all strangers, in respect to lighting, when contrasted with Paris.

Notwithstanding all that the Emperor and the Municipality of Paris have done during the few existing years of the second Empire for the embellishment of the French Capital, there appears to be still no relaxation in respect to improvement. The splendid *Boulevard de Sebastopol*, which a year or two ago had only reached the right bank of the Seine, has now

pierced through the oldest and worst portion of the *Pays Latin*, on the south side of the river, and is now carried long past the entrance to the Pantheon. What an increase of light, air, and health has this grand opening given to that dark and almost mysterious portion of Paris! Among the newest improvements made or making, may be mentioned the *Tribunal of Commerce*, which is now nearly completed—a building much wanted for the universal business brought before that important court; and the *Palais de Justice*, which, after years of alterations, is now completed, and is singularly changed in its exterior architectural appearance. The latter edifice is indeed a great ornament to this part of the city; and although the old painful associations which crowd on the memory in connection with its former gloomy exterior, and its still gloomier adjunct, recalling the bloody days of the first Revolution and the Reign of Terror, may not now be so painfully felt, still there is enough left of its ancient character to excite the antiquarian mind to action, and the political to reflection.

Among the recent improvements, now only being carried out, are the Boulevard of the *Reine Hortense*, which has been partly accomplished by covering over a portion of the Canal de l'Ouereque, and the still more remarkable *Boulevard de Malesherbes*, which has been formed by cutting down a perfect mountain of earth and chalk. By this last splendid western opening, a broad avenue, planted

with trees, has been obtained, leading to the new and really attractive Park or Garden of *Monceau*, which, whether for its beauty or its novelty, is now as much talked of as even the far more widely extended *Bois de Boulogne*. This new public garden is certainly not large, but it is laid out with exquisite taste, exhibiting a happy combination of nature and art certainly nowhere surpassed, even in the villa gardens of the Italian lakes.

Another matter connected with the exterior aspect of Paris has within these few days called forth much of our admiration. I allude to the numerous ornamental fountains scattered everywhere throughout the city, which our Glasgow authorities might easily copy, seeing there is a far better supply of water for such purposes there than here. No doubt the cost of many of these fountains must have been great; but still, in such a wealthy city as Glasgow, we might surely contrive to have one or two of such ornaments. The St. Michael Fountain, lately completed, near the north end of the Boulevard Sebastopol, on the left bank of the Seine, is perhaps one of the most magnificent among the many splendid monuments of this kind in Paris. It is impossible to convey to you the charm which those adjuncts give to the street architecture here. A new one has been lately erected in the ancient *Place de Greve*, upon the sad site of the Guillotine, which, during the Revolution, then evolved perhaps as much blood

as its successor does water. It is indeed well placed, surrounded as it now is with trees and flowers, and flanked by handsome mansions. It is to be hoped that it may never be spoiled by the destroying demon of Revolution, or that its site may ever again be polluted by a cruel butchery for political power.

Among the changes partially effected, and at present taking place in Paris, there is none, perhaps, more important than those now going on in the eastern part of the city. I allude to the almost still unfinished Boulevard of Prince Eugene, leading to the Bois de Vincennes, and, in particular, to the new opening which has just been begun through one of the gloomiest and darkest portions of this metropolis—that formerly known by the appellation of the Quartier du Temple. Few there are, even with antiquarian predilections, who will much regret what the axe and the hammer are here accomplishing, or will drop a tear over the present ruinous condition of the Temple Rotonde, built though it be on a territory that at one time belonged to the Knights Templars, and thereafter passed into the hands of their successors, the Knights of Malta. Perhaps there was no portion of Paris whose demolition was more loudly called for than this closely packed mass of dilapidated booths and insalubrious dwellings, encircling as they did the ancient market for cast-off clothes and worn-out furniture—the haunts of greasy Jews and grovelling Gentiles, and the dark

dens of the vice and crime-embodied individuals who constitute the leading *dramatis personæ* of Eugene Sue's well-known *Mysteries of Paris*. Beneath the wretched hovels around the temple, into the recesses of which the light of day never penetrated, the broken-down bankrupt too frequently sought an asylum against imprisonment, these habitations having privileges like those of the old Alsatia of London, or of our own Scottish Holyrood. Into the sombre territory of the Temple, in fact, the myrmidons of the law did not dare to enter; and thither debtors fled, only, however, to choose a far worse prison for themselves than that which might have been elsewhere provided for them!

Perhaps, however, we do not find more ample proofs of the great activity that has been shown in opening up new avenues from the centre to the exterior of Paris, than in the Boulevard of Prince Eugene, to which we have just alluded. Already the new *Mairie* of this Arrondissement is showing itself in the *Place*, which is ornamented with the statue of him which gives the name to this long, beautiful tree-lined street. Houses also are rising on every side of the broad avenue, and the time does not appear far distant when a large population will here be found located. It is calculated that by the opening up of this Boulevard the centre of the city will be brought at least three-quarters of a mile nearer the Bois de Vincennes.

Much was said at one time, and we believe not without some truth, about the great misery to the working classes which this wholesale demolition was occasioning—depriving them, at least for a season, of even places to cover their heads. The better houses reared in place of many pent-up and miserable abodes have tended to raise the price of all lodgings at present; but, from the immense activity now everywhere prevailing, particularly in the large territory which has been lately added to the city, there seems little reason to fear that ere long abundant habitations will be provided, even for the vast population which, from all quarters of Europe, seems to be steadily moving towards this, its now acknowledged Capital. We have made some little inquiry into the statistics of this subject, and although you may think the figures rather dry, they may perhaps be interesting to some readers. It appears, then, that from 1st October, 1861, to 30th September, 1862, 2,582 new houses were constructed in Paris, and as the number of voluntary and forced demolitions during the same period was 763, there was consequently an increase on the twelvemonth of no less than 1,819. From 1860 to 1861 there were 2,932 new buildings and 1,144 demolitions, which gave a difference of 1,788 new buildings. The demolitions of 1861 suppressed 8,952 separate lodgings or dwellings, and created 17,485, showing an addition of 8,533. Those of 1862 only sup-

pressed 2,882 dwellings, and the new buildings of the same period created 15,551, being an increase of 12,669. In short, during the years 1860, 1861, and 1862, the increase in the number of new distinct dwellings or lodgings amounted to 36,017, which makes the total in Paris 603,444, of which 14,435 were lately empty. On an average, we find that to each lodging there are only *three* persons in Paris, whereas in Glasgow there were found to be at last census a trifle short of *five*.

The history of the improvements made by the Municipality on Paris during the last five years is really wonderful. Do you know that it has in that short period opened up or laid out no fewer than 54 new avenues or streets, extending to 37 kilometres, or 37,000 metres? Besides these 37 kilometres, it has finished the prolonged *Rue Lafayette*, and another Boulevard running from the Boulevard Beaujon to the Rue de Rouen, to the extent of about two miles; and what, it may well be asked, have these great Municipal works effected? Why, in point of salubrity, it has been found that the mortality, which was formerly in Paris 1 in 36, is now only 1 in 40! And in point of finance, of the 76,000,000 of francs voted by the Legislative Assembly for this purpose the Municipality has already received 37,000,000; while, since 1858, the chief contributions paid to the State have increased no less than 7,000,000. This, however, does not include the indirect taxes, or the rights of

Registration, which are considerable; and, it should be added, the State receives for some time only the half of the amount of the taxes which affect *new buildings*. At this moment the ordinary revenues of the city amount to 117,000,000 per annum, and its ordinary expenditure to 81,000,000—the surplus of 36,000,000 being applied to the payment of the interest on the money borrowed, and towards the extinction of debt, the former 10,000,000 francs and the latter 26,000,000. This is indeed a very favourable view of matters, and would seem to indicate that the Municipality has done well with its marvellous work. Comparing the foregoing figures with those of 1847, or the year before the *coup d'état*, we find that the ordinary receipts of the city then were only 43,000,000, while the ordinary expenditure was 32,000,000, and that of the surplus of only 11,000,000—4,500,000 were laid aside for the payment of interest and the reduction of debt, the free excess at that time not being more than 6,500,000. At present the debt of the city, when taken in relation to its ordinary receipts of 117,000,000, shows a proportion of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In 1847 the free excess presented a proportion of 15 per cent.—at present it is about 22 per cent. Looking, in fact, at the city affairs from any point of view, its financial condition appears to be peculiarly favourable.

But perhaps the greatest stroke of financial policy by the Municipality has been shown in the extension of the boundaries of the city, thereby producing a

very large increase to the *octroi* arising from this extended territory. By this important extension the population of Paris was at once increased by 518,730, while the receipts of the octroi from this suburban zone alone amounted in 1861 to 15,653,448 francs, or about thirty francs per head from every person living within the district. Only imagine what the Town Council of Glasgow could do had it an octroi of about twenty-four shillings per head from each inhabitant, or a revenue of nearly half a million sterling a-year! What an additional poetical power it would give to your worthy city treasurer when descanting on the annual state of the city finances! But even with all the money-power which such an octroi could effect we have no desire for renewed "ladle dues," or to make every stranger resorting there feel, like one who now visits Paris, that on every egg and piece of butter which he takes at breakfast, and every bottle of wine he swallows at dinner, he is adding his mite to the embellishment of the French Capital! Enough, however, of statistics and of the *rehabilitation* of Paris.

LETTER II.

PARIS.

PARIS, 16th June, 1863.

ALTHOUGH I have been, on the present occasion, little more than three days in Paris, yet, by the constant use of those nice public conveyances which one finds at the hotel or on the streets, I have already traversed all the leading thoroughfares of the Capital—have seen nearly all the great changes effected during the last twelve months—have visited Notre Dame, now almost restored to its pristine state of elegance and beauty, and have heard High Mass in the Madeleine, and been a witness of the *Fete Dieu* procession round the outside of this church, when the presiding priest at the altar affords an opportunity to the faithful to kiss the *host*, believing it, the enclosed wafer, to be—marvellous belief!—the Saviour of the world! “What a reasonless machine,” thought I, “can superstition make the reasoner man!”

As I had a young friend with me on her first visit to the French Capital, I had consequently on this occasion to go over, what I had but too frequently done before, at least a few of the stereotype sights of Paris; and of these, one of the

first, beyond those mentioned in my former epistle, was the Tomb of the great Napoleon, which I need scarcely tell you is erected in the *Hôtel des Invalides*,—within, in fact, the walls of a mansion raised by Louis XIV. as a place of rest for the wounded and aged soldier after the fatigues of war, and where he may close his life in peace and comfort. At present there are about 5,000 veterans and 200 officers resident in this establishment, the former being allowed three pounds of bread, half a pound of beef, a plate of vegetables, and half a bottle of wine a-day, while the latter have a *Déjeuner à la fourchette*, and a good dinner, with a bottle of wine, daily provided for them. The church is handsomely yet plainly fitted up, and is hung round with the trophies of many a bloody fight. The dome, however, is one of the loftiest and the finest in the world for architectural effect and painting, and it is under this magnificent canopy that the ashes of Napoleon now rest. A lofty and gorgeous altar-piece with twisted columns screens the tomb from that portion of the edifice which is devoted to worship; and the light, being carried on one side through blue stained glass, produces a grave and sombre effect, while on the other, through yellow glass, it gives a Claude Lorraine glow to the white marble of which the altar-piece is composed. The effect altogether is magnificent, and impresses the mind with deep solemnity. Beneath the altar-piece is the doorway

which conducts into the sunk circular columned but open receptacle of black marble, in the centre of which a red porphyry sarcophagus is placed, which contains all that remains of the mortal coil of the great warrior. Over the entrance to this tomb has been inscribed the touching wish which the exiled sovereign and soldier expressed in the solitude of St. Helena:—“*Je desire que mes cendres se reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple qui J'ai tant aimé.*” Although almost unexpected when first uttered, this ardent aspiration has been since gratified; and it may now be truly said that here the apotheosis of the first Emperor of France has been truly realized.

As a contrast to this modern relic, I conducted our young friend to the antique Gothic structure of *La Sainte Chapelle*, built by St. Louis, and instinct with the style and the decorations of the age of the crusaders. This structure, as now completed, is certainly one of the grandest and most interesting monuments of antiquity in Paris. The painted glass is considered the finest specimen of this almost lost art which at present exists; and now that the chapel has recovered the *Veritable Crown of Thorns* which is believed to have been placed on the head of the Saviour before his crucifixion, it cannot fail to become to the faithful the theme of superstitious adoration, as it has long been to the devotee of art a temple of admiration.

The Palace of the Thuilleries, with its accompaniments, even when I first saw it, six-and-forty years ago, looked indeed a royal residence. Its exterior grandeur, its prodigious extent, its beautiful gardens, and its ornamental statues and fountains, at once announced it as the late palace of Napoleon and the then residence of Louis XVIII. An elegant iron railing, partly gilt, placed on a basement of stone, divided then, as it does now, the *Place de Caroussel* into two equal portions, at the centre of which balustrade stood the triumphal arch, built after that of Septimus Severus at Rome, with two small and one large arcade, its façades ornamented with eight columns of red marble, and surmounted with a car and four horses. On the side of the Seine the Thuilleries was united to the Colonnade of the Louvre by a splendid gallery, while the opposite side, next the *Rue St. Honore*, had a similar one, but which was then only finished to the iron railing. The Court of the Louvre, which may be considered as forming part of the palace, is one of the finest *morceaux* of modern architecture. This building, which Louis XIV. left in a state of considerable forwardness, was, during the time of the first Napoleon, nearly completed; but the project which he entertained, of clearing away the tall ungainly houses, and still more ungainly wooden structures, which then cumbered the ground between the Thuilleries and the Louvre, was left to his nephew to execute; and well has the present Emperor carried

out the grand idea of entirely uniting the Louvre with the Thuilleries, and making of both one palace, which for extent and beauty is unsurpassed by anything in the world. But if the exterior has been so much changed, how can I tell you of the metamorphosis that has taken place in the interior of this mighty fabric? In consequence of the utter spoliation of the furniture of the private palace by the ruthless mob who, for a time, converted it into a common barrack, the whole interior fittings and decorations have been renewed, and now present such a succession of gorgeous apartments as cannot fail to astonish every beholder. I had fancied that nothing could surpass the splendid saloons of the *Hotel de Ville*; but when contrasted with those of the Thuilleries, they are nothing. The elegance of the furniture, the richness of the green and crimson coloured velvets and satins, the variegated brocades which festoon the windows of each successive saloon, the magnificence of the chandeliers and mirrors, the beauty of the bronzes, of the Florentine tables, and of the marbles and cabinets, and the splendour of the Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries,—all combine to render this palace, as now furnished, the *beau ideal* of an imperial home; and I can easily imagine that when the many thousand dazzling lights are reflected from the mirrored walls on the richly dressed forms and bright eyes who crowd these vast apartments on the occasion of an imperial ball, a sight will be pre-

sented of which even an Arabian poet could scarcely dream. I remember, when traversing those gorgeous rooms, I was called by the attendant towards the centre balcony, which overlooks the gardens, from which there is a vista of wonderful splendour and beauty, extending from the palace and its gardens across the *Place de la Concorde*, and along the *Champs Elysées*, to the *Arc de Triomphe*, with all the many adjuncts of moving life which throng that lovely and animated scene. But when my foot reached this *Belvidere* balcony recollections swept athwart my memory that made me altogether forget the landscape. I remembered, when first in Paris, I had seen the portly form of Louis XVIII. showing himself to his subjects on the very spot where I then stood. I recollected that there, too, the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz had frequently listened to the deafening cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*"—that there Charles X. and Louis Philippe had each received the flattering salutations of "*Vive le Roi*," and that even before the last-named king, when fleeing from the threatenings of an infuriated mob, had reached the road to Neuilly, the cries of "*Vive la Republique*" had been thence bellowed. Neither could I forget that the throne which then occupied the neighbouring *Levee* room had been but a few years ago borne away in triumph and burned, amid the demoniacal exclamations of a maddened populace. Could this balcony but speak the feelings and tell the stories of those who have

successively been either its masters or the people's idols, what a satire would it offer on the stability of imperial or kingly rule, and what a mortifying sermon would it preach on the vanity of human pride and the insanity of human ambition!

It must appear quite plain to every one who has of late years been visiting Paris that the clergy have fairly got the ear both of the municipality and of the imperial government; for no church, among the many that exist in this city, seems to have been forgotten. In addition to Notre Dame, to which we have already alluded, the Pantheon has been finished anew as a place of worship, although, I confess, I would rather have seen it as it formerly was, and as the inscription on its forehead bespeaks, a temple for the canonization of genius and talent, than it has now become,—the mere shrine of the superstitious worship of the Virgin Mary! The altar-pieces and chapels which have lately been erected within this magnificent specimen of Corinthian architecture cut unfortunately the shafts of the graceful and lofty columns of the edifice; while the simplicity and purity of Grecian art is spoiled by the many mean adjuncts of popish mummery spread out on the altars. But still withal, it is a glorious temple, and must excite the admiration of every visitor, to whatever religious system he may be attached. The churches of *St. Eustache*, *St. Sulpice*, *Notre Dame de Lorette*, *St. Vincent de Paul*, and particularly *St. Germaine*

l'Auxersois, in which the bell, still in its campanile, rung the knell of the Protestants on the night of St. Bartholomew, each and all of them are receiving their due portion of money for reparation and adornment. The latter church, besides being associated with that cold-blooded massacre, has this to recommend it as one of the oldest buildings in the Capital, and is particularly interesting from its rich and beautiful coloured windows being painted in the style of the early period in which it was built. It is in restorations of this nature that the French excel all other nations; for rarely does the most fastidious critic discover any of those architectural anachronisms so common in our own country and elsewhere, arising from an entire ignorance of the style, character, manners, and costume of each successive age of the world's progress in art.

In addition to what may be justly called *performing* these and other sights, I have done what is far more agreeable,—I have called upon and been, moreover, kindly received by many of my old friends, and have been, strange to say, under the roof and in the very room of one of those where the Liberal Central Election Committee sat to put in motion the machinery, and direct its action, on all the elections throughout France, in opposition to the Government. The result of this organization, I need scarcely tell you, has been the return not only of certain leading men to the Chamber from the provinces, but of the whole

deputies for the several arrondissements of Paris, testifying, as this *plebiscite* must be, to the Emperor and the world that the spirit of liberty or the love of free institutions is not dead, but only sleepeth. I have also had long rambles through the Bois de Boulogne, and have gazed on the Grands Eaux at St. Cloud, sending up their silvery jets of water into a cloudless sky; and, after completing a delightful day's occupation, have found myself threading my way through streams of carriages, each with its *phare*-lit pair of lamps, through the Place de la Concorde, along the brilliantly illuminated Rue de Rivoli, till at length I found myself in the gorgeously decorated and mirrored saloon of the well-conducted Grand Hotel of the Boulevard des Capucines, ready to go to bed and dream of what I had seen and heard.

Whatever may be said in favour of Republics, it appears to me quite plain that this species of government is in no way suitable to the mass of the French people, and particularly to the general population of Paris. This country is, in fact, altogether too old in its associations with the splendours and elegancies of royal and aristocratical life to favour long anything akin to the *Barebone* self-denial and simplicity of pure democratic existence. The artistic workmen who dwell in such vast numbers in this Capital may perhaps worship the idol of Socialism as the myth of a past age, or as a hope of some Millennian future, but they all find, in their miserable experience, that the

furious combats of the unprincipled and ambitious factions which arose, particularly out of the Revolution of 1848, and which, by driving away the rich and the luxurious belonging to their own and all other nations from Paris, deprived them of selling their labour at all, and thus reduced them to the pitiable condition of looking for existence to the eleemosynary pittance of a public purse, held and doled out too frequently by demagogues for the furtherance of their own ambitious ends. Under the present *regime*, whatever may be thought about the origin of its establishment, it may be truly affirmed that Paris never gave more striking tokens of prosperity and progress than it does at this hour. If fault is to be found, it is in the fact that a growing luxury is exhibiting itself in all things, in houses, shops, churches, theatres, and particularly in dress and equipage. Never during any of my former visits have I seen the attire of females more splendid and elegant than at present. The rich silks and magnificently printed bareges and muslins which are encountered everywhere, bespeak a draft on husbands' purses far heavier during this imperial rule than during the time when trees of liberty were planted by the rabble, and blessed by pandering priests, or when the mendacious inscription of "*Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité!*" stood, Cain-like, on the face of every public edifice.

Although it must be always difficult for a foreigner

to acquire anything like an accurate idea of the ruling political feeling of a country into which he may be hurriedly thrown, it is peculiarly so in France at the present moment, where everything like political discussion is at least *publicly* suspended. There is one thing, however, that a foreigner can scarcely fail to observe, that the surface of society, at all events, is calm, that the great mass of the people seem contented with things as they are, and that the present Emperor has not only won the hearts of the populace, but by ministering to the vanity of the Parisian public in his bold—and, I may say, successful—attempt to render their city the wonder and the admiration of the world, has gained the sympathies of the shopocracy, and gratified the longings of the philanthropic reformer. In his hands the rich feel that their property is more secure than under the control of hungry demagogues; while under his government the labouring man finds that constant employment and high wages are something better than idleness and declamation under the pseudo republic. Whatever, in short, may be said to the contrary, there is no doubt that Louis Napoleon is the chosen sovereign of the nation, and in that capacity he seems determined to use the high position which he holds for the social benefit of the people. Some may call the government under which France is at present placed an absolute and an irresponsible despotism, but it is a despotism, be it remembered, under which the country appears to flourish, and

which has issued, moreover, out of the ballot-box of universal suffrage.

However much some merchants and manufacturers may complain of the stagnation of business arising from the fratricidal contest of our American cousins, and the dearth of cotton wool, and however much their dependents may be suffering from want of sufficient employment—it is nevertheless certain that from the enormous building operations that have lately been and are now being carried on in this city, the numerous body of artizans connected with house erection and decoration have ample employment, and at wages, too, that, in spite of the high price of all lodgings, are sufficient for all their wants, and may enable almost every good and careful workman to obtain that which he sighs for—viz., a small interest in the public debt or stock of the country. From the wholesale destruction of masses of property formerly occupied by the industrious, as well as by the idle and dangerous classes, the inhabitants occupying the centre of this city have been vastly diminished, and have been obliged to find a covering for themselves closer to both sides of the fortifications. Although this city exodus has certainly occasioned some sorrow and increased fatigue to those employed in the business portion of this Capital, it will doubtless be productive of a more sanitary condition of the people, and in a political point of view is important, by enabling the Government more easily to control those

emeutes that were ever begot and nurtured amid crooked, dingy, and crowded streets, now formed into squares, boulevards, and gardens, and wide thoroughfares, flanked with an occasional *caserne* or barrack, by affording strategic points capable at all times of commanding the city. Paris, in fact, as it now is, has become not only the most magnificent city in Europe, but has been rendered the least likely again to produce such revolutions as those of 1830 and 1848. Barricades, it is to be hoped, will never again be seen, nor citizens be found murdering each other on the well-loved soil of their birth. How much more, indeed, does Paris owe to Napoleon III. than to his more-talked-of namesake! The latter left his Capital poor, broken-down, and neglected; the former will leave it rich and splendid, replete with everything calculated for the comfort, the delight, and the improved health of its inhabitants. Louis Napoleon, in short, has emulated the course pursued by the ambitious men of antiquity in encouraging both public and private money to be lavished on the creation and decoration of places of business and of pleasure, remembering, no doubt, that by increasing the splendour of a city, or even of a provincial town, there was no surer nor more certain road to influence and fame.

Although I am told that all the Parisian *beau monde* have left the city for the country or "*pour les eaux*," the Boulevards and great promenades are nevertheless as crowded by pedestrians and strangers

as they are wont to be by the leading *lionnes* and Cockney *flaneurs* in the fashionable season. In the evenings especially, both are crowded to excess, and one feels considerable difficulty, especially when accompanying English crinolined ladies, to squeeze through the mass of persons strolling on the walks or pavements, more particularly when passing the brilliantly lighted cafés, which ever and anon line both sides of the Montmartre, Italian, and Capucine Boulevards, and where so many of both sexes are seen sipping their ices or coffee, seated at little round marble tables placed on the outside pavement, gossiping with one another, and criticising the politics of the day or the appearance of the by-passers. The crowds of promenaders, the whirling carriages, the gay shops, the brilliant cafés, restaurants, and billiard-rooms, especially after sunset redolent with light and life, must be seen to be fully and perfectly appreciated. Such a sight is a mirror of this gay and pleasure-seeking people, and bespeaks the wide-spread existence of a feeling to enjoy the passing hour, which seems to seize all who come within the fascination of this most magnificent and enjoyable Capital.

I must now say adieu, till I reach some *fresher* ground than Paris, where I hope I shall feel myself in better health, and more able to put my thoughts on paper.

LETTER III.

BURGUNDY, MOUNT CENIS, AND TURIN.

TURIN, *19th June, 1863.*

WHEN I last addressed you I was on the eve of leaving Paris, and now I have fairly got across the Alps, with the satisfactory feeling that I am once more freely breathing in

“Das land wo die citronen blauen;”

or, in the better-understood words of our own vulgate, in “The land where the orange trees blossom.” But how different is the condition of Italy now from that when Goëthe penned his well-known lyric, or when I first beheld, forty-six years ago, from the hill above Domo d’Ossola, the distant outstretching plains of Lombardy. At that period the bloody war which had so long desolated Europe, and so frequently turned the fair fields of Italy into a battle-field, had just closed, and the people, after making great efforts to gain freedom and happiness, found themselves parcelled out to meet the various demands which would-be rulers and effete monarchs made, and Machiavelian diplomatists fixed at the Congress of Vienna. The glorious land of ancient

liberty, and of souvenir—regardless of the patriotic aspirations of her own poets, Filicaija and Fantoni—had been heartlessly given over to the stranger, or to those who were willing to obey the dictates of the slaves of the double-headed eagle. Italy was then, as it has but too frequently been before,

“Sempre il premio della vittoria;”

always the reward of victory to him who could gain it, fully realizing the poet's sad reflection on his country, when he said—

“Or druda or serva dei stranieri genti!”

At that time, also, there were but too many separate and antagonistic governments—too many successive groups of greasy and greedy *douaniers*, and still more intermeddling police inquisitors, whose chief object seemed to be to raise money through a continuous visé of passports. Now, happily, there is, with two solitary exceptions, one united kingdom from Domo d'Ossola to Otranto, under the rule of a single constitutional monarch, with a responsible government, permitting freedom of speech in the Tribune, and liberty of the press to those who use it. At this moment the officers of customs scarcely look at the travellers' luggage, or demand any *buona mano*, while the vocable “Passaporto” is nowhere heard, save within the sorrowful boundaries of Venezia and the narrowed limits of the priest-ridden Papal States!

In both of these the old demon of misrule and tyranny still reigns paramount, with all its concomitants of *espionage*, censorship of the press, passport trouble and taxation, and encouraged brigandage. But enough of the past and present political condition of Italy.

Let me now tell you something of our journey from the day we left Paris till we reached this beautifully laid out and romantically situated city. Well, then, at eleven o'clock, on the 17th, we found ourselves in the railway station, Mazas, with our luggage all weighed and billeted, furnished with coupon tickets, available for fifteen days for any place along the whole route to Turin. At the precisely appointed minute the train started, and for the first hundred miles we skirted the banks of the Seine, through a rich and fertile country, full of waving corn, mostly in the ear, ornamented ever and anon with long lines of poplar trees, while the more distant and undulating heights were planted with vines now in flower, promising, as we were told, a good and an abundant vintage. As we rattled along by the express train, at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, we had every now and then a glimpse of some town or village, with its cathedral or church; but nowhere did we observe any of those neat and substantial farm-steadings which are scattered over the agricultural portions of England and Scotland. The French are too gregarious for this comparatively soli-

tary life. They love gossip and society, and would die of *ennui* if condemned, like our farmers, to live in houses miles asunder. The Gallic cultivators of the soil reside in villages, where they have their café, their billiards, their endless prattle.

On entering Burgundy we found the country more and more occupied as vineyards, and our attention was successively called to the portions of the districts that produced the famous Chambertin, the delicate Nuits, and the more common but excellent Beaune. We stopped at Dijon, the capital of the ancient dukedom, for dinner; and it is only just to the purveyor at the railway station, to say that the *menu du jour* was equal, if not better, than that of the *table d'hôte* at the Grand Hotel in Paris; and, what is much better to tell, the charge per head was only three and a half francs, while the other was eight! The table was served, as customary, *à la Russe*, but in a manner far superior to the fussy, and yet slow style of the *sawlie* functionaries who assist at a *starched* winter dinner-party in Glasgow. As it was nearly eight o'clock, and almost dark at that hour in this southern country, we resolved, when the train reached the station of Mâcon, at once to stop for the night; and having placed our heavy baggage under the guardianship of the railroad officials till next morning, we took a carriage to the Hôtel de l'Europe, about a mile distant, and beautifully situated on the banks of the broad Soane, near to the hand-

some bridge of fourteen arches which spans that noble river, where we were comfortably treated, and where we had a sound sleep, to fit us for our next day's more laborious journey.

Having risen with the lark, breakfasted, and taken a glimpse of the active town of Mâcon—which is the great mart of the peculiarly large wine-producing country that surrounds it,—we reached the railway station at six, and started for Culoz, where the trains leaving Mâcon and Lyons meet to proceed to Geneva and Lausanne. Along this route the country began to assume a character that bespoke an approximation to the Alps. Hills of most picturesque forms rose on every side, with cultivated and tree-covered bases, while the route winded among lovely valleys, watered by quick-flowing and gurgling streams. At Culoz the passengers for Italy by Mount Cenis change carriages, the greater part of the train here going off on the left to Geneva and Lausanne. We, of course, entered those proceeding on the road to Turin; and, after some little delay, we pursued our journey by Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry to St. Michel, through the most romantic and beautiful country which I ever visited. At the first of these places—which of late years, on account of its celebrated health-inspiring springs, has become a favourite resort to many of our countrymen in search of Hygeia, particularly by those tormented by gout, rheumatism, and other kindred diseases—we found a town, like

the German spas, made up of hotels and lodgings, and surrounded by scenery of the most beautiful description, well calculated of itself to produce gayer feelings and greater strength. We were here told such wonderful stories of the immediate cure of gouty and rheumatic persons by only a few dips in these restorative waters, that we have no doubt, if they could only be noised about as those of Vichy and Hombourg are done by the journalists of France and England, Aix-les-Bains might very soon cause Buxton, and even Aix-la-Chapelle, to be less patronized.

On leaving Aix-les-Bains the railroad pursues its course through several of the many narrow gorges of the lower Alps till it reaches St. Michel, where it for the present ends. The scenery as we passed was most magnificent, the mountains rising to great heights, peaked and jagged at their summits, their bases clothed with rich and variegated foliage, while at their feet rolled in furious haste a roaring stream, ever and anon increased by some white tumbling cataract, each drawing its water from the higher Alps, whose snowy peaks environed the scene. The picturesque mills, chalets, and little villages, with their overhanging rough roofs and vine-trellised adjuncts, which successively met the eye on winding our way through these mountain gorges, are of such beauty and grandeur as, when once seen, can never be forgotten; and when for miles we skirted, before

reaching Chambéry, the banks of the large out-stretching lake which quietly reposes in the bosom of the circular, lofty, fantastic, and craggy mountain range, which pour down their *débris* and their endless torrents into the quiet waters beneath, we felt that if there were only another Walter Scott to give as faithful a picture of the scene before us, as he has done of that on emerging from the gorge of the Trossachs, when he exclaims,—

“High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world.
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare,”—

this magnificent country would be wider known and better appreciated. Here, too, the aspect of the scenery is ever changing,—the mountains in colour, their slopes in shadow, the sky in light, the valleys in form. At every moment some unexpected effect is observed, be it only a sunbeam striking against the trunks or the foliage of trees, or a flood of light illuminating the fantastically-shaped rocks. Indeed, in this Alpine country everything may be said to be of a similar, but on a far larger scale to that seen in Scotland; and we can truly confess that we often became dumb as we gazed on the magnificent and

savage grandeur of the scenery which surrounded us, associated too, as it was, with the recollected simple and kind manners of a neighbouring peasantry, similar to that so well delineated in Balzac's delightful novel of *Le Medecin de la Campagne*, which I once read during some days of former convalescence, and which I now enjoy again, through memory, in this hour of returning health.

At St. Michel the passengers for Italy by the railway take the diligence to cross Mount Cenis. Could we have got places secured in the *coupè* we would have done so also; but at Paris we found that they had been all taken for some days in advance, and we were consequently persuaded to engage a small carriage and post-horses for ourselves, for which we paid in Paris, and which we found, on arrival at St. Michel, ready to go as we chose, and to stop where we liked—advantages well worth the little additional cost to that which we would have paid for the ride in *la diligenza*. From the late hour at which we arrived at St. Michel we found that, had we gone by the diligence, it would have been long after midnight before we could have reached Turin, and, moreover, we should have lost all the wonderful scenery which afterwards met our eyes on crossing the mountain. By having our own conveyance we had leisure to dine comfortably at St. Michel, and to proceed in the cool of the evening to Lanslebourg, where we determined to spend the night. We reached

this village soon after eight o'clock, and found this one of the finest parts of our journey, displaying all the beauty of that which we had already passed, with all the savageness of that which was yet to come. Passing the extensive fortifications which command the pass of Mount Cenis at Modane, and the double cascade of Benoit, we found at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which is situated at the eastern extremity of Lanslebourg, a comfortable place of rest; and although to our English eyes the apartments appeared somewhat bare after the rich carpets, velvet-covered sofas, and satin damask curtains of the hotels of the French Capital, I must confess I there slept, amid the mountains and their clear bracing air—to the monotonous music of the impetuous rushing Are, which flowed in front of our hotel—more easily and more soundly than I had done for many twelvemonths bygone.

On the following morning our Voiture stood at the door of the hotel at half-past five, and we almost immediately began the serious part of the ascent of Mount Cenis; and, although we had three good horses attached to our light carriage, and two postillions to guide them, it was nearly two hours before we reached the plateau, on the summit of which stands the Hospice. It is, nevertheless, the most splendidly engineered road across the Alps of all that I have yet traversed, being, in my humble opinion, better than even the Simplon, which was executed by the same engineer—Fabbroni, and under the same monarch—the great Napoleon. But in point of

scenery it is not so awe-striking as the St. Gothard at the Devil's Bridge, or so wonderful as the Simplon at the Galleries of Gondo, or so beautiful as the Brenner on passing its summit. It is, however, a more practicable and a safer road than any of the others, although it crosses a portion of the mountain which is said to be nearly 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. To scale an alpine height, however, is everywhere a glorious undertaking, and fills the mind and imagination with feelings of the deepest awe and wonder, amid its vast and endless snowy solitudes, far above the habitations or the footsteps of man. However grand and impressive these objects were on which we had been gazing during our morning's slow ascent of the mountain pass, we were right glad to leave the desolation of snow and boulders surrounding the Hospice, and to enter once more into the loveliness of life, as we looked down on Italy and rattled through the forests of chestnuts and walnut trees that deck the southern side of Mount Cenis, until at length we arrived at the little town of Susa, the first place of note we had yet seen in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel; where, in the Dogana or Custom-house, which forms a portion of the railway station, our baggage was only looked at, not examined; and we felt ourselves, in respect to passports, as much at liberty as if we had been travelling in Great Britain.

We arrived at Susa so long before the train started for Turin that we had time for a breakfast *à la fourchette*; as well as to see the arch of Cottius,

erected in the year 8 B. C., in honour of Augustus, which is of the Corinthian order, built of white marble, and still in comparatively good order; and also to walk through the aisles of the Cathedral, which is only worthy of a visit from the fact that it was erected in the eleventh century. Susa itself is a sweetly situated town on the banks of the rapid Dora, which gives luxuriance to the rich valley that at length joins the broader valley of the Po. In truth, the country from Susa to Turin is a perfect garden, filled with fruit trees of every kind, which at this moment give promise of a good crop, and waving with corn, of which some is already cut, or planted with maize, lupins, potatoes, and other vegetables. We left Susa at 11.55, and were in the station at Turin at 1.40, and are now located in the Hôtel de l'Europe, in the Piazza Castello, one of the handsomest hotels that can be found anywhere, with apartments that, for real comfort, equal, if not surpass, those of the Grand Hotel at Paris, and a *salle à manger* which, in point of size, painting, gilding, and mirrors, is not inferior to the very best in the French Capital.

We have already had a drive through the streets of this beautiful, clean, and monumental city—looked on the waters of the Po, and had a distant view of the Superga; but we have lingered so long on the route that we shall reserve what we have to say about the city itself till another opportunity. “Addio!”

LETTER IV.

TURIN.

TURIN, 22d June, 1863.

THE lapse of nearly half a century produces great changes on most cities, and nowhere, not even excepting Paris itself, has a greater metamorphosis taken place than on Turin—at present the ordinary residence of the King of Italy—the seat of the Central Government, and the rendezvous of the four hundred Deputies who come from every quarter of the country to consider what is best to be done for the general benefit of United Italy. When I last visited Turin, looking, as I did, with the eyes of youth at everything *en couleur de rose*, I, nevertheless, found the then little capital of Sardinia but a second or even third-class town. It had just emerged from the domination of Napoleon, under whose iron rule its population had dwindled down to little more than fifty thousand; it looked small and somewhat deserted, and the people appeared miserable and dejected; its streets were badly paved, and its shops paltry, and ill lighted. It was at that time, however, as it now is, most beautifully situated and most regularly laid out, with its Central Piazza arcaded

around one whole square, like that of the Piazza San Marco at Venice, but far larger, and with all the streets it then possessed running off at right angles from the central square. I thought that, with all its drawbacks, it was the handsomest city—for all had sadly suffered from the effects of the war—I had yet seen throughout Italy, and it was the last I visited during a tour. At the present moment, however, Turin is not only more than doubled in population, the number being, without reckoning the military, about 150,000, but it has put on, in every quarter, a magnificent and monumental, though a rather regular and monotonous appearance. All its new streets—and these are numerous—are wide, and are planted with trees. Many of its squares are decked with flowers, and have each some artistic monument to ornament them. A new park has been laid out, with every luxury for the lovers of the promenade, of whom there are not a few here. Several new theatres have likewise been erected for the devotees of music, or for those who admire the tragedies of Alfieri, the dramas of Goldoni, or the works of those modern playwrights who manufacture sensation plays here as elsewhere. Its streets, teeming as they are with the richest flowers, placed in balconies in front of every house window during the day, are brilliantly illuminated with gas during the night. Its *trottoirs* are now well paved with flagstones, and are crowded with a well-dressed and well-conditioned populace, while the

causeway is constantly traversed by equipages which would neither disgrace Regent Street in London, nor the Parisian Boulevards. In short, Turin is a city that is now up to the best civilization of Europe, and one in which, with a circle of friends and a knowledge of *la lingua Italiana*, one might contrive to live most agreeably, seeing that within its elegant precincts everything to be desired in this lower sphere of existence which money can command, could be at once obtained.

Fortunately, beyond the general beauty, regularity, and cleanliness of the city itself, and beyond the lovely banks of the Po and their environs, there is little or nothing for the stranger to *perform* in the way of interior sight-seeing; for, after he has traversed the streets, with their arcaded mansions of four or five storeys high, and their projecting, handsome cornices,—after he has seen the squares, adorned with many statues and monuments—the Royal Palace, with its curious armoury of ancient suits of inlaid mail, and many wondrous specimens of the destructive instruments of warfare used in past times by European and Eastern nations,—after having looked at the Cathedral, and its chaste and striking adjunct, the Chapel of the Palace, or Santo Sudario (the masterpiece of Guarini), built entirely of black marble, with colossal niches, filled with the sculptured memorials of the departed members of the Royal Family, in the purest Carrara marble,—he may be said to have seen

almost all the ordinary sights to which a *valet de place* would conduct him. Having duly performed all these, I was left plenty of time to call on those to whom I had introductory letters, among others on my old acquaintance General Bixio, who has kindly given me information about everything I asked, and furnished me with many statistical facts, which may be turned to account at some other time. In company with this intelligent gentleman we last evening visited the Chamber of Deputies, of which he is the member for his own city, Genoa. The meetings of the Chamber are for the present held in the old Palace of Carignano, and on that very day there had been a most interesting debate on the state of the country, and, in particular, anent the occupation of Rome by the French soldiery. My friend had just delivered himself of a speech, which I read this morning in an Italian journal, and which I may probably some day translate, *in toto*, for the benefit of our own city quidnuncs. Let me only give at present one little episode from his long and able discourse. He said—“Should France, through any combination, be attacked by the military powers of Europe, it would be the duty of Italy to run to her support with their last soldier. France came to our assistance, and we are in duty bound to go to hers. We are two nations that have mutual interests in Europe, and we ought, therefore, if possible, to be at all times in accordance with each other on all questions that may arise; but

we ought to be in accord like two great nations, each occupying his particular position in Europe. And now that France, our ally, occupies our capital, we feel that this is absolutely indecorous—that we are, in fact, not allies, but slaves. But this occupation does not, however, so much offend our national dignity as it places us on the brink of ruin, by ever threatening us with a civil war. The first consequence of the French occupation is brigandage. Rome is the central organization and the general head-quarters of brigandage, the refuge of discontented Neapolitan immigrants, of priests, and of a government which would destroy a party which they would fain have got, but which they fortunately have lost; and, in short, an organization which at present does everything to torment the Southern provinces, in the hope that, should the military forces of Italy be ever required in the valley of the Po, the 18,000 Neapolitans that are now at Rome would then be able to precipitate themselves upon Naples, and, by steeping that country in blood, regain the power of their lost master.” In the Chamber of Deputies the seats are arranged, like those in Paris, in a semicircle, and in ranges above each other like a theatre. Tribunes for the members of the Senate, the diplomatic body, and ladies, are immediately above the seats of the members, while, above all, is a large gallery for the general public. The Chamber, with its various committee rooms, seems well fitted for carrying on the legislative busi-

ness of the state; while in another part of the building is a library for the use of the members, and which, when I remarked to the chief librarian that I thought it was small, he simply replied "that it was, however, well selected; and that, when they get once to Rome, which he trusted would not be long, there would be there more accommodation for books, and more books to put into the library." I need scarcely add that I most cordially agreed with him; and the sooner the hope of the librarian is realized, the better will it be for the progress of Italy, and the religious advancement of the world.

This being Sunday we went across the Piazza Castello, in which we are located, to see the Cathedral, where we gazed at the mummerly going on at the altar, but heard neither a word from the priest nor a note from the organ. We, of course, soon left it, and took a stroll through the garden of the King, planted with orange trees and shrubs, ornamented with statues, and having a large basin of water, with a colossal marble group in its centre. It is open to the public, and under the lofty and umbrageous trees it was indeed a pleasure to walk, screened as we were from the burning rays of that day's sun. Being a Sunday, and, moreover, a national festival, to which many distant Italians had been attracted by the great rifle competition that was taking place at Valentino, at a very short distance from the city—the first prize, offered by the Govern-

ment, being 100,000 francs, open to all competitors, with various other smaller sums—we found all the arcades and streets of the city crowded with persons in holiday dress, which, for the benefit of the fair sex, may be stated to be, in respect of bonnets, cloaks, and other female attire, similar to what is met with in London, Paris, or Glasgow, the railroad and the steamboat having made fashion the same everywhere. One thing, however, when speaking of attire, may be here mentioned, that in Turin, as in Paris, there is always a marked distinction maintained between the dress of domestic servants and that of their mistresses, and never by any chance does one see a girl who has arranged your bed-room, or waited on you at table, decked out, even on Sundays or red-letter days, in silks or satins, bonnets with flowers and feathers, and all the other adjuncts of a lady. They are attired neatly in caps, with ribbons suitable to their station and to their purses. It is evident that this is one of the crying evils of our domestic system in Great Britain, and particularly in Glasgow, where the high wages now given to servants, when everything is cheaper than formerly, are squandered on articles of showy dress, which, to say the least of it, is only beneficial to the shopkeeper. It would indeed be better for their own happiness in after-life, if they would go to the Savings' Bank, rather than to the mantua-maker. But this reform, so loudly called for, is for a long time, I

fear, neither to be accomplished through the platform nor the pulpit, whatever some of our worthy friends of Social Reform may say to the contrary.

We have just returned from a visit to the Piazza San Carlo, in which stands the splendid statue of Philibert Emmanuel, by Baron Marochetti. When one carefully examines this imposing equestrian statue, it does not appear wonderful that the artist should have at once gained a European reputation. But I need not describe it, known as this speaking bronze is to all lovers of the fine arts throughout the world. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal, too, are *chefs d'œuvres*, and exhibit a marked contrast to those which the artist has unfortunately made on the base of the Queen's statue at Glasgow. From all that I have seen of Marochetti's works, here and in Paris, I am inclined to think that the statue in the Piazza San Carlo is the best. Turin, I am, however, happy to say, is not wholly dependent on Marochetti's genius for sculptured fame. It can boast of other sons who have already gained for themselves a wide-spread reputation. Among these is Signior Vela, whose studio we yesterday visited, and where we saw a great number of beautiful pieces of sculpture. This artist also has several fine marbles in different parts of Turin, in Milan, and in Genoa. Of the first, we particularly allude to a colossal Tribute in the Piazza del Castello, of white marble, crowned by a statue of a Piedmontese soldier, and erected by the

Lombardian emigrants to the army of Piedmont, in memory of its heroic deeds for the liberation of their country in 1849; and to the monument of the late Queen in the Palace Chapel. This last is indeed a beautiful and touching statue, and produced in my mind feelings not a little akin to those I once experienced on looking on the statue, by Rauch, of the Queen of Prussia at Charlottenburg. The Queen's fine features there, seemed to breathe with dreaming life; the face bespeaking all that was fair and beautiful in woman, and indicating the sensibility, as well as the nobleness of soul, that at one time animated the lovely original. Art and affection had here united to gain a victory over the forgetfulness of the grave, and it is now not too much to say that they were entitled to the laurel. Queen Louisa of Prussia had died of a broken heart, for the wrongs inflicted by a foreign foe upon her people; and she had dropped into an untimely tomb, the victim of lacerated patriotism. Her name during the Liberation war had been a watchword in favour of national independence, and her melancholy fate has been thus celebrated in the well-known lines of Körner,—

“Du Heilige, die Diener Kinder Flehen
Es dringe mächtig auf zu deinem Licht.
Kannst wieder freundlich auf uns niedersehen
Verklärter Engel, Länger weine nicht!”

The numerous original plaster casts in the studio of Vela, among which were those of Dante and Tasso

—a ballatrice of Milan—with a numerous collection of fancy pieces, at once declared him to be a first-rate master in his art. I regret that I had not the good fortune to see him, but I understand he is still in the vigour of life, being only about forty years of age.

Turin possesses few or no antiquarian monuments. Under the Roman Emperors the town was unknown, and even during the Middle Ages it had no prominence. Perhaps the most interesting matter connected with its early history is that, previous to the year 850, Claudius, the Bishop of Turin, objected strenuously to the worship of images in churches as a breach of the Second Commandment, and also to the respect shown to all relics whatsoever. It is sad to think, notwithstanding the acknowledged “march of intellect,” that the love and admiration for such absurdities is still with many here a passion—and that, even in the centre of the Palace Chapel of Turin, to which I have already alluded, there should gravely be shown the sheet in which Christ was placed when about to be buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. It requires certainly somewhat more than even Scottish faith to believe in such folly. It is only equalled by the real crown of thorns in the Sainte Chapelle of Paris, or the Porringer from which our Saviour is said to have taken his pap, at Loretto! I have been told that there are about a hundred churches of one kind or another in Turin. This, if true, even shames our

own church-building city; but if the churches are numerous, of which I had ocular demonstration, it is too true that they are little frequented by the male portion of the population, the wide-spread hatred to the Pope for depriving Italy of its true capital having sadly weaned the best of our sex from supporting a religion which the successor of St. Peter has so pertinaciously attempted to render more temporal than spiritual.

We had intended to devote this forenoon to a visit to the Superga, the basilica of which was erected by Vittorio Amadeo, as the accomplishment of a vow made previous to the battle of Turin, when the army of Louis XIV. was routed. It was begun in 1717 and completed in 1731, and within its precincts are buried the remains of the members of the royal family. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the splendid panorama which its height above the level of the sea—no less than 2000 feet—so advantageously affords. But General Bixio prevailed upon us to remain, rather, in town, and look at the rifle competition and the crowd which attended it, than to take so laborious a journey; and we did so, and were rewarded by seeing what was equivalent to a great English fair, presenting an admixture of all classes of society, from the prince to the peasant. The pavilions were most artistically got up, and I have brought away with me the regulations of this national *Tir* for the use of my friend Colonel Dreg-

horn, encouraged as this competition is by the Government, for more effectually uniting all the different families of Italy into one bond of union, and is thus calculated to realize what the Government placard wished it to produce, the feeling throughout the Peninsula that

Unione è forza!

A short visit to this great rifle contest soon satisfied our curiosity; and after returning to town, and taking another look at some of the new squares, and a stroll down the Via di Po, to see one of the most striking landscapes connected with the city—closed in as that is by the large church of La Madre di Dio, to which a splendid bridge across the broad flowing river conducts, and backed with the tree-covered heights called the Collina, sparkling with churches and villas—we returned to our hotel, and made preparations for our departure, highly gratified with everything we had seen in the present capital of Italy. The carriage is at the door which is to carry us to the railway station for Genoa, so I must stop this desultory epistle, and say farewell.

LETTER V.

TURIN AND GENOA.

GENOA, 23^d June, 1863.

THE train which leaves Turin at 5.35 P.M. reaches Genoa at 10.10 P.M.;—the distance is about one hundred and three miles. The mode of penning-up railway passengers like sheep, as everywhere practised in France, is here happily dispensed with; and the traveller, after procuring his ticket, and seeing his luggage weighed, and securing the billet for its reclamation on arrival at the place of destination, takes at once his place, as in England, in the carriage. The French mode is a serious inconvenience and injustice, particularly to female travellers; for, in the waiting places, it is quite certain that the most forward fellow will always contrive to plant himself at a place to be first out when the door is opened, and in the struggle to get forward to the particular class of carriages by which travellers intend to go, it is often difficult for a large party to get together into the same carriage, particularly as the conductor gives himself very little trouble to accommodate any one. How different is it with the polite and attentive guards who attend the trains from Scotland to England!

In the hurry of writing my notes on Turin, I forgot to tell you that that city, through its municipal rulers, has its funds extremely well administered. By the instrumentality of that body much has lately been done for the embellishment and salubrity of the town; and although the municipal revenues are yet limited, they have been found quite sufficient to enable their administrators to establish large markets, and to lay out fine squares and several public gardens. The only drawback experienced at present is the great rise of rents which has taken place, from the want of a full supply of houses to meet the demand of the many immigrants now rushing from every quarter to this new capital of Italy. In consequence, the working-classes find themselves in considerable difficulty, and their unfortunate position in Turin, as in many other parts of the Peninsula, is beginning to awaken the attention of the various municipalities, and even of the Central Government itself. Only think of a wretchedly furnished apartment, with a single window, costing ten francs a-month, while the wages of the skilled workman scarcely average 1s. 3d. per day, and never exceed 2s. 2d. per day, their diet being made up chiefly of soup maigre, with macaroni, or of *polenta*, which is the flour of the Indian corn or maize, mixed with water, and occasionally with no greater additional cheer than skimmed milk. In consequence of an octroi in Turin, as in every town in Italy, by which

heavy taxes are raised from the many, and not, as in our country, from the few—viz., the middle classes and the rich—the workman is made to bear proportionately a far greater burden on his daily income than the shopkeeper or the man of fortune. But I am forgetting our journey to Genoa.

Well, then, on leaving the Turin station, which we did on one of the most beautiful evenings that can be imagined, with a sky of the purest azure, and a sun still bright, but reft of its scorching character, we soon found ourselves beyond the environs of the city, thickly studded as these are with beautiful villas and gardens, and then rattled on by the banks of the Po, through a country teeming with fruit trees and grain, and enjoying ever and anon a glimpse of the glorious snow-capped Alps, that shoot up their roseate summits far into the sky. After passing several small villages, we reached *Asti*—a large town, chiefly celebrated for being the birth-place of the poet Alfieri, who, after hurrying like a courier over every country in Europe, in search of rest and happiness, found it only at last in his own bosom, and in the production of his own deathless dramas. Victor Alfieri was the first to create the true and legitimate tragedy in Italy; and we are not sure but that his countrymen are right in affirming that this celebrated dramatist united in his works the grandeur of Corneille with the tenderness of Racine. It is also around this town where the famous sparkling wine,

called *Vino d'Asti*, so well known in the North of Italy, is grown and made, but which, alas, cannot well be carried beyond the Alps—a wine about which, when formerly in this part of the country, we had recounted to us the story of the bibulous bishop who, in travelling, always sent his faithful and wine-knowing domestic a stage before him to taste the wines as he proceeded, and when on his journey he found good wine, he wrote up, in legible characters, the word “*Est*,” which at once told his master that there he might stop with advantage. Arriving at Asti, he tasted the sparkling beverage, and immediately wrote up the attractive vocable of “*Est*,” not once, but three times; and when the thirsty bishop arrived, and caught the sight of the cabalistic announcement, he at once leapt from his palfrey, took up his residence in the town, and drank of the inspiring wine till he died of its effects; and it was then said that his tombstone was in the cemetery. I can only say that we have frequently drunk the “*Vino d'Asti*” without feeling any evil effects from it; but mayhap we did not quaff so deep or so long as the thirsty ecclesiastic.

During our progress to the town of Alessandria, which is one of the great military strongholds of Italy, and, as such, occupied by a powerful garrison of Italian soldiers, we found the people all busy with the rye harvest; while the maize in this quarter was so far advanced as to be in flower. The country looked,

indeed, if not flowing with milk and honey, at least with fruits and corn. Soon after leaving Alessandria we got a glimpse of the battle-field of Marengo, which may be said to have made the fortune of the first Napoleon, and we were pointed out that part of the river where the Austrian General Melas lost the battle which he at first had gained. The common opinion held, however, now-a-days is that it was Dessaix who ultimately gained the battle which Napoleon had lost, and who lost his life, too, at the moment of victory—a circumstance perhaps not the worse for Bonaparte's fame!

Darkness now setting in we lost the view of what we were afterwards told is a most picturesque country. Here the sun sets, not as in Scotland at this season, about ten, but at eight; here, however, we had what we have not in our cold clime, the moon and planets hanging like lamps in the sky—round, brilliant, and sparkling. They appeared to our eyes thousands of miles nearer than they do at home—the atmosphere being pure and clear; and then the glow-worms gleamed like little lamps by the roadside, while the fire-flies flitted about as if they would willingly be link-boys to the fabled wood nymphs.

On arriving at Genoa we drove to the Hôtel Feder, where we are now located, and where we have rooms that formed part of the former palace of the Admiralty. They are large and lofty, and, though high above the street—as all the chief apartments

in the palaces of Genoa are, having an ascent of no less than about a hundred marble steps—we find them most comfortable and airy. You must know that at Genoa the ground flats of all houses are occupied by servants, porters, and other assistants, and that the rich proprietors and great merchants occupy always the third and fourth flats. In short, in the narrow streets built between the sea and the heights, the ground floor and the first and second flats, particularly at this season of the year, are too hot and stifling, and consequently one is happy, even at the cost of labour to his limbs and lungs, to mount to a point where you can see the ocean and breathe its cooling breeze. We have, happily, as yet fallen in with nought of insect life. Everywhere we have found cleanliness and comfort, exhibiting a wondrous change for the better since the visit of my youthful days to the Continent.

The outward appearance of Genoa is altogether different from that of Turin: its houses are equally lofty and equally large, but their architecture is not only more diversified but more artistic. The streets, too, with very few exceptions, are very narrow, and in many parts of the town are so picturesque as to afford subjects worthy of the pencil of a Canaletto or a Prout. They are crowded, also, with a most busy and active population, no idle loungers being found here, while loaded mules and donkeys are everywhere perambulating the narrow alleys, which cannot be

traversed either by carts or by carriages. All is life and animation, and everything seems to indicate that the inhabitants of Genoa of the present day are fully as much imbued with the spirit of commercial enterprise as were their forefathers, when they divided with the merchant princes of Venice the European trade with the Levant and the far East. It is, however, a dreadfully noisy place both by day and by night. There is a constant ringing of church bells and striking of city clocks, a continuous clatter of mules' hoofs, and an endless braying of donkeys on the pavés. There are also the crying of costermongers, the cracking of cabmen's whips, the jingling of omnibus, mule, and cart bells, commingled with the loud vociferations of the mass of the people, and the endless drumming of the garrison. The truth is, the noise was so great that during the first night we spent here we could not sleep, but on the second we became accustomed to it, and slept as soundly as we might have done in the dullest town in Scotland.

Our sight-seeing has been happily limited to two churches and two palaces. We, no doubt, examined with delight many of the handsome exteriors of the latter which line the Strade Balbi, Nuova, and Novissima, but those of the Marchese Durazzo, and of Brignoli Sela were alone entered—the former celebrated for its unrivalled staircase and tasteful and elegant furniture, and the latter for its well-known collection of paintings. What a pleasure it is to gaze on real and

true pictures, and not on such counterfeits as are so universally met with at home! The Michael Angelos, Titians, Guercinos, Paul Veronezes, Domenichinos, Vandycks, Guidos, and other well-known great masters, which ornament the walls of the Brignoli Palace, have been there for ages, and many even of them were transferred from the easels of the renowned artists who produced them. In fact, passing as they have done from father to son, they are regarded by the possessors as the most inestimable heirlooms of their family, who draw as much pride from having been the early promoters of art as from being the representatives of a long and noble ancestry. With respect to the Cathedral, or Duomo of San Lorenzo, all I have to say is, that it was erected in the eleventh century, and exhibits traces of the taste which at that time prevailed in Pisa and Lucca. It is, however, like many other churches, made up of many styles of architecture, being partly Greek and partly Gothic. One of the most remarkable things about this cathedral is, that one of its chapels, viz., that of St. John the Baptist, is shut against all females on one day in the year, being that on which the daughter of Herodias presented the head of the Baptist on a charger to her mother! With respect to the other church which we visited, viz., *L'Annunciata*, I must truly say that its interior is perhaps the most gorgeous structure I ever saw, even in Belgium, France, or Germany. Its roof is sup-

ported by immense columns of red marble, and is richly ornamented by the pencils of some of the greatest masters of the pictorial art, while its walls are lined with various kinds of the finest marbles. The gilding, which is perhaps too gorgeous, has been lately renewed, and the whole is now one harmonious piece of interior architectural decoration. There is one thing, however, connected with this place of worship which, to my mind, renders it peculiarly elegant, and that is, that it is altogether free from any of those wretched and paltry adjuncts of Popish superstition which so sadly disfigure so many of the noble ecclesiastical structures of Roman Catholic countries. Here there are no trumpery wooden virgins, decked out in tawdry habiliments, with gilt crowns; no vulgar flaunting banners; no horrible crosses, with hideous forms attached to them; no wretched votive offerings hung up at each chapel; no farthing candles pouring forth a smoky light and a greasy smell as an offering for sin. The Annunciata Church is happily free from such degrading abominations—from, in fact, every spot and blemish of this kind; and is thus well worthy of being a shrine for the worship of the true God.

The view of Genoa from the New Mole, on which the great lighthouse is placed, gives perhaps a more striking idea of the town than from any other quarter, except, perhaps, from the sea itself. From this point we see the town, like an amphitheatre, reaching far up

the side of the hill on which it is chiefly built—rising in successive terraces, and closed in with a lofty mountain behind. Houses, towers, turrets, and churches—among the latter of which that of Carignano is conspicuous—are all seen picturesquely commingled; while their brilliant whiteness in this sunny weather is delightfully contrasted with the green foliage of the gardens attached to many of the palaces; and when the eye leaves the town and turns to the ship-filled harbour, to the blue Mediterranean, covered with its white-sailed boats, and to the near and distant headlands on every side of the coast, the *tout ensemble* is something more than even a pictorial imagination can well delineate.

When I last visited Genoa, now nearly half a century ago, the city had during the course of only a very few preceding years passed through many political and social changes. The old Republic had been overturned when Napoleon added Genoa to France, and made Durazzo, its last Doge, a member of the French Senate. Under the galling dominion of Gallic rule it was, however, the fate of Genoa not long to remain, for she was soon relieved from her hateful chains through the efforts of the British army and navy, under the orders of Lord William Bentinck, but with, as it was then said, an alleged promise that *Genoa la Superba* should again have her former Republican Government restored. That this promise, if ever made, was not fulfilled is certain; for at the

Congress of Vienna, Genoa and its territory, against her loudly expressed will, were unceremoniously handed over to the care of the then King of Sardinia, whose government she detested. How happily changed are her sentiments now, glorying as she does in being a part and portion of that united Italy which her present representatives in the Turin Chamber are so ardently labouring to make effectual, and which, were it not for the crooked policy of him who unjustly proclaims himself the devoted ally and friend of Italy, would have been long ere this happily accomplished. How sad it is to think that under the most beautiful sky in Europe, and where poetry and the fine arts spread all their enchanting charms, political slavery should still exist, and that its various generous-hearted inhabitants should be doomed, through foreign interference, to remain a still divided family, or that this lovely spot of Europe, whose former legions marched to the conquest of the world, should not now have the liberty of making a perfect and free choice of its Governor?

We had intended to remain here for a day longer before going to Leghorn, but the opportunity of a direct passage to Naples, which will enable us to secure at least three whole days for seeing that city and Pompeii before going to Rome, has induced us to take the steamer that leaves to-night; and as I must now pack up for the journey, I will leave what else I have to say about *Genoa la Superba* till my next epistle.

LETTER VI.

GENOA, THE MEDITERRANEAN, AND NAPLES.

NAPLES, 25th June, 1863.

IN the hurry of our departure I was unable to allude in my last notes to one or two matters connected with Genoa and its neighbourhood. I shall briefly refer to those before entering on our steamboat voyage to the south.

It may, perhaps, be remembered that, when speaking of the female dress of the fair Turinese during the festal day on which we left it, we remarked that the steamboat and the railway had made fashion almost the same not only over Europe, but even in America, except, perhaps, in the Tyrol and in Switzerland, where various peculiar national costumes were still to be met with. In Genoa, however, these two great agencies of a monotonous uniformity have as yet had little or no effect on the attire of the higher and middle classes of females; for among the many ladies and others whom we encountered perambulating the streets or visiting the shops, we found that the greater majority were arrayed, not in cocked-up bonnets, covered with roses, *à la Française*, but in an exceedingly graceful and simple head-dress, which consisted

of a muslin *pezzotta*, or scarf, pinned to the hair, and falling over the shoulders and arms, allowing the beautiful faces, glossy hair, and rounded forms of the wearers to be seen through it. The other portions of the dress of the better classes were generally made of most expensive materials, after the usual style of the day, flounced and crinolined. Among the lower class a somewhat similar style of dress prevailed, but it was coarser and more gaudy, being a long printed calico *mezzaro*, or scarf, manufactured in the country. At the garden *Café d'Italia*, arranged and lighted, as it is in some respects, like our old Vauxhall, but frequented by a far better class of society—in fact, by the very first people of Genoa, for the purpose of enjoying the *fresco*, eating an ice, or drinking a cup of coffee or chocolate—I had a good opportunity of studying this peculiarly pretty national costume; and from its simplicity and gracefulness it is to be hoped that this style of dress will as long remain the characteristic of a Genoese lady as the black mantilla has done of a Spanish Señorita. It is, however, a costume which would not at all suit the rainy, cold climate of Scotland, and is only fitted for this warm and sunny clime—a clime which obliges every female to carry a fan to protect her face when merely crossing the part of the street on which the sun is pouring his scorching rays.

In the Bourse—which seems to be not a bit changed since I last visited it upwards of forty years

ago, and which, from its proximity to our hotel, and from the vast numbers of hangers-on in search of news or of employment, materially served to increase the fearful noise of which we had such good reason to complain—there has lately been erected by public subscription a most beautiful statue, in white marble, by the eminent Turinese sculptor Vela, of the lamented Cavour, the strenuous advocate of Italian unity, and the only man who seemed to be able to meet the wily policy of Louis Napoleon. Had he lived, it is almost certain that his good sense, his energy, and his firmness would have tended to hasten the already too-long-delayed departure of the French soldiery from Rome, and might have sooner afforded the priest-ridden and oppressed denizens of the Eternal City an opportunity of indulging in a *plebiscite* which would have instantly sent the effete Neapolitan Bourbon to seek a more congenial home, while it would have elevated his Holiness to a spiritual throne more in accordance with the principles laid down by the Author of our common Christianity.

When speaking of statues, I must not forget to mention the very large and magnificent monument which has lately been erected by the Genoese to the memory of Christopher Columbus, in front of the new station of the Strada Ferrata. The whole is composed of the finest Carrara marble, and the figures, which are numerous, have been each executed by

different artists. It is at once worthy of the great discoverer of the New World and of the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, and cannot fail to proclaim to future generations that the insult and injury which embittered the latter days of that great geographer and sailor were as brutal as they were unjust.

The last and only thing connected with Genoa *la Superba* which I would now notice, is the beautiful and interesting villa of the Marquis Palavicini, situated near Piglio, about an hour's drive from the city, on the road leading to Nice. Having obtained permission to visit it, we devoted our last afternoon to a ramble, accompanied by a most attentive Scottish friend resident in the town, through the shady walks, groves, and gardens which surround that charming residence. In laying out this most expensive villa the Marquis stands in bold relief from his other brethren of the Genoese noblesse; for while the majority of the heads of those ancient aristocratic families—who, it may be remembered, at an early period made their fortunes by commerce—allow their family palaces and villas to remain all but neglected, he has lavished immense sums of money in building temples and arches of marble, Swiss chalets, and numerous grottoes, on the decoration of this rural retreat. He has, for instance, been at the pains of collecting, from every quarter of the globe, specimens of almost every tree and shrub that will grow in this

climate, and among these we were shown the cork and camphor trees, the true cedar of Lebanon, acacias of every species and colour, with mongolias loaded with large flowers, and platinas and oleanders brilliant with colour. We were met at every turn by waterfalls, cascades, and lakes; while the large artificial grotto, constructed of stalactite masses brought from a great distance, with its subterranean lake, on which we rowed in a tasteful shallop, almost altogether confounded us. Art, indeed, has imitated nature here most faithfully. Nor can we soon forget the extensive and rich land prospects which were opened up to us from the tower which crowns the summit of the garden, coupled with the blue Mediterranean Sea stretching out till it meets the sky in the south. But while the eye was thus delighted with every new bit of landscape that presented itself, and the nose was regaled with the aroma of an hundred different shrubs and flowers, the ear, too, was charmed (although it was only two o'clock) with the rich and varied notes of the nightingale and other songsters of the wood, and even the chattering *cicala* added its incessant chirp to the apparent holiday which art and nature unite daily in summer to hold in the Villa of Palavicini!

About ten o'clock at night we reached the harbour, and had our luggage and ourselves transferred to a large *barca* or boat, in which we were rowed to the steamer that lay near the old Mole. As the night was

clear and the sea calm we did not much complain, but under other circumstances it might have been very disagreeable, and ought to be rectified by berthing the steamers at the quay. When the railroad that is to connect Genoa with Leghorn is opened, it is certain that drawbacks of this nature will, if not speedily rectified, seriously injure, if not nullify, the sea communication. It was indeed a lovely sight that presented itself from the deck of our boat as it steamed slowly out of the harbour; for at that moment Genoa looked more than usually striking, from a partial illumination which had taken place in consequence of its being the *fête* of St. John and the anniversary of the battle of Villafranca. Showers of rockets and other fireworks added likewise to the variety of the scene, while the crescent moon, with many a star and planet, poured down silvery beams, which were reflected from the placid mirror of the Mediterranean. The *vapore*, or steamer, in which we embarked, was a large powerful vessel, built a short time ago at Liverpool for the English and Irish coasting trade, and was originally known by the appellation of "The Whitehaven." It has since, however, been raised to the peerage by the dignified title of the "Principe Uberto." We found it to be a steady but *slow coach*, and although the distance between Genoa and Naples is little more than four hundred miles, thirty-four hours were required to complete the voyage. The passage altogether was, however,

one of real pleasure and interest,—scarcely a ripple on the water, and a clear atmosphere, that enabled us to see the various islands which during our course were successively passed, including Gorgona, Caprera, Elba, Giglio, &c., the more distant outlines of Corsica, and the various bold and picturesque headlands which mark the whole coast of Tuscany, and the Papal and the Neapolitan States, with now and then glimpses of the lofty and peaked Apennines, that form the backbone of the Italian peninsula. The boat was clean and well ordered, the captain most polite and attentive, and the steward's *menu du jour*, both at breakfast and at dinner, called forth the approbation of all who partook of those repasts, which were served on deck under an awning, cool and shaded, and altogether free from the confined and oppressive atmosphere of a cabin where the thermometer was never less than from 80° to 90° of Fahrenheit. Some people may think the fare paid for the first-class cabin of this steamer dear, being about £4 each; but when it is recollected that all our eating and wine were included in this sum, it will perhaps appear reasonable enough. It may be mentioned, however, that steamboat and railway travelling are by no means cheap in Italy, particularly when to the fares of the latter is added the charge made for the whole luggage, with the sums paid to the *fachini* or porters at the stations and hotels. This last charge must, indeed, be felt a sad annoyance to those especially who cannot speak the

language—the greedy fellows being bound by no tariff of prices, and being ever ready to fleece, without compunction, the helpless foreigner.

There is no object of greater interest or beauty to be seen from the deck of a steamer, especially when traversing a sea so calm as the Mediterranean happily was when we were on it, than the rising and the setting of the sun, both of which I witnessed on our voyage,—the one preceded by its roseate messengers of aerial light clouds, leaping up from its rosy couch behind the picturesque ridge of the Apennines, and the other like a large ball of molten gold sinking gradually out of a cloudless sky into the deep azure of the ocean. Both were indeed magnificent sights, and such as few are permitted frequently to enjoy. On the latter occasion I felt as Dante expresses in his “Purgatorio,”—

“Era già l’ora che volge ’l disio
A’ naviganti e intenerisce ’l cuore,
Lo di ch’ han detto a dolci amici a Dio!”

And in this frame of mind I continued walking solitary and silent across the deck, ever and anon looking up to the chameleon sky through endless shades of rosy pink merging into silver gray, which in its turn was lost ’mid deep and deeper tints of bluish black, while from the gloomiest portion of the sky there hung the planets, lamplike, and beyond these, stars innumerable twinkling, and telling of Creation’s vast-

ness. It was a rapid but a glorious twilight, impressing dear and dying influences on the heart,—

“When o’er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,—
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory, sweep the chords by turns.”

The sea, too, was

“Like a silvery lake,
And o’er it calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumbers of the silent tides!”

Or, as Byron, in his “Lara,” says,—

“So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide, like happiness, away.”

But amid such spirit-stirring effects of sky and water there is, at the same time, a sad feeling of loneliness and desertion about this part of the Mediterranean, which we rarely or never experience in the waters around our own busy shores. After leaving the neighbourhood of Genoa we observed only one or two solitary vessels, and during our somewhat long passage we saw, and even passed, but a few latined-sailed fishing boats. There was nothing, in short, on the bosom of the wide expanse of water that we were traversing that bespoke either mercantile activity or the wants of human life.

On approaching, however, the islands of Ischia, Capri, and Procida, the scene altogether changed. Steamers, sailing craft, and fishing boats began to

make their appearance, bearing onward to or from Naples,—in short, the solitude of the sea had passed away, and we now felt that we were fast nearing some most populous and important city. It was about nine o'clock this morning when our steamer, beneath the canopy of a cloudless sky, and with a slightly rippling sea, entered the far-famed Bay of Naples, by passing the Castle of Procida on the right, and the Cape of Misseno on the left. The magnificence of the truly wonderful scene that here met our anxious gaze has been often described, but the best word-painting can never convey a just and perfect idea of its variety, beauty, or magnificence, made up as the landscape is of an amphitheatre containing a mighty city and numerous towns and villages, with dome and turret, castle and palace, fortress and mansion, all lying commingled in the bosom of an extensive bay, interspersed with gardens of rich foliage, and bound in by a lofty ridge of mountains, of which Vesuvius and the volcanic heights above Sorrento are most conspicuous; while in the foreground the blue sea is spotted over with white sails flitting across its surface, and the entrance to the harbour itself is crowded with ships bearing the flags of all nations, among which it rejoiced us to see a three-decker belonging to our native land, the certain safeguard of every British subject. What a glorious picture was here of artificial and natural objects, linked with the gay and stirring activities of life!

A short half-hour's steaming brought us at length within the precincts of the harbour. After bidding a grateful adieu to the captain for his attention, we stepped into a large awned barca, and with our luggage were carried to the Custom-House, where our chattels were scarcely looked at, and our passports were merely shown for the sake of putting our names on the register of arrivals. We then drove to the Hôtel Crucelle, a large commodious building that looks out on the sea, where we got excellent apartments, without being obliged to mount flights of steps such as in Turin and Genoa made each and all of us breathless; and we are now preparing for a survey of this large city of 500,000 souls, many of whose denizens, from the mildness of the climate, are content to pass their days on the streets, and their nights beneath the arcades and colonnades which ornament its various narrow and wide avenues. It is a common proverb throughout Italy to say—

“Vedi Napoli, e poi mori,”

which, for those who do not understand the dulcet language of Aussonia, we shall translate into English vocables,—

“See Naples, and then die;”

or, in other words, after having seen Naples, it is fruitless to hope to see anything better.

LETTER VII.

NAPLES, HERCULANEUM, AND POMPEII.

NAPLES, *27th June, 1863.*

WE have now been three days in this city, and by the constant use of a carriage, which at this season of great heat is absolutely necessary, we have already been enabled to form a very tolerable idea of Naples. We, however, felt, before we had been many hours within its precincts, that Naples, like Constantinople, looked more beautiful from the sea than when traversed in its very narrow and confused streets, which, besides, are by no means clean, and smell of everything save of Arabia. The fact is, the town is badly *scavenged* and worse drained, and in this hot weather, when every one is glad to sit without his coat, with the jalousies of the apartments shut, and the windows open to catch a breath of air from the sea, there is an effluvia rising up everywhere, mingled with the odour of fish-frying and garlic, that is not at all grateful to the olfactory nerves of a Northerner. At this moment, too, the heat during the day is terrible, and the dust, after a couple of hours' driving, is enough to convert our habiliments into those of millers. But, with all these disadvantages, there is

much to repay the visitor, not only during the extreme heat of the day, but more particularly in the evening, when one is enabled to join the crowds of carriages filled with the best persons in Naples, in the *passagira*, along the coast towards Baija, which seems to be deemed at present an everyday necessity. *Per prender il fresco*, or, to take an airing, forms, in short, a universal finale to every day's work; and where, indeed, in this wide world, can this be got in greater perfection, or under more delightful circumstances, than in the neighbourhood of this city?

In Naples the public buildings are numerous and handsome. The *Larghi*, or squares, particularly those *del Castello* and of the church of *S' Giovanni e Paulo*, are large, and ornamented with magnificent monuments and statues; the shops and *Tratorias*—particularly those which line the long street called the *Toledo*, and those leading into it—are elegant, well fitted up, and contain everything that has been, or can be, required by the inhabitants of a royal residence. But the cafés, though numerous, are by no means so brilliant and so comfortable as in many other towns in Italy, and certainly far inferior to those of Paris.

Perhaps in no city in the world is there greater bustle and life to be found on the streets than in Naples. Everything—at least at the present moment—seems to be done out of doors. All sorts of wares, with fish, fruit, and every edible, not forgetting

macaroni, are sold on the streets or in the squares, both of which are lined with stands; while at every corner are sellers of lemon water, iced, or rather mixed with snow drawn from swinging barrels, under the ostensible guardianship of the Virgin, or some other sculptured saint, and which beverage is sedulously patronized by many of the numerous passengers. The people, in fact, eat and drink, swallow macaroni, raw cucumbers and onions, and all kinds of fruit, on the street, while the inhabitants in every house are found either sitting, working, or gossiping around the outside of their doors, which are always open; or, where the houses are inhabited by the better classes, their inmates are found sitting outside the windows on balconies, no window here being unprovided with one. The causeways are for ever filled with two or three rows of carts and carriages, of every shape and form, and drawn by asses, mules, oxen, and horses, either by one or other of these animals separately or together. In short, life is found on the streets, and, consequently, the movement and noise thereby created are such as to render this the chief characteristic of Naples.

There are upwards of 360 churches in this city, or, as we were told, a church for every day in the year; and from the number of broad-hatted priests who are constantly encountered perambulating the streets, there seems to be no lack of persons to perform the

clerical duties, although, from all we have heard and seen, their labours are but little appreciated by at least the male portion of the community. We limited our attention to four or five of the most celebrated ecclesiastical edifices, and these certainly are temples well worthy of the worshippers of the true God. The first which we visited was the *Chiesa di Jesu Nuovo Eternità Majore*, or the Church of the Jesuits—a beautiful structure, with lofty columns of marble, and with a high altar, rich in silver ornaments, bronzes, and malachite. A low mass was going on at the moment we entered, but the whole congregation present did not exceed a couple of old women, who, I daresay, were there during the forenoon more from the hope of extracting a few *grani* from strangers than from a love for devotional exercise. Numerous beggars besiege the doors of the churches here, who are most importunate in asking alms; and they, alas! but too frequently appear, from their miserable looks and their garb, well worthy to receive them. In Turin we did not encounter a beggar; but in Naples, and especially on the roads to all its environs, they were numerous and importunate. We next visited the *Chiesa di Sancta Chiara*, in which are to be found the tombs of all the kings that have ruled in Naples from *Roberto il Saggio* to *Ferdinando Secondo*. The tomb of the former is behind the great altar; and in one particular chapel, which was locked, but which a fee

of a few grani soon opened, we beheld the last resting-place of Carlo III. and his spouse, Christina of Savoy, the latter being looked upon and adored as a saint by the Neapolitan populace. We next visited the ancient *Chiesa* of *San Domenico Maggiore*, founded about the year 1200, in which are the tombs of all the leading nobility of this country; and in the sacristy of this church are also to be seen the incased remains of all the Spanish dynasty who at first governed Naples, arranged around the galleries of this beautiful chapel. A grand mass was being celebrated during our visit, with all the forms, paraphernalia, choristers, and priests necessary for its due performance. The music was beautiful, and the priests and assistants at the altar were active in their genuflections, and zealous in their reading, while those wielding the perfumed censers were busy in their vocation, filling the shrine with the sweetest of odours. But, alas! there was no audience—none except three solitary individuals taking advantage of this great waste of clerical fervour! The chapel attached to the church of Santa Maria, which is peculiarly celebrated for its splendid pieces of sculpture, demanded our next inspection. This chapel, built by the Prince di San Servio, contains *capi d'opera* of sculpture, which are perhaps unrivalled in any part of this land of the fine arts. The figures of *Modesty*, of the *Deceiver* caught in a net, and of the *veiled Dead Christ*, are only to be once seen to be never forgotten. The

last was executed so late as 1753 by a Neapolitan, and is altogether a most touching and exquisite work. The last church we visited was the *Cathedral*, where, among many other notable relics, is retained the phial which contains the miracle-working blood of San Januarius. It is kept strictly locked up in the high altar, the Archbishop being alone entrusted with the key. Superstition cannot go much further than in a belief in the liquefaction of this titular Saint's blood. It is, even in Italy, perhaps only to be surpassed by a belief in the winding-sheet of Christ at Turin, or the porringer of our Saviour, which I once saw at Loretto, and in which I placed a rosary to be blessed, without, I fear, doing any good to myself or any one else, save the priest who said the orison over it, and for which he most willingly took a silver offering! In the Cathedral we were shown an endless number of large silver busts of the Virgin and other saints, which are taken out and paraded through the streets at the festival of St. Januarius, or when the movements of the ground around the city bespeak an irruption of Vesuvius, the last of which took place only two years ago. At the present moment, strange to say, there is not even smoke coming out of its summit, which, to my eye, is a grievous want in the evening landscape, for, when last here, it was constantly vomiting forth showers of fire and red-hot stones from its then two-peaked craters.

In the summer the Theatre of San Carlo is shut, so we had no opportunity of seeing one of the largest opera houses in the world. During my last visit it was in all its glory. It divided with that of the Scala, at Milan, the best band and the best singers in the world, and it was frequented by the whole noblesse of the district, and by the leading people of the city. I shall never forget its gorgeous appearance on a night when the king went there in state, and when the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. On other occasions the house was nearly dark, the stage only being always brilliant. This, however, was the true way for effectually enjoying the ballet. There are numerous other theatres here, where the actors speak in the Neapolitan dialect, which is a most detestable patois—and to which we might have gone—but the fearful heat of these close places said *no*, and we contented ourselves, like most other strangers, by spending our evenings in the open air, beneath a clear, cloudless, and moonlight sky.

Yesterday we devoted the greater portion of the day in visiting Herculaneum and Pompeii—two certainly of the great wonders of the present world. Having taken a carriage and a guide, we left the hotel about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to Portici, around and in which are to be found the great mass of the finest villas of the nobility and gentry of the Neapolitan territory. The position of those handsome mansions, with each its

splendid garden leading down to the sea, is really charming. We stopped near the centre of the town to visit the Royal Palace, which contains no fewer than 140 separate apartments. It was repaired as a royal residence only a short time ago, for when I formerly visited Portici it was used as the museum for the reception of the Herculaneum and Pompeii treasures. The palace is now beautifully and comfortably fitted up—a place ready for everyday use—and the servant who showed us through its various rooms told us as we passed that the last king had only the pleasure of using it for a fortnight, and then, as he sarcastically added, he was, "*povero diavolo*," chased out of it. I imagined that the servant thought the *poor devil* well served, and I must admit I was of the same opinion. The chief chamber at all curious connected with this palace is one whose walls are entirely lined with porcelain of the finest form and the richest colours. The conductor looked upon it as quite unique, and certainly we were not in a humour to dispute his opinion. But if this apartment was curious from the style of its ornamentation, there were a few others peculiarly interesting from associations; for, among others, we were shown the identical room which had been occupied by Murat when he was King of Naples, and afterwards by the Pope, when he was chased from Rome in 1848. It would have been well for Italy had he never got back, or had remained here to

overlook the many churches, monasteries, and convents that are scattered over this rich portion of Europe. When pacing the marble and mosaic floors of this once royal residence, for which the present King of Italy, we were told, has no fancy, I could not help thinking that nowhere are there to be found more tokens of instability than on this very spot—either in respect to the ground on which it stands, or to those who have inhabited it. Do you know that this palace is founded on the lava which formerly covered Herculaneum? Eighty feet beneath this palace lies a buried city, the greater portion of which is still unknown; but from that which has been opened up have been already taken works of exquisite art, manuscripts replete with Epicurean philosophy, domestic ornaments, and articles connected with domestic life which bespeak a most advanced civilization. And, besides, that buried city itself seems to have been built on lava of a former age. In short, there is here the clearest evidence of the many different strata on which man has loved and lived—lava deluges which have destroyed successive races; and yet withal man continues to trust in the deceitful mountain that may, in a moment, again sweep away those who may occupy its surface.

After examining the long-opened-up ruins of Herculaneum, which lie on the boundaries of Portici and Resina, and which appear much the same as we first saw them in 1817, with the exception that

many of the things which then made them doubly interesting have been carried off to the museum at Naples, we continued our course through Torre del Greco, where we still saw the effects of the earthquake that preceded the irruption which occurred only two years ago, and soon reached Torre d'Annunziata, where we turned off the main road to Pompeii. Here we arrived in the very heat of the day, when it is said nobody is seen out of doors but Englishmen and dogs. Nothing daunted, however, by Sol's burning rays, we entered the precincts of a city which was destroyed in the year 79 of the Christian era, and long before Christianity itself had taken root in the region—a city, too, which had remained hid from mortal view for many centuries, and was only begun to be uncovered about a century ago. We, in fact, walked into a city which had its Pantheon and Temples dedicated to almost every deity—a city which bespoke at every step Greek taste and Roman sovereignty. We saw the civil forum, surrounded by the shrines of Jupiter, Minerva, Venus, and Isis, with two Theatres—one dedicated to the tragic and the other to the comic muse—and a large amphitheatre, said to contain fifteen thousand spectators at a gladiators' combat. We walked through the rooms of Diomedes's villa, in which were found many treasures of art and *vertu*, examined the house of Sallust, gazed on the perfect remains of two females lately found in the ruins,

shops, bakehouses, barracks, &c., on all as they had been nearly two thousand years ago, and felt, when we did so, that here we had abundant proofs that man's passions, wishes, and wants had been the same then as now, and even that his manners and habits were not essentially different. Here also we saw the sepulchres of those who were worthy of a monument, placed, as they always ought to be, without the boundaries of the city. To enter into any minute description of this great wonder of the world would be absurd: it is now known to every one who can read, particularly by those who may have looked into the pages of the *Last Days of Pompeii*, or into my old friend Mr. Knight's most interesting volumes illustrative of this long-lost city. I shall therefore only add, that in my perambulations yesterday through its greatly extended ruins, I felt myself overpowered with a more than usual melancholy—far more, indeed, than by any other vestiges of a past age. The fact is, you see here, as it were, a town which seemed but yesterday to have lost its inhabitants, flying away in such a hurry, and under such a consternation, as to have left all their finest treasures, and even their very household gods, behind them. Only think of five-and-twenty thousand inhabitants, less thirteen hundred who are supposed to have been buried in the dust and ruins of the city, rushing helter-skelter for life from their doomed homes, and knowing not where to find a covering for their heads.

Since the installation of the new Government at Naples, the uncovering of Pompeii has been prosecuted with more than usual activity; and it appears likely, if the spirit for discovery at present manifested continues, that this ancient city, so long hid from the eyes of centuries, will very soon be fully exposed to view. The latest and most interesting discoveries are those of several human skeletons, and of the shop and oven of a baker.* The attitude

* Among the late discoveries made was a baker's house, with his oven, which was full of loaves, great and small, and all retaining not only their form but their substance. The first full description of this discovery was laid before the Academy of Science in Paris a few weeks ago, from which my friend, Mr. Charles Maclaren, late editor of the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, has given the following graphic account, founded on a paper in *L'Institut*:—

“The oven was closed by an iron door, and with a cover of ashes superadded was perhaps nearly air-tight. The loaves were eighty-one in number, and of different sizes. The largest weighed fully $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (1,204 kilogrammes); the smallest, seventy-six in number, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each; and the four of middle size, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. They are all of a round form, and divided into segments by impressed lines radiating from the centre—the small and middle-sized into eight portions, the large one into fourteen. The large one is about 12 inches in diameter, the middle-sized 9, and the small ones 8 inches. They are, in truth, rather *scones* than *loaves*, but scones of a shape which we sometimes see in biscuits—that is, thin in the middle and thick at the edge, in the proportion of an inch and a quarter to two inches and a half. The people of Sicily, it seems, bake their bread in this ancient form at the present day.

of the skeletons, and the places in which they were found, show a desire in those beings, when living, to save their property, and to this desire may be

In the centre of the smaller and middle-sized scones there is a sort of cipher, which is supposed to be the baker's stamp or peculiar mark. The scones are of a blackish-brown colour, darker at the edge than in the middle, and the crust is moderately hard and compact. The bread retains a portion of moisture, which it parts with when exposed to a heat of 110 or 120 centigrade—that is, a little above the temperature of boiling water. The oven is large—8 feet 4 inches in diameter and 6 feet 8 inches high. From the nature of the decomposition which the bread has undergone, it is inferred that the change was not produced by a high temperature suddenly applied, but was due solely to 'the effects of time and external agents,' meaning apparently that the bread had been put into the oven without the latter being previously heated. But the fact of the oven being closed by its iron door-plate is apparently adverse to such a supposition. Be this as it may, we cannot doubt that the terrible catastrophe which arrested the course of life in Pompeii, in all its multifarious phases, found the bakers at their work, their task for the night nearly completed, the manipulated dough which, with the aid of small wine, was to furnish the breakfasts of a hundred Roman burgesses, young and old, just consigned to the vaulted receptacle which was to convert it into edible bread. At this crisis, we may suppose, the fearful eruption, which many premonitory symptoms had shown to be impending, broke out; detonations followed detonations; a deep darkness settled over the city, caused by showers of ashes mixed with rain, which ultimately bore down the roofs of the houses by their weight; while currents of water and mud, sweeping down from the upper part of the mountain, inundated the streets and the lower parts of all the buildings, public and

fairly attributed their death. The pang of parting with goods or gold, alas! has proved in all ages too frequently the immediate cause of an early grave. Since my last visit to Pompeii, I am glad to tell you that the mode of admission within its precincts has been much improved. Formerly a stranger was much annoyed, on his arrival thither, by a horde of greedy *Ciceroni* who pressed their services on him, and for whose services, if taken advantage of, it was almost impossible, by even a liberal payment, to obtain thanks. To the honour of the present Government, and for the benefit of Englishmen's tempers, the duties of those *Ciceroni* have been suppressed, while the soldiers who guard the city from spoliation are appointed the sole guides, and are prevented, under the pain of punishment, from receiving any fees from visitors. At the gate to the city a small sum is exacted by a Government collector, and a turnstile there marks the number of entrants, and consequently checks the money collected. On private, the temples, theatres, baths, market-places, the small cottages of the poor and the large mansions of the rich, with the stalls of the tradesmen and artizans (see Dufrenoy's 'Memoir of Mount Vesuvius'), and among them the shop of our unfortunate baker, whose last batch yet remains to gratify the curiosity of men born fifty generations after him. The inhabitants had generally escaped destruction by flight, for very few skeletons have been found in the town. The stream of lava that overwhelmed Herculaneum was probably the last product of the great eruption."

passing, therefore, through this gateway we found ourselves at once at liberty to wander from the Temple of Venus to the Forum, from the great portico of Eumachia to Thermes, and to prosecute our door-to-door visitation throughout the street called "Abundance;" while we had time allowed to read upon the walls of the shops in the small street which leads to the gate of Sarno, the signs and the announcements which the inhabitants of Pompeii usually painted in large red letters on a white ground, no doubt to attract the attention of the passers-by to the wares they had to sell.

On our journey to and from Pompeii we found, along the whole road from Naples to Torre de l'Annunciata, a constant succession of towns, villages, and villas, and their population living chiefly in the streets or on the roadway. Shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths, were labouring, not in their workshops, but under the open canopy of heaven; while the manufacturers of macaroni,—and let me inform you that it is in these little towns where this article is chiefly made,—were in vast numbers, in the garb of Adam before the fall, rushing out of the dark recesses in which they toiled, to hang up on outstretched poles on the street, this much-cherished article of food, like hanks of yarn, to be dried in the sun. Need I tell you that macaroni is here eaten by every one, from the prince to the peasant, and that its praise is sung by many a popular ballad singer or harper in

Naples and its neighbourhood. The following ballad in the Neapolitan patois I picked up, and have attempted, but perhaps unsuccessfully, to translate; such as it is, I give it to you as no bad illustration of the vulgar ballads of the country:—

If victorious you would be
On the land or on the sea,
Then let Macaroni be
Your sword and your artillery.

If a city you defend,
Without a soldier or a friend,
Make its bastions stout and strong
Of good Naples Macaron.

If Diogenes were but here,
With his lantern bright and clear,
You'd behold him everywhere
In search of Macaroni fair.

Florentines and Genoese,
Men of Naples, Milanese,
Every land beneath the sun,
Worship thee, fair Macaron!

Aged dames and maidens coy,
Married, widowed, thee enjoy,
And this chorus warble strong,
“Viva, viva, Macaron!”

If a doctor you would be,
Without the drudge of surgery,
An Æsculapius you'd be soon
By merely eating Macaron.

And if cholera you would stop,
Talk not of potion, pill, or drop,
Prescribe a doze of Macaron,
'Twill make the patient stout and strong.

And if thou'dst make a fortune quick,
Without much trouble, time, or trick,
Then take a shop in some fine square,
And sell but Macaroni there.

O glorious Paste! so dear to me,
How much could I say still of thee!
I'd pawn my breeches for a crown,
And spend it all on Macaron!

On our return to Naples, after passing a most interesting forenoon, we visited the Museo Barbonico, where all the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii are shown, and where you find the marbles, the frescoes, the mosaic pavements, the gold and silver ornaments, the culinary articles of every domestic establishment, the MSS. (now daily unrolling), and, what would to my female friends be more interesting, the very bread, and the eggs in the shell, that were just about to be used. In this museum, too, I need scarcely tell you, there is one of the finest pictorial and sculpture galleries in Europe. Our guide conducted us to the best of these, and among the pictures are some of the most famous efforts by Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, Schidone, Domenichino, Guido, &c.; and among the sculptures the well-known Venus, the Farnese Hercules, the Reclining Mercury,

and half-a-dozen other *capi d'opera*. The Mercury is said to be one of the finest bronzes in the world. In this museum a person might pass not only days, but weeks, and even after all might discover something new to admire. Although our visit was very limited, we, nevertheless, had sufficient time to obtain a glimpse of all the leading wonders in this vast collection, and consequently went away quite satisfied.

I should have liked to revisit many of the objects, in this neighbourhood, which in my early years so much charmed me, and therefore I must confess that I feel some reluctance to leave Naples to-morrow morning; but the festival of St. Peter's takes place on the 29th, and we start at 9 o'clock A.M., and hope to be in Rome about 7 P.M.—a journey now easily accomplished in ten hours, but which, at my former visit, required nearly three days.

Before, however, bidding adieu to Naples, I must not forget to tell you that the ladies here are far from being beautiful: they are, in fact, very plain; and as to the women belonging to the working and lower classes, they are decidedly ugly. The latter are, in fact, as black as mulattoes, and are generally attired in but indifferent clothing. They are engaged in front of their houses knitting stockings, making nets, and twirling the distaff, in selling fruit and acid water, and in a thousand other menial duties. The men, more particularly the lazaroni, seem more lazy than

their helpmates, and hang about the streets and the harbour without much to do, vociferating and gaming, and when employed, ever ready to cheat their employers at every hand: at night you find them sleeping under the arcades, in front of churches, and even on the pavements. They are, however, finely shaped men, and perhaps under a better regime they may yet make a step in advance of their present condition. I may mention that a great part of the carriage of articles is here effected on the backs of asses and mules, all the fruit and vegetables being thus brought into Naples, as well as all the refuse carried out. The streets are generally laid with large flat pavement, which in many parts is very smooth and comfortable. On the side of the principal thoroughfares there are now trottoirs, where formerly there were none; but in such fearfully crowded streets as the Toledo it is dangerous for pedestrians to trust themselves on the causeway, or even on the side pavements. This forenoon that street, of one mile and a half in length, in which all the principal shops are to be found, was like a fair, exhibiting greater crowds than the Strand or Cheapside in London, and far more noisy than either, from the jingling of asses and mules' bells, the rattling of carriages, and the loud vociferation characteristic of every Neapolitan. But I must close this lengthy epistle, by saying that, with all the disadvantages of a summer heat, and all the noise of this most noisy of

capitals, I should rejoice in having another lounge in the Chiaja Gardens, or a ride through the neighbouring Grotto of Possilippo—a Roman tunnel of about 1,200 feet, made long before even the days of Nero.
Felicissima notte.

LETTER VIII.

NAPLES AND ROME.

ROME, 30th June, 1863.

ALTHOUGH the distance from Naples to Rome is only one hundred and sixty-two miles, the express train between these two cities, by which we travelled, took ten hours to perform the journey. This arises not so much from the slow motion of the train itself, as from the long time spent at the stations, and especially at those two—within five minutes of each other—which mark the frontiers of United Italy on the one hand, and of the Papal States on the other. At these still very unfinished stations we were detained nearly two hours, all passports being examined on going out of Italy by the functionaries of Victor Emmanuel, and in going into the *temporal* territory of the Pope by those of his Holiness. By the former, nothing was charged, and our passport, being a Foreign Office one, was not looked at; by the latter, the documents of all were carefully scanned over, and even Lord Russell's signature, appended to mine, was of no advantage to me over the others, and I was also, like the rest, charged a few *bajocchi* by the police officials. The light luggage and bags carried

by the passengers were also subjected to a visit by the officers of the Papal Custom-House, which, in a long train such as ours, consumed a considerable time, especially as the *Doganieri* were there as lazy in their vocation as were the waiters at the Buffet, from whom it was difficult even to get a *minestra* and a *coteletta* swallowed during our long stoppage. On reaching Rome, too, our heavy luggage was examined after great delay, and before we finished the various operations required from others and ourselves in connection with this journey, and had got ourselves and our travelling gear fairly ensconced in a *vettura*, and had reached the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," in the *Bocca di Leone*, near the *Via di Condotti*, where we find ourselves now most comfortably located, we had spent altogether good eleven hours from the time we bade adieu to the incessant bustle, clatter, and commingled noises of Naples—redolent of garlic and macaroni, teeming with ugly women and half-clothed lazzaroni, but, at the same time, replete with many charms and many interesting objects—until we congratulated each other that we had at length come to an anchor in the Eternal City—curious to say, on the very same day of the year on which I had previously entered Rome, forty-six years before! There are two things which, if adopted, would easily remedy the lengthened journey from Naples to Rome, and these are—to place the whole of Italy under one civil government, and to better the present very

inefficient management of the Company to whom this line belongs. And yet, when I recollect that, in 1817, three long weary days were required to perform this self-same journey, I perhaps ought now to be ready to thank God that I have lived so long as to see so advanced a state of things in Italy.

The road by rail from Naples to Rome lies for the first half of the journey through a country which may be truly said to be flowing with oil and wine. The corn and vegetable fields of all kinds have each regular rows of olive and almond trees, and between these the vines are festooned. The rye harvest was finished, and the people were busy at their wheat. The maize, which is the principal crop, was in full flower, and promised a rich harvest ere many weeks. Among our first stages out of Naples were those of Caserta and Capua. At the first we had an excellent view of the celebrated palace of the ex-King of Naples, with its magnificent park, and the interesting sculptures scattered over it, particularly that of Diana and her nymphs, which at one period of my life so greatly interested me. At the second we had a glimpse of the spot where stood the ancient city of Capua, whose luxuries proved so fatal to the army of Hannibal, and the ruin of the fame of its chief. With these two objects I had many associations, but I regret to say that they were, upon the whole, painful and sad. When I last looked at the royal palace and on the site of the Carthaginian camp, I did so in company

with two of the best-loved companions of my boyish days, and the most valued friends of my more matured manhood. Both, I felt, had long gone to the world of spirits, and I, who had with them enjoyed so much those scenes, amid youthful hopes and youthful fancies, could not help thinking that here I was, now alone, gazing at objects through age-dimmed eyes which loudly proclaimed to myself that I too must soon follow them thither. Moore, indeed, is right when he says,—

“Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore *alone*.”

Soon after passing the boundaries of the Papal States the country gradually becomes less beautiful, and the land was not so well cultivated, until we reached Velletri and Albano, from which we enjoyed most splendid and extensive views of the hills around Rome, including the distant Mediterranean and the Campagna, in the centre of which the former Capital of the world and of Christendom is seen lying, with the dome of St. Peter's peering up into the sky as a beacon, to show where the coveted home of the Cæsars once was wont to be. Around Velletri and Albano, which, with Tivoli, are the favourite resorts of all residents in this city, particularly during the burning days of summer, we met again with the olive, the almond, the fig tree, and the vine in perfection; and then, at last, we entered on the deserted and unpeopled

Campagna, which, like the aureola round the head of a saint, encircles the Papal city,—but it is an aureola, not of light, but of darkness, not of life, but of death,—which, with its many ruined aqueducts and neglected tombs, proclaims clearly that it is now entirely changed from what it once had been, when it was a rich garden capable of supporting, in a great measure, the million of inhabitants of which Rome once could boast, at the period when that city was in its glory, and when emperors and warriors were constantly returning from distant lands with the trophies of victory and the spoils of nations—trophies, especially from Jerusalem, Egypt, and Greece, which corroding Time, Middle-Aged fanaticism, and modern misgovernment have not been able thoroughly to deface or altogether to destroy!

On reaching our hotel we were unexpectedly told that in the course of an hour or two the illumination of St. Peter's was to take place—this being now done on the Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul. We therefore lost no time in getting ready to witness one of our leading objects in coming to Rome at this supposed unhealthy season. Having procured a carriage, we set out for the Piazza di S. Pietro, and fortunately secured an excellent stance in that immense open space in front of the world's greatest Basilica. It was dark when we reached the square, and what has been called the *Silver* Illumination had commenced; but of this, and that denominated the *Golden*

Illumination, which begins at nine o'clock, it is unnecessary to give you any detailed description, as this can be found in every guide-book to Rome. I shall only say, that whoever has seen these illuminations can never possibly forget the magnificence of the display. Every salient point, and even detail, of the façade and the dome are lit up with lines of lamps, and thus every column, cornice, frieze, &c., of the mighty edifice is seen as if impressed in brilliant and sparkling outline on the dark sky behind. The lanterns for the Silver Illumination are of white paper; the lights for the Golden one are iron cups filled with blazing tallow and turpentine. The latter lamps are lighted almost instantaneously by nearly four hundred persons—the whole being completed in about eight seconds. The illumination is, indeed, a magical performance, and the whole spectacle surpasses the dreams even of an Arabian imagination.

As the following day was the festival of St. Peter, and a strict holiday, we rose early, and prepared for proceeding to St. Peter's. On our way we found the shops all closed, and the whole people in their best attire hurrying on, like ourselves, to the sacred shrine, where the Pope *assists* at a grand mass which commences at about ten o'clock. The streets leading on every side towards the Tiber were crowded with carriages, among which were those of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other high dignitaries of the Church, and those of the Ambassadors at this Court,

of the noblesse and higher classes in the city. All these passed along the Bridge of St. Angelo, but all, like ourselves, in hackney carriages, were obliged to go round by the bridge lower down the river. At different strategic points of the great thoroughfares French dragoons were placed to keep order; while on each side of the great nave of St. Peter's itself a large body of French infantry in *grande tenue*, with fixed bayonets, kept an open space for the procession of the Pope from the Vatican to the high altar. We got within the church about a quarter past nine A.M., and having dressed myself in black costume, I was at once admitted, along with priests, monks, and military, within the open space around the grand altar; while my female friends, who were also in black, and veiled without bonnets, got access to the raised benches appropriated for those ladies who had dressed themselves *en règle*. At about half-past nine the procession began to move slowly up the nave. It consisted of all sorts of clerical and monkish personages—priests, friars, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and other governmental officials—and towards the rear came the Holy Father himself, in his Chair of State, upborne on the shoulders of his servants; and as he passed on he ever and anon waved his hand, as if in the act of blessing the people, who, on his approach, threw themselves on their knees, and bowed their heads, as if in adoration of the Vicar of St. Peter. On arriving behind the high altar, the music commenced and the

mass began, and after an hour and a half of beautiful music and formal mummery, the Pope rose from his seat in the chair, where he had been *mitred* and *unmitred*, and, proceeding to the altar, he concluded the service by at last raising the Host, and showing the sacramental diamond-ornamented cup to all within sight of the sacred service. If anything could soften a Protestant's antipathy to the form and mummery of the Popish ceremonial, it certainly was here. The music was splendid, and the hymn, accompanied by trumpets at the *miserere*, was touching in the extreme. Everything was done in the best taste—the singing, the intoning, and the *acting* being perfect. The crowd in the church was great, but there was abundance of room for all; and among that crowd there were many who had made some noise in the world. We saw the ex-Queen of Spain and her suite; the ex-King and Queen of Naples, with their train of restless and anxious attendants; the Austrian, Spanish, and French Ambassadors, in their full dress of office; and not a few of our own English zealots who had advanced from Puseyism to Popery. In fact, Rome has ever been a city of refuge for ex-monarchs and the members of effete dynasties, and for those who worship ecclesiastical and oligarchical supremacy. A hundred years ago it was the home of our happily discarded Stuarts, and ever since that period there have been found within its palaces abdicated Kings and Grand Dukes, who, when they could

not rule their own subjects, came here to subject themselves to the rule of a Pontiff whom they regarded even more than themselves in the light of a divine appointment. At my last visit I remember having seen the unfortunate Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Fourth, attended by Bergami, in St. Peter's, only a few years before that unfortunate Princess was subjected to the terrors of a green bag, and to the *non mi ricordo* evidence of Majocchi.

In the evening we, like all the rest of the world in Rome, went to the Piazza del Popolo to witness the fireworks which are annually displayed on St. Peter's Day from the gardens on the Pincian Hill, but which formerly were exhibited in front of the Castle of St. Angelo. When we arrived at the Piazza we found this large square filled with the greater portion of the inhabitants of Rome, of all ranks and of all ages, with one or two strong detachments of French soldiery to preserve order, accompanied by three military bands, who played alternately. Through the kindness of the proprietor of the magnificent hotel called "Les Isles Britanniques," in which the Prince of Wales lately resided, we had the use therein of a room, the window of which overlooked the square; and from this window we obtained a most perfect view of the wonders of Roman pyrotechny. The scene before us was one which I can never forget. All the beautiful and picturesque buildings which surround the Piazza del Popolo

came out in bold relief against a clear dark sky. The outline of each tower, campanile, and dome was sharply and clearly defined, while a nearly full moon's rays just caught the Egyptian obelisk in the centre of the square, and the fountains shot up into the air their streams of sparkling silver, or tumbled down in silvery cascades from the tree-covered Pincian Hill. Precisely at a quarter-past nine, cannon announced that the moment was come for the display of the fireworks, and the sound had scarcely passed away when an irruption of fire of every colour and form burst forth, and filled the sky with a dazzling light, conveying no bad idea of Vesuvius when in activity. This was followed by a copy of the illumination of St. Peter's Church in fireworks, almost as large as the original—a scene far beyond any pen to describe, as was the finale, when large balls of fire flew from the Pincian Hill across the square to the obelisk, and back again, lighting up in their progress a succession of many-coloured brilliant lamps. The rockets, candles, wheels, and rings were all on a most splendid scale, and were as much superior to the fireworks we see in our own country as are the strains of a Paganini to those of a penny trumpet! After the pyrotechnical display of Rome, there is nothing really to be seen elsewhere so good. One of the finest features, however, about this display was the sight of the many thousand lighted-up faces of the

crowd occupying the Piazza, looking in wondering gaze on all that was going on. The quiet and orderly behaviour of the masses was most remarkable, and presented a perfect contrast to either a Glasgow or a London crowd. There was no need of Captain Smart and his large body of police here. Of course, the French military were there, but they never were required to interfere; and when the vast mass broke up to return home, there was no pushing, no jostling—all was as slow, quiet, and regular as the coming out of church on a Scottish Sabbath day!

Although we have been little more than two days in Rome we have already seen several of the leading wonders of this most interesting capital. We have traversed most of the great thoroughfares, such as the Corso, Babuino, and the Ripetta, these three being the leading streets in this Capital, each proceeding like the blades of a fan from the Piazza del Popolo. We have looked at the cameo and mosaic shops in the Piazza di Spagna, and have visited several of the studios of the sculptors; but I regret that the opportunity of seeing the Artists themselves is rarely to be had, as at this season every one that can, generally absconds, either to the country or to foreign lands, for better air and less sunshine. We have repeatedly walked round the gorgeous Temple of St. Peter's, and have been lost in astonishment at the 40 colossal columns supporting the roof of Santa Maria Maggiore, while we have been delighted

with the large and elegant structure of San Giovanni Laterano, with its antique mosaic cloisters. We have also visited the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, and have examined the triumphal arches, temples, baths, and palaces of the ancient Romans, and the no less spirit-stirring Forum. We have already seen the famous Galleries of the Doria Pamphili and the Colonna, in which we recognized the originals of many pictures which deceitful picture-dealers have palmed on our industrious citizens as the real works of ancient masters. But this is not to be wondered at, or that so many are thus deceived, when we find, as we have done, first-rate artists busily employed copying pictures in all the galleries which we have visited in Turin, Genoa, Naples, and Rome, and copying them so well that it would require an artistic eye often to discover the counterfeit from the Simon Pure.

In our perambulations through this city we have had little difficulty in discovering that the great mass of the females in Rome are totally different from those at Naples, having generally handsome faces and full forms. The men, too, are tall, well-made, and good-looking. The streets are better paved, and not quite so dirty, although there is still great room for improvement in this respect, especially at this hot season. No doubt unpleasant smells are met with at every turn; while the corners of many buildings, and even the colonnade of St. Peter's itself, are

polluted with most disgusting *immondezza*. There is, in fact, a great want of some Councillor Moir in Rome, to allay, or for ever to abate, such crying nuisances; while the genius of a Glasgow *Macfarlane* would have here full scope for its *excrementitious* energies. With such an abundant supply of water as Rome possesses, it is surprising that the city is not kept cleaner, or that the waste running from its numerous splendid fountains of every size and form, should not be applied for cleansing and sanitary purposes, especially, too, in a city where the figure of mortality is so much higher than it should be.

LETTER IX.

ROME.

ROME, *4th July, 1863.*

THE heat here for some days past has been excessive—not a cloud to intercept a single ray of a burning sun, and not a breath of air to cool the choking atmosphere. We are told that the weather is quite exceptional, and that there has not been such a warm season for many years. Roman residents are complaining as loudly of it as ourselves. It is scarcely possible to be out of doors in the forenoon, even in a covered carriage, although our limited *séjour* here renders this a necessity, much to our personal discomfort. At present most of the shops have their windows closed up, and their doors shut with a curtain, during the middle of the day, while very few persons are to be seen on any of the streets. The jalousies of all the houses are also shut, and many of their inmates take their siesta before dinner, the common hour at present for that repast being four o'clock. About five o'clock the city begins to awaken from its lethargy, and to show signs of life: the streets become crowded with pedestrians, and carriages with well-dressed

people commence their monotonous movements up and down the Corso. The shops are now opened, their wares displayed and looked at, and the Pincian Hill becomes a favourite resort for all who desire to see or to be seen, or revel *nel fresco*. At this season the evenings and mornings are delightful, and the Italians are seen out of doors, and in all their glory. It is then, in fact, that Italian life can alone be best seen and best studied. From the summer sun of Rome English visitors have long ago fled. They generally take flight about the same time that the swallows reach our northern clime. It is said there are at least ten thousand English who come annually to spend their winter here; and without them, I suspect, Rome would be dull enough during that gloomy season. The present abstraction from the population, it may be easily conceived, empties many palaces, houses, and hotels, and must be seriously felt by those shopkeepers around the quarter where we are located, whose peculiar policy, it would seem, is to minister to the wishes and wants of British emigrants. The English money, however, spent here during the winter and spring, I daresay, fully recompenses every possible loss arising from their absence in summer. It seems quite certain that without this great flood of English immigrants—the majority of whom come for pastime and pleasure—Rome would be deprived of much of its life and gaiety, and would be, as it assuredly is at

present, rather a dull and quiet town, forming a perfect contrast to noisy Naples.

Rome, while it is unchangeable in its religious beliefs, and other less important matters, has been considerably altered since my former visit, although certainly not to the same extent as many of the other towns of Italy. A few of its principal streets have now flagged pavements for pedestrians, which in no instance was the case in 1817; but persons on foot are still kept in terror of being run down by carriages traversing the narrow *Vicoli* and many acute street turnings throughout the city. Formerly the town at night was as dark as Erebus; it is now lighted with gas; and the Corso, also formerly so gloomy, is now brilliant with street lamps, and with the blaze issuing from coffee-houses, *trattorie*, and shops. The interior of the houses, so far as I have seen, are also cleaner; insect life is not so abundant; and one can sleep soundly where every bedstead is of iron, and the curtains of pure white muslin. In my boyish days there was scarcely a good hotel in the city—nothing much better than those hostelries in Scotland whose signboards announced “Entertainment for Men and Horses.” Now they are to be found everywhere, but more particularly around or near the Piazza di Spagna and the Piazza del Popolo, fitted up in a style that may well vie with those even of London or Paris. A new one, indeed, not yet completed,

in the Corso, bids fair, for size and splendour, to be a worthy competitor with the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines of Paris. There are now also comforts and conveniences attached to hotels and lodging-houses which formerly did not exist, and which English wants and English cleanliness have most happily created. An abundance of the purest and best water, which always characterized this city from the days of its foundation, has no doubt tended to render these conveniences everywhere applicable; and were it only further made available for sanitary purposes, such as watering the streets and sweetening the gutters, Rome might be easily rendered more bearable and more healthy than it now is during the dog-days. That there should not be a better system of drainage and sewerage than now exists in what may be denominated the new portion of the city—in that portion, in fact, which has been built on the old Campus Martius—is wonderful, when it is recollected that at least 600 years before Christ, and when under Tarquin, Rome had a *Cloaca Maxima* which may still be regarded as one of the wonders of ancient civilization. I examined a portion of it this forenoon, and it might still be taken as a model, at least in point of strength and solidity, for a great conducting *egout*. That dust, refuse, and filth should be allowed to accumulate on the streets, and particularly about the numerous churches, is disgraceful to the local author-

ities, exposed as these are to a heat which the thermometer now tells us is upwards of a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit in the sun; and when we mention that sacred edifices, even St. Peter's itself, are not free from the common practice of their corners being made use of by a shameless humanity, it does seem strange to the uninitiated that so much honour should be shown to one portion of a church and not to another! It is to be feared that the people here are essentially dirty, and that it will require something more than even English example to make them better. With all these *disagrémens*, however, Rome is really a delightful place; and to the educated and the artistically constituted mind, I should conceive, it would be felt a mental paradise. Its climate, although for a couple of months troubled with *malaria*, is, during the greater part of the year, healthy and charming, while the scenery in its neighbourhood is magnificent. There is also to be found the best society and the finest libraries, the most choice statuary and the most remarkable pictures. Everything, in short, that can minister to the intellectual and imaginative faculties of our nature is to be met with in this ancient City of the Cæsars.

During the last two or three days we have been busily employed looking at the leading wonders of this artistic city. Among these we have visited the Vatican and the Campidoglio or Capitol, containing, as these certainly do, the finest statues, busts, baths,

tazze, and sarcophagi in the world. To pretend to have seen one tithe of these specimens of antique art, which are publicly displayed in those marvellous collections, would be absurd; but we, at least, took time carefully to scan the proportions of the Apollo Belvedere, to gaze, with interest, on the unrivalled group of the Laocoon, and to look with pleasure on the beautiful figure of the Antinous, not forgetting Perseus with the head of Medusa, and the two famous Boxers, the last three by Canova, with several other of the well-known statues in the Vatican. We also took time to examine, with no small degree of delight, the splendid form of the Venus of the Capitol, and to study with interest the embodiment of sinking heroic mortality in the statue of the famous Dying Gladiator. In the former of these wondrous collections the admirer of art will always find endless scope on which his fancy might riot; while in the latter the lover of history may find an easy and complete key to the history of Rome, in the chronological series of the busts of its successive Emperors. In the *Camera*, too, which contains the heads of all the sons of ancient Rome who were most illustrious in literature, science, and art, one becomes acquainted with the features of those who have left their individual legacies of imperishable wealth to posterity.

As I stood on the Piazza of the Capitol, and gazed around on the artistic scene that surrounded me, I could not help thinking that it was here that the great

Poets were at one time publicly crowned, and where they, on such occasions, usually recited a poetical address before the chaplet of myrtle and laurel was placed on their heads. How could I forget that it was here, too, that Madame de Stael placed her *Corinne*, with lyre in hand, improvising on the "glory and the happiness of Italy," and opening her eloquent discourse in words which I often repeated in boyhood, and can never forget even in old age,—*"Italie, empire du soleil! Italie, maîtresse du monde! Italie, berceau des lettres, je te salue! Combien de fois la race humaine, le fut surmise tributaire de tes armes, de tes beaux arts et ton ciel! Un dieu quitta l'Olympe pour se réfugier en ausonie; l'aspect de ce pays fit rêver les vertus de l'âge d'or et l'homme y parut trop heureux pour l'y supposer coupable. Rome conquit l'univers par son génie et fut reine par la liberté! Le caractère romain s'imprima sur le monde et l'invasion des barbares en détruisant l'Italie, obscurcit l'univers entier."* Is it not singular that in such a place as the Capitol the memory frequently associates it with the sayings and doings of imaginative beings, rather than with those which history has chronicled. On the present occasion I must honestly confess that the beings which the imaginative daughter of Necker assembles in her Novel on this spot, at the crowning of *Corinne*, appeared more palpably present to my mind than even the astonished and agitated crowd that filled the Forum when Brutus stood over the dead

body of Cæsar, or when Cicero was found declaiming against Cataline. I saw before me the inspired Poetess, with her raven hair falling down beneath her crown of myrtle and of laurel, in full ringlets on her shoulders, with a countenance beaming with pleasure and with gratitude. I heard the triumphant sounds of the music, when, kneeling, she received the badge of a city's approbation. I followed her to her triumphal car, led thither by the Prince Castel-Forte down the stairs of the Capitol, and saw Lord Nelvil leaning for support, under his deep emotion, on one of the Basaltic lions which grace the last step of that magnificent staircase. I found here, indeed, at that moment, the imaginative pictures by De Stael more powerfully exciting than Rome's real stories presented to us by Livy or Sallust.

Yesterday was devoted to an examination of some of the most important objects to be found beyond the walls of ancient Rome, and to some remains existing within its extensive interior boundaries. The first among the former was the Church of St. Paul, which since my former visit was unfortunately burnt, but has since been restored, or rather renewed and remodelled. By many, the interior of this edifice is considered even superior to St. Peter's itself, and, perhaps, in point of simple grandeur and nobleness of design, it is so. Its reconstruction was begun by Gregory XVI., continued under successive Pontiffs, and has at last been nearly completed by the present Pope. The

size of this magnificent ecclesiastical edifice may be imagined when it is stated that it has five naves, and is ornamented with no fewer than eighty colossal granite columns, the capitals of the Corinthian order, and of white marble. In addition to these, there are two others even more colossal than their fellows, of the Ionic order, supporting the magnificent arch over the high altar. Each of these huge columns is of a single block, and was brought from a quarry on the Lago Maggiore. Beneath the arch stands the high altar, under which, according to the traditions of the church, are preserved the remains of St. Peter and St. Paul, except their heads, which are at the Lateran, and over this altar is a magnificent Baldacchino, supported by four columns of oriental alabaster. The total length of the new Basilica, we were told, is 362 feet, the length of the nave being 306; the width of the nave and side aisle is 222; the width of the transept 250; and the length of the transept, exclusive of the tribune, 90 feet. When I was last at Rome there was no monument which the admirer of early Christian architecture regarded with more interest than this magnificent temple, which was originally begun in the year 388, and finished in 935. To the Briton, too, this church, of all others in the Capital, has a peculiar interest, having been the church of which the Kings of England were protectors before the Reformation. We were particularly struck with one thing among many others, and that

was its interior decoration, and with the fact that the only stained glass as yet introduced is from the Royal Manufactory of Bavaria. Does not this fact afford another proof of the correct taste and just appreciation of the Glasgow Committee, as to their choice of the style and character of the windows now nearly completed in the Cathedral of Glasgow?

Not far from this church is found the sepulchre of the Scipios. To this gloomy receptacle of warriors who were magnanimous in victory, modest in prosperity, and unconquerably constant in adversity, we descended with lights, and were shown the last resting-places of nine leading members of the illustrious family, who were conquerors in Spain, in Africa, and in the North. Here their bodies were laid, and sealed up in the rock, and here they still remain, each with its Latin inscription engraved on a marble tablet. But, amidst this group of heroes, we were sorry to find, alas! that the ashes of him who conquered Carthage are wanting! In returning to the light of day from this dark and damp cavern, I could not help feeling to what base uses the receptacles of those remains are now subjected,—to be, in fact, exhibited to thoughtless and ignorant foreigners by an attenuated priest, somewhat akin to Shakspeare's starving apothecary, and all for the sake of a couple of pails, to pay for candles and put the poor fellow into flesh!

During our yesterday's perambulations without the

walls, we, of course, could not forget to pay a visit to the Church of St. Sebastian, situated on the Appian Way, about a couple of miles beyond the gate of the city. The present church, it appears, was built about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and contains a most valued relic, which was shown us by a priest with great respect and honour. This relic, according to the faith of the all-believing disciples of the Popish creed, is a stone said to contain an impression of our Saviour's feet, but, as is the case with many other relics of the kind, we suspect few intelligent persons give credit to the story. From this church a stair leads down to the well-known Catacombs, which extend for miles in every direction beneath Rome, and in which have been deposited the remains of so many generations. In these inextricable labyrinths of subterranean vaults the mind that remembers their history cannot but be filled with sacred awe and sacred recollections. At one time the vaulted roof of this wide cavern proved the line of separation betwixt its neglected inmates and the world around. The march of armies, the noise of triumphal cars, the pomp of emperors, were scarcely felt or heeded within these gloomy and secluded recesses. The Catacombs were, in fact, the chief theatre where the primitive Christians testified their resignation and their virtues, which, in the eye of an omniscient Jehovah, were the more splendid as on earth they were the more unknown. It was

there that the early promulgators of our faith, with limbs too often torn upon the rack, congregated in secret; that holy virgins, the best comforters of sorrowing humanity, and the dauntless preachers of the Gospel—both aspirants to martyrdom—ever hastened to receive the last consolations of religion from the lips of those who too frequently required, ere long, to beg a similar gift; and it was there that Christian believers, happily drawing near the close of a short and sorrowful existence, hewed out for themselves sepulchral niches where they might safely rest from all their worldly woe. The rude stone which covers such modest resting-places records neither the name nor the virtues of the departed. The pure and simple-hearted beings whose ashes once lay, or now lie, within these gloomy receptacles looked not to fame and posterity for reward. They wisely looked to God as the only just and faithful recompenser of the true and the virtuous. In passing through these dismal caverns we were shown many empty receptacles which formerly held a Christian martyr's remains, but whose bones had been removed to churches in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, as the most valuable relics which they could possess. And when thus walking through the mournful labyrinth, and recollecting the very limited means which the successors of the few humble fishermen who followed the footsteps of their Divine Master in Galilee possessed for the spread of their new

creed, we failed not to feel that their success could only be attributed to a faith which no persecution could alter, and to a perseverance which no suffering, and which not even the cruel death of one hundred and seventy thousand martyrs, could quench. Through this faith and through this devotion Rome was ultimately freed from its ancient Pantheism, and at length became the citadel of early Christianity—a Christianity which the fears and follies of monkish men have unfortunately converted into penances and purgatories, instead of the joyful hope of happiness to immortal spirits!

By the side of the Appian Way, along which we had journeyed to the Church of St. Sebastian and the entrance to the Catacombs, we were attracted by the appearance of a solitary tower of marble, whose summit is embrasured in consequence of its having been used as a fortress during the Dark Ages. A Latin inscription points it out as the magnificent tomb which the triumvir Crassus erected for his wife, Cecelia Metella, who, it may be remembered, was as beautiful as she was wretched. It stood there in no ways sensibly altered since I last looked on its exterior and visited its interior, nearly half a century ago, and seems, from its stable masonry, destined to withstand, as it hitherto has done, the powerful effects of "Time's effacing fingers!"

Before entering again into the city from our outside rambles, we passed the pyramid of Caius

Cestus, which now serves as a beacon to guide the visitor to the English burying-ground, in which so many of our brothers and sisters are quietly reposing, far from the homes which to them were once so dear. There is, indeed, something peculiarly sad about a cemetery dedicated to the burial of foreigners—suggesting, as it ever must do, associations of a most melancholy and lonely kind. We did not stop to enter this cypress-environed churchyard, but hurried on to examine once more the ruins of the ancient Forum, where the mind at all imbued with Roman recollections will ever find endless occupation and endless pleasure. Here every object encircling the *Campo Vaccino* is entwined with the earliest recollections of a student's life and first mental efforts; and whether it be melancholy that is engendered at the remembrance of past pleasures, joy at labours over, or the delight of possessing again in thought the warm fancy, the gilded hopes, and the fairy dreams of boyhood, there seems to be something in our constitution that makes us cling to whatever recalls those scenes whose sunshine it is Memory's delight to delineate, and whose gloomiest shadows it has been Time's office almost to efface. Surrounded as I was on every hand with gray and venerable ruins, which naturally evoked the thought of the universal overthrow that awaits all terrestrial things, I must confess that for a moment my fancy was coloured with the gloomiest tints, and that my

mind was disposed to most melancholy musings. The vulgar man eschews every approximation to the idea of a cemetery. He finds nothing there but the tokens of death, and death to him is the worst of evils. And yet, what is Rome but a vast cemetery? What else is there within her precincts which can be denominated truly great except her tombs, or truly exalting save her ruins? Looking southwards from the back of the Capitol over the ancient Forum, and placed near the Corinthian column of Jupiter Tonans, I found my eye at once wandering over innumerable ruins of temples, arches, and columns, and I could not help exclaiming to myself,—“Is this, then, the Forum which was the centre of ancient Rome and of the world?—the memorable theatre of so many great events and of so many tragedies!” Near that temple Graccus perished, and there Scipio was unjustly accused. Here was the prison in which the Apostle Paul was incarcerated; and here, too, was the spot where the last cry of the implacable Jugurtha was poured forth, that proclaimed ruin and solitude for Rome. From this Forum—although there is no trace of that famous tribune whence the Roman people were governed by the most eloquent of her sons—the words of Sylla, of Cæsar, and of Pompey were borne to the confines of the earth. Peace or war was here declared; while from the Capitol itself Brutus showed to the terrified multitude the dagger dripping with the blood of Cæsar. Close at hand

our eye caught the ornamental frieze of the Temple of Concord, which, you may remember, on the discovery of Cataline's conspiracy, so nobly rung with the eloquence of Cicero, while not far distant rises the magnificent remnant of the Temple of Peace, lying in as deep and solemn shadow as that which rests upon the mighty city, in commemoration of whose fall it was erected. At a distance the eye espies the Arch of Titus, in memory of the conquest of Jerusalem; then the Arch of Septimus Severus; and, finally, the more magnificent but less artistic Arch of Constantine—all of them exciting historical souvenirs of the men to whose honour or memory these monuments were erected, and of the strange and stirring times in which they lived;—while over the more distant and deserted palace of the Cæsars, round whose vast ruins the fig tree and the vine are now flourishing, hung a misty veil which neither the eye nor the imagination could easily penetrate. Well has the German dramatist, Grillparzer, described those ruins in the Campo Vaccino, when even in our own indifferent translation of these few lines he says,—

“Ye hallowed ruins, hail! all hail!
Amid destruction, splendid yet;
Though seen, too, 'neath the twilight pale,—
The glimmer of a Sun long set!
Whisper your names, I'd know you well,
What ye were once, your use, your aim;
What ye are *now*—'twere vain to tell,
Since dire disgrace makes each the same.

“Temple of Concord! first of all,
 That moulders in this field of fame,
 Well may thy last lone pillar fall,
 So sadly hast thou mocked thy name!
 Placed as a guardian angel here,
 To shield each shrine from Discord’s blast,
 Silent thou sawest the fiend appear
 Which ruined them and *thee* at last.

* * * * *

“Titus! thy triumphal fane
 Was rais’d to Peace, and not to Fame;
 But thou hast here thy heart’s disdain,—
 Each crumbling fragment lisps thy name.
 Beneath its arches, Constantine!
 Thou offeredst peace to all the world;
 But Peace hence fled her sacred shrine,
 And War’s red banner was unfurled.”

After contemplating these and other ruins which met our gaze around this ancient Forum, we proceeded to the Theatre of Vespasian, or what is better known by the appellation of the Colosseum. Of the appearance of this mighty ruin, rendered, as you know, more ruinous through the barbarous spoliations of a not remote age, it is unnecessary to speak. Many pictures, and now almost endless photographs, have made it known in every land; but while *Sol*, the greatest modern limner of buildings, can truly convey each stately arch and opening, and each architectural line of this wondrous edifice, the memory can alone recall its past history and sad uses. Solitary though its galleries now are, and silent though its

arena now is, can we ever forget that there the mighty mass of Roman citizens were wont to assemble, and to occupy those circling seats in deep delight when either summoned to a gladiators' combat, or to gaze with even greater satisfaction on the dauntless victims of our early Christianity, exposed as they were to the hungry attack of beasts of prey? Could its silent walls now speak, what a tale of woe would it unfold of the luxury of the master and the blood of the slave! Monkish superstition has converted some of the openings of the arena into chapels, and has set up a cross to mark where many a martyr died. Both, methinks, are inappropriate here; and I cannot but agree with the sentiment expressed in a verse of Grillparzer, culled from the same sarcastic diatribe which I have previously quoted, and which I attempted to translate nearly thirty years ago. The verse runs, so far as I can remember, thus,—

“O Colosseum! giant shade!
Thou mighty power of mighty Eld!
Still strong, though on thy death-bed laid—
Still great 'mid struggling pangs beheld.
Despoiled, despised as useless dross,
Thy fate is like a martyr's death;
Yet why must thou still bear the cross
On which was spent thy dying breath?
Hence with the sacred token—hence!—
The world is thine, and there appear;
Throughout the earth thy peace dispense,
But stand not, Badge of Mercy, here!”

On our return to the city from the Colosseum we looked down from the Tarpeian Rock, glanced at the Temples of Janus and of Vesta, and returned to our hotel by the banks of the yellow Tiber, feeling, as we all did, the greatest satisfaction in having thus seen so much under such difficult circumstances as a limited residence and a fearful heat had placed us.

Although it is almost impossible for a stranger, in the course of a few days' residence here, to pick up any idea of the political feeling which exists among the people in connection with the great revolution now going on throughout Italy, I have nevertheless learned, from a most reliable source, that in Rome there are three great antagonistic parties—the first being the Pope's party, who support the hopes of the King of Naples and the other expatriated dukes to regain their lost territories, and who secretly abet the nefarious means used for that purpose; the second the party of Antonelli, who do not sympathize with the views of the effete monarchs, but hold steadily by a retention of the temporal dominions of the Pontiff; and the third the Liberal party, who wish to make Italy *one*, with Rome for its Capital. It is not difficult to see that, in these circumstances, the poor old man, the Pope, is placed in the most difficult position. His creed, like that of all his predecessors, is *in statu quo*, and is now only maintained by the presence of 20,000 French troops, who hold all the strong strategic portions

of the city. Let only an order come from Paris for their return to France, and a conflict between the several parties would become inevitable, the result of which it is not difficult to foretell. In the meantime all is very quiet here; but it is plain that ere long the volcano, which is rapidly collecting its secret fires, will burst forth, to the utter overthrow of effete monarchies and clerical espionage and oppression. Whether Rome is to continue, as she has so long done, to be the asylum of exiled greatness, it is hard to say. Under the shadow of her ruins dethroned monarchs have frequently consoled themselves, perhaps remembering the words of the poet,—

“Cadono le Città, cadono i regni,
Et l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.”

I forgot to tell you that when going the other day to the Vatican, we crossed the handsome bridge which spans the Tiber, and which here winds slowly and turbidly along amid a mass of rather ruinous habitations; and that there, our attention was arrested by an imposing building, from whose quadrangular base arises a large circular tower. Its summit is embrasured, and from the openings which look in every direction, were seen the destructive mouths of threatening cannon. I at once recognized those rather gloomy walls to be the Castle San Angelo, lately used as a State prison, but now occupied by a French garrison. How strange are its uses now,

to those when first erected! At that period this immense and splendid pile was solely intended to hold the ashes of the Emperor Adrian. Proud mortal! he wished to show his vanity even beyond the grave. The magnificent columns—the innumerable statues—the precious bronzes—which made this mausoleum one of the wonders of the world, served as weapons of defence in the hands of the various parties who successively occupied the eternal city during the Middle Ages. From its walls the soldiers of Belisarius, of Narses,* of Cres-

* On the death of Constantine, Narses, the eunuch, was taken from the domestic service of the palace and suddenly exalted to the head of an army; but the spirit of a hero who afterwards equalled the merit and glory of Belisarius served only to perplex the operations of the Gothic War. After many successful battles he took Rome, killed Teias, the King of the Goths, defeated the Franks, and Alemanni, and governed Italy in the capacity of Exarch. On Alboin, King of the Lombards, undertaking the conquest of Italy in 567, in which he at length succeeded, Gibbon says of Narses,—“The Lombards might have failed if Narses had been the antagonist of the Lombards, and the veteran warriors, the associates of the Gothic victory, would have encountered with reluctance an enemy whom they dreaded and esteemed. But the weakness of the Byzantine court was subservient to the barbarian cause, and it was for the ruin of Italy that the emperor once listened to the complaints of his subjects. The virtues of Narses were stained with avarice; and in his provincial reign of fifteen years he accumulated a treasure of gold and silver which surpassed the modesty of a private fortune. His government was oppressive or unpopular; and the general discontent was

centius,† hurled down upon the besiegers the *capi d'opera* of Grecian and Roman sculpture. The expressed with freedom by the deputies of Rome. Before the throne of Justin they boldly declared that their Gothic servitude had been more tolerable than the despotism of a Greek eunuch; and that unless their tyrant were instantly removed, they would consult their own happiness in the choice of a master. The apprehension of a revolt was urged by the voice of envy and detraction, which had so recently triumphed over the merit of Belisarius. Instead of attending, a slave and a victim, at the gate of the Byzantine palace he retired to Naples, from whence Narses invited the Lombards to chastise the ingratitude of the Prince and the people. But the passions of the people are furious and changeable, and the Romans soon recollected the merits or dreaded the resentment of their victorious general. By the mediation of the Pope, who undertook a special pilgrimage to Naples, their repentance was accepted; and Narses, assuming a milder aspect and a more dutiful language, consented to fix his residence in the Capitol. His death, though on the extreme period of old age, was unseasonable and premature, since his *genius* alone could have repaired the last and fatal error of his life."

† Of Crescentius, Gibbon says,—“In the minority of Otho III. Rome made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the Consul Crescentius was the Brutus of the Republic. From the condition of a subject and an exile he twice rose to the command of the city, oppressed, expelled, and created the popes, and formed a conspiracy for restoring the authority of the Greek Emperors. In the fortress of St. Angelo he maintained an obstinate siege till the unfortunate consul was betrayed by a promise of safety, his body was suspended on a gibbet, and his head was exposed on the battlements of the Castle.” This occurred in the year A. D. 998.

statues of gods and heroes became, in the hands of these barbarians, the instruments of extermination; while the tomb itself, which was only intended for the ashes of *one*, from being the eternal bone of contention, became, ever and anon, bathed with the blood of hecatombs of human victims. Unfortunate Italy! even the monuments of thy ancient greatness have been found consummating thy ruin!

I also forgot to tell you that while in this quarter of the city we did not neglect to look at the Piazza Navona—the largest square in Rome, now used as a market-place, and in which there are two fine fountains. On my first visit this square had particular attractions for me and my young companions, for at that time the statue of Pasquin, therein placed, was constantly made use of for hanging up *pasquinades*, and other pieces of wit or satire, on all that was going on in the city. As a specimen of these I may mention one, which we ourselves did not see paraded, but were told of as having occurred about that period. This pasquinade arose from the following circumstances:—A person who lived in the Piazza, whose name was Cesar, was about to be married to a lady of the name of Roma. On hearing this, a wag or satirist immediately hung up on the statue of Pasquin the following notice:—“Cave tu Cesar ne tua Roma respublica fiat!” upon which next day there was appended to the notice, “Cesar imperat!” But on the third, the satirist returned

to the charge, and added, "Ergo coronabitur!" We saw many such pasquinades at that time, although none of them equalled this in terseness or in wit. Whether the same Punch-like spirit exists, and is now practised in the Piazza, I had not time, although I had all the inclination, to discover.

This forenoon we have taken a last look of some of the things that most pleased us. For example, we again looked at the Pantheon, the largest and most entire of old Roman temples. In front of its dusky vestibule is carved the illustrious name of Agrippa, the friend and counsellor of Augustus Cæsar; while its exterior walls still bear witness to the vapour of ancient incense, and to the smoke of the burnt offerings of bulls brought hither to be laid on the altar. It is here, above all others, that memory is ready to recall the early sacred rites of the Roman people. Although the Pantheon is, in my opinion, now unfortunately converted into a Christian temple with many altars, there are still to be seen here the marble busts and the sepulchral urns of some of the most celebrated artists, and among these, that of Raffaele, with the following inscription:—

"Ille hic est Raphael timuit qui sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."

There are now but few relics of the times of the Republic remaining in Rome. The canals and aqueducts for conducting water into the city were the

only luxuries in which the commonwealth and the monarchs which preceded it appear to have indulged.

During our residence here we have visited several of the most celebrated sculpture studios in this most artistic city, and among those the studios, in particular, of our own countrymen, Gibson, Macdonald, and Spence. I need scarcely tell you how much I regretted to find that two of those gentlemen had gone to England, and that one of them was at Tivoli, and hence I had not the opportunity of presenting my letters to them. I had a particular desire to see Mr. Gibson, for whose late works I feel the greatest admiration. The beauty and grace of his female figures I believe have never been surpassed by any modern artist, and may well compete with even some of those by the ancient Greeks. In his absence, I took the liberty of wandering through his studio, and there saw what he has been lately employed on. Among the most novel of his works is a *Ballatrice* or *dancing girl* which he has completed in clay. The figure is represented in pretty strong action with castanets in her hands; and her motion is so natural that one cannot help imagining that she is in the very act of springing in the dance, full of joy and gladness. Her arms are above her head, and the lines of her elegant figure are particularly flowing and graceful. A copy of this statue, I learnt, has been ordered by a gentleman in the West of Scotland, but he has declined to permit Mr. Gibson to tint or

colour it. In this studio we also saw a duplicate of the Venus which created so great a sensation in the International Exhibition last year; but it was not tinted, like the one exhibited in London. There was also a Hebe, most delicately tinted; of which it is but truth to say that the youthful and charming figure appeared warm and glowing when placed in contrast with the cold and insensible marble of the Venus. We were told that Mr. Gibson had been summoned by the Queen to London, to execute a bust of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales; and I believe that all will agree in thinking that no one more able and appropriate could have been chosen for such a charming task.

At Laurence Macdonald's studio we saw many beautiful works of art, and many well-known busts. I noticed, in particular, the face of my old school-fellow and townsman, John Graham Gilbert, which is at this moment being put into marble. It is a speaking likeness of our esteemed artist, who spent some weeks in Rome during the spring. As I have not met with Macdonald since he first came here, I had a strong desire to see him; but on calling at the *Caffè Greco*, where all the resident artists daily congregate, I found I had no chance of meeting him at this time; so I must defer till another opportunity the pleasure of talking over the days when he indulged as much in poetry as in sculpture. You are aware that Macdonald is looked upon as one of the

best bust-artists in Europe, and has chiseled at least 500 of them in marble. They are in general remarkable for the correct likeness of the individual, and for the simple taste in which they are executed. But Macdonald's genius is not confined to sculpturing heads. In the higher walk of his noble art he has produced many beautiful and passion-speaking figures.

In the studio of Mr. Spence, whose lady has been peculiarly attentive to us, we were charmed with many beautiful groups and statues, well worthy of the fame that our artist so justly acquired from the exhibition of his group, entitled "The finding of Moses," at the great International Exhibition in London. We also saw here the originals of his "Highland Mary" and his "Lady of the Lake," the marbles of which are now at Balmoral; and among several busts we observed that of Mr. John Jamieson, the late Dean of Guild of Glasgow, which is done to the life. In short, through the numerous studios of this city, one discovers known countenances at every turn, bespeaking the great patronage that is bestowed by our countrymen on Roman art. The money yearly spent on sculptures, cameos, and mosaics, in this city by foreigners, must be great indeed; but it is well spent, tending to spread through all Europe the love of that which marks the highest civilization of man. I have scarcely seen any works of art so artistically executed as the cameos of Saulini, in the Strada

Babuino, both on shell and on onyx. They are indeed perfect gems.

Among the many Italian sculptors resident in Rome, there is perhaps none whose celebrity is greater than Tenerani, who in fact, by many, is looked upon as the greatest living artist in the world. He has devoted his genius and his talent chiefly to the elucidation of sacred subjects, and these of a colossal kind, some of them having been ordered for the adornment of St. Peter's. He has lately produced a colossal figure of the Saviour, in which meekness, mildness, and dignity are so beautifully blended as to render this representation of Christ one of the most touching and effective that can be conceived. You may remember that this Italian sculptor was represented in the Roman Court of the last great Exhibition by a beautiful marble statue of Psyche, belonging to the Hon. F. Calthorpe. His studio is near the Barbarini Palace, and no one going to Rome should neglect to visit it. But I must stop saying any more about art or artists, as the Fachini have come for our luggage, which must be at the post-office at least a couple of hours before the departure of the diligence by which we go this afternoon to Florence.

LETTER X.

ROME AND FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, 8th July, 1863.

IT was with no little regret that we left Rome. We had spent a very happy and a very instructive week in that city of antiquities and art wonders; we had met with some kind friends; and besides, we had no expectation of ever again traversing the aisles of St. Peter's, with its beautiful chapels, its mosaic pictures, its colossal statuary, and its magnificent dome—of looking on the ancient Pantheon, hoary with years, and associated with burnt offerings once offered up to the gods—of gazing on the *capi d'opera* of sculpture so beautifully arranged in the Vatican and the Campidoglio—or of studying the true pictures of the ancient masters, belonging to private individuals in many princely galleries to which there is everywhere easy access. We felt, too, that the wonders of the Forum and the Campo Vaccino would soon be to us, what they are to those who saw them in all their pristine glory—things of the past. We had no chance of again strolling along the Corso, where, during an evening's promenade, every third man met with is either

a priest or a soldier; or that we should ever again have the gratification of breathing the artistic atmosphere which plays about the various studios of that well-loved home of artists. In short, we felt, as we were passing on to the post-office to take our places in the *diligenza*, the grief of parting with what we had really enjoyed, but what we never expected to enjoy again; and when the carriage passed through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo I could not help, during the examination of our passports, whispering to myself, with a rather sorrowful heart, "Addio Roma e per sempre!" and even indulging in the following improvised Italian couplet:—

"O che partenza amara,
Roma bella—Roma cara;
Chi ha sessant'anni, spera
A te ritornare!"

The road from Rome to Carmajola, where the diligence meets the train on the Tuscan Railway, is by no means interesting. For the first twenty miles we had to pass through the desert of the Campagna, almost as bare and as unproductive as that of Arabia, without even an oasis occasionally to cheer the eye or attract attention. Indeed, until we passed the frontiers of the Papal States, we found the country badly cultivated, the people poor and listless, while everything bespoke an ancient *stand-still* policy—no progress—no amelioration of that which I encountered nearly half a century ago. The solitary

spot in the whole journey through this portion of the Pope's dominions which at all interested us was the town of Montefiascone, and its environs, which afforded a commanding object for miles along the route, intimating, too, where the best wine in that country can be found, and where the story of a bibulous bishop, similar to that of Asti, is told, perhaps with greater truth, since we heard from an intelligent travelling companion, who resided there, that he had seen with his own eyes the monument raised to the wine-bibbing ecclesiastic's memory in the churchyard of his native town. The wine of Montefiascone, no doubt, is one of the best in Italy, and might well attract the notice of any fastidious wine-bibbing Italian ecclesiastic. Even a sworn *Abstainer*, placed under the effects of the heat and dust to which we were subjected when ascending and descending the hills near Montefiascone, might, mayhap, have obtained *permission* from his conscience to taste the exhilarating draught.

From the generally indifferent quality of the Italian wines, it might be presumed that the manufacture of these throughout the whole Peninsula would be limited. To imagine this, however, would be a great mistake; for, next to the growth of cereals, wine is the most important production of the soil of Italy. Statists have lately declared that, taking the number of hectolitres of wine made at only fourteen shillings per hectolitre, or about three farthings a

gallon, the value of this product alone would amount to nearly twenty-three million pounds sterling! Grapes ripen in all parts of Italy, in the plains as well as on the hills and mountains, and even close to the limit of the chestnut trees. Were there only a little more attention paid to the choice of the vines best fitted for cultivation, and were the grapes best suited for each particular wine more carefully gathered and selected, a great step would be gained towards the production of better wines; and were both the process of pressing the grapes and the fermentation of the juice better attended to, or, in short, were the Italians only to imitate the best methods so successfully followed in France, Germany, Portugal, and Spain, the produce of the Italian vineyards would not only be vastly increased, but the quality of the wines would be greatly improved and their value prodigiously enhanced. At present the best wines to be got in Italy are, the *Lacryma Christi* of Naples, the *Montefiascone* and *Orvieto* of the Papal States, the *Montepulciano* of Tuscany, the *Asti* of Piedmont, and the *Marsala* of Sicily. With respect to the ancient wines which were said to inspire the Roman poets—such as the famous Falernian—there is no wine to be found in the present day that at all merits such a character and such a name. When formerly in Italy, I was presented with some that bore the appellation of this ancient beverage; but from its weakness and acidity I at once concluded that it could in no way

resemble the wine drank and immortalized by Horace and Virgil.

On entering Tuscany, or rather Italy, of which it now forms a part, the country assumed another aspect, and we were again introduced everywhere to olive and almond trees, to vines, Indian corn, and flax, with a due proportion of fig, peach, chestnut, walnut, and other fruit trees. From Orvieto, a large fortified town, built on the plateau of a hill springing abruptly out of the valley, we found that the road all the way to Florence passed through a rich and beautiful country, betokening on every hand comfort, wealth, and prosperity. All sorts of corn, except maize, were cut and garnered. Hence the surface of the soil appeared comparatively bare; but from that soil sprung continuous rows of productive oil and fruit trees, telling of another and a more valuable harvest yet to come.

Although it is only one hundred miles from Rome to Carmajola, where the diligence met the railroad, we took nearly twenty-one weary hours to complete the journey. The road for the greater part of the way is most wretchedly kept—mounting and descending hills many miles in length, deeply covered with white dust, which the feet of six, and sometimes eight horses attached to the diligence put so completely in motion as to encircle the carriage and almost choke the passengers. And then the heat! It was altogether overpowering, and the thirst

intolerable. If any one desires to have an idea of Purgatory, let him only take a seat for twenty hours in a Roman diligence at this season of the year, where there is no stopping but to change horses, and nothing to be got on the road, though you could stop, but the worst of coffee and the sourest of wine. We were told, when we found that all the places in the *coupé* had been taken for a fortnight in advance, and were hence obliged to take seats in the *interior*, that the journey would certainly not occupy more than eighteen hours; and although this appeared to us rather too long a journey without a break, we were obliged to submit to it as the best we could do. The truth is, we believe, the easiest and most comfortable way at present to travel from Rome to Florence is by rail to Civita Vecchia, and thence by steamboat to Leghorn; but my female companions having strong prejudices against even the smooth Mediterranean, I was in duty bound to take the road instead of the sea, and by doing so, was under the disagreeable necessity, on arriving here, of laying myself up, from fatigue, for nearly a whole day.

The road to this city all the way from Sienna—a town picturesquely situated on the summit of a hill, as all towns generally are in the southern and middle divisions of Italy—is characterized by most interesting and beautiful objects. The country is hilly and luxuriant, and the scenery altogether rich and romantic. On approaching Florence, you pass

for miles between rows of tall poplar trees, lining the banks of the Arno, and interspersed here and there by beautiful villas; while the wooded hills, which on every hand environ Florence, gave an indescribable charm to the whole landscape. It was half-past eight o'clock in the evening when we reached the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, greatly fatigued and well fitted for rest, having been constantly on the move for twenty-eight and a half hours—a panacea certainly not well calculated to improve the health of an invalid.

After a three days' residence in Florence, we are bound to say that it is the most agreeable city we have yet seen in Italy. It is very clean, and the houses are all kept in good order. It is peculiarly well paved with flat stones as large and as smooth as those of our foot pavements—there are trottoirs in almost every street—many of the shops are as handsome as those of Paris; and the people traversing the streets—many of which are broad—look comfortable and happy. The street criers are not so loud and vociferous as those in Naples and Genoa; and although not so musical as in Venice, leave rather a soft sound upon the ear. There are no smells, such as are to be met with at every turn in the South—no half-clothed, dirty individuals, such as are to be seen around the *Marine* at Naples—no such filthy, begrimed men, women, and children as we observed in a happily hurried passage through the Roman Ghetto, the dirtiest and most

dilapidated Jewish quarter I ever entered. The chief fault I have to the house and palace architecture in Florence is, that the buildings generally partake of a fortress character, and that the lower windows are all enclosed with iron railings or rods, giving a very jail-like appearance to them. Florence is, indeed, most beautifully placed on the banks of the Arno, in the very heart of the mountains, and possesses all the advantages of such a position. The clear limpid winding river cuts the city into two halves, the more important portion of the town being situated on its right bank. The quays, called Lung'Arno, are lined with handsome private houses and some of the best public hotels in the town; but at this season of the year these hotels are too much exposed to the sun to be so comfortable as the one in which we are now located. The quays are very broad, and command fine views of the bridges across the river, which are justly celebrated for their beauty and elegance, and along those quays persons in carriages and persons on foot take a regular evening promenade, while on the sides are seated, on long white marble benches, crowds of well-dressed people, of all ranks and all ages, enjoying *il fresco*, and gazing on the passers-by.

In perambulating the generally narrow but picturesque streets in the interior of this ancient and noble city, we were met on every hand with fountains, gates, palaces, churches, hospitals, and other public buildings—with statues, monuments, and works of art, such as

are rarely to be found in any other European capital. And when we remembered that these useful and artistic public works had been chiefly reared by the simple citizens of a Republic, out of their own means and from their own industry, we felt surprised indeed. To industry at home, to commerce abroad, and to frugality of living among all classes, may be fairly attributed the early power and prosperity of Florence. By means of its many famous manufactories of silk and of wool,* of gold and of silver, and from its early business in banking (to the last of which the family of the Medici chiefly owed their opulence), this city might have as well been designated "*Firenze la Ricca*" as "*Firenze la Bella*;" while by the elegance of its manners, the prowess of its arms, and the influence of its diplomacy, it frequently became the arbiter of the destinies of Italy.

* In the thirteenth century there were at Florence "200 cloth workers, with a population of 70,000 inhabitants, which gave employment to 50,000 persons, who turned out from 70,000 to 80,000 pieces of cloth, of the value of 1,200,000 golden florins. The manufacturers of Brabant, France, England, and Flanders, sent to Florence not fewer than 10,000 pieces of unfinished cloths, of the value of 300,000 golden florins, that they might be finished off according to the rules of art which were called *Calimala*, the name of which one of the streets in that great commercial city retains to this day; thus transmitting to our times the memory of the pre-eminence of Italy in that branch of art during the Middle Ages."—From "*Report of Royal Italian Commission.*"

The most remarkable architectural and artistic point in Florence to a stranger like myself is the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, or large square in front of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, or old palace, with its lofty belfry, of which Arnolfo da Lapo was architect about the year 1298,—this open space possessing several monuments which at once proclaim the power and greatness of the Florentine people. With no former ducal or papal palace in Italy are there more stirring souvenirs associated than with this old palace. There is, in fact, not a stone belonging to this ancient edifice that has not been bathed with citizen blood—which does not recall historical events, or awaken recollections of times replete with national power, generosity, and patriotism. Two colossal statues as it were guard the exterior entrance. The one the *Hercules* of Bandinelli, and the other the more famous *David* by Michael Angelo. To execute the latter, the great painter and sculptor left the labours of the Vatican, where he was receiving the highest honours and the richest recompense, preferring to these the loftier reward which springs from adding something to the artistic glory of his native country. From near the centre of the square rises a magnificent fountain, with its precious bronzes, erected by Cosmo the First; and at a little distance stands an equestrian bronze statue, by John of Bologna, of Cosmo himself. The *Loggia dei Lanzi* forms likewise one of the noblest ornaments of

the Piazza. In all the free cities of Italy a *Luogo* or other tribune was a *desideratum* near the residence of the chief magistrate, whence to convoke the people and to instruct them in what was deemed best for the public safety and for private advantage; and whence, through the eloquence of their most distinguished orators, the free citizens were moved either to peace or war. Three celebrated pieces of sculpture ornament the arcades of this *Loggia*, viz.,—*La Giuditta*, or Judith and Holofernes, a group in bronze by Donatello, the restorer of sculpture in Europe; the *Perseo* by Benvenuto Cellini, one of the few remaining works of this celebrated and eccentric master that has escaped the destructive fury of military conflicts; and the *Rape of the Sabines*, by John of Bologna. In no city in Italy, I believe, are to be found more numerous and gorgeous specimens of architecture than in Florence, owing her fame for these chiefly to Giotto, Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, Raffaele, and Michael Angelo. The creative art which they practised is perhaps more calculated for the exhibition of national greatness than any other, since it exhibits to posterity the best proof of the social civilization of a remote age. A great architect labours not for the applause of a few Mecenases, but for the approbation of a whole people. His chief and ruling object, indeed, ought to be to minister to the general utility of his fellow-citizens, as well as to the decoration of his country.

Like all other Italian cities, Florence has no lack of churches—the number being not less than one hundred; and many of these are celebrated for the gracefulness of their architecture, and for the beauty and richness of their internal decorations. This city having been the cradle of modern art, and the residence of the powerful family of the Medici, every attention was bestowed on the full development of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, and real artists were elevated to that pinnacle of glory which was so justly due to master minds. We have only to remember the power and independence which Benvenuto Cellini manifested, even in those days of Papal insolence and thralldom—the adulation paid to Cimabue, Giotto, Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Brunelleschi, and to other great sculptors, painters, architects, and chisellers—to understand why Florence should be so rich in everything springing from the successful cultivation of the fine arts in all their phases. And, when we also recollect that this same Florence was the cradle of modern literature, philosophy, and politics, as well as that of the fine arts—the home of Boccacio, of Dante, of Petrarca, of Galileo, and of Machiavelli—we need scarcely be surprised at the lofty position it assumed, and the power it so long wielded over the taste and the science of Italy and the world. In our wanderings through Florence we limited our examination to a few only of the hundred churches which are daily open for the

pious worshippers of this city, containing not more than 100,000 souls. We, of course, paid our first ecclesiastical visit to the Duomo or Cathedral. This noble edifice, known as St. Mary of the Flowers, was designed by Arnolfo da Lapo, Capo Maestro, or Master Architect of the Republic. His design was subsequently carried out by Giotto da Vespignano, Taddeo Gaddi, Andrea Orcagna, and Lorenzo di Filippo. It is in the severe and somewhat sombre style of Gothic then prevalent in Italy, combining much grandeur of general effect with singular elegance of detail. The vast dome which crowns the edifice was the work of Brunelleschi, who competed with no less than three hundred architects for the honour of completing this part of the edifice. This great artist also added the Tribunes, which have so pleasing an effect on the exterior. The dome exceeds both in diameter and in height its famous successor, that of St. Peter's at Rome. The exterior is built of white, red, and a dark green marble, and has a very imposing appearance viewed on every side. The interior is solemn and stately, and contains many fine works of art by Donatello, Baccio Bandinelli, and an unfinished group by M. Angelo, to whom also is attributed portions of the design of the tessellated pavement. There are various interesting works by Luca della Robbia. The student of art will find this cathedral an excellent school. Unfortunately the façade is unfinished. It was carried up so far by Giotto, when, in 1586, the improvident

bad taste of the time led to this being taken down, and it has remained to the present day a problem, for successive governments and architects, yet unsolved. The cathedral boasts some remarkable painted windows, executed by Domenico Livi from designs by Ghiberti and Donatello. To this principle of employing artists of the highest reputation for the designs, the world owes the best existing painted windows. Wherever these are found of really fine design, they are the production, not of tradesmen, but of educated artists. Amongst the monuments in the cathedral, that of an English military leader, Sir John Hawkwood, is sure to attract the attention of British travellers. It is attributed to Paolo Uccello.

Close to the cathedral rises the beautiful marble campanile designed by Giotto. It is about 275 feet in height, and is of the finest class of Italian Gothic. Its cost must have been immense. It appeared, indeed, to the Emperor Charles V., a work of such exquisite beauty, that it is said he exclaimed on seeing it, that the Florentines ought to keep it in a "glass case!" Nor did these words perhaps convey an exaggerated view of this noble edifice, for in its many beautiful details it may be pronounced, like the marble balconies and sculptured arabesques, well worthy of being placed in a Museum of the Fine Arts. There are four bells in the tower, which, with many others throughout the city, keep up a constant jingling noise, particu-

larly in the morning. From the early hour of four till nine o'clock there is little cessation of bell-ringing, calling the pious to prayers, and reminding the careless that ample provision is also made for them. I felt it, however, a great nuisance, and fatal to my morning's sleep. But why should I complain, when I remember our own incessant and discordant bell-clatter on Sundays, and the absurdity of ringing bells in Glasgow at half-past five o'clock in the morning, when no church is open for prayers, and again at ten o'clock at night, when every church is closed. The practice is, perhaps, defensible in Florence, where an object is to be attained; but where there is none, as in Glasgow, why keep up for nothing this old monkish custom? The ringing of Glasgow bells, in fact, either as an expression of joy or of sorrow, must appear intensely ludicrous to every stranger. The Baptistery of St. John, in connection with *il Duomo*, is in the form of an octagon supporting a cupola. The chief attraction about this building are its three bronze doors, one of which, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, was declared by Michael Angelo well worthy to be the gate of paradise; the remarkable mosaics of the interior, by Jacopo dell Turrita; and the well-known fact that Dante apostrophises it in his *Divina Comedia* as *mio bel San Giovanni*, although for breaking a small portion of its baptismal font, with the view of saving a child from drowning, another misery was added to the many sufferings of

the poet's troubled life! It appears that all the present baptisms of Florence are still performed here, of which, I am told, there are upwards of 4,000 annually.

We visited several other churches, among which was first the Church of San Lorenzo, containing the famous chapel by Michael Angelo, who was also the creator of the monuments of two of the Medici, adorned with the celebrated statues of Day and Night, of Dawn and Twilight. We also examined the chapel which contains the ashes and monuments of the Medicis, a mausoleum which cost upwards of twelve million crowns, the interior being lined with the most exquisite mosaics in *pietra dura*, and the tombs adorned with noble statues highly interesting in connection with the history of art. The cupola is painted in fresco by Benvenuto.

We then proceeded to the Church of Santa Croce, perhaps the most interesting of all the ecclesiastical edifices in Florence, being a perfect Westminster Abbey. Here are to be found the last resting-places or monuments of those who have shed a halo of glory over the past history of the late Tuscan capital; for we have here the monuments of Dante, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Filicaja, Alfieri, Lanzi, Morghen, and others. What a glorious galaxy of names connected with the intellectual progress of man! Of Dante, in particular, the sublimest of all Italian poets, who was born in

this city, and who, after faithfully serving his country as an Envoy, was at length, through political changes, banished from his native city—nay, even condemned to be burnt alive; from which sentence, however, he happily escaped. After fruitless struggles and many wanderings, the unhappy poet at length found an asylum in Ravenna, where he died. No wonder that his heart was excited and his intellect roused to doom those who had been his foes, as well as those who had been the bane of humanity, to the dread horrors of that *Inferno* which his boundless and wild imagination had created!—Of Machiavelli, too, who was a native of Florence, and who in early life had played a leading part in the Florentine Republic, although he was afterwards deprived of his high position by the Medici on their return to Florence, having been subjected to imprisonment, and even to torture. Before the close of life, however, Leo X. availed himself of his great political talents. Is it a wonder, after so eventful a life, that he should have penned, in his *Principe*, so covert a satire upon tyranny!—Of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who as a painter sculptor, and architect, was, with the exception of Raffaele, the foremost artist of his age, unrivalled in the originality and grandeur of his works. His daring genius discovered and trod new paths in art. In his youth he knew no other want than that of occupying his mind, and no other pleasure than that of cultivating the arts; and in old age, having become rich,

he despised luxury, and was even careless about the conveniences of life. He was disinterested, austere, inflexible, with a contempt of fortune and even of glory, while he was at the same time kind-hearted and singularly indulgent to the weakness or vanity of others.

After examining with the deepest interest the many monuments contained in the Church of Santa Croce, and admiring its lately renewed beautiful façade of white marble, seen so well from the large Piazza in front of it, we proceeded to that of the Annunziata, the portico to which contains noble frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, and other masters of his time. The vaulted ceilings, dome, and neighbouring cloister, are all painted in fresco, and in the latter place is the lovely painting by Del Sarto, the Madonna del Sacco, one of the finest works in Florence. But after having seen so many ecclesiastical structures elsewhere—all so replete with specimens of painting, statuary, marbles, noble architecture, and plate, I can say little more than express wonder whence the enormous sums could be obtained for rearing and embellishing them. I confess, however, that I have too much feeling for art and genius to hold the opinion lately offered by an American in Rome, who, when asked what he thought of St. Peter's, coolly replied, in a true Yankee accent, "that there was a great deal too much unproductive capital laid up there!" Shade of Michael Angelo, thinkest not thou this man a savage?

We have, of course, seen many palaces and many pictures, but among those there is none equal to that of the *Pitti*, now the Royal Palace, which contains one of the very best collections of paintings in the world. In the various rooms which contained the five hundred pictures of the Pitti Palace, are certainly to be found some of the chief treasures of pictorial art, especially of those belonging to the Florentine school. Here, in particular, we discover why Andrea del Sarto gained his high reputation, for it is here where he shows himself to be indeed a rival to Raffaele—even when in this palace we contrast the former's "*Taking down from the Cross*" with the latter's "*Madonna della Sediola*." We do not mean to trouble you with the very long catalogue of this wonderful collection of almost every master whose works have gained for him a European reputation; but merely to add, that here the artist and the connoisseur might well pass weeks of pleasure and instruction. Throughout this gallery, and in the adjoining rooms of the palace, there is no end of magnificent Florentine tables, one of which we saw being said to be worth £60,000. It is believed to be the best specimen of an art which is still successfully practised here, and of which we have seen fine specimens in the Government manufactory. The origin of this beautiful manufacture is not quite certain; but it has been alleged, and with some reason, that Cosmo the First having brought

from Milan and Rome workmen skilled in the art of decorating furniture with precious stones, the manufacture of *pietra dura* was commenced in Florence about the middle of the sixteenth century. Under the patronizing encouragement of the Medici it rose to great perfection. First-rate artists were engaged to make designs, with pleasing combinations of colours and effect, so as to represent ornaments, buildings, flowers, and animals. Besides such great works as the incrustation of the walls of the Mausoleum of the Medici, and the production of precious tables, chimney pieces, or cabinets, the Florentines also manufacture beautiful ornaments for ladies. Specimens of these are imported by our jewellers, but to see the art in its perfection it is necessary to visit Florence.

In a large room adjoining the gallery is a splendid collection of gold and silver plate, chiselled by the best Florentine artists. Here, in particular, we saw some of the finest works of Benvenuto Cellini, of John of Bologna, and others that have left names rendered immortal through the beauty and excellence of their handiwork. Connected with the Pitti Palace is the famous garden of the Boboli, with which I remember to have been so much enchanted on my first visit to this city, and about which I also remember the gifted author of *Vathek* thought there was something so solemn in its shades, its avenues, and its shrines of cypress. The Boboli is a garden of terraces, robed by a thick underwood of laurel and myrtle,

and interspersed with statues of fawns and sylvas glimmering amongst them. Many of these statues pour water into sarcophagi of white marble, on which are sculptured the finest relievos. In short, the Boboli is a sylvan retreat not surpassed by any in Europe: those of the King of Bavaria at Nymphenburg, or of the Emperor of the French at Versailles, alone equal it. On the highest point of this garden is placed a *Belvidere*, from which one of the most splendid views of the surrounding country and of the city itself can be obtained. The scene, in fact, here presented to the eye, extends as far as vision can reach. The Florentines look upon the Pitti Palace, and its adjunct the Boboli gardens, as the finest monument of taste in Italy. The palace was constructed by Luca Pitti, about the year 1440, from designs by Brunelleschi, his object being to surpass the edifices raised by the Medicis. In 1568 the court was erected from designs by Ammannati, who likewise added the windows now seen on the ground floor of the façade. This noble palace has in part the fortress-like character of the habitations of the Florentine nobles who lived in stormy times. It fell into the hands of the Medicis, and has, although retaining the name of its founder, been the residence of the successive rulers of Tuscany, who have all contributed to render it more and more beautiful, and to collect within its walls the most precious *chefs-d'œuvres* of the arts.

Besides the admirable collection of the Pitti Palace, Florence is happy in the possession of a Museum of marbles, bronzes, pictures, drawings, and other works of art, which is one of the most complete and perfect in Europe. It cannot rival the galleries of the Vatican in the number of its marble statues, but those which it possesses are equal to the finest in any other gallery. Here are preserved the unequalled Venus of the Medicis, the Apollino, the Faun, the Knife-grinder, and the Boxers—priceless gems of art. The Museum at Naples is richer in bronzes, but those of Florence are profoundly interesting, illustrating the infancy of the art as well as its more perfect efforts. The collection of pictures is certainly one of the finest in the world. They are arranged according to schools and epochs; and thus the traveller who is desirous of studying the history of painting may trace its progress from the productions of the Greek masters, who revived the art in Italy, to those of the seventeenth century.*

* The Italian Commissioners, in their Report of 1862, state that “the Palazzo Vecchio, now called *Gli Ufficii*, which the city erected in 1250 for the captain of the people, and which was afterwards the residence of the Mayor, was appropriated to the purposes of the museum.” The memorable events which occurred within its walls it is here unnecessary to state, save that “in 1574 it was degraded in the most ignominious manner, to make it the residence of the Bargello, captain of the men-at-arms of the government of the Grand Duke, and to erect prisons; and that in 1856, almost three centuries afterwards, on the proposal of M. Alles-

I well remember, when formerly in this city, being particularly interested with the hall filled with the portraits of the most celebrated painters of Europe. This gallery contains now one of the most extraordinary collections of characteristic heads in the world—heads all worthy of the study of the disciples either of Spurzheim or Lavater. Here we find the divine Raffaele painted by himself, the only limner worthy of such a subject; Titian, with his eyes of fire, bald forehead, and noble expression; Albert Durer, the prince of German painters, with his long hair and Flemish moustachios, his penetrating eye and grave countenance; Holbein, with a shorn and severe face and a monk's cowl, looking like an inquisitor; Leonardo da Vinci, venerable and noble; Michael Angelo, his rival,—and on whose account Leonardo became an exile from Florence—with features possessing that boldness, inflexibility, and hardness of expression, which so peculiarly characterized his life and his works; Andrea del Sarto, the third great ornament of the Florentine school, with his natural, sweet, and placid physiognomy, and who equalled Raffaele in all save his inspiration; Pietro da Cortona, with his beautiful and striking profile; Carlo

sandro Manetti, at that time Director of the Civil Buildings of Tuscany, it was determined to restore it to its original design; and accordingly the work was confided to M. Francisco Mazzei, the architect who has successfully accomplished this difficult work."

Dolce, worthy indeed of bearing such an appellation through the grace of his pencil and the suavity of his manners; Annibal Caracci, in five different positions, painted by himself, and by his side his dear and faithful friend Albano, the Anacreon of painting; Domenichino, with his dark and shaded countenance, which seemed to speak of his misfortunes and of the persecutions which sent him to an early tomb; Guido, with his look of hope and assurance; Guercino, Caravaggio, Vasari, Tintoretto, Schiavone, Giulio Romano, with all the chiefs of the Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, German, French, and English schools. In this wonderful hall, in short, we meet with the living lineaments of all the well-known artists of past ages; of artists who were rivals, and even enemies, during life, but who have laid aside their anger, and have left posterity to judge of their several merits. A solemn silence reigns amid this marvellous assembly, but which is not altogether lost on those who have hearts that can feel the beauty of art or the magic of great men and of great memories!

By those who are at all acquainted with the tongue or the literature of Italy, the beauty and elegance of the *Lingua Toscana* must ever be appreciated: to the *Accademia della Crusca* the world owes one of the grandest dictionaries of any language in the world. Every one knows the common saying, "*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*," and there is no doubt of the fact that while the idiom made use of in Sienna and

Florence is far superior to any other heard in Italy, its pronunciation is far better given in Rome. The Florentines are in the habit of using, for example, the letters C and G after the manner which the Spaniards use the guttural I, calling *Cavallo*, a horse, *Havallo*; *Casa*, a house, *Hasa*; and *Quattro*, four, *Houattro*. But these are sounds to which the ear soon becomes accustomed, while the idiomatic elegance of the language used even by the peasantry cannot fail to give to the scholar and linguist the phraseology of Boccaccio, Petrarca, Dante and Tasso.

My predilection for the haunts and homes of illustrious men naturally led me to visit the house where Dante was born, on the front of which is inscribed—

“In questa Casa degli Alghieri nacque il divino poeta,”

and to gaze on the favourite seat on which the divine poet sat in the street while looking at the Duomo, with “eyes in a fine frenzy rolling.” I also looked at the tower where Galileo watched the starry heavens through a telescope of his own making, whence he discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, the starry nature of the Milky Way, the hills and valleys of the moon, and the spots on the solar disk, from the motion of which he deduced the rotation of the sun, and who, for telling the world his belief in the Copernican system, and overturning absurd astronomical theories, received the too common reward rendered to great discoverers—persecution

and obloquy. On visiting the house of the Buonarotti, in the *Via Ghibellina*, where Michael Angelo lived and studied, we saw many of the original sketches, writings, and casts which he had left in his paternal home, and after his death the house was ornamented with pictures by his pupils, illustrative of their master's busy and important life. In this house, too, we were shown a small apartment, lighted by a little window, in which the great artist studied—particularly when wearied with sculpture, painting, and architecture, he devoted himself to poetry, being no doubt inspired in his amatory effusions by the lovely and intellectual countenance of Victoria Colonna, the Roman poetess, whose portrait hung above his writing-desk. This house consists of a considerable number of apartments, and continued to be possessed by regular descendants of the family till about three years ago, when the last remaining heir died, who willed it to the city, in the hope that by this act the whole furniture, paintings, sketches, &c., would be kept intact. I also saw the house in which John of Bologna resided, and that in which Machiavelli died; the house where Cellini cast his Perseus, and the home where Alfieri passed the last ten years of his singular life.

In accordance with the invariable custom followed by the Florentines, we entered our carriage, after the heat of the day was over, to enjoy those delicious evenings so peculiar to this portion of Italy—one

night having mounted to Lo Bello Squardo, a height on the south side of the Arno, and on another having driven to "Il Bosco," or the wood, which is not much inferior to the Bois de Boulogne, being more naturally, though not so artistically, laid out. From the former there is one of the very finest views that can be conceived—the whole city, with dome and turret, campanile and chiesa, lying stretched out before the eyes of the observer, while the surrounding hills, covered with white villas, and planted with trees of the richest foliage, hem in the landscape on every side. Nothing, indeed, could be more lovely than that which there met our delighted gaze, everything seen being under the soft and *Claude-like* effect of a glowing sunset.

We shall certainly never forget this truly magnificent picture of the once Tuscan capital. About the centre of the *Bosco* the carriages frequently stop, and allow their occupants to descend to have a sort of Vanity Fair promenade in a well-kept public garden, or to enjoy a libation of warm milk from the splendid dairy which has been erected near it, known by the appellation of the *Cascine dell' Isola*. Attached to those beautifully built and well-conducted cow-houses, are halls for music, and, I believe, for dancing; and hither at certain festive seasons, particularly on the day of the Ascension, do the citizens resort for pleasure and pastime. On our return from our evening's *giro*, we found the street in which our hotel

is situated crowded with well-dressed pedestrians, and the front of the handsome café at the corner of the Piazza Santa Trinità occupied by carriages filled with ladies sipping ices, handed out from the interior of this gay rendezvous to those returning from either the Lung' Arno or the Bosco. For about an hour after sunset the streets in this neighbourhood are, in fact, nightly thronged with an apparently peaceful and happy set of people, affording a picture of life and animation equal, if not superior, to that observed during the forenoon in the several streets and piazze, where sales of all commodities are carried on without doors, and whither it seems to be the leading enjoyment of the Florentine to hie in search of what he wants for his comfort or his amusement.

Although we were told that the *beau monde* were all *in vellegiatura*, or at their villa life in the country, still there were enough of gay people left in Florence to allow strangers to have an idea of the usual outdoor amusements of the better class of the citizens. Of their indoor pastimes we, of course, had no opportunity of judging; but from all I could pick up I am convinced that nowhere during the season—which extends over the greater part of the year—is there to be found any city in Europe where life can be spent more delightfully than in Florence. During winter there is here a large opera house and a first-rate operatic company, with several other theatres always open,

and which, I need scarcely tell you, the Florentines, from their love of music and the drama, universally patronize. Here concerts and conversazioni are nightly given by the noblesse and better class of citizens, and out-of-doors there are daily carriage and pedestrian promenades in the mild evenings of this Southern clime; and therefore I am persuaded that if a stranger has the good fortune to gain admittance into the leading circles of Florentine society—which, by the way, is by no means easy—there is nowhere in the wide world that the well-educated gentleman or lady of any country would find themselves more in their element than in the city of *Firenze la Bella*.

LETTER XI.

FLORENCE—THE APENNINES—BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA, 10th July, 1863.

BEFORE we left Florence, so well designated *Firenze la Bella*, the sacred repository of the art treasures of the famous Tuscan Republic, thereafter of the Medicenean Dukes, and of the best efforts of the *cinquecenti* and *seicenti* periods, I embraced the opportunity of paying a visit to three of the leading sculpture studios in that city—that of Mr. Power, the American, and those of Signori Fedi and Romanelli. The works, finished and in progress, which I saw, all indicated the artists to be men of the highest genius and taste in their interesting art. Mr. Power kindly accompanied me through his large establishment, and pointed out a statue embodying or expressing the idea of *America*, or modern Britannia, which had been some time ago ordered by the United States Government, but which at the present moment would, if set up, be found rather out of place, seeing that the splendid and speaking figure which Mr. Power has conceived and completed represents America trampling under foot her former chains—the emblem of her well-won and vaunted liberty. Whether this grand embodiment of

Freedom will ever cross the Atlantic is now somewhat doubtful: if it does, it will be only a monument of the past—no doubt an emblem of the victory gained over Great Britain, but, at the same time, a fatal remembrancer of the defeat she has since experienced in attempting to control the antagonistic ideas of her own discordant children. It is a beautiful statue, that may well proclaim in any land the idea of Liberty. At present, however, it would be found fully more appropriate for Italy, if Garibaldi's hopes should ever be realized, than for the now Disunited States of America. The statue is altogether worthy of the author of the "*Greek Slave*," which you may remember created so great a *furor* at the London Exhibition of 1851. I also saw speaking busts of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Everett, Webster, and other American worthies, with two scarcely finished statues of Cupid and Prosperine. In the studio of Fedi, whom I had also the pleasure of shaking by the hand, I saw the grand colossal group of three figures which he has just completed for the city of Florence, embodying an episode of Greek history, which he entitles *Polyxena*, and for which he is to receive 100,000 francs, or £4,000 sterling. Many other large and small marble busts, with several monuments for churches, among which that dedicated to the memory of Catherina Brombozino, of Verona, pleased me most, embellished this studio. In that of Romanelli, the pupil and successor

in the studio of the late famous Bertolini, I saw several exquisite fancy subjects;—among these a kneeling *Innocenza*, and its companion, a recumbent *Cupid*; while there was one entitled “*Hope in God*,” the expression of which was altogether heavenly, and another called “*The Inconsolable*,” which breathed the very utterance of an undying grief; and though I dread I am wearying you with too much art, I cannot help telling you that, as in Genoa, a street in Florence is entirely occupied by jewellers’ and trinket shops; but in the latter, strange to say, these shops line both sides of the oldest bridge which spans the Arno. These contain an abundant display of cameos, mosaics, ornaments in *pietra dura*, coral, &c.; but, unlike Genoa, where all these articles are to be found in one street, there are many more shops scattered throughout Florence for the sale of these beautiful artistic articles, including shops full of alabaster figures and ornaments—of engravings, photographs, carvings, and other articles of vertu. In short, the whole city bespeaks it a shrine of the fine arts, and, what is better, a city in which those arts are successfully prosecuted and nobly encouraged.

Two serious drawbacks were connected with Florence which I forgot to mention. I allude to the water, which is by no means good, and to the sewerage, which, like our own, is on a bad principle. The first might be easily remedied by drawing a supply

from the Apennines, in the immediate neighbourhood and the latter by carrying its drainage some miles down each bank of the Arno before it is allowed to fall into the river. At present the sewers all fall into the river in front of the quays, where the chief hotels and some of the best houses of the noblesse are situated—among the latter that of the Bonapartes—and occasion an effluvium in the months of July and August sadly detrimental to the health, or at least the comfort, of the inmates. I was glad to hear that the civic authorities are turning their serious attention to remedy the last of these drawbacks; and it is to be hoped, when the water and the sewerage are improved, coupled with the wise and salutary law passed immediately after the cholera had here been so destructive, against intramural burial, that Florence may be found, as it is well worthy to be, one of the most enviable residences in Italy.

There are two roads from Florence to Bologna—one by Pietra Mala, and the other by Pistoja and the Pass of La Collina—the former travelled over by diligence or post, and the latter partly by rail and partly by post or diligence. We chose the latter route, as being not only the least fatiguing, but the most expeditious; and yet this journey, though the most delightful we have yet had in Italy, will appear somewhat long, when it is mentioned that, while the distance between the two cities is only seventy miles, the time employed

in travelling and in stopping—at one place a whole hour—occupied fully ten hours. The Italians do not seem as yet to value time, at least as in England. Everything, even railway travelling, is pursued with the greatest deliberation, and according to the most stringent rules. The railway officials have still much to learn in the way of expediting trains, as well as of attending to passengers.

The route by the Collina Pass is exceedingly interesting and beautiful. Along the south spurs of the Apennines the mountains are cultivated to their very summits; and in our zig-zag movement ascending by one of the very best engineered and well-kept roads I ever traversed, we found the vine, the olive, and fig tree all bearing fruit; and when I add that the road at its summit level is upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, you would have been perhaps as much surprised as we were to find there such vegetable lovers of the sun. But the truth is, that this highland country owes all to its southern exposure, for, immediately after crossing the greatest heights, and then coming down on the northern side of this portion of the Apennine range, both the climate and the country instantly change. On the north side we descended for miles a narrow gorge, with nothing on the mountain sides but chestnut trees, oaks, and little patches of corn scarcely ripe, until we reached the rough, and at present almost dried-up, bed of what in winter must be the *furious*

Reno, when we again encountered almost all the trees and plants of cultivated Italy. On our onward progress through a mountain gorge, from which we frequently imagined there could be no opening, we at length arrived at Porretta, a prettily lying village, famous for its mineral springs, and much frequented during the summer and autumn, and after passing the rugged peaks of Monte Veglio and Monte Cuculo, arrived at Vergato, where we left the diligence and took the railway to Bologna. If our late journey from Rome to Florence in a diligence certainly disgusted us greatly, and made us almost tremble to undertake another, our journey just completed from Florence to Bologna gave us the greatest satisfaction. We had no dust and far less heat, while we enjoyed the exhilarating and bracing air of the mountains, having the *coupé* of the diligence to ourselves. This journey has again given us confidence in carriage travelling, which, after all, on good roads and without dust, is far more agreeable and almost as quick as by the sleepy Italian railways.

I need scarcely tell you that Bologna, where we have now been located for a short time, is one of the most ancient cities in Europe, known even before Rome was founded. It is beautifully situated at the bottom of the lower slopes of the Apennines, on the river Reno, which empties itself through a canal into the Po, in a most fertile and wide-extended plain, reaching towards the Adriatic on the one hand,

and towards Milan on the other. Till lately it was the second city in the Papal States, but forms now a part of United Italy. It is surrounded by a wall of no strength—but sufficient for the collection of its octroi—and entered by twelve gates. The streets are generally irregular, narrow, and crooked; but in the new portions of the town the leading thoroughfares are broad, and some of the squares are spacious. Upon the whole, however, Bologna, when compared with Florence, has rather a dull and gloomy appearance, arising from the houses having all pillared porticos in front of the shops. These porticos, however, afford protection to pedestrians against sunshine and shower, enabling any one to walk miles quite secure from the effects of either.

As we had little time to spend on sight-seeing, and as we were beginning especially to be tired of gazing at churches and palaces, we selected from a catalogue of nearly one hundred ecclesiastical edifices, all teeming with pictures of the Bolognese school, the Basilica of San Petronius, the largest church in this city, whose exterior, though yet unfinished, is a speaking monument of the religious munificence that characterized the period of Italian freedom. This church was founded a few years before the close of the fourteenth century, when Bologna was a free city, and is in the finest pointed Italian style. Its interior is simple and grand, altogether free from those tinsel adjuncts which

superstition has introduced, and thereby thrown an air of ridicule over the most sacred and solemn structures. It is filled with pictures and marbles of the most interesting kind, and here the archæologist and artist might revel for days. To me this church was peculiarly interesting, from remembering that in it the Emperor Charles V. was crowned by Clement VII. in 1530, and from its possessing the famous meridian of Cassini. This meridian is traced on the pavement, and when the sun is at noontide it strikes the floor with a line of light, which penetrates through a very small aperture in the roof. Do you know that Cassini, though a great *savant*, and rather modest, pretended that this church had become the real Temple of Apollo, in which that god of light emitted all his oracles on the difficulties of astronomy! I may further mention that Saint Petronius, after whom this cathedral is called, was at one time in such estimation that the Poet Tassoni, in his *Secchia Rapita*, frequently designates the inhabitants of Bologna under the appellation of *Petroni*. In the same poem, you may remember that Tassoni consecrates four verses to the glory of the Bolognese Sabatino Brunello, whom he recommends to the grateful remembrance of all gourmands as the inventor of the famous *mortadellas*, or Bologna sausages!

The next objects which attracted our attention in Bologna were the Old and New Universities; the former, at one time called the *Studio Publico*, is

one of the finest buildings in the city, has lately been repaired, and now contains the great public library of the town, consisting of upwards of 105,000 volumes and 7,000 MSS. Free access to all is given for study and for pastime. Although there is little information to be gathered from merely walking rapidly through galleries filled with books, I felt a more than ordinary curiosity to visit this extensive biblical shrine, when I remembered that its learned superintendent was at one time no less a personage than *Mozzofanti*, who, from being merely the son of a humble tradesman in this city, became at last the most celebrated linguist in Europe. At the period of his death, this great interpreter of the Curse of Babel, it is said, was capable of speaking upwards of forty different tongues, and as Lord Byron tells us, was "a prodigy of language, a Briareus of the parts of speech, and a walking library." From this mighty mass of human learning, and from the chair of Oriental language which he held in the University, he was summoned by Pope Gregory XVI. to Rome, and was appointed to an important situation in the more celebrated Vatican library, where for his great learning he was honoured with a Cardinal's hat. The whole walls of the porticos, halls, galleries, and loggie are covered with the arms of the distinguished scholars who were formerly educated in the University of Bologna, and whose attainments at one time rendered that University the first in the world. The New

University, to which the seventy Professors have been transferred, is still more commodious, and well fitted for its object. The students are not now so numerous as formerly, when the University was attended by persons from all countries. They at present amount to about 600. There is happily no theology taught here; and since the institution has been freed from the deadening influence of priestly and Austrian domination, I am told it is making steady progress. It is to be hoped that it will now at least maintain, if not still further advance, that spirit of intelligence and independence for which the Bolognese have been always remarkable.

Of all the objects, however, for which I had again a desire to visit Bologna, the principal was to have another look at the paintings of the great masters of what has been termed the Eclectic School of Painting—a school which has given many illustrious names to the arts, producing two Francia, three Caracci, Guercino, Domenichino, Albano, Guido, Lanfranco, Pasinelli, and Cignani. In the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* we had an opportunity of seeing the best specimens of all these great masters—certainly the most remarkable selection that has ever been made for the illustration of a particular school. I shall not trouble you with the subjects of these well-known pictures; but I may mention that many of the most choice of these made a journey to Paris at the period when Napoleon ravished every Continental church

and gallery to adorn the Louvre, where they remained till again restored by indignant Europe to their rightful owners. In the modern gallery, attached to the *Accademia*, is a very fine collection of the present school of Bolognese painting and sculpture, some of whom exhibit genius and talent of the first order, not unworthy of being successors to the Caracci founders.

I recollect being much struck, when formerly in Bologna, with the façade and the staircase of this Caprera Palace, in which these works of art are now exhibited—a façade highly esteemed by all architects; but I must confess that what excited my admiration at present, as much as anything else in the city, was the magnificent fountain that forms the principal ornament to the public palace, situated in the grand square. The fountain was erected after designs by Loratti, all the figures, which are in bronze, being executed by John of Bologna, who completed this *chef-d'œuvre* of modern sculpture so early as 1563. Neptune has placed his foot upon a dolphin, with a trident in one hand, and with the other indicating a show of authority, and is, in fact, the Neptune of the *Æniade* calming with a word the troubled ocean, and commanding the wind into silence. We have thus another proof that the finest works which the world owes to the genius of painting and sculpture proceed from the genius of poetry; for here we feel that we are indebted to Virgil for the inspiration he bestowed on John of Bologna.

Five-and-forty years ago, nothing excited our wonder in Bologna more than the two leaning towers, called the *Torre degli Asinelli* and the *Torre Garisenda*, and which I have now again looked upon as among the most curious structures in this city. Although neither possesses the architectural character and ornamentation of the famous leaning tower at Pisa, still, from their great height, they can never fail to attract the attention of every stranger. We were told that the height of the former is upwards of 320 feet, and that its inclination from the perpendicular is about seven feet; and that the height of the latter is about 160 feet, with an inclination fully as great, but in a different direction from the other. We were told also many stories about their origin and about their use; but we believe the true reason for their erection was family vanity; no great family in Bologna being without some distinguishing mark of its opulence; for, besides the towers now standing, there were formerly many others, the remains of which are still found scattered over the city.

While perambulating the streets of Bologna our attention was called by our *Serva di piazza* to several houses, remarkable chiefly from the celebrated men who once inhabited them. The first was the residence of Guercino, which stands behind the Church of St. Nicholas, and where he painted many of his finest pictures; the second was the habitation of Guido, with the fresco painted by himself on its front; the

third was that in which Galvani was born, whose discovery has produced such chemical wonders and changes on the social condition of the world; and the fourth, the beautiful modern mansion in the *Via Maggiore* where the great musical composer, Rossini, dwelt, until he fled to Florence, to escape the depressing influence of Austrian domination.

I may tell you that nowhere in Italy has music been, or where it still continues to be, more studied and more criticised than in Bologna. At one time the Musical Zoili of this city were as celebrated for their critical taste and severity as were those of the *Academie de Musique* at Paris; and it is perhaps curious to state that Rossini's early career was nearly arrested by the cruel declamations of those musical pedants. The rapidity with which this great *maestro* composed an opera—writing as he did four or five in a year—led the composer into many little faults, which were greedily taken advantage of by those envious musicians; but by the power of satire and ridicule, which he naturally possessed, he escaped from every obstacle placed in his upward path, and avoided every snare that the envious laid to entrap him. It was at Bologna where several of Rossini's operas were first enacted. At the present moment there are three theatres belonging to this city,—the *Teatro Comunale*, the *Teatro Cantavalli*, and the *Teatro del Corso*, the latter, we were told, being the most popular of the three. Unfortunately, the short-

ness of our visit, and the extreme heat of the weather, prevented us from entering the walls of either at this time.

Among the social peculiarities of Bologna nothing appeared to me more extraordinary than the number of barbers' shops beneath the long and dark arcades of the city. I well remember, when wandering in 1817 through the small as well as the large towns of Italy, I found wherever I went that the leading establishments in every place were a barber's shop and a café, forming a universal attraction to the male portion of the population. Thither all appeared to go, more I believe for idle gossip than for any physical wants. The barber's shop in Italy was, in fact, like the smith's shop in Scotland, a place for talk, and often for scandal. At the present moment, Bologna seems to have lost none of its relish of what characterized it upwards of forty years ago; for I can truly affirm that in scarcely a street or square into which I this day chanced to wander I did not find the signboards of at least half-a-dozen of those knights of the basin and curling tongs fully displayed, and their shops well filled with customers or loungers. The fact is, on inquiring, we discovered that the shop of the peruquier is here, like the café, the universal rendezvous, not only of those who desire to be razed, but of all sorts of politicians and quidnuncs; while in many instances it seems to be the privilege, as it

is the practice, of those wielders of the razor and the scissors to furnish to the lovers of coffee or of cotelettes the same facilities as are offered by the leading *trattorios* or restaurants of the city. The saloon of these Figaros is thus not only a shaving and curling shop, but a coffee-room and an eating-house. But whether or not these vendors of bear's grease and pomatum follow the more delicate and difficult avocations said to be practised so ably by the heroes of the "*Nozze di Figaro*" and the "*Barbiere di Siviglia*," by mingling in the male and female love intrigues of city aristocrats, I know not; it may perhaps be reasonably presumed that among the numerous tonsorial candidates for public favour, there may be one or two who have attained to the loftier distinction of becoming, like their operatic brethren, the necessary "*Factotums della Città*," and perhaps, at least, one of these may be also regarded as truly "*Un Barbiere di qualità*."

About a mile beyond the walls of the city formerly stood a monastery of Carthusians, and on its suppression in 1801 the Municipality of Bologna converted it into a great public cemetery, and this Certosa may now be justly regarded as the largest and finest burying ground in Europe. Thither the dead of all ranks in Bologna are carried, and we were told that the remains of, at least, 194,000 persons are here lying, the daily increase of the dead being ten out of the population of the city and neighbourhood,

which consists of about 100,000. To Napoleon I. belongs the honour of first prohibiting the burial of the dead within the walls of Bologna; but what is still more important is, that the people themselves established this cemetery, and opened it to all creeds and all sects. Our Glasgow Necropolis, the parent, as you well know, of all the garden cemeteries of Great Britain, was founded on the same catholic principles—principles which it is to be hoped will ere long prevail everywhere, in spite of the narrow-minded bigotry and intolerance on such subjects still so prevalent in England and Ireland. In this great *Campo santo* there are various modes of burial. The most prevalent among the better classes is either in family vaults or in the walls of its extensive buildings, after the manner of the ancient catacombs of Rome. For one of these shelves—into which the coffin is placed, and is thereafter hermetically sealed—the charge is only 150 francs. The poor, and those who can only pay a small sum, are laid in the earth. The monuments in marble which already adorn this lovely resting-place of the Bolognese are numerous, and many of them are executed in the first style of art. The cemetery, altogether, is about a mile and a half in circumference; but it is to be feared it will be found, ere long, by no means too large for the demands which the ravages of death make upon it.

In threading the numerous long and beautifully

kept corridors of this vast receptacle of the dead, I could not help reflecting on the altered feelings of man during the past and present history of the world, and of contrasting the period when Pagan worship almost ruled the earth, with the present time, when Christianity so generally prevails throughout Europe. I could not forget that *Life* during the former period was by the wisest men and the most poetical spirits deified; and in the latter period it is not life, but it is *Death* to which divine honours are now paid. In this most artistic and monumental cemetery we have abundant evidence of the now prevailing sentiment; for here we find, over the remains of departed worth and greatness, living genius of the first order called in to do its best to keep alive what our hopeful creed holds to be immortal!

While on the outside of the walls viewing the really beautiful environs of Bologna, we embraced the opportunity of ascending the lofty eminence on which is perched the *Villa Reale*, formerly the residence of the Pope's Legate, but now the palace of Victor Emmanuel when he comes occasionally to visit his new subjects in this city. The palace was anciently a monastery of Benedictines; it now contains many fine pictures; has a beautiful church attached to it; but, above all, it commands the most extensive prospect I ever beheld. The whole Bolognese, Ferrarese, and Parmese territories lie stretched out like a map—rich and garden-like—with white

towns, villages, and villas, mixed with green foliage; while the city, with its domes, campaniles, and particularly its two leaning and its two straight towers lie at our feet. The day was brilliant, and the magnificent prospect was one certainly that none of us will ever forget.

Few portions of Italy are so rich in agricultural productions as Bologna; for, in addition to all the usual articles raised throughout the peninsula, this territory, with that of Ferrara, raises Hemp to the extent of no less than 20,000,000 kilogrammes annually; while the whole product of this article in Italy amounts to about 40,000,000 only. The culture of hemp requires numerous special conditions as regards soil, water-courses, &c., which the provinces of Bologna and Ferrara specially possess; and hence hemp-growing is there found greatly to prevail. In the environs of Bologna we find its culture, as well as that of other herbaceous plants in general, agreeably combined with the cultivation of trees, the vine and the mulberry, which, planted in straight and regular lines, give shelter to the crops. The business of combing hemp is carried on to a great extent in Bologna; and throughout the whole province there is said to be nearly 2,000,000 of combed hemp produced, a great part of which is sent into Tuscany. Messrs. Facchini in this city despatch annually from 15,000 to 20,000 bundles of raw hemp, and 7,000 to 8,000 bundles of combed; while the

works of M. Maccaferri, which have existed for upwards of fifty years, now send out about 70,000 kilogrammes of combed hemp. Considering the quantity of raw material fitted for manufacturing purposes produced all around the city, and the great stimulus which has lately been given to trade and commerce by the change of government, and the introduction of railways, there is little doubt that Bologna will ere long assume a more important place among the cities of Italy than she has even hitherto held. The fertility of the Bolognese soil, furnishing as it does everything that can minister to the comfort and luxury of the city, well entitles it to the appellation, which Bologna has so long borne, in being called *Bologna la Grassa!*

There is another remarkable view to be obtained from the *Church di San Luca*, on the summit of the Monte della Guardia, which is attained by an arcade of nearly three miles, consisting of no less than 635 arches. But, although we were told that we would there see a black image of the Virgin by St. Luke himself, our love of early art was not sufficiently strong to induce us to mount the long hill, shaded though it was from the scorching rays of a mid-day sun.

Previous to reaching Bologna, we had almost made up our minds to proceed from this city to Ferrara, the distance being only about thirty English miles, and thence to go by Padua to Venice;

but when we found that the greater part of the route must be performed by diligence or by *vetturino*, and recollected, too, that we would be in the territory of Venetia, and subjected to all the trouble and inconveniences of the passport system, which happily we had only experienced in the Papal States, we abandoned the idea of visiting either the country of Guarini, the prison of Tasso, or the tomb of Ariosto at Ferrara, of strolling through the fine old streets of Padua *la Dotta*, or sailing round the picturesque architectural and artistic wonders of the "Queen of the Adriatic." On returning, therefore, within the walls of Bologna we were glad to make our way back to the excellent *Albergo Svizzero* in time for the afternoon Table d'hôte, where, among many other delicacies, we were presented with no bad specimens of the real *Mortadellas*, or Bologna sausages, of which, in spite of their rather unmistakable flavour of garlic, we all approved, and thought well entitled to the fame they have everywhere so long maintained. Italy may truly be said to possess an indisputable superiority over all nations in the variety and quality of her salted provisions. Her hams, and particularly those of Naples, are about the very best in Europe; while the *cappe* or *cappocoli*, the chief portions of the shoulder or leg of the pig, *educated* in the mountains, fed on chestnuts, acorns, and maize, when salted and chopped up with a due proportion of fat and lean, and then enclosed in a

bladder with spices, form most assuredly a sausage with which even Germany cannot well compete. From this great superiority we find the hams, sausages, &c., of this country, forming leading articles of its exports to all quarters of the world.

LETTER XII.

PARMA AND MILAN.

MILAN, *13th July, 1863.*

IT is fully six hours by railway from Bologna to Milan, and, instead of making a journey through direct, we resolved to break it by passing a night at Parma, the capital of a once reigning Duke, who, among other potentates, is now happily relieved from monarchical labours. We encountered a severe thunderstorm, with heavy rain and wind, during almost the whole of the journey. The coruscations of lightning were so frequent and so bright as to lighten the landscape with a strange lurid glow, at the same time showing us the peculiar features of the country even when darkness came upon us. But, in truth, there is nothing remarkable to be seen on the forty or fifty miles which intervene between these two cities, except that every field is rich, highly cultivated, and regularly planted with rows of almond trees, festooned with vines, the whole appearing very monotonous; in form resembling a tailor's pattern card, with about the same variety of arrangement in colour and pattern. The only thing that broke this monotony was the city of Modena, situated in a plain

between two rivers, and containing a population of about 30,000 souls, where we were struck with the lofty spire of the Cathedral, and the rather picturesque outline of the town. This is another of the residences of those exiled Grand Dukes, who, while they ruled over their little patrimonial territory—not yielding, in some instances, an annual revenue of three hundred thousand pounds—had, forsooth, their custom-houses and passport systems in as great force and strictness as was exhibited either in the territory of the Pope or in that under the iron grasp of Austria—with a set of greedy myrmidons, whose appointments gave them some patronage, and who, when appointed, seemed resolved to make as much of the situation as possible, by levying a species of black mail on all travellers passing through their narrow territories. During my first visit to Italy, I well remember the great annoyance and heavy expense to which we were obliged to submit in the central parts of Italy through the interference and rapacity of those hungry blood-suckers. Fortunate is it, therefore, that all attempts to restore those effete dukedoms, and reinstate their grasping officials, have hitherto failed; and it is to be hoped that United Italy will now be able of itself to withstand the Napoleonic theory of federation so unfortunately dreamt of at Villafranca.

Parma is a rather handsome city, surrounded by walls, with five gates of entrance, divided into three parts by the river Parma, which, however, at this

moment contains little water, and is linked together by three bridges. The morning after our arrival happened to be market day, and consequently the streets were crowded, not only by the town's people, but by those from the neighbouring districts. We remarked, among other things, that the carts from the country were each invariably drawn by two very handsome brown oxen, with skins as smooth and sleek as if they had been oiled, and that those who guided them were a rather powerful and handsome race. The market-place exhibited an endless profusion of vegetables and fruits, comprising an abundance of sweet and water melons. The latter, which are called by the Italians *cocomiri*, are particularly large and green, the inside of a violet colour, and the seeds black. This fruit is peculiarly grateful in this hot climate: it is cheap, and appears to be eaten by all classes. In the neighbourhood, and all the way to Lodi, the manufacture of cheese is carried on extensively, and in the market-places of Parma we had evidence of this fact in the number of large Parmesan cheese which were exposed for sale, whose flavour was by no means agreeable to our olfactory nerves, inhaled under the burning rays of an Italian summer sun.

The manufacture of Parmesan or Lodisan cheeses constitutes one of the most important sources of profit to the people of Lombardy. There is also another kind of cheese called *Stracchino*, resembling

those of Neufchatel and Véry, which is a rich cream cheese, of a delicious flavour, especially if eaten while new. The *Grana* or Parmesan, however, is by far the greatest manufacture. It is like the Gruyère of Switzerland, made of cow's milk boiled hard, and in dairies which often contain a hundred milch cows. Associations of small farmers send their milk to a common entrepôt, and receive in return a proportional quantity of produce. In addition to the consumption of the district in which it is made, the *Grana* cheese is extensively exported to England and France, and to Germany and the Levant. I am told that the unification of Italy has much contributed to extend its consumption in the southern portions of the Peninsula.

We found the people of the town, and those attending the market from the surrounding districts, well dressed, and exhibiting an amount of comfort and cleanliness not often met with in other parts of the Italian peninsula. Many of the streets of Parma are broad and clean; the buildings are lofty, and have rather a modern look, without being so fine as the houses in Florence; while those nominated *Palazzi* have little more to recommend them save their name. Parma, however, is a very ancient city, being known by the same name to the Romans before the days of Augustus Cæsar, and situated on the old Flaminian Way. The modern city possesses at least four squares, of which the *Piazza Grande* in the

centre is the largest, and the site of the *Palazzo del Comune*.

In all Italian cities of any magnitude, one is always certain to find an extraordinary number of churches, and Parma is no exception to the general rule; and although now almost sick of ecclesiastical edifices, we could not help visiting the Cathedral, with its octagon towers, and central dome, and adjoining campanile, especially as it contained many well-known frescoes. The cupola was painted by Correggio, and has long called forth the admiration of every lover of art, though it is much to be regretted that this admirable composition has been seriously injured by time. The adjoining baptistery, an octagonal structure, entirely built of red and gray Verona marble, and surmounted with five or six rings of small short columns, is considered one of the most splendid baptisteries in a land replete with similar buildings.

We next visited the Farnesian Palace or *Pilotta*, now the *Accademia*, where, among a very rare collection of paintings by Raffaele, Francia, Carracci, Vandyke, and others, we saw the four great pictures by Correggio, painted more than 300 years ago, yet looking as fresh as if they had been yesterday taken from the easel. Two of these, which struck me most, were the *Madonna della Scodella* and the *San Giorolamo*—the former, which represents the “Flight into Egypt,” deriving its name from the scodella or small dish which the Virgin is represented as holding in her hand

and the latter, which is the finest picture, called after the saint, as he is the most remarkable figure in the group, the centre being occupied by the Virgin and child, while Mary Magdalene is placed opposite San Giorolamo, who is kissing the feet of Christ. Here we at once understand why this great and unequalled master gained his high and just reputation. No artist or connoisseur should ever pass through this country without pausing at Parma, were it only to see these wonderful specimens of pictorial art, together with the extraordinary frescoes by the same master which adorn so many of the churches of this city. Connected with the Farnesian Palace, in which there is also an exhibition of modern art, as well as a collection of antiquities, is the Farnesian Theatre, opened in 1628, at the marriage of Duke Edward with the Princess Margaret of Tuscany, capable, it is said, of containing 9,000 persons. It was certainly the largest place of amusement, at one time, in the world, except, perhaps, the ancient Roman Arene, which, in France and Italy, have lately in some places been repaired for bull fights and other exciting pastimes. This theatre, however, is now in a state of complete dilapidation and ruin. No performances have been given in it for upwards of a century, nor ever can be again. I may mention that there is a large library connected with the city, containing no fewer than 140,000 volumes. Having exhausted these Parmesan sights, and having taken a drive to the beautiful public

park and tree-lined Corso, which afford excellent scope for pedestrian and equestrian exercise, we paid our moderate bill at the *Albergo della Posta*, got into the railway, and after traversing a rich and well-irrigated country, teeming especially with rice fields, and interspersed with mulberry trees, now almost bare, from their leaves having been given to the silk-worms that abound in this district, we arrived safe and sound within the walls of this most charming city.

Having been in Milan only five years ago, I felt myself quite at home, and was thus prepared to dispense with many of the *stock* sights to which *valets-de-place* naturally conduct strangers. We had, during our tour through the South, seen so much of "*Basiliche*" and "*Chiese*," of "*Madonne*" and "*Bambini*," of pictured saints and martyrs—particularly of that arrow-martyred saint San Sebastiano—as well as of church plate and rotten relics, that we were right glad to escape from again looking at such things. In fact, we are now almost surfeited with artistic sweets, and feel happy at the near prospect of exchanging these for the glorious garniture of nature, amid the snowy wilds of the Alps and the verdant valleys of Switzerland. There is one thing here, however, which I can always look upon with delight and satisfaction, and that is the pure white marble Cathedral, which, with its fretted pinnacles and endless statues, as seen against the most azure of skies, looks like an immense mass of carved ivory;

and then its interior—how majestic its columns, with capitals composed of statuary—how splendid its white marble-fretted roof, irradiated with a yellow light passing through stained glass windows—its tessellated pavement, also coloured with the variegated tints of its ancient *vitraux*—and its great height and size dwarfing every moving thing within its vast interior! In a subterranean chapel which I visited in 1817, and again in 1858, lies the body of Saint Carlo Borromeo, who died in 1584, at an age not exceeding forty years, but who, during his short career, conferred so many valuable benefits on the church as to entitle him to be canonized as a saint, as well as to become the patron saint of Milan. The case in which his remains repose is of pure silver, the fourteen pieces of rock crystal inserted, allowing the head of the saint to be seen. This is uncovered, and is black and dried up, the nose being almost entirely destroyed by time. The rest of the body is arrayed in a Pontifical dress of the greatest richness: the cross and crown which are suspended over his head are enriched with diamonds. The surrounding and glimmering lamps, and the relic itself, connected with the monument, are not only sad, but almost disgusting.

Yesterday, being Sunday, we *assisted* at high mass in the *Duomo*, along with many thousand worshippers. The service was, perhaps, not so gorgeous, nor the altar so crowded with ecclesiastics as at Rome, but the music was infinitely better, and the people far

more devout. There was a solemn grandeur in the church, and a religious feeling in the congregation, that satisfied even a Protestant that he could here at least mingle his prayer and his praise with those who, though differing from him in form, were worshipping the same God, and rejoicing in the same salvation! Even Professor Gibson, of Glasgow, with all his detestation of Popery, might, under the circumstances, have repeated his "Paternoster" without compunction!

A Sunday in Milan is kept far more according to our British ideas than a Sunday in Paris. With very few exceptions, the shops are shut, and the people are seen crowding to the numerous churches scattered through the city. All artizan labour is given up, so that the people keep the fourth commandment to the letter, so far as doing no work. But they do not carry it to its Jewish length, in making it, like Saturday, a day of gloom and penance, but use it in its Christian sense, as a day of worship and relaxation, and also as a day of rejoicing, or such as its Italian name betokens—a *fiesta*. The whole city appeared particularly gay on Sunday, each house having a flag displayed from its window, and its balconies filled with oleanders and other bright flowers; while the streets in the afternoon were crowded with a particularly well-dressed and staid community, all hurrying towards the public park, where a magnificent band, of one of the Italian regiments,

went through a regularly printed programme of the finest music. I never, indeed, heard, in my long experience, the symphonia to Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" given with greater point, effect, and precision in the opera houses either of London or Paris, than under the shadow of the lofty trees in the public gardens of Milan. It received, as it well deserved, a universal burst of applause from a very fashionable and musically educated audience. In these gardens, which are beautifully laid out and well kept, we had an opportunity of seeing a fair sample of the Milanese inhabitants; and it is with some regret, I must confess, that I am obliged to admit that the females, with few exceptions, could boast of little beauty, although the men were generally handsome and good-looking. Not one of twenty females wore a bonnet, the principal head-dress being only a black veil pinned to the hair, which was taken back from the brow, and turned round like two horns on the front of the head. Milan, in respect to female beauty, presents a perfect contrast to Genoa; for in the latter the women are generally pretty, and the men plain. Indeed, it has been sneeringly said that Genoa has beyond most cities peculiar attractions for the handsome stranger! The female dress here is, in fact, somewhat similar to that worn at Genoa, of which I formerly attempted to give you a description; but it did not appear to me to be so graceful as in that maritime city. This, however,

may have arisen from the look and expression of those who wore it, and not from the character of the dress itself. At one time Milan had the honour of leading the female fashions of Europe—doing what Paris has now taken on herself to do; and hence arose the word *Milliner*, or dressmaker of Milan.

Since my last visit the city has put on a far gayer appearance, and the people a more contented and satisfied air. They have got rid of their detested taskmasters, the Austrians, with whom of late years the leading Italians would not in any way associate. The white-coated soldiery, to the extent of nearly thirty thousand, which were always retained in garrison here to keep Lombardy in check, have given place to the blue coats of Victor Emmanuel, and the national flag has supplanted the double-headed eagle on the top of the Duomo. The Austrians carried off to Vienna the iron crown with which the brows of their monarchs were adorned; but I daresay the Italians will procure another less associated with tyranny and trickery. It is to be lamented that this iron crown has been so frequently worn by monarchs hostile to the liberties of Italy, especially, too, since Romish superstition alleges that it was formed of the nails of Christ's cross! Papal superstition and credence can scarcely go much farther than this!

The more we see of the city the more we are

pleased with its clean, beautiful, and gay appearance. There is, of course, no lack of churches and public buildings, the former replete with architectural beauty and artistic ornaments, while many of the latter, which formerly were old monasteries and convents, happily suppressed by Napoleon I., have been turned to more useful purposes. For instance, the Great Hospital of Milan, which contains 3,000 beds for the sick, and which is one of the best managed infirmaries in the world, is a suppressed monastery. I recollect passing some time with my late friends Drs. Couper and Buchanan in this hospital, when it was filled with the typhus fever patients of 1817—that fearful epidemic which was then carrying off hundreds almost as soon as they arrived from the country. It was a sad sight to see so many human beings sinking under a disease produced by famine and want, and against the consequences of which the best medical skill vainly struggled—a disease which almost realized the fearful picture that Boccaccio so well describes in his introduction to the Decameron.

During this day's perambulations we had a peep, among other things, of the famous Triumphal Arch which was begun by Napoleon and finished by the Austrians, and which may now again be metamorphosed by the Italians in honour of their regained liberty; and also of the former refectory of the convent of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, in which is placed

Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper—now, alas! mutilated by revolution and neglect, but still showing the genius of one of the earliest and greatest masters of the pictorial art. Although this great work has been still further spoiled by Time since we first gazed on it, we never can forget that it has been preserved for posterity through the matchless mosaic now in Vienna, and which was being completed here when I visited Milan in 1817. This mosaic is formed of the smallest portions of *artificial* stones or glass cemented together, the interstices being filled up with cement of the requisite colour; and on the finishing of this mosaic we were told that no fewer than 700 varieties of colour had been used in its production. It is of the same size as the original, and required twelve years for its completion. This, and the several beautiful line engravings by Morghen and others, will fortunately preserve to future generations the great work of Da Vinci, even although the fresco should ultimately become a ruin.

In spite of our surfeit of churches and chapels, of which, let me tell you, there are still two hundred in this city, we could not resist once more entering that of *San Ambrogio*, founded in the second century, which has within it the very columns that served to support an ancient temple reared on the same spot to Bacchus. It was here that Saint Ambrosius composed his sacred hymns. The convent attached to the church is the most ancient building in Milan,

and had so great a reputation that it was the only structure spared by Frederick Barbarossa when he rudely destroyed this beautiful and ancient city. Few cities have suffered so much, or experienced so many cruel vicissitudes, as Milan. Founded a hundred and seventy years before the foundation of Rome, it was at length seized and held by the Romans. In the sixth century it was besieged and taken by Vigetes, King of the Ostrogoths, when, according to ancient chronicles, no fewer than 300,000 of its inhabitants perished by the sword, fire, or famine. It then became subject to the successive emperors who followed Charlemagne, from whose yoke it attempted to free itself, and in a manner so disgusting to Barbarossa that he razed it to the ground, and ordered salt to be strewed on the earth on which it stood, in order that *it* might not again be rebuilt. But watered as it was and still is by the Adda and Tecino, it soon rose once more to be a first-rate city; while, amid the new buildings erected, there were still left a few ancient columns and ruinous structures to tell of its ancient splendour and antiquity.

We likewise visited the ancient pictures in the *Galleria delle Arti*, which appeared to me by no means so good as those we have lately seen elsewhere; yet the collection contains specimens of Raffaele, Paul Veronese, the Carracci, Albano, Guercino, Guido, Sossoferato, Salvator, Poussin, Ferrari, and

others. This gallery is now in the Palazzo Brera, formerly the largest monastery belonging to the Jesuits, which was suppressed by Napoleon, of whom there is a splendid bronze statue, from Canova's model, in the centre of the court-yard. Fortunately, we could not here complain of so much fatigue in reaching this collection as of many others we visited in Italy—the general multitudinous steps to reach a gallery or a palace being one of the greatest miseries felt by old persons like myself. It seems, however, the invariable practice throughout the whole south of Italy to have the best apartments at the top of the house, whether these may be devoted to the reception rooms of the noblesse, or, as in the Vatican at Rome and the Museo Barbonico in Naples, to the exhibition of paintings and curiosities. In both of these cities, certainly, the air is better the higher you mount, but the fatigue is fearful; and how the aged can bear it is a wonder.

To many, like ourselves, who, during the last International Exhibition in London, were in the habit of strolling particularly through the Italian court, memory cannot fail to recall the speaking statue of "A Girl Reading," by Pietro Magni, purchased by the Italian Government for the Ministry of Public Instruction. As we were told that this beautiful marble, which caused such a *furore* when exhibited, had been executed by a Milanese, we naturally felt desirous to discover the artist's studio; but whether from our

otherwise constant sight-seeing, or from our limited *sejour* in Milan, we lost our opportunity of becoming acquainted either with the accomplished artist himself, or with any of his other works.

The art of glass painting was practised in Italy, as in the rest of Europe, during the Middle Ages, but comparatively few specimens of it are now found in Italian churches. Gothic architecture never flourished in Italy as it did in Northern Europe; and the glass painter's art was essentially an art of Gothic times, although it survived the Renaissance of classic architecture, and during its early phases some very fine painted windows were produced. It is believed that Raffaele also made designs for painted glass. With the growth of classic taste, however, it decayed, and, it may be said, disappeared in Italy; for, so far as I observed, there is not a specimen of it to be found in churches of purely classic design. I have alluded to the painted glass in the Italian Gothic edifice, the Duomo of Florence, and specimens are to be found at Assisi, Perugia, and Arezzo, with a few scattered throughout other parts of Italy. In the Cathedral of Milan, however, we find the greatest amount of coloured glass; and Milan boasts at the present time an artist glass painter—Signor Pompeo Bertini—who may be fairly pronounced second to no living modern glass painter of any school. The attention of the British public was first drawn to this eminent artist in the year 1851, when he exhibited his Dante window

in the great International Exhibition of that year. The report of the jury on glass painting contained an elaborate critique on this remarkable work, which was acknowledged to be one of the noblest specimens of the art produced in modern times. Signor Bertini exhibited again in London, in 1861, another beautiful specimen of his art; but, without referring to his numerous works elsewhere, I may point to those in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, which have been, ever since they were erected, the objects of general admiration for the richness of their colour and the correctness of their drawing. The glass painting of Signor Bertini is essentially pictorial, and it is not entirely what I believe is technically called mosaic enamel. His windows are principally mosaics, but he makes use also of coloured enamels in parts of them, to a greater extent than sticklers for the severe old methods admit of. This, however, is only likely to interest those who make a study of the subject: to those who are not proficient in this kind of knowledge the works of Bertini must be felt to be equally admirable for purity of design, elegance of drawing, and rich colour. They have this merit also, that they are the work of his own hands. Signor Bertini, whilst he is one of the ablest of modern Italian masters, is one of the most amiable and modest of men. His works are well known to intelligent English travellers, and I believe that he receives frequent commissions; but he is much occupied, since the establish-

ment of the Italian kingdom, with native orders. In passing through Milan I feel, as I had not an opportunity of seeing him, that I cannot do less than pay at least this passing tribute to the eminent leader of the art of glass painting in Italy, of whom his countrymen are justly proud. A comparison between his works and those of the Munich artists cannot well be instituted, the conditions under which the Munich windows are painted being essentially different. A comparison might be made between them and those from Dresden, which are executed on similar conditions; but such comparisons are best avoided, or, if made, should only be made in the interests of progress. I have reason to know, however, that Signor Bertini is anxious to bring the taste of his countrymen to a severer method of execution, and to diminish the amount of enamelling in his windows, which he feels to be inconsistent with the practice of the great ancient masters of the art.

Need I tell you that the Ambrosian library is, perhaps, one of the most interesting objects of curiosity in Milan. In importance it is considered almost on a par with that of the Vatican. It was founded by the Cardinal Frederick Baromeo, the nephew of Saint Charles, and contains upwards of 80,000 volumes, which are, however, more celebrated for their rarity than for their number. A collection of pictures, sculpture, medals, and natural history, is attached to this institution, which also possesses more than

15,000 manuscripts, one of these being nearly fourteen hundred years old!

We completed our day's pleasant *giro* with a view of the public park and garden and the Corso, where, in the evening, there is a regular promenade of carriages. But at this moment few of the leading families are in town, and consequently the turn-out is not very attractive. The famous theatre of La Scala is shut also, from so many of its *abonnés* being in the country; and on this occasion I did not think it necessary, as I did five years ago, to get it so far lighted up as to enable me to see its beautiful proportions, and to hear an amateur song upon that celebrated stage, where, on my first visit to Milan, I had the satisfaction of witnessing the first representation of the "Gazza Ladra," and beholding Rossini himself called thrice before the curtain to receive the applause of what was then the most fastidious musical audience in Europe.* During the latter years of the Austrian

* At the conclusion of the Roman Carnival in 1817, Rossini proceeded to Milan, where he composed the celebrated "*Gazza Ladra*." The public of Milan had taken a pique at Rossini's quitting them for Naples; hence, on the first evening of its representation, the crowd flocked to the Scala with a full determination of hissing the author of "*Il Barbieri*." Rossini was aware of this disposition on the part of the Milanese, and took his seat at the piano by no means in the best of spirits. But he was agreeably disappointed. Never was a piece received with such enthusiasm. At every instant the pit rose *en masse* to hail Rossini with acclamations. At the close of the performance

occupation of Milan, the Scala Theatre was almost altogether eschewed by the leading noblesse of Lombardy and the best citizens of its capital. It was felt to be disagreeable and derogatory to the character of patriotic Italians to meet with their German oppressors in this rendezvous of pleasurable pastime. The opera hence gradually fell off; but now, when all can meet free and untrammelled, it is fair to predict that La Scala will soon again regain its former celebrity. I have only to add that the shops, the cafés, the hotels, are equal to any to be found in Paris. Everything that the heart covets can be got here; and in the very handsome and most comfortable Hôtel de la Ville, in which we are now located, the bed-rooms are as clean as they are in England,—requiring no insect-destroying powder, so much used even yet throughout France and Italy,—with a *table d'hôte* not unworthy of any modern epicure; while the Italian wines, though somewhat high-priced—I mean the

the composer was heard to declare in the *Caffé del Accademia*, that, independent of the exertions of the evening, he was overcome with fatigue at the innumerable obeisances he was called on to make to the public, who were every moment interrupting the performance with “*Bravo Maestro,—Viva Rossini!*” Rossini was born in 1792, at Pesaro, in the Papal States, and soon was taken to Bologna, where he began to study music, and where he continued to reside, with few intervals, till he went to Venice about 1810. The first opera he composed was *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, which was brought on the stage of the *San Mosé* Theatre at Venice.

red Barolo and the sparkling Vino d'Asti—might even suit the fastidious palates of some of our well-known wine connoisseurs of the Western Club.

Probably no country has more improved during the last forty years in its hotel comforts and management than Italy. Throughout the summer of 1817, when I first traversed this land of beauty and souvenir, the houses open for the reception of travellers, even in the larger cities, were, according to our English ideas, anything but agreeable; while in the little towns in the country they were absolutely horrible. The apartments were dirty and miserably furnished, the beds were of wood, and were almost so universally infested with insect life as to make one hesitate to expose his *corpus* to the predaceous attacks of animals thirsting for the blood of foreign immigrants. The *table d'hôte* was poor and meagre, the *minestra*, or soup, being little more than tepid water with pieces of sour bread floating through it, sprinkled over with a little strong-scented Parmezan cheese to give it flavour; the dishes were coarsely cooked, and were, moreover, swimming in oil and dozed with garlic; while the wine paraded on such occasions was so thin and sour as to cause little or none of it to be swallowed. We at that period met with no interior conveniences whatever in any *Albergo*, from Domo d'Ossola to Naples, except in this very city, where, in a rather comfortable hotel in which we were then fortunately lodged, our attention was arrested by

the following humorous and graphic announcement painted over a door in the corridor: "Quì finiscono tutti i lavori del Cuoco!"—certainly a wonderful novelty at that period in the domestic arrangements of the whole Italian peninsula! At the present moment, however, all is changed for the better. The hotels, wherever we have stopped during our last few weeks' wanderings, were clean, well-furnished, and most comfortable, the beds being of iron and free from vermin, while each house possessed every modern convenience met with in France or England. Generally, also, large public rooms furnished with newspapers, periodicals, maps, and guide-books, are open for the use of the inmates of the house; and commodious and sometimes elegant dining-rooms for those who may attend either the forenoon or the afternoon *table d'hôte*, when the ordinary bill of fare contains soup, fish, meats of different kinds, fowls, sweets, ices, and fruit, the *tout ensemble* calculated to win for it the approbation of the most Appician taste. The truth is, we found the cookery almost equal to anything met with either at the *Salle à Manger* of the Hôtel du Louvre, or even *Philippe's* in the Rue Montorgueile, at Paris. In the south of Italy the wines now placed on the table, particularly at Naples, Rome, and Florence, were very palatable, at least when mixed with iced water; and in the north the custom appears to prevail to leave each guest to call for what wine he may fancy in the wine carte, which generally offers

crues of all kinds, and at all prices. In short, one can now obtain in Italy, for money, what no money could purchase half a century ago; and we believe that the most cantankerous Cockney, after dining at the Hôtel de la Ville, at Milan, or at the Hôtel de l'Europe, at Turin, might retire from the table without uttering a single "God damn!"—a too common exclamation used by English tourists!

This evening, after having arranged all matters for our departure to-morrow, I sallied out with a friend to take a last look of the long and beautiful street—lately rebaptized *il Corso Vittorio Emanuele*—which runs east and west from our hotel, and in front of which there is a most elegant church thrown back from the great thoroughfare. The shops and cafés on each side of this street were all blazing with gas light, and the pavements were crowded with such a population as is rarely to be met with save on the Parisian Boulevards. All was light, life, and animation, rendering the scene at once striking and exciting. After gazing at the shops, and elbowing through the well-ordered crowd for some time, we retired to an excellent café close to our hotel, where we had some *ciocolate col latte*, and saw the evening newspapers, edited, printed, and sold for a trifle, free of all governmental interference or censorship. What a happy contrast does this state of matters exhibit to that which now prevails at Rome, where a couple of emasculated journals do little more than chronicle

the superstitious actings of some zealous but silly ecclesiastic, and are issued, too, under the guardianship of twenty thousand French bayonets, kept there by a sovereign chosen by ballot and universal suffrage! What terrible tyranny has been, and still is, practised under the guise and name of universal liberty!

LETTER XIII.

COMO—SPLUGEN PASS—ZURICH.

ZURICH, 17th July, 1863.

FOUR days only have elapsed since I last addressed you from Milan; but during that short and busy period we have been witnessing scenes of surpassing grandeur amid the wild and savage recesses of the Alps, and of matchless beauty amid the valleys, the lakes, the rushing rivers, and roaring cataracts of Switzerland. We had been long enough sweltering in the heat and deafening noise of town life; almost surfeited with the gorgeousness of ecclesiastical edifices and of richly decorated palaces; dazzled with the endless pictorial creations of *Madonne e Bambini*, and of all the saints in the calendar; we had, above all, gazed on so many Saint Sebastians, that we began to feel the very arrows of his martyrdom piercing our own frames. In short, we were now glad to quit for a time the busy haunts of men, and all their wondrous and imaginative works, for green fields and flowery banks, and for the still more mighty and magnificent creations of Nature; to sail along the bosom of lovely lakes; to thread mountain gorges, with their peaked and serrated summits, and sides feathered

with variegated foliage; to gaze on the lofty and fantastically formed Alps, shooting up in snowy whiteness far into the sky, with here and there a glacial peak roseate with the rays of a setting sun. Scenes which no pen can describe, and no pencil can delineate, have we passed through within these few days, but which have left indelible traces of the beautiful, the grand, and the awful on our almost overtaxed memories, never to be forgotten. We have seen, in particular, Alpine scenery which superstition might well people with goblins of the glen and the children of the mist, or with those aerial beings and troopers of the sky such as the genius of Goethe has described in his "Walpurgis Night," or as are to be found in the ballad poetry of the dreamy land of Germany. In short, we have seen savage and rocky wildernesses where the Spirit of Evil might well assist in casting Freischutz bullets, and groups of mountain summits more fitted for the throne of Jove than that on which Homer has seated the Father of the Gods!

But we must now attempt to sketch our journey a little more in detail. Well, then, we started, as we intended, from Milan by the railway which leaves at ten o'clock for Como, which we reached in about an hour and a half. I confess I bade adieu to Milan for the third time with some regret; for there, especially on the present occasion, we were delighted with everything—with the city itself, with

its public buildings, its shops, its galleries, and, above all, with its pure white marble cathedral. There was an air of gaiety, too, about the whole place and the people that was charming, indicating a marvellous change for the better on the outward circumstances of the city, and on the inward feelings of the inhabitants. The country between Milan and Como is fertile in the extreme, and is at present absolutely groaning under the productions of nature fitted for the support and the enjoyment of man. Every square yard of land seems to be growing something valuable, and even the narrow spaces between the rows of the Indian corn or maize, which is now very high, are planted with vegetables, melons, &c. The trees are chiefly the mulberry, affording the means of support to the silk-worm, between which, vines laden with large bunches of grapes are gracefully intertwined and festooned. I need scarcely tell you that silk forms one of the most important products of Italy, of which the greater portion is made in the north, and particularly in Lombardy. Betwixt Parma and Como we observed mulberry trees almost everywhere, which, at the present moment, are nearly stript of their leaves, showing the vast amount of food that has been used for the support of the silk-worm. Do you know that while the total production of cocoons throughout the peninsula is said to reach in ordinary years to from fifty to sixty millions of kilogrammes, yielding about from four to five millions of raw

silk, valued from £9,600,000 to £12,000,000—Lombardy and Piedmont alone produce 2,325,000 kilogrammes. Raw and organzine silk, indeed, form the most valuable material of Italian exports, seven-eighths of the total production being sold to foreign countries. Silk spinning, properly speaking, is only carried on at Milan, Como, and its environs. These two towns had last year about 140 spinning mills, large and small, with about 6,500 looms, some common and others Jacquard. Besides, Milan had eight ribbon manufactories, with seventy-five looms, sixty common and fifteen Jacquard. Thus the works at Como and Milan produce all kinds of silk tissues for dresses, furniture, and tapestry; and, hence, are independent in a great measure of foreign products of this kind. Indeed, the articles of dress exhibited in London at the last great International Congress of the world's industry sufficiently testified that Milan especially had little to fear from foreign competition.

An omnibus carries the passengers by the Milan railway from the station at Camerlata to the little harbour at the southern extremity of Lake Como, where a steamboat is waiting to proceed to Colico, at its northern end. As the omnibus passed quickly through the town of Como we had but little time allowed us for seeing it; but we noticed that the houses are lofty and well built, the streets very narrow, and by no means very clean. This town,

in truth, would probably have little celebrity were it not for its vicinity to the lovely lake on which it is placed, and to the numerous beautiful villas which on every hand line the banks of this inland sea. The appearance of the town from the deck of the steamboat was, however, picturesque and effective, from its domes and its houses being seen in distinct outline against the tree-covered mountain which forms the background of the picture, among which the ancient and picturesque towers of the Baradello appeared conspicuous. And when the steamer proceeded on its voyage to the head of the lake, the surrounding mountain slopes, chequered with villas, hotels, and villages, each with its church and tower placed on some lofty, salient point, surrounded with large chestnut trees and festooned vineyards, and surmounted with hills, green to their very summits, and distantly environed with the peaked outline of the snowy Alps, formed a succession of scenes of beauty of which no word-sketching can give any idea. During our devious course we saw or stopped at many places where we could fain have lingered for a few hours, or even a few days, and among these we would perhaps have chosen Bellaggio as the most beautiful and the most convenient from which to make excursions to the other Italian lakes, which lie so contiguous. From Bellaggio to Lugano it is only six or seven miles, and thence it is no great distance to *Lago Maggiore*.

The chief passages of the Alps into Switzerland are in connection with this lovely spot on the Lake of Como, more especially those of St. Gothard and Mount Simplon, and by crossing the lake you are on the route by the Splugen, or by the Stelvio, into Germany and the Tyrol.

The journey from Como to Colico was charming in the extreme, and although the time taken for its performance was long, arising chiefly from the steamer crossing and recrossing the lake a dozen times, and changing passengers everywhere on its serpentine course, we felt no weariness, nor did we wonder that Lake Como should have obtained so great a reputation, or, what is perhaps more remarkable, that so many world and fame-wearied spirits should have sought health and repose on its verdant and sunny banks. It was here that Catalani and other great singers and *danseuses* of Europe retired from scenes of constant excitement, to enjoy in peace and tranquillity the last years of their once busy lives; and it is here still that the "*used-up*" of many nations fly in search of a little health, and in the hope of tasting again a little tranquillity and happiness before they die.

It was nearly six o'clock before we fairly landed at Colico, and having arranged for a carriage to carry us to Chiavenna, and thereafter over the Splugen Pass, we proceeded on our journey, and, after a most delightful drive through the commencing

gorges of the Lower Alps, reached Chiavenna about eight o'clock, ready to go to bed. This curious little town, of about 3,000 inhabitants, lies in the very bosom of the mountain gorge, and around one of its sides flows a roaring stream, carrying down the snow water from the Alps, and pouring it at length into Lake Como. The town is famous for the manufacture of beer, with which it supplies all the North of Italy, and our coachman showed that at least he thought it was excellent, by ever and anon immersing his mouth into the cavity of a large can, and taking off its contents at a draught. There is one thing, however, we must say—that, although the great heat induces people to drink much and often, we have never yet seen, throughout all our wanderings in Italy, one man intoxicated. There is, happily, no call for permissive bills here, and teetotal orators would be as valueless as skates at the equator.

With a view of getting across the Splugen before dark, we started at six A.M. with four horses, and almost immediately began to ascend the mountain along the tremendous gulf of the Cardinelli, where Marshal Macdonald led and lost so many columns of the French army in 1800. This is one of the most beautiful drives that can be conceived, for striking and picturesque scenery, magnificent trees, profound valleys, and mountain gorges. Breakfasting at Campo Dolcino, where we procured four fresh horses, we began seriously to mount the zig-

zag and numerous galleries of this beautifully engineered road, formed of solid masonry, to prevent accidents from the winter and spring avalanches, whose destroying powers sometimes sweep forests and villages before them. On this part of the road we stopped to see the magnificent cascade of Medesimo, where a full stream of snow water falls over a precipice of 800 feet into the valley, with its noisy river rushing beneath. It is a grand sight, but rendering the head light and giddy when long gazing upon it. Passing upward and upward through a stupendous gorge, we at last reached the summit level of the Pass, being then 6,800 feet above the level of the sea, or fully more than twice the height of the top of Benlomond! Here we rested for a short time, that we might study the extraordinary scene around us, placed far above heavy patches of deep snow, amid a wilderness of huge rocks and gray stones, and look back to the Italy we had left, and forward to the Switzerland we were about to enter. We had bidden farewell to the olive and the mulberry—to the rich trellised vines and the graceful chestnut tree—to rice and maize fields, and to all the agricultural riches of the plains of Lombardy—to broad-hatted priests and dirty mendicant friars—to greedy *facchini*, never satisfied except by a double *douceur*, and to importunate beggars, who follow you in churches, and hover like humming bees round your carriage.

Having, at the summit of the road marked by a monument, procured another relay of horses, and plucked a few Alpine roses, the constant companions of such heights, we began to descend quickly the zig-zags on the north side of the mountain, and soon reached the prettily situated village of Splugen, close to the *incipient* Rhine, the source of which lies distant only five miles, in the glacier of the Vogelberg. Here we dined, and thereafter proceeded on our downward course, entering the gorge of the Rafla, with the Rhine gaining power and noise at every step, and rolling fretfully at the base of the mountain. Passing Andeer and Zilla, we enter the valley of Schams; and now begins a succession of scenery which no language can possibly describe—the stupendous and magnificent ravine called the *Rhein Wald*, or Forest of the Rhine, and then the really well-named *Via Mala*, where the Rhine boils and rushes along with appalling rapidity close to the road, hewn out of the rock, without any real defence from the precipice which overhangs it—the road and the river winding amidst perpendicular rocks not less than three thousand feet high, and the gorge so narrow as scarcely to afford a glimpse of the river struggling for an exit beneath, and sending up sounds of exultation at its successful warfare with the masses that oppose its progress. It is indeed a grand and awful scene—only to be seen, not painted by words or pencil. Most appropriately might the words of an

ancient tourist of France, when speaking of the passage of the Simplon, be applied to the scenery of the *Rhein Wald* and the *Via Mala*, on the Splugen Pass: "Peintres, naturalistes et vous qui n'avez vu que de rians vallons et qui aiment les grands contrastes, venez voir la Vallée di Gondo. C'est ici que la nature paroît avoir coulé et frappé en bronze." On emerging from the dark and gloomy gorge of la *Via Mala*, we quickly reached Thusis, a pretty little town at the head of a widening valley, in which we found a most comfortable hotel, with an attentive landlord, where we happily slept off the excitement of the day.

Next morning our rested horses took us on, in about three hours, to Coire, where we met the railway, and, after waiting upwards of an hour amid the sweet and fascinating scenery of that prettily situated town, proceeded to Zurich, which we reached about eight, and where we are comfortably located at the *Hôtel de Belle Vue*, from the windows of which we have many enchanting views of this most picturesque town, which, like Venice, rises almost out of the water, and exhibits a harbour full of pleasure boats, gayer certainly than the gloomy gondolas of the sea-girt city; while over the neighbouring hills, covered with villas and pine wood, rise majestically the snow-clad summits of the Overland Alps. Immediately under our windows steamboats are hourly leaving the harbour to make excursions round the lake; but as we had

traversed a great portion of its banks on our way from Coire, we preferred passing the day in perambulating the town, visiting its lovely environs, and enjoying the endless variegated landscapes which the heights around so amply afford.

I need scarcely tell you that Zurich is built on both banks of the Limmat, which gushes from the lake with an impetuous current, and divides the city into two unequal parts, forming the upper and lower town. The inhabitants are Protestant, and are, like their brethren in their own canton and that of St. Gall, a manufacturing and industrious race. Zurich, although its population does not exceed 18,000, stands on as much ground as some cities that contain a hundred thousand; for, excepting the portion of the town that is close to the lake, in which the streets are crooked, narrow, and gloomy, the houses are all separate, with gardens or pleasure grounds around them, affording to their inhabitants all the elements of a sanitary condition. The most imposing structure is the ancient Cathedral or Gross Munster, erected about the commencement of the eleventh century. It has two lofty towers; but what makes this edifice more interesting to us Protestants is the fact, that within these walls the doctrines of the Reformation were first publicly and successfully preached by Zuinglius. The only other edifices of a public character which strike the stranger are the Town House, with its curious stone

busts above the windows; the church of St. Peter, with its huge clock; the University, formerly an old Augustine Convent; the Post-Office, and the Theatre. Perhaps the most picturesque point from which to view the town is the broad bridge, on which a market is held; for here you obtain not only an outline of the principal objects of the town, striking against the sky and reflected in the stream, but likewise a most charming outlook to the lake and its hilly environs.

In our perambulations we took care to pay a visit to what is known as, *par excellence*, the “Denkmahl” —a monument which his townsmen have erected to the memory of Salomon Gessner, who was born here in 1730 and died in 1788. It is a black square building, with a large urn of white marble placed on its summit, and contains on one of its sides the following inscription, which I shall give in the original, in the hope that the rage for acquiring the German tongue, lately so happily manifested in our city and elsewhere, will enable many lady readers to translate it for the benefit of their less polyglot parents. It is as follows :—

“ Dem

Andenken Salomon Gessner,

Von seinem Mitbürgern.

“ Billig verehret die Nachwelt,

Den Dichter den die Musen,

Sich geweicht haben die Welt,

Unschuld und Tugend zu lehren.”

It is a worthy tribute to the memory of the author of *The Death of Abel*, and to those beautiful and simple fables which are so well known to every German scholar, and which, I well remember, were the first lessons given to me in early life, when a student of that copious and difficult language.

Imbued, as you well know I am, with a love for garden cemeteries, and for a desire to see the last resting-places of our race placed beyond the boundaries of the dwellings of the living, I did not forget to visit the beautifully situated and well-kept burying-ground, formed only fourteen years ago, near the grand public promenade, on a hill immediately behind the city. Each grave here is a little flower garden, on which I saw the rose, the geranium, and other lovely plants in full bloom. Each had its tasteful marble monument—nothing of the clumsy style so prevalent with us. Few of these were above two or three feet in height, and many consisted merely of a small portion of dark, rough rock, into which was inserted a marble inscription, telling of him or her who lies below, and beginning very often with these words:—

“*Hier ruht in Gott.*”

I noted down a few of the many poetical addenda affixed to the names of the departed individuals, and for which, methinks, the German tongue is perhaps more fitted than any other; its very haziness of expression adding to that gloomy darkness which hovers

round the tomb, and which reason without religion vainly struggles to fathom. I give you one of these, for the benefit of the German students of my native land:—

“Aus arme Herz hienieden
Von manchem Sturm bewegt,
Erlangt den wahren finden
Um wo es nichtmehr schlägt.”

When strolling through this garden cemetery, and catching the names of not a few of my countrymen whose ashes here repose, I involuntarily remembered that it was in this city, though not in this hotel, where a well-beloved child of one of our leading and generous-hearted townsmen was seized with fever and died, far from her well-loved and happy home, and from her doting parents' anxious care. I found, on inquiring at the gardener of the cemetery, that here, as Shakspeare says of Ophelia, no “violets could spring out of her pure and unpolluted dust;” for she had been consigned to earth in the little burying-ground attached to the Church of the Frau Minster, near to the Bauer Hôtel, where she died. We ordered, however, our coachman to drive to this spot, and very soon thereafter we all stood by a monument, placed in the centre of the garden that adjoins the cloisters leading into the great Protestant church of the city, where, gazing on well-known names to us, we willingly dropped a tear for one who died so young and suddenly. Well can we imagine the grief which

distant friends and affectionate parents must have endured when the fatal news of this sad disaster came from Zurich; and well can we imagine the childless parents, with eyes of heavenly resignation, weeping in thought over the grave of their darling daughter, whence angels might well whisper, in the consolatory words of Moore,—

“ Weep not for her whom the vail of the tomb,
In life’s happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o’er the spirit’s young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had stained it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.”

Having already seen almost all the other matters noteworthy in Zurich, we leave to-morrow morning.

LETTER XIV.

INTERLAKEN—GRINDELWALD—BERNE.

BERNE, 22d July, 1863.

DURING these last few days we have been enjoying ourselves in this interesting and charming country of the Swiss, by rambling wherever our fancy led us—the true way to see this land of the mountain, the lake, and the valley, the only obstacle to its perfect accomplishment being the accompaniment of heavy luggage, which is not only expensive to convey by train, but difficult to transport otherwise. We would advise any one who wishes to travel through Alpine highways and byeways to carry little else in the way of baggage, save a carpet bag, or a light knapsack, as in this way you can easily cross the highest mountain ridge, moving from one valley to another, and thereby beholding what is never seen by the *beaten-road* tourist. There is another way, too, of really enjoying Switzerland, and that is, to make choice of some central spot, and from that spot to make excursions. We chose the latter, having with us not a little deadweight, which we had required for our Italian journey; and the spot we chose was Interlaken, beautifully situated between the Lakes of Brienz and Thun, from which

excursions may be made to some of the most beautiful and most sublime objects of interest in Switzerland. Interlaken of itself, too, is a charming place of residence, and is resorted to by strangers more as a permanent home than almost any other place in this country. The town itself is composed of a succession of picturesque chalets, many of them being lodging-houses, while there are at least twenty or thirty first-rate hotels or *pensions* open either for the accommodation of the passing tourist, or for families living, as many do, as boarders, after the manner of our English watering-places, at a fixed rate per week for board and lodging. I know no place where a month or two in summer or in autumn could be more agreeably and, I believe, more economically spent than in Interlaken, with its new *Kursal*, where goats' whey is distributed to those indulging in the "*Molkenkur*," its reading-rooms, its music, its beautiful promenades, its clear, bracing air—being placed seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea—and, above all, its great facilities, by means of carriages, steamboats, rowing-boats, horses, mules, asses, and even chairs borne by men, for visiting its justly celebrated environs.

During our residence we sailed round the lovely blue Lakes of Brienz and Thun, with mountains mirrored on their placid bosoms; drove through the magnificent valleys of the Lautenbrunner and the Grindelwald, each with its roaring, boiling river in its

bosom, enclosed by perpendicular rocky cliffs and lofty mountains, "feathered o'er" with majestic pines; while, on each side of the stream, the narrow valley, teeming with corn, flax, lint, and potatoes (free of all disease), marked the industry of a large population, whose chalets were scattered on the sides and near the summit of the mountains. The lower grounds, too, were thickly planted with fruit and walnut trees, the latter throughout the whole of this district, and particularly about Interlaken, being of gigantic size, and at this moment laden with fruit. Switzerland is *par excellence* the country for timber: this, perhaps, is its richest product; for everywhere, even on the summits of mountains many thousand feet above the level of the sea, may be seen forests of pines, and everywhere are to be found sawmills, wood merchants, woodcutters, and workers in timber. Almost every house in this country is built of wood, and many of these habitations are not only beautiful, but really splendid; in fact, carved palaces, and, moreover, in perfect harmony with the surrounding scenery. Even the commonest chalet is comfortable when compared with the clay-built huts in which our Irish population burrow, or the dirty, smoky hovels in which our Highlanders drag out their lazy existence. The Swiss are an active and most industrious race, working in the fields and on the mountains during the summer, and eking out their annual income by the manufacture of all sorts of

wood-carving during the dark nights of winter. Accordingly this country is particularly celebrated for wood and ivory carvings; and wherever the traveller turns he is sure to find "Sculpteurs en bois," and persons offering really beautiful articles, of all sorts and sizes, for little money. In the larger establishments at Interlaken, besides the usual articles found everywhere, we saw some very fine specimens of inlaid tables and chairs, not unworthy of the best days of French marqueterie, and of rich carvings well adapted for frames of mirrors and paintings. The truth is, many of the persons employed on this work are real artists; and I was happy to hear that the art was not confined to the male sex, but was equally practised by females—a happy omen for the comfort of the winter's *manège*.

The three excursions from Interlaken which we enjoyed the most were those to the Fall of the Giessbach, the Fall of the Staub-bach, and the Glacier of the Grindelwald. The first we reached by the steamer which starts from Interlaken four times a-day for Brienz, and lands you on the south side of the lake, and then an excellent footpath to a chalet 200 or 300 feet above the lake, from which there is a full and perfect view of this magnificent cascade, or rather succession of cascades—there being no fewer than fourteen—dashing and foaming over huge rocks, and struggling, with ceaseless noise and impetuosity, for 800 or 900 feet, amid dark forests of pine and beauti-

ful green pasturage. Under the shadow of a large pine tree we sat in delight and wonder, gazing at this splendid cataract, and listening to the monotonous music of its noisy waters, as it ever seemed to say,—“On, on, still on, like man’s short life, to the ocean of eternity!”

The excursion to the Fall of Staub-bach is perhaps as remarkable for the scenery through which you pass, and for the Alpine heights, such as the Silber Horn and Wetter Horn, to which you are introduced, as for the cascade itself. The Lautenbrunner Thal, in which this fall is situated, is one of the most celebrated in Switzerland for its majestic grandeur, and for its romantic beauty along the banks of the rumbling river that rushes at the base of the mountains which hem in the valley on both sides. Vegetation of all kinds is here rich and variegated. The mountain sides are covered with thick pine forests, as elsewhere in this land of flood and forest; and even where the rocks are so bare and so steep as not to sustain the least green thing, there flow down from giddy heights endless streams of water, casting around spray prismatically coloured with the sun’s bright beams. The bustle which was taking place when we arrived at the front of the Chalet Hôtel, near the Staub-bach, showed the deep interest taken in this scenery by tourists of all nations. At least thirty or forty carriages, with yoked and unyoked horses, had brought, within a short space of time, visitors from different points of Switzerland;

several horses ready caparisoned, and furnished with comfortable seats, free of danger, stood ready for conveying ladies; many pedestrians were armed with Alpen-stocks, flasks, and knapsacks; guides, able and anxious, appeared eager to conduct the young and active up and over the mountain passes; while sturdy chair-bearers, in spite of the heat and of the weight of much "too solid flesh," were willing to carry the fat, the weak, and the weary to those places which are said to form the most beautiful landscapes. The whole formed a moving group, amid the surrounding picturesque scenery, not unworthy the attention of the best pictorial pencil of the Dutch school.

It is about three-quarters of a mile to the Staubbach Fall, whither the generality of the visitors proceed on foot. This cascade, so celebrated among the cataracts of the globe, is chiefly remarkable from its waters being seen to rush at once over the brink of a perpendicular rock, of no less than 925 feet, into the valley below; and when the stream is large, as it must frequently be, the effect must be astounding. When we saw it, the stream, though considerable, scarcely reached half-way down its course till it was metamorphosed into thin spray, and then again this spray was converted into water before it finally dropped into the valley beneath. Every breath of wind which meets the falling water makes it oscillate hither and thither, and bears its spray far away, bedewing in its course the neighbouring trees and meadows. Although, in

my humble opinion, the Fall of the Staub-bach is not, as the Germans would say, so "*wonderschön*" as that of the Giessbach, it is perhaps more astonishing from its falling so great a height without any rocky break. To me, however, this fall was peculiarly interesting from the fact that so many German poets have sung its praises; besides, Jean Paul Richter, the most original prose writer of the Land of Oaks, chose this spot and its opposite Alp as the scene of his original, fantastic, yet powerful little tale, entitled *The Moon*, which five-and-thirty years ago I attempted to translate, and published as a specimen, among many others, of the prose writers of Germany.*

On the road to the Staub-bach our attention was called to a wonderful echo that exists in the valley

* The following is the passage from *Jean Paul*, where he alludes to the *Staub-bach*, opposite to which he places the dreamy beings of his fantastical story:—"Diese Menschen wolten in Frühling aus dem Strudel der Menchen gehen, der so hart und kalt an ihren Herzen anslug: sie liessen sich eine stille Sennenhüte auf ciner hohen Alpe, die der Silberkette des *Staub-bach* gegen über lag, bereiten. Am ersten schönen Frülingsmorgen traten sie den langen Weg zur hohen Alpe an. Es gibt eine Heiligkeit, die nur die Leiden geben und läutern; der Strom des Lebens wird *Schneeweis*, wenn ihn Klippen zersplittern." Our translation was as follows:—"They resolved in the spring to withdraw from the whirlpool of the world, which had dashed so coldly and so unkindly against their hearts. They caused a quiet hut to be prepared for them upon a lofty mountain which lay opposite to the silver chain of the Staub-bach. On the first

There we encountered, as might be expected, one of those numerous horn-blowers who are to be met with in all quarters of Switzerland where echoes of any kind are to be found. For a small *douceur* we had abundant proof of the echo's existence, in the oft-repeated notes which were poured forth from a huge cow-horn, which rested on the ground, and to which a long pipe, with a mouthpiece, was attached. The notes produced were chiefly in thirds and fifths, which, by being at least a dozen times repeated by the echo, formed a succession of beautiful chords, at once striking and harmonious. A small cannon, also, which was placed in this well-chosen spot, was discharged as frequently as money could be extracted from the purses of visitors. The effect of the discharge was really grand and impressive, as the oft-repeated thunder gradually lessened, and died far away into silence.

The third excursion was to the Grindelwald, which perhaps delighted and astonished us more than anything we saw during our stay at Interlaken. This valley, through which we journeyed for upwards of three hours in a carriage, drawn by a couple of good horses, possesses all the grandeur and beauty of the Lautenbrunner Thal scenery, in having a river roaring below, lovely morning of spring they entered upon their long journey to the mountain. There is a sacredness which suffering alone can give and purify: the stream of life becomes *snow-white* when dashed against the opposing rocks of adversity."

with wild flowers, verdure, wood, and chalets half-way up the mountain sides; and even from the loftiest and steepest crags and precipices there hang leafy trees of every tint of green, like pennons waving from a mighty citadel. There, too, we were introduced to such snow-covered mountain summits as the Wetter Horn, the Wittelberg, the Grand Eager, the Faulhorn, &c.; while near the head of the valley we saw two of the most remarkable glaciers in Switzerland. It was chiefly with the view of seeing these that we undertook this long journey, ascending to a height little short of some 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and almost within the range of eternal snow. But we were amply rewarded for our pains; for, having reached the hotel near the head of the valley, we left the carriage and the horses to be rested, and proceeded on foot for about half an hour to the bottom of the lower glacier, out of which rushes the rapid and boiling river that runs down the Grindelwald valley, till it falls, with that of the Lautenbrunner, into the Lake of Brienz. The glacier extends as far as we could see up the gorge of the mountain, shooting up from its surface huge pinnacles of ice, that shone and sparkled in the rays of the sun; and we were told that beyond all we saw was at least a three hours' walk along a wavy sea of ice. On nearing the glacier, out of which persons were cutting and wheeling large square blocks of ice, equal, if not superior, to any ever brought from Wenham, with

the view of sending this luxury to France, we found that a large cave had been formed in the glacier, into which we had access by a wooden stair, that at once introduced us into an ice-walled gallery lighted with lamps. The effect was certainly wonderful—the sides, roof, and floor having the appearance and prismatic beauty of rock crystal; and the feeling that we were walking within a mountain of ice that perhaps has existed for unknown ages, almost without any sensible change, was enough to make us poor mortals of a few short years feel as nothing when compared with the apparently eternal manifestations of nature. It was a sight that filled us at once with wonder and with awe. After having rested ourselves for half an hour at the comfortable and contiguous Chalet Hôtel, and regaled ourselves with a luncheon of excellent milk, cheese, and bread, we found our carriage ready to depart, and we trotted down the long but lovely valley of the Grindelwald to Interlaken, ever and anon talking about an object of which we had never seen the like before, and might never see the like again.

For these few days past we find we have got fairly into the general tourist track; but from the great facilities offered throughout Europe by railroads, the proportion of English is not now so great as that from other nations. At present German travellers are by far the most numerous, and these are supplemented with nearly a due proportion of French, Italian, and

American. The season for the English, however, is not quite arrived—the first great period for leaving England being the beginning of August, when Parliament is adjourned, and when it is no longer fashionable to appear in London. Still, we have observed a considerable number of our travelling countrymen, who are easily distinguishable from those of other nations. There is a striking self-reliance as well as self-complacency about an English gentleman; and, in general, the English ladies may at once be known by their very odd and often too expensive travelling garbs, and by asking questions in French with a high-mouthing English accent—always pronouncing the *r* as they do beer—*bea!* Of all the travelling nuisances, however, which one meets with here, is the Cockney on a fortnight's tour, after the manner laid down by Bradshaw. He has read the *red* book, and thinks he knows everything. He is donned in a span new travelling suit, from the shop of some city snip—with a new knapsack, a new Alpen-stock, upon which he gets inscribed the names of the mountains he may ascend and the passes he may traverse; he has a fresh courier-bag, a flask, and a small telescope slung across his shoulders; and in this garb, and with these accessories, he buzzes about, ever on the move. At the *table d'hôte* he turns up his nose at any dish he has never seen before, yet eats of every one of them, and swallows his food almost as quickly as an American. He generally condemns everything, and thinks nothing good can

be got out of London; talks loud about the thinness and sourness of the wine, and usually prefers Bass to Burgundy. He mangles the French tongue, calling butter "buah," and the waiter "gaasong." He is, in fact, as arrogant as he is ignorant, and asking every one he chances to meet with if there is any "*noos*," and where he could see the *Toimes!* We generally contrive to give such an individual a pretty wide berth.

From being at Interlaken on a Sunday we had an opportunity of seeing the people in their holiday attire; and a very handsome attire on the part of the women it is. The dress is generally a black skirt, with a black bodice and white stomacher, ornamented with silver chains, and a round broad-brimmed straw hat, with a band of black or blue ribbon. It is extremely neat and clean-looking. The men sported no particular costume, except that all wore round hats, some of them ornamented with small feathers, and others with flowers. The Sunday is well kept here, and, indeed, throughout the whole Protestant cantons. The shops were closed, and the people were seen wending their way to church, just as in a country village in Scotland; but when the service is over they do not shut themselves up in their chalets as the Scottish peasantry and town people are *taught* to do; they enjoy a trip on the neighbouring lakes, or a walk along the numerous promenades, under the shadow of the majestic walnut

trees that peculiarly characterize this lovely land. They appear to be a happy and a religious people; and from the scriptural inscriptions placed on the front of many of their habitations, there is at least manifested an outward token of a trust in God, and a prayer for his constant care and protection.

We left Interlaken yesterday morning for Berne, not certainly without regret, nor without the hope of seeing it again. We were most comfortably located in the Hôtel de la Jungfrau, and had the opportunity of gazing from the windows of our apartment on the lofty snow-capped Jungfrau itself, which we saw under all its various phases, now veiled in light clouds, and anon in dazzling clearness hard against the sky. I need scarcely tell you that it is one of the highest of the Alps, being, I believe, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; its peaked summit, as seen through the two lofty dark mountains, which like sentinels guard each side of the valley, has a most imposing aspect. About a couple of miles' ride from the hotel to Neuhaus, we embarked on board a steamboat that carried us to Thun, picturesquely placed at the foot of the lake of that name. We would willingly have remained a few hours at this interesting little town, particularly to see the view from the church-yard, which Byron has celebrated; but our time did not permit of delay, so we proceeded on by railroad to Berne, which we reached about one o'clock, and are now looking out from the balcony of the Hôtel de

l'Europe, upon one of the very wide and handsomely built streets of this federal capital.

Berne has always been regarded as one of the handsomest towns of the Continent. Its situation on a rising ground, with the broad and rapid Aar flowing below, renders it most picturesque on approaching it, while its generally wide and regular streets and lofty houses give it a noble appearance. We had plenty of time yesterday to look at everything worthy of notice, having visited the ancient cathedral, a Gothic edifice of the fourteenth century, with rich stained-glass windows of the same period, and retaining as curiosities many of the Catholic ornaments which decorated it before the Reformation, as well as walked on the Belvidere Terrace, that overlooks the lower town and its azure river circling round it, with the noble background of the snow-covered Alps. We did not forget the numerous fountains, about a hundred yards apart in every street, which add to the beauty of the town, and afford the purest and most abundant supply of water to the inhabitants; nor did we fail to lounge through several of the elegant apartments of the Federal Palace, only completed about five years ago, in which the whole legislative and administrative business of Switzerland is transacted. Here we visited, in particular, the *Chambre des Etats*, or Senate, a body consisting of 46 members, or two from each canton, and the *Chambre National*, consisting of 123 mem-

bers. At present both are in session, but, unlike our Houses of Parliament, business is begun here at eight in the morning and ended at noon. This arrangement precluded us from an opportunity of hearing any debates; but as these are almost entirely of a local kind, it was of less consequence. The only subject of foreign policy, according to the *Bund* newspaper, which would have been at all interesting to me, was a motion recently discussed, and unanimously adopted, to press upon France the injustice of subjecting the Swiss going into France to the visé of passports—a grievous obstacle to travelling, so necessary in these days of free commercial intercourse, and especially burdensome from the boon having been accorded to Great Britain. Berne was particularly crowded, yesterday being the market-day. Fortunately we had the best opportunity afforded us of looking down on the busy scene from the balcony of our hotel, and observing the various cantonical costumes worn especially by the rosy-cheeked females who mingled in the crowd of sellers and buyers. We saw the sprightly Bernese, with her little straw hat covered with flowers, cocked on the one side of her head, from which her fair hair fell in long tresses on her shoulders, with her wide-sleeved chemisette and bodice embroidered with silver, in contrast with the lively Fribourger, with no head covering save her plaited hair, twisted around in three bands. These, and many other distinct costumes, gave a picturesque

aspect to the market-place, not to be found where a dull uniformity of peasant dress prevails; and it is to be hoped, although the higher classes in Switzerland are fast forgetting their ancient manners and peculiar habiliments, that the peasantry may long maintain a dress characteristic of the canton to which they are so proud of belonging. In traversing the streets we found them filled with stands, while the whole shopkeepers seemed to have carried their goods into the thoroughfares, for we saw every possible article of food, clothing, furniture, crockery, &c., exposed out of doors, where an active and busy population from town and country were transacting business. It was indeed a bustling scene, creating no small difficulty to our cabman threading his way through the carts, people, and other obstacles which crossed his path.

Beyond those already alluded to, one thing particularly struck us in our peregrinations through Berne, to which we would call attention; and that was the everlasting recurrence of the figure of a *Bear*, which we observed perched on several fountains, sculptured on several public buildings, and forming the figures of a clock procession like that in the Church of Strasburgh:—in short, we found that this animal, from its having given its name to the town (German *Bären*), was regarded with the greatest respect by the inhabitants, who were not merely content to have its effigies stuck up everywhere, but had absolutely provided two

large handsome sunk receptacles near the ramparts for the accommodation of four living bears, whose movements and gormandizing form one of the daily amusements of the people. The commonly received story connecting the city with the bear, is, that when it was founded in 1191, by the Duke of Züringen, a name was wanted for it, and as none proposed was liked by the founder, it was agreed that, after a grand entertainment which was given to the grandees in the neighbourhood, there should be a hunt through the surrounding mountains, and that the first animal that was killed should furnish the name to the town. The consequence was that, as the hunters killed a bear, the town was at once baptized by that name, and from that time Bears became the arms of the city, and living bears have been kept and fed at the expense of the inhabitants. A large annual revenue was at one time bequeathed for the maintenance of these animals; but, unfortunately, this property, with a vast deal of other city treasure, was borne away to Paris during the revolution which agitated Switzerland between the years 1798 and 1805. Since that period, however, a sum has been raised for the bears, which the city authorities have laid out on property, and which yields an annual revenue of about two thousand francs—a poor recompense for the millions which once were bequeathed and belonged to those ursine favourites.

LETTER XV.

GENEVA—LAKE LEMAN—NEUFCHATEL.

NEUFCHATEL, *25th July, 1863.*

IT is only a journey of about five hours by the express train from Berne to Geneva, which, in this land of slow railways, is considered fast travelling. We reached Geneva, the chief town of the Canton, just in time to sit down, in the Hôtel de la Metropole, to one of the best *tables d'hôte* that we have as yet met with in this land of beauty and good cheer. This hotel is almost as large as that of the Louvre at Paris, having 180 apartments, and looks out on a public garden which skirts the lake, lately formed by the Government. Workmen were busy erecting a very handsome metal fountain, with beautifully sculptured figures, in the centre of this delightful promenade, and which, when completed and sending into the air its silvery streams of water, will add greatly to the adornment of that new and monumental portion of the city. The country through which the train passes from Berne to Geneva is not only strikingly picturesque, but fertile in the extreme. The houses of the farmers and peasantry are not, as in France, congregated and penned up in small dirty villages, but are

scattered over the face of the country, as in England and Scotland. Thus the landscapes in Switzerland, independent of their additional beauty from the constant accompaniment of mountain scenery, look infinitely more lively than they do even in the best portions of France, where for miles the eye does not meet a house or a chalet. There is also, methinks, the evidence, from the peculiar mode of life alluded to, of the existence of a spirit of greater personal independence and self-reliance on the part of the Swiss and the Britons, than that indicated by the gregarious habits of the French, so strongly shown for town and village life.

On our way to Geneva we had intended to have devoted three hours at Friburg to the special purpose of viewing the celebrated wire suspension bridge thrown across the river Searine, which flows in the valley at the base of the hill on which the capital of the Canton of Friburg is situated; but when we found that the train passed along this remarkable structure—which stretches across a gorge 180 feet deep, and with a span of more than 900 feet—at such a slow rate as to give us full time to examine it, we at once resolved to pursue our journey direct to Geneva. On our approach to Friburg, however, and while at its railway station, we had a very good view of the magnificent steeple attached to the cathedral; and the only regret I felt arose from not being able to hear what is accounted the richest toned organ in the world, and

which is played every day at half-past one o'clock, for the peculiar delectation of the many *fanatici per la musica* who come from all quarters to hear it.

From Friburg to Lausanne the railway passes over rather a high commanding ridge of country, which affords the traveller a full view of the well-cultivated and well-peopled valley that skirts the southern sides of the Jura range of mountains; and when Lake Lemman in all its wide extent first broke on our view, like a mighty mirror, framed in the variegated ornamentation of Nature, in which towns, villages, and villas commingled, and beyond the towering summits of the peaked and snowy Alps of Savoy, the scene was altogether astounding. All who were in our saloon carriage leapt to their feet in astonishment, to have a better view of the magnificent panorama then disclosed, and every tongue gave full expression to feelings of delight.

At Lausanne the railroad from Sion and Martigny forms a junction with that from Berne, the former joining the great road over the Simplon to Milan and Italy; and although we remained only a quarter of an hour at Lausanne, we had sufficient time to discover that the town was placed on three hills, at a very short distance from the banks of the lake that occasionally bears its name. This lake may be said to be a perfect *alias*, being known under the several designations of Lemman, Lausanne, and Geneva. I was told that Lausanne had now attained

a population of about 18,000. When I first gazed from its tree-shaded platform, which overlooks and commands a view of the whole of the lake, it was, comparatively speaking, a small place; now its many attractions, particularly in point of position, are so great as to render it one of the most favourite resorts among the many towns and villages scattered along both banks of this lovely lake. If Lake Como, as we formerly noticed, has been and is still the favourite residence of the fame-wearied artists who have charmed the world with their music or their dancing, Lake Lemano has been the chosen home of many of those who have won for themselves a more lasting reputation by their literary and philosophical labours. It was on the banks of this Lake of Lausanne that our countryman, Gibbon, penned his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and it was there—as he tells us himself—that he lived to finish it. Who that has read his delightful letters can ever forget the description given in one of them of his feelings when he put his hand to the last line of this celebrated work. It is indeed striking and memorable.* It was here

* “It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden (at Lausanne). After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was re-

that the personal attractions of Madamoselle Curchod, and which were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind, first won the love of Gibbon, who, though unsuccessful, remained for ever proud, as he says himself, that "he was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment."* It was here, too, that, in 1788, he was visited by Fox, who seemed to feel, and even envy, the happiness of Gibbon's situation.

It was at Coligny, on the banks of the lake illustrated by the two greatest poets of Britain, Milton and Byron, where the latter wrote his "Manfred" and the third canto of "Don Juan."

It was at Coppet that the famous philosopher Bayle, the originator of all encyclopedias, passed two years in the instruction of the sons of Count Dolma;

flected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

* Madlle. Curchod became the wife of Mons. Necker, the minister and legislator of the French Monarchy. Gibbon says of this marriage,—Necker "had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure, and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence."

and it was to the same lovely place that Necker retired from the coming storm of the French Revolution, and where his gifted daughter, Madame de Stael, wrote her "Corinne," and particularly "Germany," under the critical guidance of Schlegel. It is in the park of the chateau itself, now belonging to the Duke of Broglie, that the ashes of her father, her mother, and herself repose.

It was at Vevay where J. Jacques Rousseau laid the scene of his novel of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, of which, if I recollect rightly, he tells in his *Confessions*, that he was seized with a love for that city, which followed him in all his wanderings, and made him select it as a *locale* well fitted for a Julie, a Claire, and a St. Preux, in which to live and to love; and it was in the neighbourhood, and close to Lemman's Lake, that Voltaire spent the greater part of his life, and wrote the largest portion of those works which extend to seventy octavo volumes, and where for thirty years he governed Europe with a pen instead of a sceptre! The beautiful banks of Lake Lemman, too, have afforded a retreat to many celebrated characters exiled from their native land through the antagonism of party politics, there to obtain for a season a place to soothe the sorrow of disappointed ambition, or to forget the ingratitude of a capricious world. It became so to the Empress Josephine when her ungrateful husband separated from her who had placed him on the first step of that ladder of ambition

which ultimately led to his being the Emperor of the French; and it was here, again, that Maria Louisa of Austria found refuge when European policy thought fit to separate her from her, alas! then dethroned husband. In short, Lake Lemman has been, and will doubtless continue to be, the ever-cherished home of the happy and the sad, the thoughtful and the gay, or of those who are in the least degree imbued with taste or sensibility. Of the picturesque beauty and even sublimity of certain portions of this Lake, Byron, Goethe, and Beranger, the lyrists of the three great nations of Europe, have each sung; while the German poet Mathisson has truly said, in the following stanzas taken from his charming descriptive poem of the *Genfersee*, or Lake of Geneva :—

“Entzückend ists, wann donnernd himmelan
Des Feuerberges Wogen sich erheben,
Auf Napels Golf, bey Nacht in leichten Kahn,
In magischer Beleuchtung hinzuschweben :

“Mit höhrrer Lust sieht auf des Lemans Flut,
Wann Thal und Hügel schon in Dämmerung sinken,
Der hohen Eismwelt reine purpur glut
Mein Aug' aus dunkler Klarheit wiederblindn.”

Let us now only add our humble aspiration that the scenery of Lake Lemman may ever continue to be associated, as it hitherto has been, with the names of those who have been the ablest advocates of civil and religious liberty!

I need scarcely tell you that Geneva, now become

a handsome, and also an increasing city, is situated at the south-west end of the lake, at the point where the Rhone issues from it in its remarkable blueness of colour, and a little above its conjunction with the river Arve. The Rhone divides it into three parts, viz., the city, the island, and the suburb of St. Gervais, and the river is crossed and the town is linked together by several bridges, one of which, lately erected, is exceedingly handsome, and is brilliantly illuminated at night with double-globe bronze lamps, well worthy to be imitated by those who are in charge of the city bridges of Great Britain. Since my first visit, I found that the city had undergone as great a metamorphosis, in proportion to its size, as Paris. Of late years it has followed the example of the French capital, being now, like it, a monumental city, and breathing a similar taste in its architecture. In 1817, when in Geneva making preparation for a long and very difficult tour through Italy, the town looked gloomy and dull. It was surrounded with a wall for defence; the houses old and neglected, and the streets narrow and steep; its only redeeming feature being its beautiful situation, and from its affording, as the Germans happily say, the finest possible *aussichten*, or prospects. Now much of the ancient town has been renewed or repaired, while in the new town, and particularly on the lines of the streets and quays which skirt the river and the lake, are to be found several ranges of well-built and elegant mansions,

commanding the best views of the lofty mountains of the Jura, and the still higher snow-clad summits of the Savoy Alps. The shops, formerly poor and dingy, might now vie with those of Paris or London; and the hotels, which in my boyhood were little better than such as now offer accommodation to travellers with the tempting picture of a bottle of brisk beer emptying itself in a circular cascade into an empty yawning *tumbler*, with the announcement over the doorway that "Ici on loge à Pied et à Cheval," are, at this moment, the largest architectural structures in the city, and, in their interior accommodation, are replete with every comfort, convenience, and even luxury. Indeed, "La Metropole," "L' Ecu," "Les Bergues," "La Victoria," "L' Angleterre," &c., are invariably introduced into the best photographs of the streets of Geneva, and we really think are well worthy of being so honoured.

With the aid of a carriage we easily accomplished the sights of Geneva and its immediate neighbourhood in the course of a day. The ancient Cathedral of St. Peter, built in the Byzantine style, and finished in the year 1124, contains, among other things, the tomb of Madame Maintenon's grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné, and that of the Duke of Rohan, the intrepid leader of the Protestants during the reign of Louis XIII. We looked at the antique Hôtel de Ville, in front of which, it may be remembered, two of

the works of Rousseau, *L'Emile* and *Le Contrat Social*, were burnt in 1762, by the hands of the public executioner, as being scandalous, and as tending to destroy religion and government; but these works, in spite of this piece of folly and intolerance, survived, and became—with other powerful arguments and appeals—one of the sources of that great social upheaving, the French Revolution, which, although productive of much immediate sorrow and injustice, like the destroying thunderstorm, ultimately cleared the political atmosphere of France, and even of Europe, of a considerable amount of degrading and deadening influence. We saw the Electoral House, the hall of which, it is said, is capable of containing 8,000 persons, and the Temple Unique of the Free Masons—a craft which here is, as we learn, somewhat more generally patronized by the respectable classes than it is now, unfortunately, with us—a craft whose real worth lies in its wide-spread charity and brotherly affection, and not, as it has become in Scotland, too often an excuse for a night of jovial uproarious excitement. We also had a passing glimpse of the Botanical Gardens, and a short walk through the city cemetery, which, I regret to say, though in a garden form, is by no means so well kept as could be wished, and is very inferior in beauty to that which we admired so much at Zurich. The only redeeming feature about it is the numerous weeping-willows which line the sides of the leading walks. It is here, however,

that Calvin is buried, and to his grave, consequently, the devotees of his creed naturally turn to pay due honour.

From the Champagne Chatalaine we saw the celebrated junction of the blue Rhone with the brown Arve; and on a high platform which overhangs the river at this place we had a most extensive view of the whole surrounding country, including a perfect map of Geneva and the distant Alps. And thereafter we proceeded to the village of Ferney, which, although only four or five miles distant from Geneva, is now within the territory of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. This little town, according to Voltaire's own account to the Marquise de Defant, was founded by himself, and close to it is the chateau in which the historian, poet, and philosopher spent so many days of his long and laborious literary life. In the chateau itself—a building in the Italian style—we were shown two of the apartments which he chiefly occupied, the furniture, paintings, and prints being just as he had left them; and in the *salon*, a cenotaph, in the worst possible taste, has been erected by Madame Denis, upon which I noted down the following words inscribed upon its pedestal:—

“ Mes manes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est
Au milieu de vous.”

Does not this inscription tell pretty plainly the source whence the words now placed on the Great Napoleon's

tomb in the Hôtel des Invalides were obtained? On another part of the cenotaph are also to be found the following words:—

“Son esprit est partout et son cœur est ici!”

“His genius is everywhere, but his heart is here.” The words, however, inscribed on this cenotaph are altogether false, the heart of Voltaire having been, during the early days of the Revolution, transferred to the Pantheon at Paris as a trophy. Among the pictures and prints in these apartments are portraits of Catherine II. of Russia, Frederick II. of Prussia, the beautiful and clever Marchioness de Chatelet, and the famous actor Lekain. The engravings are chiefly likenesses of contemporaneous and other authors and philosophers, such as Washington, Franklin, Diderot, Marmontel, Delille, Corneille, Newton, D’Alembert, &c. In the garden and grounds, which are really beautiful, and which at present bloom with the choicest flowers, the historian of the age of Louis XIV. took exercise and repose after long nights of labour, where he could look out on a wide-spread cultivated country, ornamented with trees and villas, and closed in with the magnificent amphitheatre of the Alps, the eternal seat of winter, and of that silent solitude in the midst of which rises Mont Blanc, the monarch of the mountains! Near the chateau stands a little church which Voltaire erected for the benefit of the neighbouring community, above the door of

which I remarked the following short, emphatic, but vain, dedicatory inscription:—

“Deo erexit Voltaire. 1761”—

an inscription which places too strongly the mortal creature on a level with his eternal Creator! Does not, however, such an edifice and such an inscription, if we can credit the chiseled words, give the lie to the supposed atheism of even the author of “The Philosophical Dictionary?” While wandering through the grounds and apartments of Ferney, as I had done thirty years ago through those of Potsdam, where Voltaire passed so much time correcting the literary labours of Frederick the Great, I found the same *sans soucism*, if I may use the expression, existing in both; and I could not help indulging in the thought how clamorous the world always has been against those who have endeavoured to break its mental chains and enlighten its intellect, as if it were unwilling to be roused from the torpor and debasement in which it was plunged. To such bold spirits as Voltaire we are indebted for our present intellectual emancipation. Had it not been for stern searchers after truth, we should still be tormented with the fetters of superstition, one of the greatest of human evils, which has often caused men to exceed the brutes in folly and the devils in wickedness!

Ferney cannot fail to call up many memories connected with the protean genius of Voltaire, and with

the beings with whom he there held literary and social converse, while to many a poetical spirit it has been the source of inspiration. Byron here left his legacy of thought and imagination, and the well-known Italian poet, Pindemonte, broke out in the following sonnet:—

“ Chiamo, e nessuno a' gridi miei risponde:
 Ti cereo, e sempre invan, sublime spirto,
 Vôto e freddo è il bel nido, e in queste sponde
 Tutto si mostra a me squallido ed irto.
 Par che gli smorti fior, le torbid' onde
 Senso di duol secreto abbiano e spirto
 Par quasi pianger l'aura entro le fronde,
 Del Lauro consapevole e del Mirto.
 È ver che là vegg' io, ma riconosco
 Male i Giochi ed i Risi a quella ombrosa,
 Che mai non ebber pria, faccia dimessa;
 E Melpomene, ov' è più nero il bosco,
 Miro col velo agli occhi andar pensosa,
 Non sopra i casi altrui, ma di se stessa.”

We took our leave of Geneva yesterday morning, and soon reached this lovely and comparatively quiet spot, and we are now looking out from the windows of the Hôtel de la Belle Vue, on the widely extended expanse of the Lake of Neufchatel, surrounded by a picturesquely situated clean town, containing handsome public buildings, elegant houses, good shops, and, above all, a well-dressed and apparently comfortable population, and surrounded by vineyards which produce the best wine in Switzer-

land. I am told that this Lake is about nine leagues long and little less than two leagues broad, and that it is constantly ploughed by square-sailed vessels, and since 1825 by several steamboats, by which it maintains daily correspondence with Yverdon, Bienne, and Morat. It has been known to have been frozen only four times—viz., in 1573, 1656, 1795, and in 1830, and during the latter year several persons crossed on the ice. The old and new towns of Neufchatel contain a population of nearly 11,000, 9,000 of whom are Protestants, and the remainder are either Papists or Jews. These towns are well placed on two of the lower spurs of the Jura, which trends towards the lake, its surrounding slopes covered with vines, interspersed with villas and *gloriettes*, from which—and, indeed, from the whole amphitheatre of the town—a full view of the lake and of the silvery summits of the Alps may be had, ranging from Appenzell even to Mont Blanc. In the lower part of the old city stands the Hôtel de Ville, a large modern edifice, with a Greek portico, erected through the munificence of David de Purry, who, having acquired an immense fortune by commerce in Lisbon, bequeathed it all for the embellishment and for the poor of his birthplace. His grateful townsmen have since erected a bronze statue to his memory in the square close to the lake. Neufchatel can, like most of the other Swiss towns, boast of possessing many fountains, some of which are of a monumental charac-

ter, and from which flow continuous streams of the purest water. Having so frequently of late noticed these useful appendages to a town, I confess it has made me more than anxious that our own good city should not be behind the Continent in possessing one or two of such ornaments. Upon the whole, we have been much delighted with this place, where the lover of the picturesque and the geologist might most agreeably pass a few days, sailing round the lake, or ascending, with hammer in hand, into the curious gorges of the Jura range, and persons enamoured of piscatory amusement might have a week's angling in a lake which abounds with every species of fish. Let Mr. Harvey and the members of the Piscatory Club take the hint, pack up their fishing rods, and hie to Neufchatel. They will be rewarded in many ways for their pains.

LETTER XVI.

NEUFCHATEL—MOUNT JURA—DIJON.

PARIS, *30th July, 1863.*

SOON after I wrote you from Neufchatel we took places by the Franco-Suisse Railway, which connects that part of Switzerland with France, and proceeded to Dijon, distant 193 kilometres, or about 120 English miles. From the station at Neufchatel, which is nearly 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and apparently at least 300 or 400 feet above the level of the lake, we enjoyed a last look of the extensive panorama which is here opened up to the eye of every beholder—the resplendent mirror of the lake being encircled on one hand by the mountains of the Jura, and on the other by the verdant fields of Berne, Friburg, and De Vaud, crowned in the extreme distance by the majestic glaciers and eternal snows of the Alps. There is perhaps no railway throughout Europe lately opened for traffic that surpasses, in boldness of engineering design and clever execution, that between Neufchatel and Portarlier. I need scarcely tell you that its course lies through and up the narrow gorges of the Jura, and passes over an altitude above the sea-level of about 2,800 feet. Although only

thirty miles in length, it runs through no fewer than twelve tunnels. It has four viaducts, presenting a continual series of picturesque scenery, at once beautiful and severe, soft and savage, and exhibiting at every step mountain steeps covered with pine forests, perpendicular rocks hanging over deep abysses, interspersed with now and then a smiling valley, filled with little towns and villages, and proclaiming it to be, notwithstanding its mountainous character, a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, and the marked abode of an active industry. And so, from all we were told, it really is; and in the various valleys along which this railway skirts—high up, however, as the railway is on the hill-side, and cut out of the rock—we learnt that there is a population of nearly 15,000, the males being employed in watchmaking, and the females in lacemaking and knitting of a superior artistic kind. Indeed, in the bosom of the mountain gorges of the Jura the chief seat of watchmaking is to be found, and it appears that, even in 1859, there were here manufactured no fewer than about 87,000 watches in gold, and 148,000 in silver—the quantity of gold and silver annually employed for the cases of watches having been not less than a million and a half of francs, or £60,000 sterling, while the export of watches and cases together amounted to at least 300,000.

Among the many villages employed in this scientific and artistic manufacture, the little town of

Fleurier is pre-eminent, being celebrated both at home and abroad. Several of the manufacturers have agents in Canton, New York, Calcutta, Teheran, Cairo, and many of the great towns in Europe. It is confidently affirmed that even Paris is not better known at Kamtschatka than the little town of Fleurier, and that the mass of the horological *loot* which the French soldiers carried off from the Summer Palace at Peking was the handiwork of the artizans of this hamlet. In fact, it had for a long period enjoyed the exclusive privilege of sending into the Celestial Empire from ten to twelve thousand watches annually. In addition to this manufacture, peculiarly belonging to the Canton of Neufchatel, we were also told that there exists within its peaceful and comfortable valleys a distillery of absynth, and, what is more, that it was here that this esteemed beverage was first produced; while we also understood that near Travers mines of asphalt are now wrought not inferior to those of Seyssel. From these mines the greater portion of the foot-pavements of Paris and the other great towns in France and Europe have lately been formed. In this valley, too, at Serrieres, the first Protestant Bible was printed in French, commonly known by the appellation of the "Bible d'Olivet"—the New Testament having been printed three years previously. I wonder if our worthy townsman, Mr. William Euing, has a copy of this valuable work in his vast biblical collection? If not, he ought to secure one immediately.

A few miles before we reached Portarlier, we crossed the frontiers of Switzerland and entered France. The French village where the *douaniers* reside, who always accompany carriages, carts, &c., to Portarlier for examination, is scarcely a gunshot distant from the Swiss village which bears the name of Verrieres de Joux; but how different is the outward aspect of the two villages—the one, in Switzerland, clean, gay, and comfortable; the other, in France, gloomy, miserable, and dirty! Perhaps the frontiers of no country in Europe exhibit such an immediately palpable difference as that which severs the Canton of Neufchatel from Franchcomté. A little farther on the railway issues out of the last narrow gorge of the mountains, and at this important point two strong fortresses appear like sentinels to guard the pass against the altogether improbable hostile entrance of the Swiss. In a few moments afterwards we found ourselves at Portarlier, and in the hands of the French custom-house officers, but who, so unlike their predecessors, scarcely opened one of our packages. What a blessing free-trade has introduced even into the *visitation* of a traveller's baggage! It seems now a matter of mere form; at least, we found it to be so in this as in many other instances.

The change in the appearance of the country recalled to our recollection that we had now, indeed, left a land replete with magnificent and even sublime

scenery, with lovely lakes fringed with the weeping willow, the acacia, and the walnut tree, and with boiling, roaring rivers, rushing through mountain gorges, whose steep slopes and lofty heights are clothed with extensive pine forests, and in whose smiling valleys corn, fruit, and vegetables abound—a land of picturesque chalets and a picturesquely clothed people, who are industrious in agriculture, knowing in the useful arts, and particularly in that great branch of productive wealth, wood-cutting and its various appliances—where the spirit of independence beams in every face, and the exhibition of civil and religious liberty is seen pervading all classes. Although Switzerland may be said to have three separate nationalities within its federal bond, it is but one nation—small, no doubt, in numbers, but great from its fraternal spirit and its substantial liberty. It is the latter principle which unites all as brothers, in spite of differences in religion and in origin, and to which they owe their strong citizen sentiment, the prosperity of their establishments of instruction and education, their well-being, and their happiness. Their forefathers won this liberty against the opposing efforts of the three nations which were, at the moment, envious of the Swiss Federation, and their last struggle was to free the Neufchatelese from the paternal care of the King of Prussia. Why is it that we—composed, too, of three nationalities, the English, the Scotch, and the Irish—do not exhibit as good an

example of perfect union as Switzerland? The only reply which we can really make to the question is, that our religious tolerance is more of a name than a reality!

For many miles after leaving Portarlier the railway passes through a very bare and ill-cultivated country, and it was not till we reached Auxonne that we found that we really were within the boundaries of *la belle France*. This active and apparently thriving town is situated on the left bank of the Soane, which is here crossed by a bridge of twenty-three arches. It is fortified, and is a place of some commercial importance, carrying on a considerable internal trade. Its population, we were told, is about 3,000.

From Auxonne to Dijon the railway opens up to the traveller many extensive views of the rich and variegated country which skirts the banks of the Soane, and even of the distant Rhone. The land as we advance becomes always more and more fertile, while it is better and more universally cultivated. The want of farm-houses scattered over the country gives, however, a rather deserted look to the landscape, and forms, in this respect, a most striking contrast to the scenery which we had just left in Switzerland.

Our chief object in stopping at Dijon, irrespective of breaking the journey from Neufchatel to Paris, was to see a worthy acquaintance who resides in that city; but on our arrival we found that, unfortunately, he had gone, like most of the re-

spectable inhabitants of towns in France at this season, to a watering-place. Instead, therefore, of passing a couple of nights in the capital of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, as we at first intended, we spent only one, and made preparations to leave for Paris next forenoon. During our afternoon and morning's stay, however, we had sufficient time to traverse the greater part of this chief town in the department of the Côte d'Or, including the long and umbrageous public promenade contiguous to the *Hôtel du Parc*, in which we were located. At the entrance to this promenade from a rural square, in which a splendid fountain was throwing up its silvery streams of water into the sky, we found a crowd of people standing in front of several exhibitions or *shows*, similar to those we are accustomed to meet with in the Champs Elysées, at Paris, during fête days, or in England and Scotland at fairs, the fun and frolic exhibited on the platform outside inducing hundreds to pay their *sous* at the entrance for the hoped-for excitement within. Human nature is the same everywhere, and rushes after excitement wherever it can find it; and really, after all, we know not if anything much better could meet the coarse craving of such persons. Feeling, as I have always done, that man, in every position of life in which Providence has placed him, must needs have some sphere of excitement or amusement, I cannot well sympathize with the attempts lately made by

certain parties in our own country to put down every species of entertainment calculated particularly for the delectation of the lower classes of the community, coarse and vulgar though that may be, and perhaps always must be, to meet the wants of such classes. The idea of amusing the masses with things invisible and abstract is a perfect delusion, and the sooner the benevolent and philanthropic begin to turn their attention to what will best address itself to the senses and to the imagination, rather than to the intellect, the better,—to those objects calculated to delight the eye and charm the ear, as well as rouse the better passions of our nature, and excite our spirits to mirth and merriment. The French people understand this well, and practise it accordingly; and I verily believe there is no nation under the sun whose working-classes are more generally happy, and who are so free from the curse of intemperance. Let us take the hint, and give our people amusement, and there will be no need for abstainers preaching about Acts of Parliament for putting down gin shops, and preventing good citizens from enjoying their cakes and ale.

We found Dijon particularly clean for a French provincial town—the streets regular and well-paved, and the houses generally neat and commodious, and indicating the existence of a *well-to-do* and wealthy community. We visited the Cathedral, crowded as it was, on Sunday morning, with an apparently

religious and a particularly well-dressed congregation—the vast majority of which, however, were females in pure white caps, ornamented with flowers or ribbons. There were few bonnets seen, and these were only worn by ladies. One thing, however, struck us all very much, and that was the stoutness of every woman we met either on the streets, on the promenade, or in the Church of Dijon—they all looked so comely and so fat, and so unlike the ideas formerly entertained, particularly in Glasgow, of French meagreness, no doubt arising from our ancestors seeing none of that nation within our city except an occasional spindle-legged dancing-master or an emaciated fiddler. I can assure you that the females of Dijon require little crinoline to make them round, and no stuffing to make them buxom. Never in my life did I see the *corset* generally so well and so amply filled as here. The theatre is a new and very handsome structure, and, from all I could learn, is much encouraged by all classes during the winter;—in fact, almost every respectable citizen is an *abonné*, and, consequently, the manager can always afford to keep a good company of comedians or of lyrists for the delectation of the citizens. The theatre, in fact, is a necessity in France—the majority of the nation loving the excitement of the drama, the vaudeville, and the opera far more than anything else, except perhaps dancing. A teetotal soiree, with long-winded clerical orations, filled but too frequently with dull common-

places, may amuse a Glasgow audience, for the want of other more palatable pastime, but here it would be looked upon as an intolerable bore, and, if once attempted, would never be *encored*.

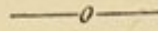
It is about 180 miles from Dijon to Paris; but by the express train, which left at half-past twelve o'clock, we got to the latter city about half-past six P.M., after stopping nearly half an hour for refreshment at Tonnerre. The Paris and Lyons Railway, of which that from Dijon forms a part, is one of the best-managed in this country. On this occasion we arrived at every station at the minute indicated in the Railway Guide, and we found ourselves at last at the *Gare* of Mazas, in the eastern portion of this metropolis, in perfect time to get our baggage passed by the *douaniers* of the city, and to drive to the *Grand Hôtel, Rue des Capucines*, before the clock had struck seven. Here we have been for some days, not seeing sights, but holding pleasant converse with many kind friends, of all whose hospitality we are unable to accept. Time presses, and demands my presence elsewhere, so we have determined to leave on Saturday morning for London.

We have now completed a most charming, interesting, and instructive tour. We have gone over much ground, have seen many celebrated cities, and gazed on many wonders of art. We have sailed along the picturesque coast of the blue Mediterranean, have passed some of its loveliest islets, and have steered

into the most beautiful bay in the world;—we have strolled through the silent streets of a city which, two thousand years ago, was gladdened with the noisy voices of beings like ourselves, but which are now only tenanted by the timid lizard;—we have crossed and re-crossed the Alps, those mighty mountain barriers that separate the Italian peninsula from the rest of Europe, Nature here loudly proclaiming what it should be—one united country—but which it, alas, never has been since the Roman Empire fell to pieces!—we have looked down with awe into the deep and river-roaring abysses of those rocky mountains, and have breathed the light and clear air which circulates round their snowy summits;—we have traversed the calm bosom or skirted the foliage-feathered shores of six of the prettiest lakes of Switzerland;—we have entered, and were almost struck dumb with the felt immeasurable antiquity and the brilliant sparkle of an icy cavern within one of the mightiest glaciers of the Alps, and have stood with astonishment and delight before at least four of the finest of continental cataracts,—and we have done all this in the short space of eight weeks, which only forty years ago, when railroads and steamers were unknown, would assuredly have required five or six months to accomplish. As an invalid, I left my responsible occupation and my happy home, in search of the greatest blessing in this wide world—health; and I can now happily say that I have, in some degree, obtained what I so much

needed, and I now look forward to return to my native city, and to the world's work, better, and more fitted than I have for some time been to continue, as long as Heaven may permit, those multifarious duties which for nearly thirty long years it has been my privilege and my pleasure, however inadequately, to perform.

APPENDIX.



Names of the various Hotels in which the writer of the foregoing "TRAVELLING NOTES" resided during his Tour, with the Prices of the *Table d'Hote* at each of those Hotels, with or without wine. All the Hotels were clean and comfortable; many were spacious and elegant:—

PLACES.	NAMES OF HOTELS.	PRICE OF TABLE D'HOTE.
BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,	HOTEL DES BAINS,	5 francs.*
PARIS,	GRAND HOTEL, RUE DES CAPUCINES,	8 francs.†
MACON,	HOTEL DE L'EUROPE,	—
ST. MICHEL,	HOTEL DE LA SAMARITAINE,	—
LANSLEBOURG,	HOTEL DE L'EUROPE,	—
TURIN,	{ GRAND HOTEL D'EUROPE (Trom- } { betta), }	4 francs.†
GENOA,	HOTEL FEDER,	4 francs.†
NAPLES,	GRAND HOTEL CROCELLE,	4 francs.†
ROME,	HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE,	3 f. 50 c.†
FLORENCE,	GRAND HOTEL D'EUROPE,	3 f. 50 c.†
BOLOGNA,	GRAND HOTEL BRUN,	3 f. 50 c.†
PARMA,	GRAND' ALBERGO DELLA POSTA,	—
MILAN,	HOTEL DE LA VILLE,	4 f. 50 c.*
CHIAVENNA,	GRAND HOTEL CONRADI,	—
SPLUGEN,	HOTEL BODENHAUS,	4 francs.*
THUSIS,	HOTEL VIA MALA,	—
ZURICH,	HOTEL BELLE VUE AU LAC,	4 francs.*
INTERLAKEN,	HOTEL DE LA JUNGFRAU,	3 francs.*
BERNE,	HOTEL DE L'EUROPE,	4 francs.*
GENEVA,	LA METROPOLE,	4 francs.*
NEUFCHATEL,	HOTEL DE LA BELLE VUE,	4 francs.*
DIJON,	HOTEL DU PARC,	3 francs.†

Without wine marked thus.* With wine, thus.†

Bell & Bain, Printers, Glasgow.

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