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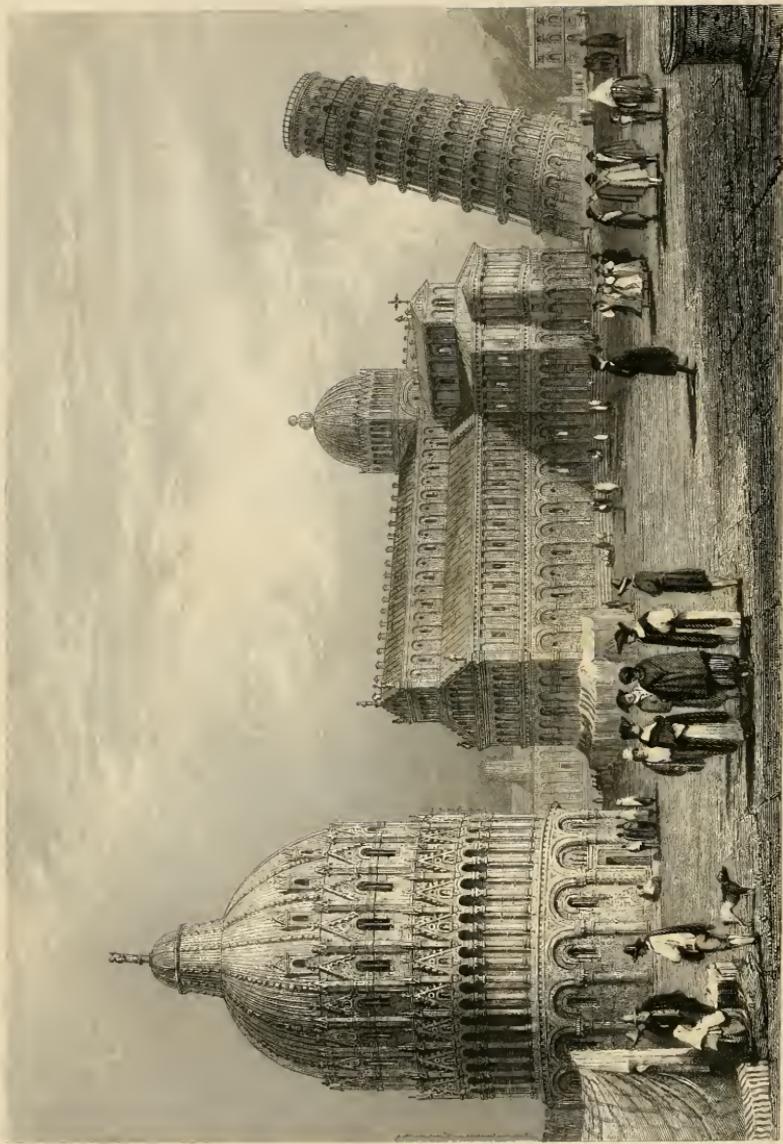
ROAD-BOOK

FROM

LONDON TO NAPLES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES,
Castle Street, Leicester Square.



PIZZA DEL DUOMO.

BROCKEDON'S
H A N D B O O K
For Travellers,
FROM
L O N D O N T O N A P L E S,
Illustrated with Engravings.
BY
W. AND E. F I N D E N.



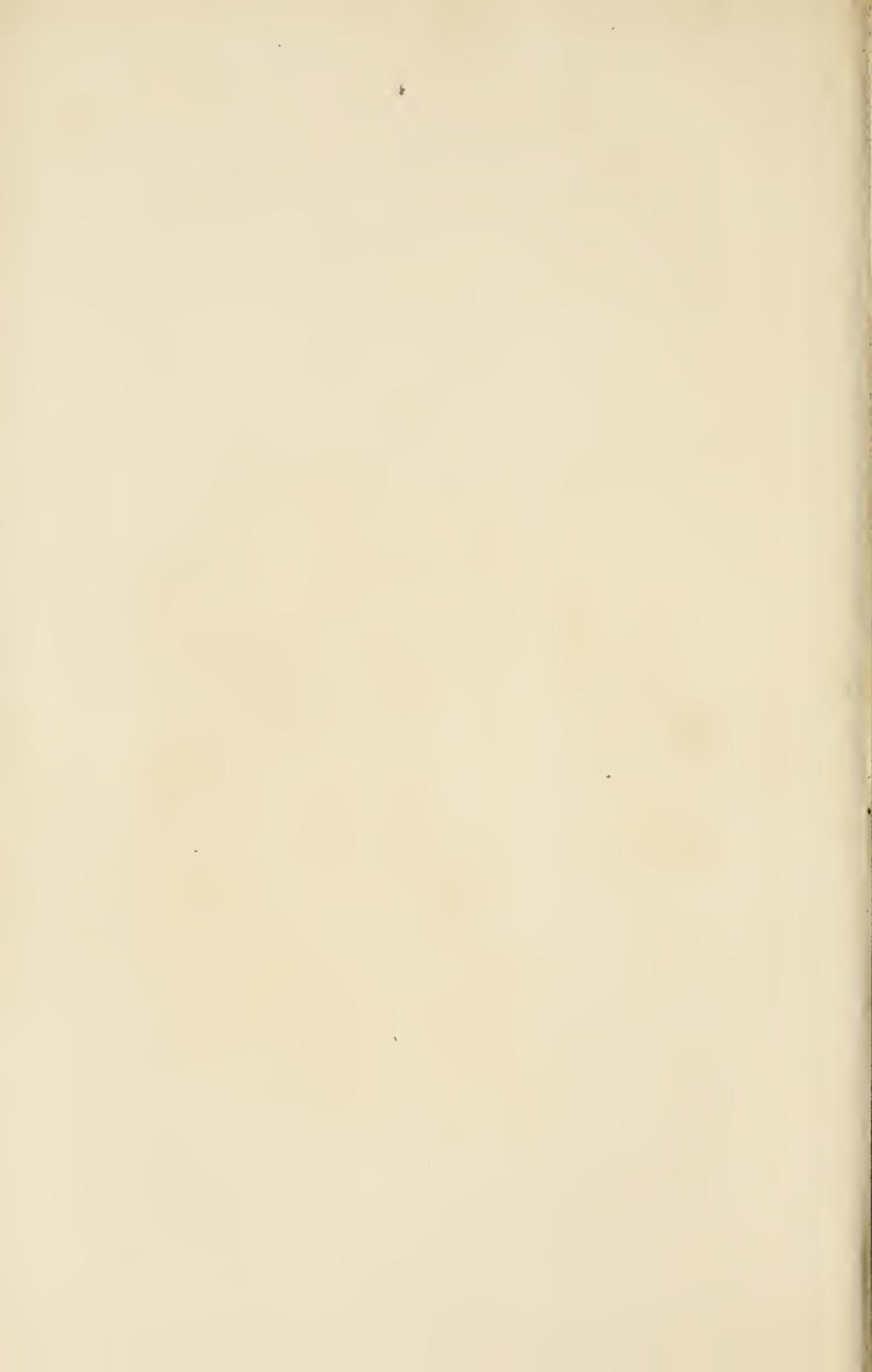
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Engraved by Finden.

The Fall of Termito

L O Y D O N.

M. A. NATTALI,
BEDFORD STREET COVENT GARDEN



THE
HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS

IN
ITALY,

FROM
LONDON TO NAPLES.

BY
WILLIAM BROCKEDON, F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE FLORENTINE AND ROMAN ACADEMIES OF THE FINE ARTS,
AUTHOR OF "THE PASSES OF THE ALPS," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-FIVE VIEWS,

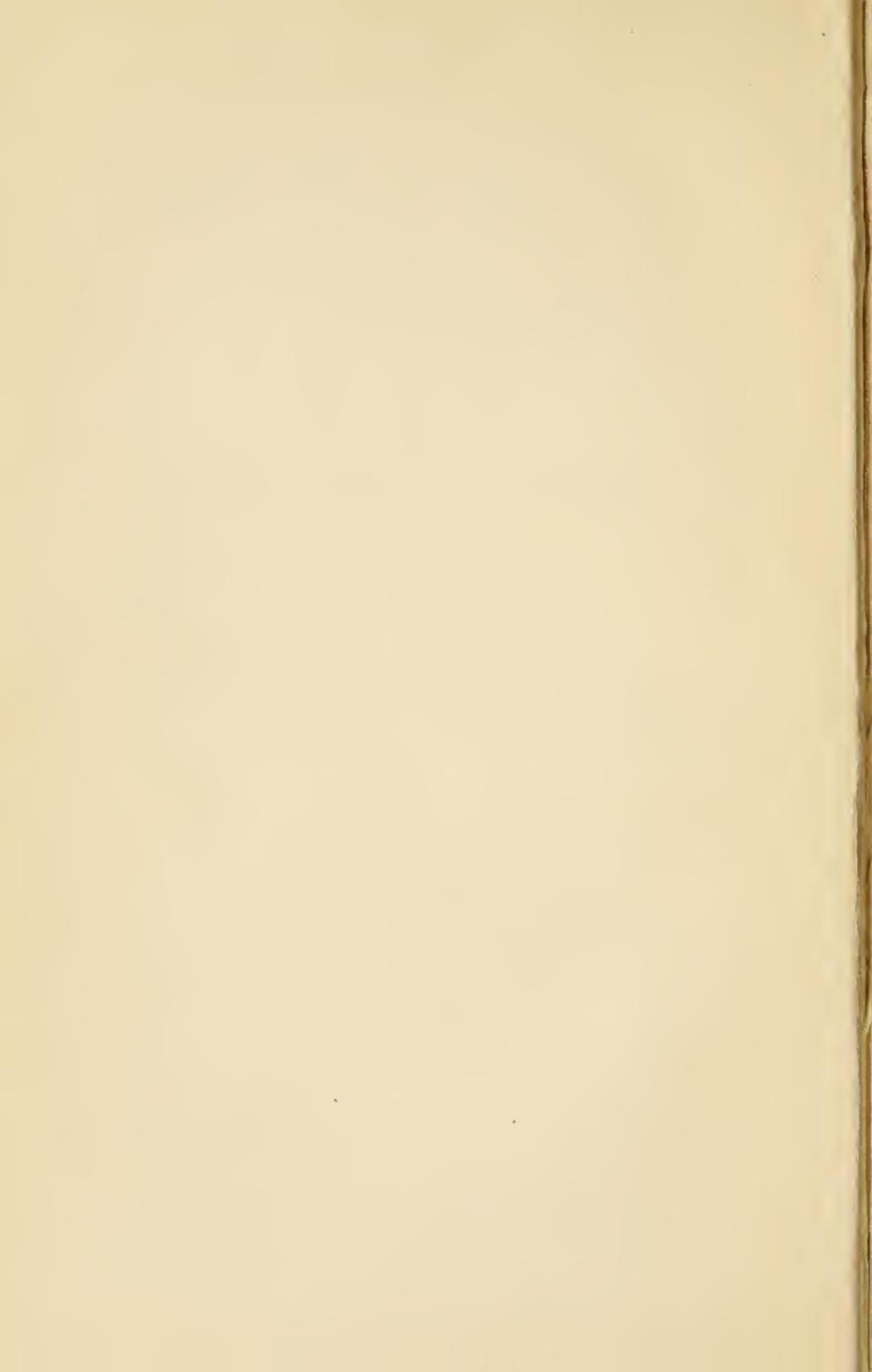
From Drawings by

STANFIELD, PROUT, AND BROCKEDON,

Engraved by

W. AND E. FINDEN.

LONDON:
M. A. NATTALI, 23, BEDFORD STREET.



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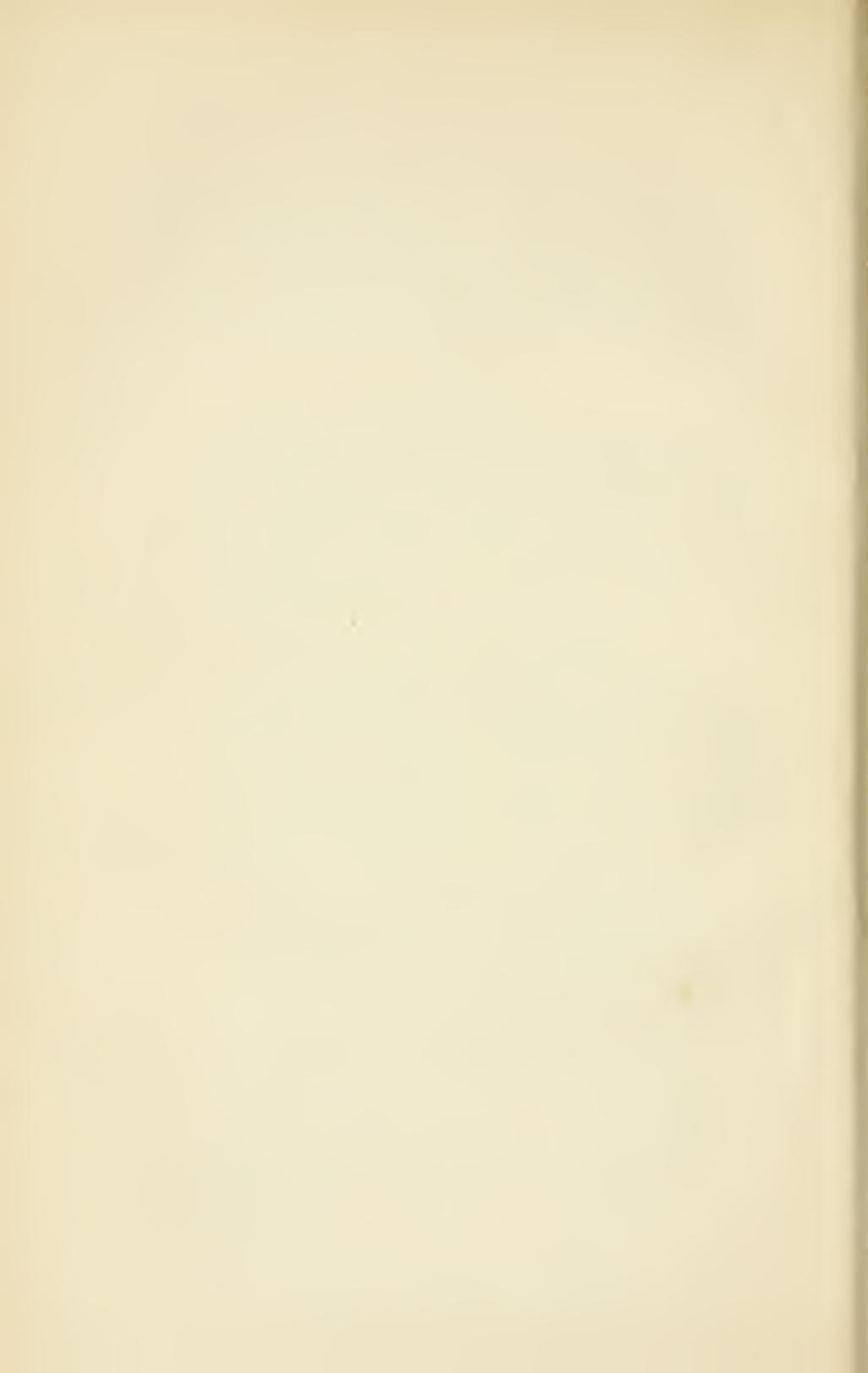
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ROAD-BOOK

FROM

LONDON TO NAPLES.

PART FIRST.

LONDON TO PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

Directions and Arrangements for the Journey. Passports. Money.
Modes of Conveyance. Posting. Malle Poste. Diligence.
Luggage, &c.

THE principal objects of the following work are to furnish, in a compendious form, convenient for a traveller from London to Naples, such information as he may require for his journey, and to present highly-finished engravings of some of the most striking scenes on the route, which may lead him to anticipate those points of view, and afterwards to assist his recollection of those places, which are interesting, from historical association or picturesque appearance.

The facility with which this journey may now be made, compared with its difficulties only thirty years ago, has arisen from the policy of Napoleon in constructing, not only those celebrated routes across the Alps, by the Simplon and the Cenis, but in forming many others, and improving and preserving all that were under his control in France, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy. His example has induced succeeding governments, particularly those of Sardinia and Switzerland, to open communications where none had before existed, or to render those available for commercial purposes which were previously traversed by mules only, or were known alone to the smuggler.

The peace which has now happily continued for fifteen years—may it never again be broken!—has, during that time, enabled thousands to visit the classic land of Italy, which had been closed against the English traveller above twenty years. Since 1815, a stream of visitors, composed of the learned, the studious, the rich, and the idle, has flowed from London to Rome. This intercourse has led to such improvements in travelling, and accommodations on the road, that a journey to Naples is now as easy of accomplishment as a tour of England.

For a journey on the continent, the first requisite is a permission from the ambassador of each country which the traveller intends to visit, to pass freely through it and without molestation, and to receive such assistance as he may require: these are the terms of the passports, granted, upon application, by the French ambassador or consuls, and those of other states.

An English passport may be obtained on application to the Foreign Office, upon *paying two guineas*; but a French passport is to be preferred, not only because it *costs nothing*, but the French language being more generally understood on the continent, it is examined with greater facility. To obtain it, application must be made to the French Passport Office (at present, No. 61, Charlotte Street, Portland Place) from one to three o'clock: on the day before it can be had, the name and address of the traveller must be left, and on the following day the passport may be received, between the same hours. Early attendance to receive it is desirable, as the passports are delivered in the order of application. The politeness and attention of the persons at this office are remarkable, especially to the ladies, to whom gallantry is usually shewn by making them exceptions to the order in delivering the passports. The object of the delay of a day appears to be, to gain, if necessary, some knowledge of the applicant; because well-known or distinguished individuals, as peers or members of parliament, may obtain their passports on a first application. If, however, the business of those who require French passports be pressing, they may be obtained at once, upon paying ten shillings, as a fee, to the French consul, whose office is at present in Token House Yard. Such passports may also be obtained from the French consuls at the outposts, where direct communication with France exists, as at Dover, Brighton, Southampton, and Plymouth. These passports are in force,

for twelve months; and if a second journey be necessary within the year, the same passport will serve in every country of which the ambassador's or consul's signature has been obtained. It is sometimes considered desirable to procure the signatures of the Austrian and other ambassadors in England, in order to save time and prevent delay in Paris; but this can only be obtained from the ambassadors in London, to the passport from the English Foreign Office: a fee of ten shillings, however, will procure to the French passport the signature of the Austrian consul, Mr. Rothschild, which is as good as that of the Ambassador of Austria; but as the signatures, in Paris, of the ministers of the interior and of foreign affairs must be obtained in order to proceed through France to Italy, little time will be saved. Some modes of preventing delay, however, will be pointed out to the traveller, on his leaving Paris for Turin.

That any passport at all should be required, is generally a source of annoyance to an Englishman; for at home, no man has a right to question him on his business or motives for travelling, unless he be found breaking the laws: but when it happens to be a law of the country which he is about to visit, that travellers should have this permission to journey in their possession; he ought to submit with good temper to the conditions upon which he is allowed to travel, and which he knows before he starts. The facility with which bad characters might enter or escape from the continental frontiers, which can only be guarded at certain points, has led to the

adoption of passports in those countries. Here, where access can only be had by sea, this precautionary policy is unnecessary.

The next consideration is, the safest and most efficient mode of carrying or receiving money to meet the expenses of the journey. The result of the author's experience has been, the conviction that no means are so convenient, safe, and independent, as Herries and Co.'s bills of exchange. Letters of credit never procured for the author half the attention, the readiness to oblige, and fairness in pecuniary transactions, that he has received from the correspondents of Herries and Co. Their circular letter is addressed to above a hundred and sixty correspondents, in various towns and cities; of these, above forty are in France, and upwards of twenty in Italy; so that the traveller, by taking these bills of exchange, in amount from 20*l.* upwards, may be certain of being able to receive cash for them as frequently as he may require it. For these bills he obtains, according to the latest tariff, the amount in the currency of the country in which he is journeying, without any deduction, unless he choose to receive it in gold coin instead of silver, when a small, but regular, *agio* is usually paid. To the traveller in his carriage this is unnecessary, as the five-franc pieces, which he will generally receive in exchange in France and Italy, are the most convenient for paying the postilions and other travelling expenses: the weight of these pieces is certainly inconvenient to those who travel by diligence, or who ramble in occasional pedes-

trian excursions; to whom the payment of the agio is a small consideration for the convenience of carrying four of those five-franc pieces in the form of a gold Napoleon; and it generally happens that the money which has been paid by the traveller for the gold is allowed to him again by those to whom it is paid away, as more than twenty francs is often reckoned for a Napoleon in paying an account at an inn. But there is another and an important consideration in estimating the value of the bills and circular letter of Herries and Co.: not only is it the best means for obtaining a supply of cash in travelling, but those to whom their letter is addressed are always ready to assist the traveller who bears it, with advice and every courtesy, even if he do not need their assistance in a pecuniary way; and travellers are often placed in situations of dispute and difficulty, where a friend at hand, or a reference of respectability, is of most essential service. The author had often, with letters of credit, received little courtesy with his money from the parties to whom they were addressed; but with Herries's circular letter it only once happened to him that inattention led to delay; it was from their correspondents, the *Frères Nigra*, at Turin. He wrote immediately, to inform the house in London of their conduct. A letter of remonstrance was at once sent to Turin, and an apology was received from them by the author, soon after his return to England. This is mentioned to mark the attention of Herries and Co. to the interests of those who travel with their circular letter and bills of exchange.

The next consideration is, the means of conveyance. To those who intend to have their own carriage, it is desirable to take it from England. They can better rely upon the skill and integrity of the person they employ to furnish it, than if they had bought it abroad: it may be ordered and arranged before they start, and thus save the time which, in Paris, or elsewhere on the journey, must be devoted to procuring one, or waiting its arrangement to the traveller's wish. Smart-looking carriages may be procured on the continent; but, too often, putty and paint conceal defects, and disguise inconvenience; and there is no economy in thus getting them cheaper. Excellent carriages are made and may be obtained abroad, but they are rarely to be had immediately upon application. The best way, as soon as the journey is determined upon, is to order a carriage in England, proportioned to the party intending to travel, to be ready by the time of starting. The author procured a carriage from Mr. Savage, in Great Queen Street, Long Acre, whose experience in fitting up travelling carriages for the continent rendered it most commodious and convenient for the journey. But the sort of carriage ordered should be governed by economy as well as convenience; for on the continent, and in France particularly, the form of the carriage, as well as the number of persons, regulate the expense of posting. This will be understood by the following statement:—

In the French *Tarif de la Poste aux Chevaux* there are three classes of carriages.

First. Two-wheeled carriages, such as cabriolets and chaises, carrying one or two persons, must have two horses. With a third person a third horse must be taken; and one franc and a half is paid per post for each horse. But if four persons are taken by such a carriage, though three horses only can be demanded, two francs are charged for each horse per post.

Small calèches with a pole are charged three francs for two horses, when there is one or two persons; but if there be three persons, then the charge for two horses is four francs; and if more than three persons, the calèche is considered as a berline, and charged as below.

Second. Limonières, a class of four-wheeled carriages, such as chariots, but drawn without a pole by three horses, may take one, two, or three persons, at the usual rate of one franc and a half per horse per post; but if four persons travel in it, two francs per horse must be paid, without any obligation upon the postmaster to place more than three horses, though there may be more than four persons: in this case, however, each person above four, pays one franc and a half per post extra; but such a carriage having a pole is charged as a berline.

Third. Berlins—carriages having double and equal seats, or calèches with double seats, and drawn by a pole, must take four horses, with either one, two, three, or four persons; or six horses, with five or six persons, paying for each horse one franc and a half per post. For each person exceeding the number of six, one franc and a half is paid for each post; but

not more than six horses are ever permitted to be put to a berline. One child under seven years is not charged or reckoned ; but two children under seven years are charged as one person ; above seven years the child is charged as an adult. Two or three horses are driven by one postilion, whose pay, by the tarif, is only fifteen sous per post ; but though more cannot be demanded, they usually receive one and a half franc per post, and from the English expect to get two francs,—an expectation which has grown out of the folly of English travellers. The half franc may occasionally, however, be promised to excite, or given to reward, the exertions of the postilion.

A *Livre de Poste* of the current year should be bought of the postmaster at Calais, or wherever else the traveller may first arrive in France. To those who travel by post it is essential, as it contains a post map, and all the laws and latest regulations of posting in France : these abound so much in detail, that without the authority of the post-book, travellers will often be exposed to imposition and vexation.

The above classes of carriages have been described here, so that those who are about to take a carriage from England may be enabled to order that which will be most convenient for the number who intend to travel together.

Custom has introduced some infringements of the above regulations of the number of horses for the classes of carriages ; and if the traveller arranges with the postmaster, before he sets out from Calais, he may, by paying for five horses and taking four, with which he will travel just as fast, save the

expense of one horse ; and the traveller who, by law, would require four horses, may arrange and take three, by which he also saves the expense of one postilion ; but as these are driven abreast, the pole must be removed (it is usually lashed below the perch), and shafts substituted. Thus, including the expenses of horses and postilions, two persons may, in their own carriage, travel by post in France at 9*d.* per English mile, three persons at 1*s.*, four persons at 1*s.* 3*d.*, and six persons at 1*s.* 8*d.* per mile, —the French post being about five English miles. But a carriage like an English post-chaise is unknown in France ; the postmaster, however, is required to furnish a carriage, if demanded ; but nothing can sink below the execrable *turn-out* which is exhibited upon such a requisition.

It is necessary to state, that, upon an English carriage entering France, a duty of one-third, *ad valorem*, is deposited ; of which two-thirds are returned, upon demand, on repassing the frontier within two years. An English-built carriage purchased abroad of any other than an English traveller, is liable, on arriving in England, to the same duty as a foreign carriage, 30 per cent on its value. The policy of this is questionable, its injustice obvious.

Those who do not take a carriage from England may purchase one at Calais, or hire one for the whole journey, or only for Paris ; the latter is the better plan, because, in Paris, the traveller has an opportunity of selecting from a greater choice, and giving more time to its examination. A calèche may be hired from Dessin's, and other hotels at

Calais, for a journey to Paris, for about 5*l.* English. If the party intend to go no farther than Paris, to make a short stay there, and then return again by Calais, this is a desirable plan, as the calèche will be a great convenience to them in the capital. For prosecuting the journey into Italy, such a carriage may be bought in Paris for about 40*l.* or 50*l.*, and other vehicles in proportion.

To those who purpose travelling by diligence, it will be well not to take places for Paris in London, but to wait until their arrival in Calais; and, as soon as they land, if they wish to proceed without delay, to send the commissioner to the coach-office and secure such places as they may want. In the French diligence there are four sorts of places: the first is in the coupé, the front compartment of the diligence, which is like an English post-chaise; it contains three places; the price of each place, from Calais to Paris, is about 30 francs; of the interior, this is the pleasantest part:—the next is the middle portion, the berline, which contains six places; the price is usually 25 francs:—the hinder part is called the rotonde, where six persons may be stuffed in, at 20 francs each person, where the worst company is usually found; and it is to avoid this receptacle of dust, dirt, and bad company, that the caution is given, not to take places in London, as, when the coupé and the berline of the diligence are filled by people from Calais, those who have booked for the interior are sent forward in the rotonde. The banquette, or imperial, which is on the top over the

coupé, holds three persons ; one of these is always the conductor. The English, from their habit of travelling outside their own diligences, prefer these places, —they are also the cheapest, generally 15 francs each place ; but lately, as the English are found to prefer the outside, they have often been charged 5 francs more. The prices of places occasionally vary, but at present they are about the sums named. Frenchmen, as companions within a diligence, greatly annoy English travellers by the pertinacity with which they insist upon the windows being kept closed during the night, and often also during the day, however crowded the interior may be. On the banquette the traveller has the opportunity of seeing the country, of enjoying the fresh air, keeping his legs stretched, which is of no trifling importance on a long journey ; and as the banquette of the French diligence has generally now a covering like a cabriolet, he is kept dry and warm there, if he require it ; and the conducteur, who is always one of his companions, is the pleasantest that an English traveller can enjoy upon the road. The expense inside to Paris from London, including the passage, 10s. 6*d.*, is about three guineas, and little more than half that sum outside.

To those to whom despatch is important, more than one-third of the usual time employed by the diligence may be saved by going by the malle-poste. But this mode has its inconveniences : in the interior, where three persons are usually put, there is not more than fair accommodation for two ; and in the single place, by the conducteur, in the cabriolet, the

traveller is annoyed at every post-town through which he passes by his companion's horn, in his efforts to rouse the post-masters, and by his bustle in the delivery and receipt of packets : these he stuffs into an immense pocket inside the apron of the cabriolet, and which, resting upon the legs of the unlucky traveller, inflicts upon him at each jerk the torture of the *boots*. There is one advantage, however, in travelling by the malle-post, and in some degree in the diligence, over the English public conveyances,—the traveller pays a fair proportion for any part of the journey that he chooses to make : thus, if he hire a place for the first day's journey, or any part of it, and chooses to rest, instead of proceeding through that night, he only pays one franc and a half for each post that he actually travels, which includes conductors and postilions.

In France all places in the malle-postes and diligences are numbered, and the persons taking places must occupy those only which bear the number which they have taken. In England it is " first come, first served." When the travellers meet to take their departure, in France, they are called upon by their number, and take their seats accordingly.

The next consideration to the traveller, and it is a very important one, is the quantity of luggage which he may require to take with him. In some measure this must be governed by the object of the party in travelling. Many conveniences will be necessary for invalids, which to those who travel for pleasure will be encumbrances ; and even for the

former, the number of things usually recommended will be found unnecessary, as they may generally be had wherever they are required. Some persons are advised to take horse-hair mattresses, leather sheets, musquito curtains, English flannels, &c.; but as some of these are contraband, the traveller is subjected to the risk of having them taken from him, or, where permitted to have them upon paying the duty, of being detained at the custom-house whilst the forms of examination are being gone through, and the duties paid that are required. There are many things, however, which an Englishman would feel to be requisite to his comforts in travelling; these he should provide where he can obtain them, and never leave to the chance of procuring in one place what may certainly be had in another. Let him buy what he wants and can get in London; what he cannot obtain there, search for in Paris; and what he fails to procure there, ask for in Lyons or Geneva. Medicine, for example, it is very desirable to procure where its genuineness may be relied upon; and the traveller should not fail to take with him James's powders, calomel, and sulphate of quinine: a light aperient preparation also, such as Laming's carbonated effervescing salts, which may be conveniently carried and readily taken. For security, the traveller should not be without pistols—detonators are safest and best; and in Italy, where doors fit ill, and locks are no security, he should not be without a pocket door-bolt, which may be easily attached to all doors, and will guard against intrusion. Those who sketch

should provide books made of English paper—it is infinitely preferable, as drawing paper, to any foreign ; and the superior excellence of our black-lead pencils should induce the traveller to take a supply from England. The best that are now made are prepared by S. Mordan and Co., of Castle Street, Finsbury Square, the pure lead of whose sliding points has attained so deserved a celebrity, that M. and Co. have lately employed the same material in cedar pencils, which surpass all others for the use of the draftsman.*

Of clothes a large quantity should not be taken, as every sort may be procured as good and cheap in France and Italy as in England ; and all luggage which may be unnecessary during the journey, had better be forwarded to the travellers, wherever they propose to stay for any time, in Italy ; it is also well to know how to return luggage and packages to England.

Those families who require more luggage than can be taken with them, may have it safely forwarded to any part of the continent, by Mr. J. F. Chinnery, agent of the Custom House, London ; through whom, also, any article they may require from London, during their stay abroad, may be procured.

* The author would suggest one means of enjoyment to those who do not sketch :—it is, to provide a couple of books, one for the drying, and the other for the preserving, of flowers, leaves, and plants, gathered in remarkable situations : placed in order, they will become a *souvenir* of scenes and events, and will well repay the trouble of collecting them.

Persons proceeding to Italy, to stay for some time, should forward, by sea, to Leghorn or Naples, all that part of their baggage which is intended for use there, as the conveyance is certain, and the expense moderate. Mr. Chinnery has correspondents in most of the principal towns of the continent, to whom he consigns packages for transmission to the owners, or to be held till their arrival, viz. :—

Calais—ISAAC VITAL and SON.

Paris—Mr. WILLIAM WALKER, agent to the British Embassy, Marché St. Honoré, 26.

Rome—Mr. F. DE SANCTIS.

Florence—Mr. S. LOWE.

Leghorn—MESSRS. P. SENN & Co., or Mr. H. DUNN.

Nice—Mr. P. NATTA.

Genoa—Mr. A. G. BARCHI.

To these persons, also, travellers should confide such packages as they may wish to send to England, instructing them to consign the property to Mr. Chinnery, who will see it safely passed at the Custom House, and hold it for the proprietors.

Every package sent to England should be *consigned* to an agent at the Custom House; for no private property can be passed without the aid of one; and by having the packages directly consigned to a respectable man, all anxiety is avoided as to their falling into improper hands, or being damaged or lost, which sometimes happens in other cases. The agent's charge is not increased by such consignment, as his trouble is the same, although a great advantage is secured to the signer.

An English agency office is established in Paris, Marché St. Honoré, 26, managed by Mr. W. Walker, Custom House, and general agent to the British embassy, under whose care goods of all kinds are safely packed and forwarded to England; and parcels, however small, are despatched at a proportionate expense. Through Mr. Walker, permissions are obtained for the admission of such articles, for the use of travellers, as are generally prohibited entering France. Mr. Walker undertakes every description of agency connected with the convenience of travellers and residents in France.

The author has long employed Mr. Chinnery (who is authorised by the commissioners of customs, under bond of 1000*l.*, for the security of the goods consigned to him), and he can confidently recommend him for care, experience, and moderate charges. And any information that may be required respecting duties, or customs' regulations, may be had, on application to Mr. Chinnery, personally, or by letter, at the Custom House, from eleven to three; and at 31, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, before ten, and after six.

Those who would travel with comfort should be particularly on their guard against rendering themselves liable to detention, or penalty, at the foreign custom-houses. They should avoid taking any thing which is contraband, either for themselves or for their friends; for it too often happens that travellers on the Continent are meanly solicited to take those things for their friends who are abroad, which they

dare not send by the public conveyance, thus rendering their travelling friends liable to penalty and punishment. This is more strikingly the case where they are requested to take letters, for which public conveyances are provided: in this case, they suffer their friends to run a great risk for the sake of saving the postage. Such conduct is most unpardonable. It is especially desirable that letters to ambassadors and consuls, and persons of rank, talent, and importance, should be obtained, to gain access to the best society. Such letters of credit and introduction, which require personal delivery, are permitted to be taken, but they should be unsealed.

With respect to servants, those who have never before travelled on the continent, and can afford to risk the chance of being cheated by a courier, will find the service of such an attendant add greatly to their ease, by leaving in his hands all the business of the route: he will precede them on their journey, and make arrangements for their reception at the inns; he will find a hundred little means of adding comforts to the travellers, and relieving them from embarrassments. But the faults of many of the couriers who offer their services to travellers are numerous and serious: though the usual wages of ten or twelve Napoleons a month, to find themselves, be paid them, they live at the cost of the traveller, that is, they pay nothing at the inns; but if this were all, it would be unimportant; the fact is, that they regularly sell their families to certain innkeepers, to whom they are known on the road,

and demand a gratuity proportioned to the number and stay of their party: this is recharged in some form upon the traveller. On the road, if a dishonest courier pay the postilions, he pockets something at each relay, generally from their remuneration, which in the course of a long journey becomes of a serious amount. The author, after having long submitted to systematic and customary speculation, until it passed endurance, found, from the hour that he parted with his courier, that the bills at the inns fell above twenty per cent, without previous arrangement; and that the postilions were grateful and pleased for less than the courier said he had paid for their services, when they were dissatisfied. Upon the author's remarking on the difference in the amount of the bills at the inns, when he had a courier, and when he travelled with his family without one,—he was assured, by the innkeeper at Mayence, where the difference was first observed, that he hated and feared the couriers as a body, and infinitely preferred receiving a family without one; for, after paying the courier's usual demand for bringing a family to his hotel, he was obliged to charge it in the amount of the bill, which often proved unsatisfactory to travellers: that if he refused to comply with such demands of the couriers, as they always preceded the arrival of the families they travelled with, they took them to other hotels, and reported to the association of couriers which exists in Paris and other cities, the innkeeper who had refused compliance with their demands, and they punish him, by uniformly avoid-

ing to recommend his house, or take there the families with whom they travel. However well a courier may know a city or town, he never acts as *valet de place*, unless his family make purchases, when he never fails to be in attendance, to receive, afterwards, from the tradesman, a per centage, which he claims as agent, and which is charged indirectly in the bill.

It will scarcely occur once in the course of a week's journey that the peculiar service of a courier will be felt, that of obtaining relays of horses to be in readiness at the post station by the time the family arrives, which could not otherwise be had, and thus secure the progress of his employers, by anticipating other travellers; and when he does, it is by no means an uncommon thing for him to take a bribe to forego his claim to the horses which he has ordered. It is notorious also that couriers are often smugglers, who conceal contraband articles about the carriage, and thus risk the property and liberty of their employers. There are, however, honest couriers; and when their services can be obtained they are truly valuable, especially to those who have never travelled before.

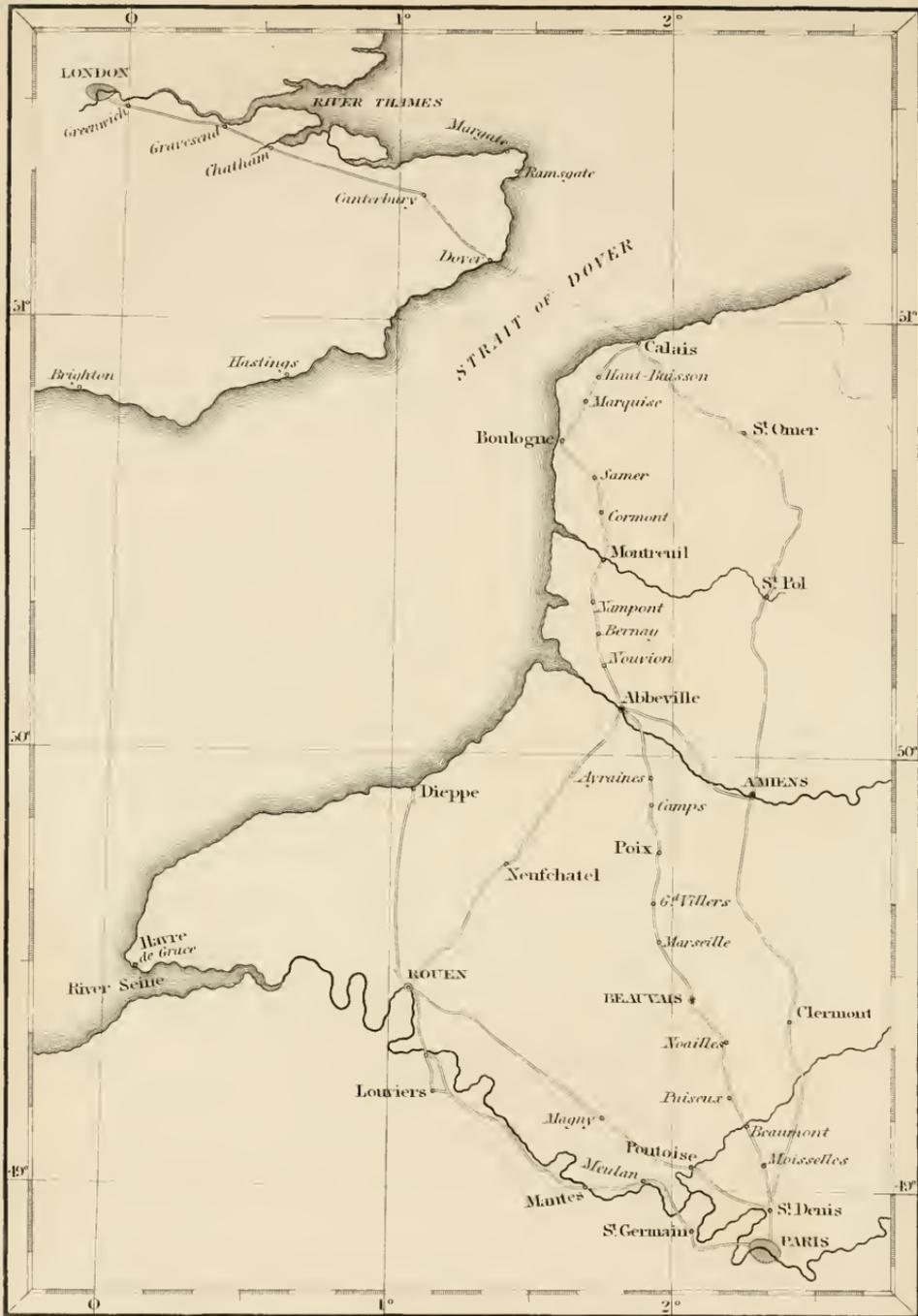
An active intelligent English man-servant, who understands the management of a carriage, and particularly if he understand French and Italian, will be found more useful and satisfactory than any other. But of female attendants, French are to be preferred to English ones; these latter are generally useless, because helpless, and only encumber a travelling party: the mistress usually finds, that instead of receiving

assistance, she has to give it to her attendant. A French girl will obtain a hundred accommodations whilst an English one is only thinking of their impracticability.

The last, though not the least important of the requisites for a traveller, is the temper in which he should undertake to perform his journey. It is not sufficient for a pleasant excursion on the Continent that he has money enough to meet his expenses. The *comfort* with which an Englishman—who understands the word better than any other—is likely to enjoy an excursion in lands where the language, manners, and customs, are so different from his own, will greatly depend upon his carrying with him a ready stock of good temper and forbearance, which have a more certain currency than gold in the purchase of civilities and efforts to please. A man will see more, enjoy more, and learn more, by carrying with him his head and heart in good travelling trim, than can be obtained by having his pockets full of letters of credit, without this necessary state of mind and feelings. It is a fact deeply to be regretted, that many vulgar and half-witted Englishmen think, if they leave home with money, they can command any thing; that it is mean to be civil, and beneath them to feel grateful for any efforts to oblige them made by those for whose services they pay. The presumption of our countrymen is proverbial on the Continent; fortunately, the exceptions are numerous, and we are spoken of as an unaccountable people, when some men of unquestionable character and fortune dis-

play examples of suavity and true gentility which cannot be surpassed on earth: the foreigner is thus puzzled to know how to estimate our national character. It is a vulgar prejudice, that all foreigners cheat the English, and that caution is necessary to guard against the constant attempts to overreach them. That some such characters are met with, cannot be denied; but those whose rapacity is thus made to characterise a class, have been often created by the meanness and prejudices and thoughtless extravagance of the travellers themselves. It is a bad feeling to set out with, that you must be always on your guard. Custom has established certain charges, and any deviation from them is soon detected; but it too often happens that things are demanded by the traveller which are very expensive, or difficult to procure: the charge for these is protested against as extravagant, though the injustice is entirely on the side of the grumbler. Firmness in not paying more than what is customary, unless such extraordinary trouble has been given, will always succeed; and good humour will lower a bill more readily than violence.





MAP OF THE ROUTE FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

CHAPTER II.

Departure. Passages from England. Calais. Routes in France.
Post Stations, &c.

THOSE who can endure the inconvenience of being fifteen hours in a steam-boat instead of three hours, will prefer the direct voyage from London to Calais, and take their departure from the Tower, whence packets for France go to Calais and Boulogne. To them the animated and beautiful scenes of the river Thames will be sources of high enjoyment, which are as sealed letters to those unhappy travellers whose time is employed to suppress *feelings*, not indulge any. To them it may not be amiss to advise, as a preventive of sea sickness, to pass a broad belt round the body, and place within it, on the region of the stomach, a pad stuffed with wool or horse-hair; this, tightly braced, has been recommended, and often found useful, as it in a great measure restrains the involuntary motion of the stomach occasioned by the lurching of the vessel. During sickness, very weak cold brandy and water will be found the best means of allaying the heat and irritation which sickness occasions.

The difference of expense in reaching France from London is very little, whether the traveller depart

from the Tower or go by Dover ; for the greater expense of the freight of a carriage and the fares of the party are nearly equal to the expenses of posting. Compared with the expense by diligence to Dover, and thence to France, the cost is rather less by water, from the Tower, all the way to Calais, and rather more to Boulogne. The certainty of a good and safe passage is, however, much greater from Dover ; it is generally accomplished in three hours, and the passengers from Dover are usually in Calais or Boulogne before those from London have reached the Nore ; and it has often occurred that, after starting in a fine morning from London, the steam-boats have not reached Calais in thirty hours. The distance to Dover is seventy-one miles, and the posting upon the road is excellent : the smartness of the postilions and the gaiety of the *turn-out* are generally sources of surprise to foreigners who enter England by that road. The diligences do not realise the reports, abroad, of the rapidity of travelling in England ; the fact is, that the distance from London to Dover happens to be a day's or a night's journey, and as the packets never start until the night coaches are all arrived, there is no inducement to more rapid travelling. To those who have not been by land from London to Dover, the pleasure of a journey by day on this road, which is very beautiful, will compensate for the purgatory of sleeping at Dover, where, however, there are some excellent inns ; among them the Ship (Wright's Hotel) has long been distinguished.

It is the advice of the old sailors at Dover, always



Illustration of a harbor scene.

12-1860

to enter France from Dover by Calais ; and in returning to England, to cross from Boulogne to Dover : the reason is, that the flood-tide, of which they must avail themselves for entering either of the three ports, makes a current up the channel so strong, on leaving Dover, as to retard the passage *to* Boulogne, and assist the passage *from* it ; and the voyage from Boulogne is generally made in less time than from Calais. There is one important advantage, however, in a direct communication between Dover and Boulogne,—it saves above twenty miles of tedious road from Calais to Boulogne, and the time and expense of this part of the journey.

Before departure from Dover, carriages are registered, but trunks are no longer examined. It is too common a feeling, that every shilling paid is an extortion ; but many of the claims made by porters are regular, and the trifling fee for the accommodation-ladder is regulated by the authorities of the port : if any extra service indeed be required, for which there is no regulation as to pay, the boatmen of Dover will not fail to convince any traveller that their bad name has been deservedly obtained.

There is little at Calais to interest the traveller beyond the novelties of a strange costume and a different language ; these never fail to strike persons who visit a foreign country for the first time. On the approach to the pier of Calais, all is bustle and excitement ; as the vessel enters the harbour, the column which commemorates the return of Louis XVIII. and the gate which Hogarth has im-

mortalised, are objects of interest ; and in the views of Calais which are taken from the southern shore, these are remarkable features.

It is necessary, before landing in Calais, to decide upon the hotel at which the traveller intends to put up ; and, upon arriving in France, to stop the clamour and yells of the commissioners of the different inns, by naming it ; the servant of that inn will immediately step forward and take charge of him and his party, and he is spared the farther solicitations of the harpies by whom the undecided are still assailed. As trunks are not permitted to be taken out of the vessel with the traveller, though a *sac-de-nuit* may be, it is advisable to put such things as will be immediately wanted into one ; this the commissioner takes on shore to the Custom House, where often a severe, but generally civil, search is made on the person : patience in submitting to this annoying ceremony is the best mode of shortening it, and of having it slightly inflicted. The passports are then left to go through the police-office, the night-sack is examined and passed, and the traveller finds himself at liberty to proceed to the inn he has chosen. The best English inn, or rather the best that is kept by an Englishman, is Roberts's, the Royal Hotel, Rue de la Toile, where the accommodations are excellent. Of the French hotels, Dessein's, in the Rue Royale ; Quilliac's, in the Rue Neuve ; and Hôtel Bourbon, Rue Eustache St. Pierre, are the best ; the attention paid to travellers at the latter cannot be exceeded. Calais abounds with low and inferior inns,



Engraved by E. Kindsen.

Drawn by S. Prout.

1845.

whose commissioners attend the arrival of the packets, and are more clamorous than those of the best. As the same customer will never go twice to such houses, dearness, dirt, and discomfort, forbidding it, they make the most of their opportunity to fleece and disgust him.

If the traveller wish to proceed by the malle-post, on the evening of his arrival he must exert himself to get his luggage passed in time: this is difficult if there be many passengers, unless—which is always desirable—he has little luggage. The commissioner should be immediately sent to secure such places as are wanted by the diligence in the morning; a neglect of this sometimes leads to serious detention. If the traveller proceed with post horses, he can start at any hour; the necessary arrangements will be made by the commissioner; and if a courier be required, the safest guarantee for his fitness and character will be the recommendation of the master of the hotel where the traveller puts up when he engages such a servant.

Before describing the route which it is proposed to illustrate, that from Calais to Paris by Abbeville and Beauvais, it may be well to advert to the other roads by which the traveller can reach Paris from England, and also that which, avoiding the capital, proceeds through Rheims and Dijon to Italy, by a route which is shorter by $3\frac{3}{4}$ posts; the route from Calais by St. Omer's, Peronne, Rheims, Chalons-sur-Marne, and Troyes, to Dijon, being $66\frac{1}{2}$ posts, and by Paris to Dijon, $70\frac{1}{4}$ posts; but so inferior in condition and accommodation is the shorter

route, that fatigue and delay will leave the traveller who pursues it a loser in time and money.

Of the roads from England to Paris, two have other points of communication with the coast of France besides those of Calais and Boulogne; as Brighton with Dieppe, and Southampton with Havre; and travellers to whom a longer voyage is not disagreeable, may reach Paris by either of these through Normandy, and by a road which ascends nearly the whole way the course of the Seine to Paris, through scenery of great beauty. From Havre to Rouen a steam-boat affords daily means of communication: above Rouen the Seine is not conveniently navigable for large boats, though there is a tedious intercourse by water with the capital. Two or three roads lead from Rouen to Paris, one is by Magny and Pontoise, $15\frac{1}{4}$ posts; but that by Louviers and Meulan, though 2 posts further, is the road which, continued near the banks of the Seine, abounds in more beautiful scenery than any other approach to Paris. Those who wish to travel this road, and yet avoid a longer voyage than from Dover to Calais, may reach Rouen in $11\frac{1}{4}$ posts from Abbeville, through Neufchatel. The fine situation of Rouen and its beautiful Gothic structures are well worthy of a visit, and, seen from Mont Ste. Catherine, few cities can vie with the magnificence of its panorama presented there.

From Calais the two principal roads to Paris are, one by St. Omer's and Amiens, $34\frac{1}{4}$ posts; the other by Boulogne-sur-Mer, Abbeville, and Beauvais, $32\frac{1}{2}$ posts: we have adopted the latter, as it is the general line of communication.

On leaving Calais, the road passes through a sandy open country, for a short distance; it then becomes hilly, and preserves this character nearly the whole way to Boulogne. The appearance of the country is strikingly contrasted with the road from London to Dover: the want of hedges and the scarceness of trees gives a sterile air to the scenery; yet, from some of the elevations, the country in the interior is picturesque, and frequent views are caught of the white cliffs of England, from which we are receding, as the road ascends to

Haut-Buisson, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post,*

a solitary post-house on the highest part of the road between Calais and Boulogne. Thence to the next station,

Marquise, 1 post, from Calais, $2\frac{1}{2}$ posts,

the road is less dreary. This is a little village, where more of nationality is seen than at Calais. The deep valleys beyond it present some pretty village scenes, particularly the last before arriving at Boulogne, Wimille: here a monument is seen, close to the road, which records the fate of poor Pilatre de Rosier and his friend Romain, who, in attempting to pass in a balloon from Calais to England, on the 15th of June, 1785, fell from a height of 1500 feet, in

* An extra half-post is paid on leaving Calais. In the 47th page of the "Livre de Poste," certain places are indicated where a post or half-post is charged extra, by regulation.

consequence of the balloon taking fire, and were killed. Before reaching Boulogne, a column appears on the right, in a commanding situation. It was begun by Napoleon to commemorate the conquest of England! but it was left incomplete, and the army, formed here for the invasion, passed away in a series of misfortunes and defeats. Every other work begun by Napoleon, whether for the glory or for the service of France, was neglected or destroyed by the Bourbons; his name erased from tablets, or in some places changed, led his silly successors to hope that his services to France would be forgotten: but this column of Boulogne—an obvious act of folly—they completed, as they said, to perpetuate the return of the Bourbons. Now it records the folly of both.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, $1\frac{3}{4}$ post, from Calais, $4\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

Half of the inhabitants of this town appear to be English; but few that are respectable stay here, for it is almost colonised by persons who live thus near enough to have daily intercourse with England, from which they have fled or been driven. Bankrupts and black-legs form too large a portion of the English society at Boulogne for the honest and the honourable to sojourn long among them.

In travelling through Boulogne the upper town is seldom visited, as a road from Calais, which passes beneath the walls, leaves it on the left, and, descending a steep hill, enters the lower town, or port of Boulogne. Here all the best hotels are situated; of these, the Hôtel de Londres is the most frequented.

From Boulogne to

Samer, 2 posts, from Calais, $6\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

At first the route skirts the little valley of the Liane, and the scenery is pleasing; but it soon becomes dull and uninteresting, and the road very hilly.

Shortly after leaving Samer, the road, by a steep ascent, winds round a high hill, whence, on looking back upon the village, a very extensive view is presented. Thence the road continues without interest until the approach to

Cormont, 1 post, from Calais, $7\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
 Montreuil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ do. do. $8\frac{3}{4}$ do.

This town, situated on a hill in a commanding situation, is fortified, and has a striking appearance from the Calais side, where the approach is over a long chaussée, in a marshy valley: the ascent from the suburbs, by a very steep street, is usually made on foot, whilst the carriage or diligence makes a détour to attain the post station in the town. In 1815, the inhabitants had spirit enough to refuse entrance to the English troops, on their march to Paris.

Nampont, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post, from Calais, $10\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
 Bernay, 1 do. do. $11\frac{1}{4}$ do.
 Nouvion, 1 do. do. $12\frac{1}{4}$ do.

The road from the latter place lies through part of the forest of Cressy: the village of Cressy, which

gave its name to the victory won in 1346, and of which the English are so justly proud, lies out of the route, on the left: the portion of its forest through which the road passes will recall to the English traveller the remembrance of Edward III. and the Black Prince. The allusion to the battle of Cressy in the French Itineraire is ingenious:—“*Les champs de Crécy, célèbres par la bataille où les Anglais se servirent pour la première fois de canons.*” They have omitted with what success, and who were the victors.

Abbeville, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post, from Calais, $13\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

The approach to this city is very beautiful as it is seen from the hill, lying in a richly wooded plain; and it cannot fail to strike the traveller who arrives at Abbeville by daylight. It is situated on the Somme, and the tide rises here six feet: vessels of 150 tons can come up the river. Communication by water extends also from Abbeville to Amiens; and the manufacturing establishments of these cities, which are among the oldest in France, owe their importance to the commercial advantages of their situation on the Somme. The cathedral of Abbeville is deserving of attention; its façade is decorated with colossal statues, and its Gothic towers are striking features in any view of the city. A few miles below Abbeville is the port of St. Valery, whence William the Conqueror sailed with 1100 vessels and 100,000 men for the invasion of England. There are some good inns at Abbeville, but they are



Wagon, *Tramway*

Wagon, *Tramway*

in discredit with travellers, for the extravagance of their charges.

Airaines, $2\frac{1}{4}$ posts, from Calais, 16 posts.

From Abbeville to Airaines the road is still uninteresting, though part of it lies near the banks of the Somme. The general character of the route through Picardy, from Calais to Paris, is its openness, and the scarcity of towns, villages, and inhabitants; and there are few travellers who have not expressed their surprise at the excellent state of agriculture, without the appearance of a proportionate population for its labours: single cottages are rarely seen, and often, on the high grounds, an extensive panorama is presented without a village spire to break its horizon. Near this place is a mound, which bears the name of the Camp of Cæsar; Roman coins and other antiquities have been found there, and intrenchments may be traced, which lead to the belief that it was a military station.

Camps,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ post,	from Calais, $17\frac{1}{4}$ posts,
Poix,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $18\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Grandvilliers,	$1\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do. $20\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Marseilles,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do. $21\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Beauvais,	$2\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do. 24 do.

The scenery from Poix to Marseilles is perhaps the most dull and uninteresting on the route; but from Marseilles to Beauvais the road skirts a beautiful little valley, and the traveller looks down on rich pasturages, villages, and châteaux: one of these,

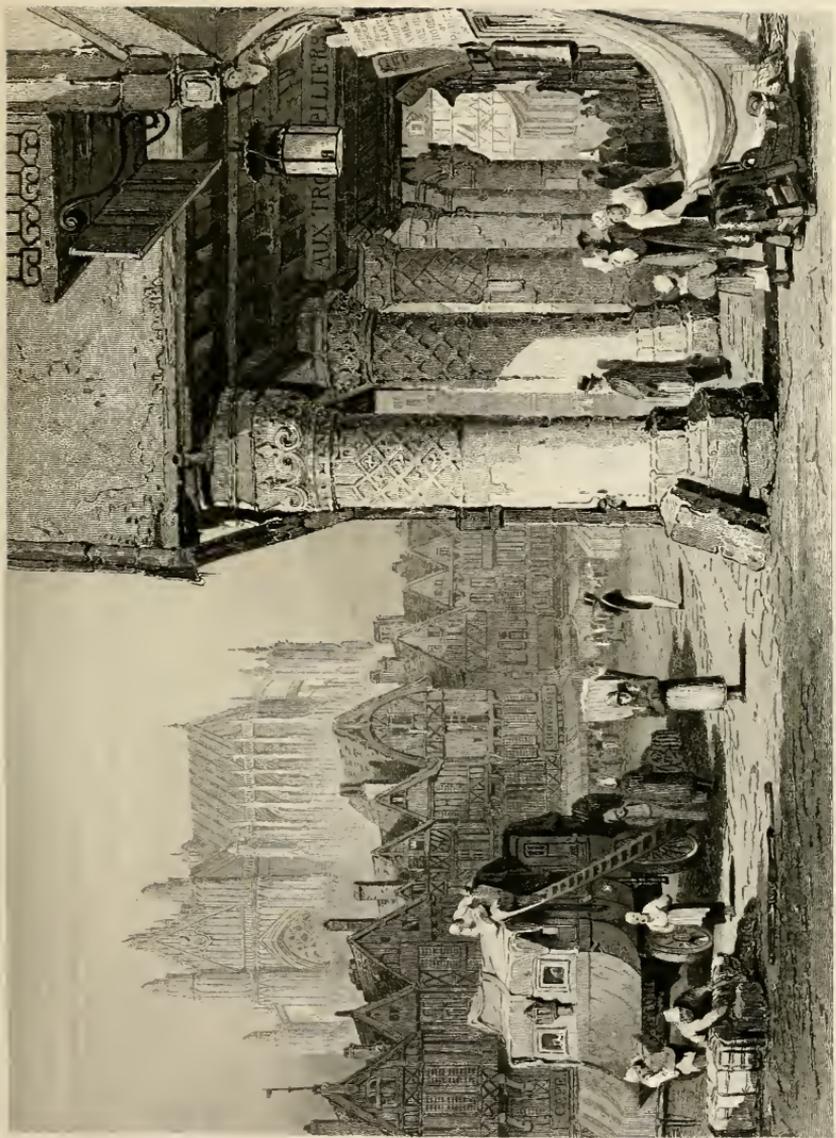
at Achy, belongs to the family of Clermont de Tonnière. Beauvais presents little of that appearance which would induce the belief that it could ever have withstood a siege of 80,000 Burgundians, in 1472, and that it could be raised by the exertions and example of a woman; yet the tale of Jeanne Hachette is now a part of history, and the women still precede the men in the procession on the 10th of July, commemorative of the defeat of the Duke of Burgundy. Beauvais is celebrated for its manufactures of silk and cotton, and for its tapestries. Among the good inns at Beauvais are the Ecu de France, Hôtel d'Angleterre, and Aux Trois Piliers: from the latter of these, which owes its name to three ornamented columns in the Grande Place, a fine interior view of Beauvais with its abbey is seen.

Noailles,	$1\frac{3}{4}$ post,	from Calais, 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts,
Puiseau,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Beaumont-sur-Oise,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.

Beaumont is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Oise.

Moisselles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Calais, 30 posts,
St. Denis, $1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.

Much of the road from Beaumont to St. Denis is hilly, and in bad condition. The approach to Paris is perceptible long before reaching St. Denis: greater population, more numerous villages, and many villas, mark the neighbourhood of a great city; pasturage, vineyards, and gardens, instead of



Paris, 1844.

Paris.

cornfields, are every where observed ; and the well-wooded parks of the royal demesnes enrich the scenery.

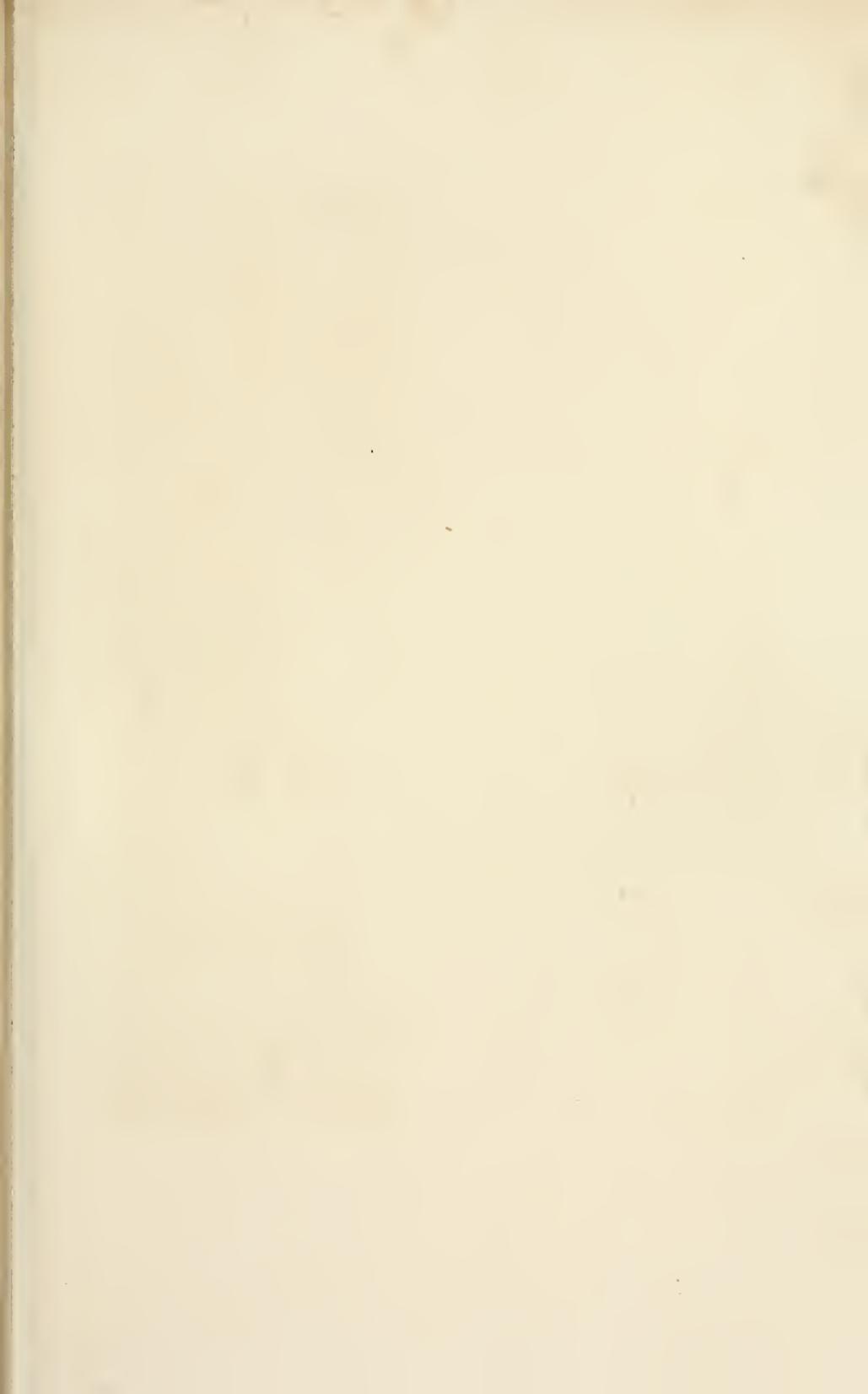
Paris, 1 post, from Calais, 32½ posts.

St. Denis, only five miles from Paris, has nearly all the bustle of the capital. The cathedral here, the resting-place of the kings of France, is worth an examination. From St. Denis the road continues through avenues of trees ; and, leaving Montmartre and its windmills on the right, enters the metropolis by the barrier of St. Denis, where carriages of all classes, from the gay chariot to the diligence and the dray, are searched for brandy, which pays a duty upon entrance. An officer from the barrier always accompanies the diligences to the places of their destination in Paris, where every traveller is obliged to unlock his trunks, &c. for the inspection of this exorciser of illegal spirits.

The traveller is now in the capital of France ; and if he have been recommended to Meurice's, or any other hotel, and he travel by post, he orders the postilions to drive there from the barrier. If he have arrived by diligence, he will be met at the Bureau, where it puts up, by a legion like that which assailed him on his arrival in Calais. The same precaution as that used on landing in France is necessary, to name an hotel, when its commissioner will immediately relieve him from further importunity. The Hotel de Lille, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, has for a long time been a favourite with diligence travellers ;

and its convenient situation near the Palais Royal makes it a desirable residence to those who intend to remain only a short time in the capital.

Within twenty-four hours of his arrival in Paris, the traveller is called upon by the master of the hotel where he happens to stay, to furnish him with his passport, in order that his name, quality, &c. may be registered, according to the regulations of the police. However disagreeable this may be to Englishmen, a ready compliance with all the ordonnances of the police (especially as they relate to passports) should be shewn: these arrangements, carefully regarded, will not only relieve the stranger from difficulty, but often facilitate his access to objects and places worth his attention. A day or two after the arrival of an English traveller in Paris, it is desirable that he should go to the Préfecture of Police, Quai des Orfèvres, and reclaim the passport with which he had arrived in Calais, or elsewhere on the frontier; for that with which he travels to Paris is not the one obtained in England, but a passport *provisoire*, the original being kept to be forwarded by the malle-post to the Minister of the Interior. This change of passports, however, often embarrasses the traveller who wishes to proceed immediately to Italy; for the original passport is sometimes delayed upon the road, or detained at the office of the Minister of the Interior for several days. When haste is necessary, this cause of delay may be avoided, upon a proper representation of the fact to the authorities at Calais, where a fee will obtain the restoration of the first





Engraved by E. Chalon

Drawn by W. P. Woodbury

Place Louis XVI from a house on the Rue de la Ville

passport, which may be taken on by the traveller, who can then himself procure to it the signature of the Minister of the Interior: he will thus avoid the delays of office. When time allows, however, it is better to let the affair take its usual course; and if any sudden necessity for leaving Paris should arise before the arrival of the original passport from Calais, upon stating it at the préfecture, the necessary signatures may be obtained to the passport *provisoire* which had been received at the frontier; and with this the traveller may then proceed in safety.

The stranger in Paris should never be without his passport; by means of it he may obtain access to museums and institutions, on days when they are usually closed to the public.

Immediately after the traveller arrives, he should provide himself with a "Guide Book to Paris," at Galignani's, No. 18, in the Rue Vivienne. Messrs. Galignani have established reading and news rooms, and all such means of local information and amusement as are usually found at the favourite bookseller's in a fashionable watering-place in England; books of address, reference to lodgings, &c., can always be seen there, and the news of the day collected. The "Guide Book" will be found to contain all the necessary information for those who may make either a long or a short stay in Paris, with an account of those objects which are best worth their attention, and the readiest or regular mode of getting admission to them. Most of the public buildings and establishments are constantly and easily accessible,

or made so by a trifling fee ; and every direction as to the time and means of visiting the public buildings, establishments, manufactories, museums, libraries, monuments, and amusements ; in short, all the sight-seeing of this gay city and its environs, will be found amply detailed in the " Guide Book " recommended.

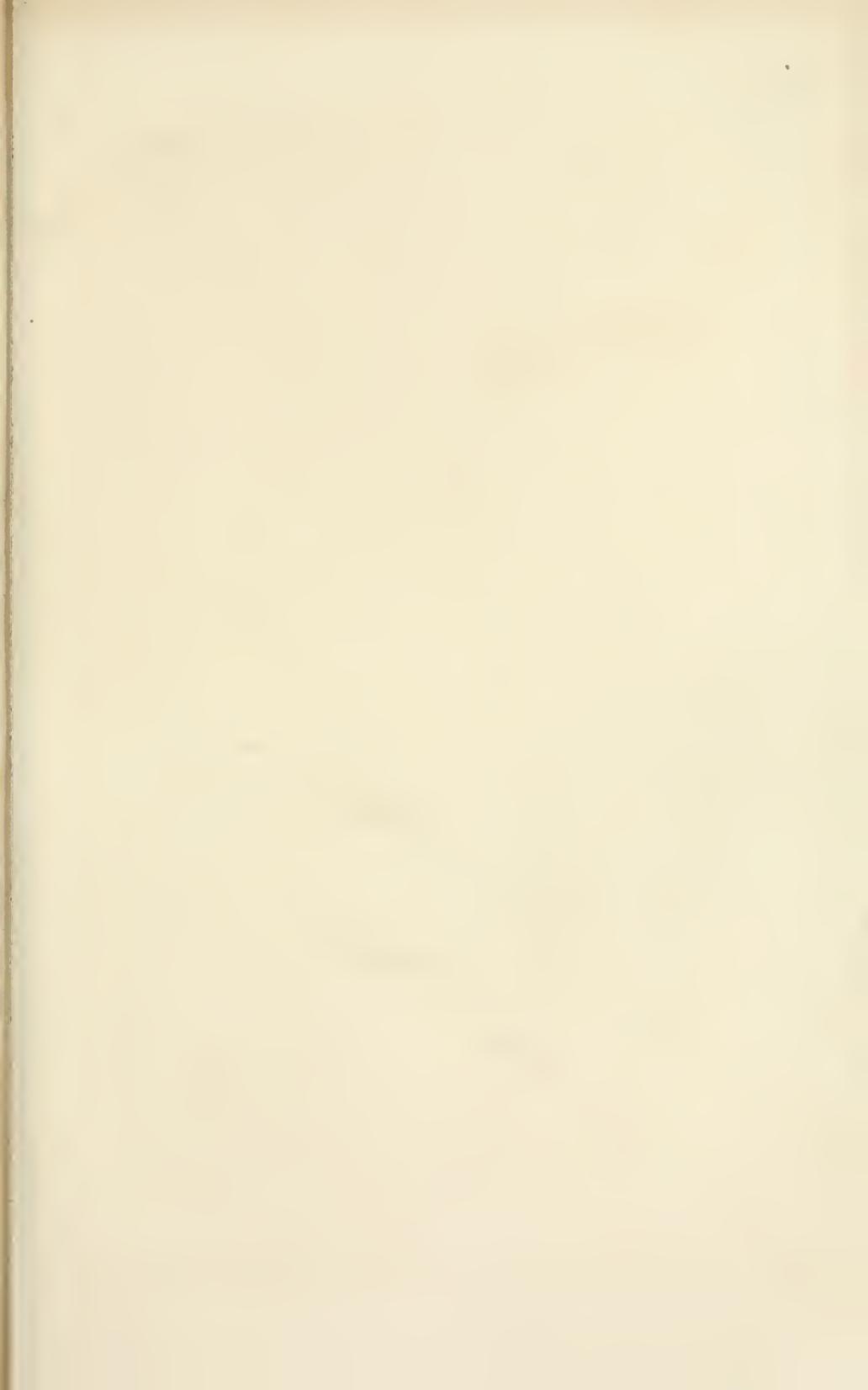
It will not be amiss to advise those who visit the institutions of our highly-gifted neighbours, to dispossess themselves of such prejudices as might induce them to look with contempt upon establishments and productions which are excellent, though not English. This national prejudice is found only with the ignorant, and is worn away by observation, from minds open to conviction. It is equally necessary that those prejudices against England, which are entertained by many who are ignorant of the institutions of their own country, should be dismissed. They are often felt, or, what is worse, affected to be felt by silly persons, who think that the abuse of the establishments of England will be received by foreigners in proof of a liberal spirit.

It is a common error, that every public place is open in France without pay or bribe for admission, or the difficulties of access which exist in England ; but it is not true that such facilities are greater, or that money is not as necessary to sight-seeing in Paris as in London ; and government orders for leave to view public works and establishments are requisite. The churches, it is true, are, in obedience to the Catholic custom, always open ; whilst St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are open at certain hours only. During this

time, however, visitors, without being taxed, are allowed to enter as freely as in either Nôtre Dame or Ste. Geneviève; but nothing can be seen beyond the nave of either without paying for it. The author is no apologist for the beggarly sale of such gratification to the people as the sight of public places; but he is anxious to relieve England from the imputation of being the only country where such illiberal restrictions exist. What may be termed the *sights* of Nôtre Dame are, without fees, as inaccessible as those of St. Paul's; and the visitors to the latter are, at least, free from the persecuting appeals for charity, made by disease and misery, at the portals and within the churches abroad.

It is equally unjust to believe that greater facilities of admission to public museums and libraries exist in France, or that greater benefits are conferred by such establishments. The National Gallery in Pall Mall, though so inferior in the number of works of art to the gallery of the Louvre, is open more freely, because more frequently, to the public. The Bibliothèque du Roi is not open so long daily by three hours as the British Museum; and for six weeks, from the 1st of September to the 15th of October, it is closed to all. The vacation of the British Museum in the months of August and September, does not extend to its libraries; for during that time literary men have constant access to them. Its arrangements are also superior to those of the Bibliothèque du Roi, which contains no catalogue to which the visitor can refer, though, if he be able

to name the author of any work he may wish to consult, if it be there, it will be immediately brought by the attendants; but the works of anonymous writers are a dead letter to him, and researches upon any particular subject, unless the writer can be particularised, are hopeless in the royal library in Paris. It is true that the public have admission to it, as to an exhibition, two days in the week; but it is a useless and injurious privilege; for then crowds of idlers walk through the rooms, and distract the attention of those who go there to read. In that part of the *Bibliothèque du Roi* where the prints are preserved, though the public have access to certain folios, the finest works of Rembrandt and other eminent masters are kept in a private room, and are more inaccessible than the collections in the print-room of the British Museum, which can always be seen by those who really want to study. These are some points in which our neighbours are behind us; in many they set examples which we should do well to follow: but justice can only be done to them and to ourselves by unprejudiced examination.



PART SECOND.

PARIS TO TURIN.

CHAPTER III.

Passports. Routes. The Bourbonnais. Lyons. Frontiers of Savoy. Mont Cenis. Piedmont. Turin.

Two or three days before his departure from Paris for Italy, the traveller should attend to the arrangement of his passports, and know that all the necessary signatures for the prosecution of his journey to Italy have been obtained. It is generally desirable to procure that of the Austrian ambassador, even though no part of the intended route should lie through the countries directly under the Austrian government; for the influence of that power upon the politics of the petty states of Italy will give importance to the passport which bears the signature of its ambassador, and facilitate the progress of the traveller through Savoy and Piedmont, Parma, Tuscany, the states of the Church and of Naples. If, instead of pursuing the journey to Italy by Turin, the course which this portion of the work is intended

to illustrate, the traveller intend to proceed to Milan, it is absolutely necessary to obtain the signature of the Austrian ambassador before leaving Paris, as there is no consul from that government at Geneva; and passports are so rigidly examined at Sesto Calende, on the Lago Maggiore, that the luckless traveller whose passport is deficient of this necessary authority must retrace his steps, or wait there while a messenger is sent to the nearest Austrian consulate, at Berne.

If the traveller be in haste to proceed to Turin, he need not wait for the signature of the Sardinian ambassador in Paris, for that of the consul who resides at Lyons, which lies in his route, is as efficient for Turin and the states of Sardinia as the ambassador's in Paris, and at Turin the signatures may be procured of the Austrian and Papal ministers.

The signature of the *Ministre des Affaires étrangères* in Paris is necessary to those who are about to enter a country where passports are examined; but the fee of this minister (ten francs) may be saved by those who are about to return to England, where no passport is demanded, and where the traveller may thank God that he is not required to submit to such a system of annoyance.*

* It may not be inappropriate to suggest to those who are collecting in Paris some *agrémens* for their journey, that M. Morillon, the *Suisse* of the *Messagerie Royale*, can furnish many, of which he keeps a list, that cannot be procured genuine elsewhere in Paris. Morillon sells numerous articles, which he obtains by means of the conductors of the diligences arriving at the

There are two principal roads from Paris to Lyons: the first, which is the route of the malle-post, passes through Auxerre and Chalons-sur-Saone, $59\frac{1}{2}$ posts;* and the second through Nevers and Roanne, also $59\frac{1}{2}$ posts—this is called the route by the Bourbonnais. A third route is sometimes chosen by way of Troyes, Dijon, the Côte d'Or, and Chalons-sur-Saone, $62\frac{1}{2}$ posts; but all these routes are ge-

Messagerie from the provinces and the frontiers: for instance, it is here only, in Paris, that genuine eau de Cologne can be obtained. There are indeed a thousand and one varieties sold in Paris of substitutes for this refreshing and agreeable *esprit*; but no other that is made, either as medicine or as perfume, is of half its value. The author learned, when he was at Cologne, from Jean-Marie Farina, who lives opposite the Place Juliers in that city, that Morillon was his only correspondent in Paris, and that the house of Gattie and Pierce, in Bond Street, was his only connexion in London.

* It may be well to advert to the fact, that differences exist in the indications of posts in different government authorities, and where one might reasonably expect consistency and accuracy:—thus, the *Livre de Poste* gives $59\frac{1}{2}$ posts from Paris to Lyons by Auxerre, and the *way-bill* of the conductor of the malle-poste makes it $61\frac{1}{4}$. This difference does not arise from the extra posts as postes-royales on leaving Paris and entering Lyons, but from Villeneuve-le-Roi to Villevallier, between Sens and Joigny. The route by Auxerre, in the *Livre de Poste* is marked 1 post, whilst in the malle-poste *way-bill* it is stated to be three-quarters of a post. This is mentioned to shew that, with every desire on the part of the editor to be accurate, the occasional changes in the tariffs, and other causes, will lead to apparent errors. The best way, whenever any doubt arises from a demand not agreeing with the *Livre de Poste*, is to request of the post-master a sight of the tariff by which he makes the charge; an authority which may be subsequent to the publication of the last *Livre de Poste*.

nerally dull, except, perhaps, that portion of the route from Dijon which lies by the Côte d'Or and on the right bank of the Saone. As the route by the Bourbonnais, however, can be accomplished in the shortest time, and the scenery occasionally relieves the tedium of the journey, particularly in the forest of Fontainebleau, on the banks of the Loire, and on the Mount Tarare, the author adopts this line of route.

On leaving Paris by the dirty faubourg of Saint Marceau and the barrier which leads to Fontainebleau, the traveller passes the hospital, or prison, of Bicêtre, and reaches the first relay at

Villejuif, 1 post from Paris.

Villejuif is an uninteresting village, on a slight elevation above the valley of the Seine, whence there is a fine view of Paris. In its neighbourhood are extensive nursery-grounds and gardens, which supply the capital. Near Villejuif are also quarries of gypsum, where many fossil remains are found. The road continues straight forward through avenues of trees over an extensive plain which extends to Essonne. There is an intermediate relay, however, at

Fromanteau,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ post,	from Paris,	$2\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Essonne,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Ponthierry,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do.	5 do.
Chailly,	1 do.	do.	6 do.
Fontainebleau,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do.	$7\frac{1}{4}$ do.

Until arriving near Chailly, there is nothing on the road to interest a traveller. The character of the

country from Paris is flat, and the only objects are dull villages, uncomfortable-looking châteaux, and sluggish streams dragging their courses along the plain to join the Seine; but near Chailly the traveller enters the forest of Fontainebleau, where the change of scene affords great relief. The route plunges into the gloom and shade of its magnificent trees. Through openings, which are of frequent occurrence, gigantic rocks appear, and a savage and broken surface of ground, upon which immense blocks are strewn about in primitive wildness. This relief must be pleasing and impressive to the traveller *ennuied* with the tedium of the previously dull route: but the wildest parts of the forest are not those through which the road passes; and if curiosity be excited by what is traversed on this route, it may be fully gratified by resting at Fontainebleau, and making an excursion to the Hermitage of Frauchard, about a league north-east of Fontainebleau: there is a vastness in the objects, and grandeur in their disposition on this spot, where, in the tenth century, some fanatic fancied that he served God by neglecting his duties as man.

Fontainebleau, situated near the centre of the forest, has been celebrated as the hunting-seat of those monarchs of France whose largest contributions to history have been records of their own infamy, and there are few associations with its palace that are sources of pleasure—a visit to it is not, however, to be neglected by the traveller. The room in which Napoleon signed his abdication has

been a spot of interest to visitors: for a long time after, it remained in the state in which he left it; and the pen with which this emancipation of France was aided, has been replaced and many times sold as the true pen to credulous travellers. All the information required upon Fontainebleau may be obtained there in a guide-book for a few sous. The inns are tolerable, but the charges extravagant.

Nemours, 2 posts, from Paris, $9\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

The ride from Fontainebleau to Nemours lies through scenery in the forest even wilder than that on the approach to Fontainebleau from Paris. On emerging from the forest, Nemours is rather abruptly seen in a picturesque situation, at the commencement of a boundless plain.

Croisière, $1\frac{1}{2}$ posts,	from Paris, $10\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Fontenay, 1 do.	do. $11\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Montargis, 2 do.	do. $13\frac{3}{4}$ do.

At Montargis are the ruins of a very fine château: it was destroyed during the revolution. The ruins are enormous, and convey an idea of the vastness of the building before its destruction. One great hall was above 140 feet long and 50 feet wide. The château was built by Charles V., and the court of France was often held here, especially when the queens of France came to their *accouchemens*; for so celebrated was the purity of the air, or so fashionable this custom, that the numerous royal births here gave to the city the name of *Le Berceau des Enfants de France*. It was at Montargis that the

English, in 1427, received the first check which raised the hopes and roused the exertions of Charles VII. to expel them from his country.

Whatever might have been the salubrity of the situation of Montargis formerly, the canal of Briare, which extends to this place, has, with its commercial advantages, brought also the curse of malaria.

La Commodité,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ post,	from Paris,	15 posts.
Nogent-sur-Vernisson,	1 do.	do.	16 do.
La Bussière,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Briare,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	19 do.

The route through these posts is uninteresting, except that near Nogent, at a château called *Chenevier*, there are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre; and near it, medals, a small bronze Mercury, and other antiquities, have been found, indicating that it was a Roman station, but of which there is now no historical record. From Commodité to Nogent the road is sandy and sterile; and scarcely in any other part does it deserve a better character, until upon reaching the summit of a hill between La Bussière and Briare, and close upon the descent to the latter town, the magnificent valley of the Loire bursts suddenly upon the eye of the traveller, with an effect greatly heightened by the dull route which led to it.

There are few scenes so striking, or, of its character, so beautiful as this. The broad surface of the river, which the eye can almost trace from Nevers, flowing through an immense plain, is covered with boats, carrying the productions of the Bourbonnais to the

Atlantic, and facilitating the communication of a hundred towns and villages on its banks, which are enriched with vineyards, woods, and fertile plains, and animated by the activity of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural pursuits.

The canal of Briare connects the navigation of the Loire with the Seine, and it is by this means that the former river furnishes a large quantity of the supplies of the capital. This canal, begun by the great Sully, was the first important work of its class undertaken in France. The appearance of the basins of the canal at Briare, crowded by boats, excites a just idea of its great importance.

Neuvi,	2 posts,	from Paris,	21 posts.
Cosne,	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	22 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Pouilly,	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
La Charité,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	26 do.
Pougues,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	27 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Nevers,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	29 do.

The route from Neuvi to Nevers is varied, and often beautiful, lying almost constantly on the right bank of the Loire; it is sometimes hilly, but always continues its course amidst scenes of great fertility in vines and corn, and often presenting to the eye of the traveller cities and towns on the opposite bank of the Loire, in commanding and picturesque situations. The most beautiful of these is Sancerre, seated on a hill: its slopes are covered with vineyards, from which the most esteemed wine in the province is obtained. This city, during the struggles

of the Huguenots, endured a siege, of which the greatest horrors are recorded.

At Pougues there are springs of acidulated and ferruginous water, which have been celebrated; and some invalids still resort thither to use them. Between Pougues and Nevers the ground rises gradually to a hill, whence the prospect is very fine of the immense valleys of the Loire and the Allier. Nevers is situated on the confluence of the rivers Nièvre and the Loire. It is the capital of the Nivernois, an ancient division of France: but this city is ill built. The entrance to Nevers from Paris is by an arch of triumph, which leads into steep and narrow streets. It is a busy place, abounding in manufactories of ironmongery, glass, earthenware, and coarse drapery, &c. Its quays display an active commerce in wine, cattle, iron, steel, and charcoal. There are naval forges for anchors, chain-cables, &c.; and founderies for cannon and balls, employing above 500 workmen in war, forming the most important establishment in France of its class. The mines, whence the ore is raised, are near Nevers. The communication with Orleans, Nantes, and the sea by the Loire, and by the Canal de Briare with Paris, are sources of prosperity to 12,000 inhabitants of Nevers; but its inns, unless very recently improved, disgrace such a population.

At Nevers, the road, which had continued twenty leagues on the right bank of the Loire, now crosses this river by a fine bridge and avenue, ascends the valley of the Allier, and continues on the right

bank of this river, through an equal distance to Varennes, passing by

Magny,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Paris, $30\frac{1}{2}$ posts.
St. Pierre-le-Moutier,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. 32 do.
St. Imbert,	$1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do. $33\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Villeneuve,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $34\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Moulins,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $36\frac{1}{4}$ do.

The country, though generally rich and fertile, is uninteresting. The river Allier is seldom seen by the traveller, concealed as it is by trees in the flat valley through which it passes; but at Moulins the scenery is beautiful; and Sterne has given to Englishmen, by his tale of "Maria," an interest in this place. The French are angry with Arthur Young for saying that this is a poor ill-built town; but he could not have otherwise described it. The moment a carriage arrives in Moulins it is surrounded by crowds, who offer knives and scissors for sale to the travellers with an importunity that is perfectly annoying. These dealers infest the streets, the *cafés*, and the inns; and it is difficult to keep them from the rooms of the hotel to which the travellers retire.

Moulins, the capital of the Bourbonnais, contains above 14,000 inhabitants. It is the Sheffield of France; but the compliment is all on the side of the French — as in a comparison of it with Sheffield, except as the chief place for the manufacture of cutlery, it is contemptible, considering either the quality or the quantity of the articles produced.

The traveller who has time enough to make a *détour* may leave the high road to Lyons at Moulins,

go to Clermont, and thence proceed to Lyons by Montbrison or Thiers; he will thus visit some of the most beautiful scenery in France, in the department of the Puy de Dôme, ancient Auvergne. The numerous objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of Clermont, in natural bridges, caverns, fountains of pitch, cascades, lakes in the craters of extinct volcanoes, &c., the proximity of these to the chain of Mont d'Or, and the fertile and varied character of the country, will richly repay the traveller, who is in search of natural beauties, and has leisure to examine them. There are diligences to Clermont from Moulins. The extra distance by Clermont to Lyons is $10\frac{1}{4}$ posts, through a fertile country.

From Moulins to Bessai, 2 posts,	from Paris, $38\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Varennnes, 2 do.	do. $40\frac{1}{4}$ do.

Here the eye commands a most extensive view over the plains, in the direction of the source of the Allier, which is bounded by the Puy de Dôme, and more distant chain of Mont d'Or. At Varennnes the singular costume of the Bourbonnais women has its acme. Its most striking feature is a bonnet, of almost indescribable form: it is snail-shaped, with its end so fantastically turned up behind as to leave the hair and head partly exposed, instead of protected by it.

St. Geraud, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Paris, $41\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
La Palisse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do. 43 do.

The valley of the Allier is left at Varennnes: the country beyond it becomes more hilly; and from a

height, about a post from Varennes, the mountains of Auvergne on the right, those of Forez in front, and the plain on the left, extending to the Loire, present a very fine panorama. St. Geraud, where there is a tolerable inn, is the nearest point on this route to the baths and mineral waters of Vichy, which lie three posts distant on the south. They are much frequented. From St. Geraud the road to Palisse is hilly, and richness of soil is left with the valley of the Allier.

Droiturier,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ post,	from Paris,	44 $\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
St. Martin d'Estraux,	1 do.	do.	45 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
La Picaudière,	1 do.	do.	46 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.

Before arriving at Droiturier the road passes over a deep ravine by a bridge of great height, called Le Pont de la Vallée—a remarkable spot. This portion of the route over the chain of the Mont Forez is very mountainous. St. Martin is seated on the summit, and the view from it is very extensive; below, on the left of the road, a handsome château is seen: it belonged to one who, during the revolution, was a victim to the guillotine. Better wine may be obtained at St. Martin d'Estraux, though the elevation is too great for the cultivation of the vine, than can often be procured in the districts where it is produced. At Picaudière, the plains of the Loire are again reached; this river having made a *détour* around the northern end of the chain of Mont Forez, from the department which bears its name, to Nevers.

St. Germain l'Espinasse,	1½ post,	from Paris,	47¾ posts.
Roanne,	1½ do.	do.	49¼ do.

There is nothing remarkable in the plain which extends from Picaudière to Roanne. Here the Loire, over which there is a magnificent new bridge, first becomes navigable, at least to intercourse *up* to the city; for, though immense quantities of charcoal from St. Etienne are brought down from St. Rambert, no boats are navigable up the river above Roanne.

This city is of great antiquity; and evidence of its importance as a Roman station is found in the ruins of baths, mosaics, &c. It is well built, and contains above 10,000 inhabitants, who are actively employed in the manufacture of cotton, paper, and cutlery, and in the transport of wine, oil, and other productions of the south, brought here for conveyance by the Loire to Orleans and Nantes, and from the Loire by the Canal de Briare to Paris. There are excellent inns at Roanne.

St. Symphorien-de-Lay,	2 posts,	from Paris,	51¼ posts.
Pain Bouchain,	1½ do.	do.	52¾ do.
Tarare,	1½ do.	do.	54¼ do.

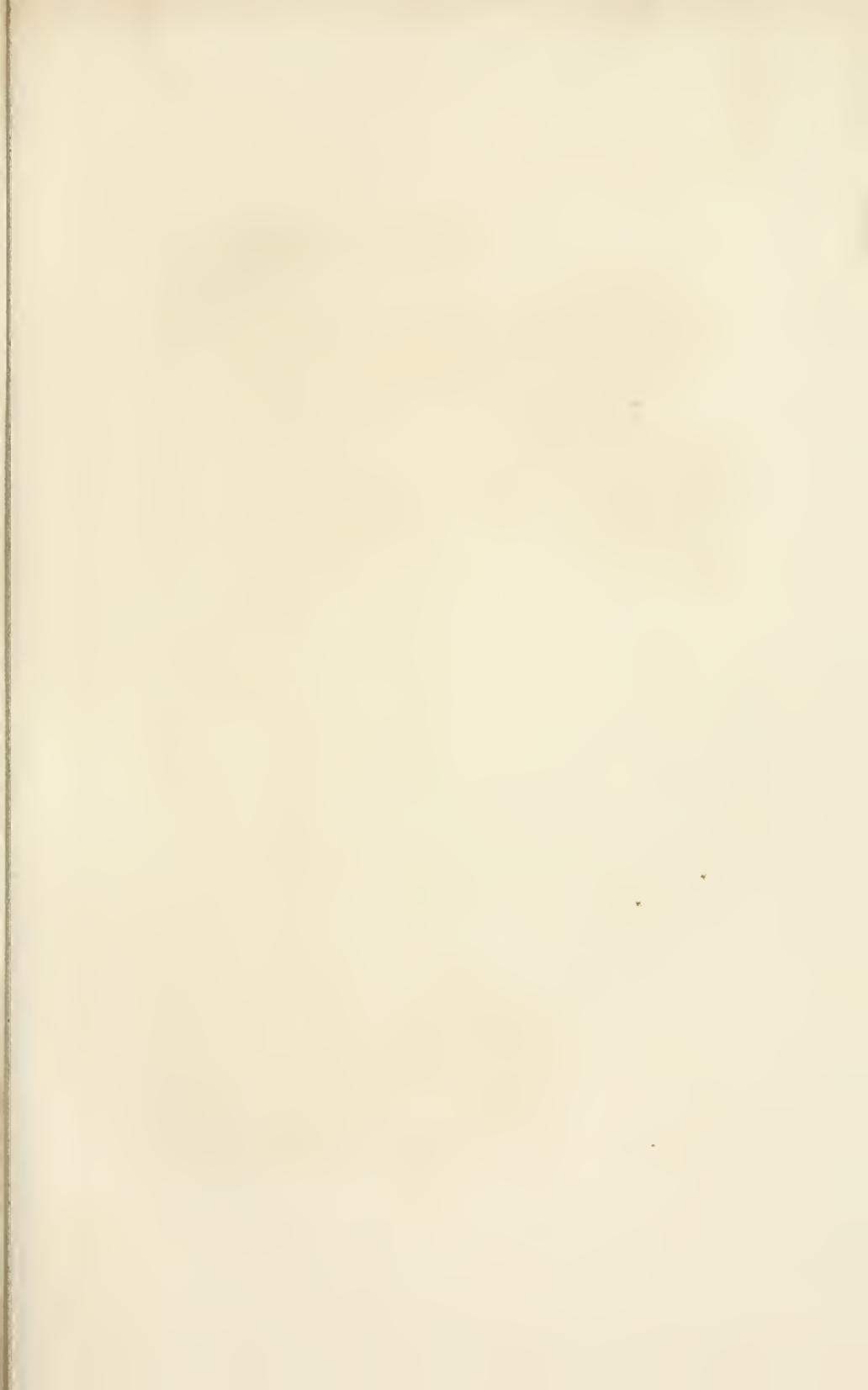
Soon after crossing the Loire the road leads through rich meadows to the base of the Mont Tarare; then ascending this mountain, the route passes through St. Symphorien, where there are some cotton works, and attains the summit near Pain Bouchain. The scenes presented in the ascent and the traverse of this mountain are grand, and of immense extent. The elevation of the highest part

of the passage is above 3000 feet. The descent from the summit to Tarare is by a beautiful road, constructed under the direction of M. Céard, of Geneva, the celebrated engineer of the route of the Simplon: it lies through scenes of great beauty, which often remind the traveller of the forests and pasturages of the Alps.

Tarare, which is situated in a narrow valley, is a town of considerable importance for its manufactures of cottons and muslins. Of these, the costly and beautiful qualities are unrivalled. Some English manufacturers have established themselves here, to the great annoyance of the natives.

Arnas,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Paris,	$55\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
La Tour-de-Salvagny,	2 do.	do.	$57\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Lyons,	$1\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$59\frac{1}{2}$ do.

The road to Arnas lies deep in the valley; and between the river and the side of the mountain, the course of the road is so narrow as not always to be free from danger; but at Arnas the valley spreads out, and many residences belonging to the rich manufacturers of Tarare enliven the country. At Arbrèle, a little town through which the road passes, there are some picturesque scenes and the ruins of an old château: thence the road again ascends over some high ground, before it reaches Salvagny; but from this last post-house a gentle and almost continual descent brings the traveller to Lyons. The road increases in beauty, interest, and richness, as the city is approached; and the entrance to Lyons, by the





Drawn by J. G. Cooper.

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right bank of the Saone, realises, from its grandeur and extent, all the expectations which a visit to this celebrated city excites.

The best inn is the *Hôtel de l'Europe*; but there are many others that are excellent and commodious.

There are numerous objects of interest to the traveller at Lyons: its antiquities, its manufactures, and its public establishments, especially the museum, library, and gardens; and, to the lovers of the picturesque, no city in Europe presents more beautiful points of view. The most remarkable of these is from the Church of *Ste. Marie Fourvières*, whence the view over the city, and the vast valleys of the Rhone and Ain, extends to the Jura and the Dauphiny Alps; and, in favourable weather, *Mont Blanc*, at the distance of 150 miles, is distinctly seen towering above them. A fine view of Lyons is seen from the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, and another on the road to Geneva, from the banks of the former river.

In the gallery of the Museum there are some fine pictures, and a collection of antiquities of great interest, obtained at Lyons, and at Vienne, and other Roman stations in the neighbourhood. Catalogues of the Museum may be obtained, and a little Manual for a Visitor. A "Picture of Lyons" may be had of any of the booksellers there, which will furnish all the local and other information required by travellers.

Those who are travelling as invalids, and wish, if the season be unfavourable, to avoid the Alps, can descend the Rhone to Avignon, either by the high

road or by a *coche-d'eau*; thence, proceeding to Nice, they may continue their route on the shores of the Mediterranean, by the Pass of the Cornice, to Genoa.

On leaving Lyons for Chamberry, the road lies through an immense plain, in great part highly cultivated, but without picturesque interest. The posts are from Lyons to

Bron,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ post,	from Paris,	69 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
St. Laurent,	1 do.	do.	70 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Verpillière,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	72 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Bourgoin,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	73 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Tour-du-Pin,	2 do.	do.	75 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.

Near this village the scenery improves; and soon after leaving it, the range of the Mont du Chat, an extension of the Jura south of the Rhone, offers its rich forms and beautiful colour to the eye of the traveller.

Gaz,	1 post,	from Paris,	76 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Pont Beauvoisin,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do.	78 do.

The approach to these mountains increases the interest of the journey. At Pont Beauvoisin, on crossing a river called the Guières Vif, the traveller leaves France, and enters Savoy,—a duchy of the state of Sardinia, where the custom-house officers of the respective countries subject him to the ordeal of an examination of his passports, trunks, and person. This is generally conducted with courtesy, unless the thoughtless traveller provoke a rigorous and annoying examination, by his ill-temper and abuse of

the officers, whose duty is disagreeable enough, without a display of the hatred which young English travellers in particular feel against the police and fiscal regulations of other countries. The author again presses the value of civil submission to these annoyances. Civility is a currency which is generally returned tenfold to the first that offers it; and if an examination and detention can be avoided by a small gratuity, it will be well spent in the purchase of despatch.

Les Echelles,	2 posts,	from Paris,	80 posts.
St. Thébault de Coux,	1½ do.	do.	81½ do.
Chamberry,	1½ do.	do.	83 do.

On leaving Pont Beauvoisin, the route passes through rich and beautiful scenery, enclosed apparently by a mountain barrier; but the road, after ascending to a height, which commands a magnificent view, the last that is seen of France by the traveller to Italy, abruptly enters the mountain by the side of a defile which overhangs a deep and foaming torrent, where J. J. Rousseau says, in that record of his follies, the "Confessions," that "on his way to visit Madame de Warrens, at les Charmettes, near Chamberry, he enjoyed the pleasure of rolling stones from the road into the roaring torrent below, and observed them bound from ledge to ledge before they reached their goal in the depth and distance." Few travellers pass without repeating the sport.

The road through the defile is wild and beautiful

all the way to les Echelles,* a village which owes its name to the mode resorted to formerly of passing a cavern in its vicinity, through which lay the only path to Chamberry. Those who travelled by the old road, ascended ladders placed on the face of the rock, to the height of one hundred feet: they then entered the cavern, and after climbing more than eighty feet through it, regained the day, in a deep cleft of the mountain; and a path, of which some vestiges remain, like a Roman pavement, enabled the traveller, with comparative ease and freedom from danger, to attain the summit of this extraordinary passage. This was an undertaking always dangerous to the unskilful, and often impracticable; for the cavern was the *embouchure* of the waters from the ravine above; and, as the snow and torrents often interrupted the passage, it was only in the most favourable seasons that the undertaking could be accomplished. When the policy of a more intimate intercourse with France suggested itself to the enterprising mind of Charles Emmanuel, second Duke of Savoy, he determined to make a road here practicable for carriages; and the most celebrated act of his reign was the accomplishment of this great undertaking, which was called the *route of the Grotto*.

* An excursion from les Echelles to the Grande Chartreuse can be accomplished easily in a few hours, and it is the nearest and most convenient point whence to visit the *belles horreurs* of a Frenchman's *ne plus ultra* of sublime scenery. To the author it was a scene of disappointment: it has, however, a celebrity which may make others desire to see it.

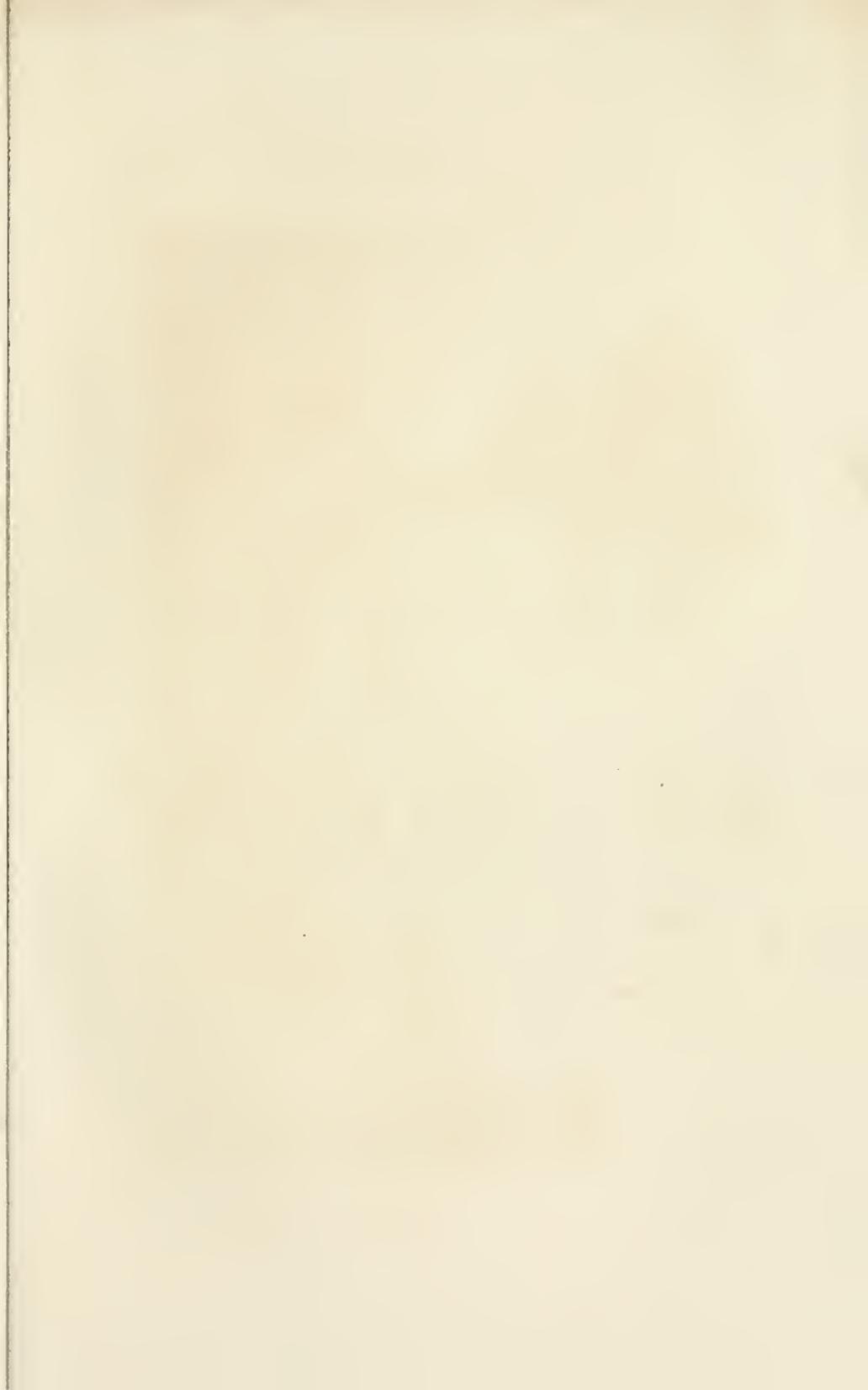
By lowering the cleft in the mountain, and terracing a descent to les Echelles, he made a road which was long considered one of the most extraordinary productions of human effort. A monument in the road contains a tablet, and the remains of an inscription, written by Emmanuel Tesoro, though usually attributed to the Abbé St. Réal, commemorative of the construction of this route. It betrays numerous marks of musket-balls, received in a severe contest upon this spot between some French republicans and Savoyards, in the early part of the French revolution; but a paper, sold by an old soldier, a *cantonnier*,* who keeps a hovel, and sells *eau-de-vie*, at the end of the new gallery, furnishes not only all of the inscription, which the balls of the revolutionists have made deficient, but a bombastic translation, in French, for the edification and amusement of travellers.

The work thus recorded was certainly one of great difficulty, and much was accomplished in forming, in such a situation, even a narrow, steep, and difficult road; it served its purpose, however, above one hundred and fifty years. In 1803 this road was condemned by the French engineers; and Napoleon has, by one of the most extraordinary of his great works, superseded the old road, and left it, with its monumental record, and the old cavern of les Echelles, to be visited only as curiosities. The present road avoids altogether the direction of the old one: it sweeps round the little valley above the village of les Echelles,

* A person stationed to keep the roads in order.

rises by a gradual ascent, and, when on a level with the road formerly attained by the route of the Grotto, enters, at once, the perpendicular face of the rock, by a magnificent gallery twenty-five feet high, and proceeds a thousand feet through the rock, over a road twenty-five feet wide. The approach to the gallery presents an extraordinary appearance: the valley of les Echelles is so bounded by mountains, that in the direction of the road no means of exit are apparent. On the face of the vast rocks which rise abruptly from the valley, a speck appears to terminate the line of the road. This speck is, in reality, the entrance to the famous work of Napoleon (the great gallery of les Echelles); but it is scarcely credible that its opening should appear, as it does, so small by contrast with the magnitude of surrounding objects.

The scene at the end of the gallery, looking towards France, must be very striking to a traveller from Savoy. Some time before arriving at this spot from Chamberry, he passes through a narrow and mountainous glen, the rocks close upon him, and he enters the gallery; at its termination a beautiful scene bursts upon him in the view of the plain, the village, and the valley of les Echelles; beyond which are seen the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse. The present gallery was begun in 1803, and was opened to travellers in 1817. Many interruptions occurred from its commencement; it was, at different times, suspended and renewed by the French, but the Sardinian government had the honour of completing it. From the gallery of les Echelles the road





Engraved by London

W. D. Colver

View from the road to Sea

to Chamberry lies through a sterile and uninteresting country. At Chamberry, however, it opens and improves; the soil is well cultivated, and the immediate neighbourhood is not devoid of interest. The objects most worthy of attention near Chamberry are Aix, the Lake of Bourget, the Abîmes of Myans, and les Charmettes. The appearance of Chamberry is not very picturesque, except from the road to Aix, whence it is seen, in a rich little plain, backed by Mont Grenier and the chain which connects this mountain with the Mont du Chat.

Montmelian,	2 posts,	from Paris,	85 posts.
Maltaverne,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$86\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Aiguebelle,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	88 do.
Grand Maison,	$2\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$90\frac{3}{4}$ do.
St. Jean,	2 do.	do.	$92\frac{3}{4}$ do.

After leaving Chamberry the mountains are seen which divide Savoy from the department of the Hautes Alpes: these add to the picturesque, and relieve, occasionally, the tedium of travelling through the avenues of tall poplars, which extend nearly to the Isère. The road passes beneath the old fort of Montmelian, and the traveller shortly arrives at the town; the Isère is then crossed, and the route continues to ascend on the left bank of the river, whence the scene, looking back from near the village of la Planèse upon the town and fort of Montmelian, and the valley of Isère, is very beautiful.

The road soon after ceases to interest the traveller, who is not relieved from its dulness until he arrive near the neat little town of Aiguebelle, at the

entrance of the valley of the Arc, about five miles above the confluence of this river with the Isère. Though the town is in the foreground, its appearance is insignificant, seen as it is below the vast mountain ranges which bound the valley; of these the lower masses are richly wooded with chestnut and walnut-trees; those above them are covered with dark pines, and the whole is surmounted by the snowy summits of the lofty mountains of the Maurienne.

The traveller now ascends the deep and narrow valley of the Arc, over a good road on the banks of the river, which struggles through its deep and rocky bed. The few patches of land which the steep sides of the valley offer to the peasant, are carefully cultivated, but the produce is small. Soon after passing the dirty village of la Chambre, the traveller arrives at St. Jean de Maurienne, the chief place of the valley. There is little to interest him here; the time has happily gone by when feudal tyrants could make matter for history and execration, and the political events of the Maurienne are almost forgotten with its *comtes*. The doctrines of Calvin excited some troubles at St. Jean, but these have passed away; and the bears and the avalanches are now the only disturbers of the tranquillity of these valleys. From St. Jean, several cols, on the southern side, lead by mountain paths into Dauphiny.

Before arriving at the town of St. Michel, which is about half-way between Lyons and Turin, the valley narrows to a defile; but it opens again into a little plain, in which the town is situated. Travellers

usually pass through the suburbs only, but it is worth the trouble of ascending through the narrow streets of the town; to attain the site of an old tower, and look over the little plain and course of the Arc below.

St. Michel,	2 posts,	from Paris,	95 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Modane,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	98 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Verney,	2 do.	do.	100 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Lanslebourg,	2 do.	do.	102 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.

The route varies little in its character as it advances to Modane; but beyond this town it rises high above the bed of the Arc, skirts the mountain of Bramante, and continues beneath a dense forest of pines, at a great elevation above the river, which divides the road from the Fort of Lesseillon. There is a savage character in this scene. It is barren, deep, and extensive on the one side, and there is a dark forest on the other; the road is terraced over a gulf of frightful depth; and on the opposite brink, overhanging the ravine, the fort rises in a formidable succession of ramparts, which command the passage. Some defensive works are also constructed on the road side, and a little beyond, the fort communicates with the high road by a bridge thrown across the gulf at an alarming height above the torrent.

The country beyond Bramante, as the traveller approaches the Cenis, becomes more sterile. The stunted corn scarcely repays the labour of its cultivation. At Termignon, the straight valley, through which the river Aysse descends from its source in the Vanoise, is abruptly left, and the road continues, by a

zig-zag ascent on the right of the Arc, through a glen which extends from Termignon to Lanslebourg, where the traveller soon arrives; and, after passing through its dirty, narrow streets, reaches an excellent inn (the Hotel Royal), at the foot of the passage of the mountain.

The inhabitants of Lanslebourg, from time immemorial, were innkeepers, muleteers, and porters, whose entire occupation it was to convey passengers and merchandise across the Mont Cenis. These were regulated by a syndic appointed by the government, but their occupation is now gone; the fine new road renders their services unnecessary, and a few years will either find them fresh employment, or proportion their numbers to the demand for their services. They are at present occasionally employed as cantonniers, to assist those who are regularly appointed by the government of Sardinia to keep the road in order.

Near the hotel a barrack has been built, which is capable of accommodating three thousand men: this, together with the appointments on the plain of the Cenis, gives quite a military character to the pass. A bridge, close to the *caserne*, is thrown over the Arc; the road beyond it winds up by a succession of finely-constructed ramparts, and the traveller ascends with ease at a rapid pace, over a road which, from Lanslebourg to the highest point, rises at the rate of only one foot in fifteen.*

* The distance from Lanslebourg to Molaret is not, as might be imagined by the posts, thirty miles. The amount demanded at the Barrier, of six francs for each horse, is complained of by Millin,



Landscap from the river in the Great Basin

Engraved by H. D. Drake

La Poste, Mont Cenis, 3 posts,	from Paris, 105½ posts.
Molaret, 3 do.	do. 108¼ do.
Susa, 2 do.	do. 110½ do.

The traveller soon reaches *la Ramasse*. The custom of descending *en traineau* from this place, is still practised in the winter; but the velocity of the descent over the new road is considerably less than it was over the old; and the danger which formerly tempted travellers to this fearful amusement is almost entirely removed. The Englishman, of whom it is recorded that he staid eight days at Lanslebourg for the purpose of risking his neck three times a-day, would now lose half the desire to descend *en ramasser*.

Not far from *la Ramasse* is the highest point of the passage, which is 2,100 metres, about 6,780 English feet above the level of the sea: the road from this elevation descends to the plain of the Cenis. On approaching it, the lake and the plain, seen in its extent almost to the Grande Croix, and bounded by lofty mountains, on which the snow eternally rests,

who says that the posts are reckoned double, and they are paid double, which quadruples the common charge for posting such distance. To avoid this tax, however, it is usual to send back any extra horses taken from Lanslebourg, before arriving at the Barrier. This tax was established by the French, and is continued by the government of Sardinia, as a fund for paying the expenses incurred by keeping the road in repair. The distance charged as six posts, or thirty miles, from Lanslebourg to Molaret, is, however, so much less, that the author [walked half the distance, ascending nearly the whole way, from Lanslebourg to the post-house on the Cenis, charged three posts, in much less than two hours, by the old road.

present a striking scene. Many buildings on the plain suggest the idea of a larger community than is to be found there; but it is probable that the time is not distant when the inhabitants on the Cenis will become as numerous as those of Lanslebourg, since people are encouraged to reside on the mountain by exemption from taxes. Among the buildings are the post-house, the inn, the hospice founded by Charlemagne, the barracks, and station of carabineers for the examination of passports; and along the road from Lanslebourg to Susa are many houses of refuge for the shelter of those who have the misfortune to traverse the mountains in bad weather. Posts are erected along the road; and a piece of wood, fastened upon each, so as to form a *cross*, at once assists the direction of the traveller, and preserves these posts, by the restraints of religion, from being used for fire-wood, where the temptation to destroy them for this purpose is very great. The little gardens attached to the post-house and other establishments on the plain of the Mont Cenis, produce, during their short summer, excellent salads; and some shrubs endure the severe winters of this station which one would not expect to find here, particularly the black currant; but the walls around the gardens protect them from the winds which destroy the firs and larches on the plain; though, in sheltered situations, they grow at even greater elevations in the same latitude. Around the lake of the Mont Cenis, however, the rhododendron and mountain myrtle are found in great abundance.

The lake is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields, the sale of which is a perquisite of the monks at the hospice, and not only with these are the establishments on the Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat; and the intercourse with the plains of Piémont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn; game, too, in season, is rarely wanting at the traveller's repast on the Cenis, particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains. During the winter the lake is frozen above six months; at which time the peasants drive their herds across it. The only precaution used at the commencement of the season, is to trace if the fox has yet traversed the frozen surface.

Beyond the Grande Croix, the road winds down in terraces to the plain of St. Nicolas. Formerly, the road, after crossing a torrent, skirted the mountains on the southern side of the plain, and passed through a gallery cut in the rock: there was also a covered way, strongly built to guard the traveller against the avalanches which fall from the mountain on this side, and which, from their force and frequency, have actually worn the side of the mountain smooth; but against these the power of man could place no restraint. The avalanches descended and crushed the covered way; dreadful accidents occurred, and it was at length determined to form the present line of road, and to destroy the bridge across the torrent which led to the gallery, lest future travellers should be tempted by the shorter route to expose themselves

to danger. In the middle of the little plain of St. Nicolas is the barrier of Piémont, where a custom-house is established.

Soon after entering Piémont the road winds round the side of the mountain which overhangs the deep valley of Novalese; and near a turn, which leads to the hamlet of Bart, the traveller looks down upon the miserable village of la Ferrière. The old route must have been a fearful one, to judge from the ruggedness and extreme declivity of the path. The new road is well constructed, and descends gradually, following the sinuosities on the side of the mountain. A sketch of the history of the Pass of the Mont Cenis, and its modern construction, will be found in the " Passes of the Alps."

From la Molaret the extent of the scene in the valley beneath is very striking, but not picturesque; the line of the old road may be traced from la Ferrière to Susa, and on the opposite side of the valley the enormous mountain of Roche-Melon shuts out the view of the plains of Italy from the traveller. Soon, however, after leaving Molaret, when near St. Martin's, the valley of the Doire opens, and the scene terminates in the plains beyond Turin.

From St. Martin's the route winds along the borders of a precipice, with a descent so gentle, and over a road so admirably constructed, and defended by parapets, that the traveller proceeds without any idea of danger. A part of the road above Venaus, a village in the valley of Novalese, is exposed to avalanches; but so much regard has been paid to security against



Engraved by Fisher

Designed by W. Woodhouse

A view from the Mountain Road

this danger, that accidents can scarcely happen, unless the traveller exposes himself to them incautiously. In descending towards the valley of the Doire, the view, terminating in Turin and the plains of Italy, is one of the most beautiful in the Alps; and as the road winds down the ziz-zags by which the descent is conducted, the foreground of this beautiful scene is perpetually varying; and long before his arrival at Susa, even in the Combe of Giaglione, the traveller is made sensible of his approach to Italy by the rich vegetation which surrounds him, abounding in chestnuts, walnuts, vines, and other productions of a fruitful soil.

On entering Susa, the road passes close by the mound upon which lie the ruins of the Fort of La Brunette: it was so situated, near to where the valleys of the Doira Susana and the Cenisella met, that it effectually guarded the roads which, by these valleys, lead to the passes of the Mont Genève and the Mont Cenis, and gave to Susa the name of *La Chiava d' Italia*. In its days of power this fort was considered one of the strongest in Europe, and it was so cautiously watched, that a stranger observed to stop, and look at it for a minute, was ordered to pass on. Its ruins, which may be examined in half an hour, are well worth a visit. The early importance of Susa is attested by many Roman remains: among these is the celebrated arch raised by Cottius in honour of Augustus; beneath which the route lay through the valley of the Doire to the Mont Genève. This arch now stands in the garden of the Governor, and access to it is readily granted.

St. Giorgio,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Paris,	$111\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
St. Antonio,	1 do.	do.	$112\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Avigliana,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$114\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Rivoli,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$115\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Turin,	$1\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$117\frac{1}{2}$ do.

After leaving Susa, the road crosses the Cenisella, a stream which descends from the Cenis and flows into the Doire. At Busolino this river is passed; thence it flows on the left of the road until it reaches the Po below Turin.

Among the feudal remains which the traveller passes in the valley of the Doire, below Susa, are those of the picturesque château of St. Jorio; but the most extraordinary ruins, from their situation, are those of the monastery of St. Michel, on the Monte Pirchiriano, above St. Ambrogio. On one of its towers there was, until the subversion of the French government in Italy, a telegraph belonging to a series which communicated between Paris and Milan.

The road from St. Ambrogio passes through Avigliana and Rivoli, where there is a château belonging to the court of Sardinia. From Rivoli a fine avenue, nearly two leagues in length, extends to Turin, where capital inns will welcome the traveller: the principal are, l'Universe, l'Europe, and la Grande Bretagne; but many English travellers by diligence resort to the Pension Suisse. A "Guide des Etrangers dans la Ville de Turin et de ses Environs," may be had *chez* M. A. Morana, Casa Bignon, at Turin.

Turin does not furnish so many objects of interest to the stranger as some other cities of Italy; but



Engraved by W. Turner del.

View from a Tower, by W. Turner.

(111)

many are deserving of attention. The churches are handsome: in the Palazzo del Re there are some very fine pictures; and in the University some antiquities of great interest.* The people of Turin are proud of their magnificent street of the Po, nearly half a mile in length, which extends from the Piazza del Castello to the river from which it derives its name: it is a street of shops beneath lofty arcades. The ramparts of the city have now been converted into a corso, which is the chief promenade of the citizens of Turin, where, on *festas*, dandyism and beauty make their best display. Around Turin there are many delightful walks, especially on the hills on the right bank of the Po: the views of the city from the old Convent of the Capuchins, and from the *Vigne de la Reine*, are very beautiful.

The stranger in Turin should not fail to visit the Church of the Superga. It is placed on the summit of a hill, about five miles distant from the city. The ascent to it is so steep, that it requires two hours to

* Many of these were obtained from the old Roman town of *Industria*, the site of which was discovered in 1744, about 20 miles below Turin: they consist of bronze figures, medals, &c. Here, too, is the celebrated Isiac table—a remarkable slab of massive bronze, inlaid with silver hieroglyphics, which has been the subject of much learned discussion. But the finest parts of this museum are the Egyptian relics bought by the King of Sardinia, of Drovetti, the rival of Belzoni. This is the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities in existence, and one of its noblest objects is a statue of Sesostris. Among its curiosities are an ancient cubit measure, divided and marked—it was found at Memphis; and an ancient Egyptian painter's pallet, brushes, and paints.

arrive there; but the scene from it is magnificent beyond conception.* Turin lies below, in the rich plain of the Po, through which this river is seen winding its course, and collecting the numerous tributary streams which flow from the Alps, that bound with their snowy summits this extraordinary scene: the view extends along that part of the great chain which stretches from the Maritime Alps and Monte Viso to the grand mass which forms the Monte Rosa; thence it dies away in indistinctness, as it melts into the horizon of the plains.

Whilst at Turin, the English visitor should, if possible, devote a short time to an excursion into the Protestant valleys of Piémont. A good carriage-road through Pignerol and Briqueras leads in six hours to La Tour, in the valley of the Pelice, where there is a good inn, kept by Bartolomeo Revel, the Canon d'Oro. He furnishes charrs and horses for excursions in the mountains. The beauty and interest of the alpine scenes in and around this valley are in no part of the Alps exceeded; and the interesting character and history of the Vaudois who inhabit them will greatly heighten the pleasure of an excursion, even if it be made in pursuit of the picturesque alone.

* This scene is engraved in the "Passes of the Alps," together with seven other views mentioned on this route, namely, Lyons, Montmelian, the Valley of the Arc, the Fort of Lesseillon, the Summit of Mont Cenis, the Plain of St. Nicolas, and the Monastery of St. Michel.

PART THIRD.

TURIN TO FLORENCE.

CHAPTER IV.

Passports. Route. Posts of Italy. Diligences. Vetturini.
Plains of the Tanaro. Appennines. Genoa.

PASSPORTS must be regularly signed by the authorities of the government of Sardinia before departure from Turin: if the intended stay of the traveller in the capital be short, this should be attended to immediately upon his arrival.

The route recommended by the author is by Genoa, and along the coast of the Eastern Riviera, to the Tuscan states. The dull monotony of passing through flat and uninteresting plains, and melancholy towns and cities, will thus be exchanged for the fresh breezes and beautiful scenes of the shores of the Mediterranean; whilst the distance by the coast, passing through the cities of Genoa, Lucca, and Pisa, is not three posts farther than that by Parma and Bologna.

The Italian posts differ in length in the different states, and all from the French post; but, as the relays or changes contain each a certain number of posts or quarters of posts, it would be, for the purposes of travelling, sufficient to mention the amount of these between the stations. As the number of posts, however, which can be travelled in a day's journey depends upon the length of the post, the following indication of them in English miles will be useful. The Italian posts vary from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{4}$ English miles in length.

		Miles.	Furlongs, English.
The post of Piedmont and Genoa,	} Old tarif,	7	5
		New tarif,	6
Tuscany,		8	1
The Roman States,		7	4
Naples,		8	2

In order to travel by post in Italy, it is always necessary to obtain a *bollettone*, an authority from the police for post-horses; without it the traveller is not allowed to proceed. It is also necessary, before starting, to refer to the tarif, to ascertain what number of horses must be taken or paid for, as these vary with the class of carriage, the number of persons, and the weight of luggage. This should be settled, as favourably to the traveller as he can effect, at the commencement of his journey; and it is seldom that any difficulty or change occurs, after such arrangement, in the same state. Whenever any extra demand is made for additional horses—a regulation sometimes necessary in hilly or moun-

tainous countries—every postmaster has the government regulation or tariff in his possession, to which the traveller has a right to refer, to see that the demand is just; but it may be worth while to see the *date* of the tariff, for the author remembers a piece of knavery successfully practised by an Italian postmaster, who referred to and shewed an old tariff, and the trick was discovered too late to be remedied. It is advisable to pay the postmaster in advance, at each relay, for the horses; but not to pay the postilions until they have completed their services, that their remuneration may depend upon their good conduct. The charge in Piedmont and Genoa is the same as in France, a franc and a half per horse; and, by the tariff, the pay of postilions is fifteen sous each, but they usually receive thirty sous per post.

The saddle-horse, rode by the courier, when one is employed, is usually charged the price of a post-horse, but sometimes less.

Diligences leave Turin for Rome three times a week; but, hitherto, not by way of Florence. Arrangements, however, are now making for such public coaches to pass through the Tuscan states. Information of all that depart from Turin can be obtained at the diligence office of Messrs. Bonafous, in the Contrada Bogino, No. 13, where a list is given to applicants of the days of arrival and departure of the diligences, and the cost of places, inside and outside, to every city and town in Italy, or the neighbouring states, with which they correspond.

Another mode of travelling in Italy is by hiring the horses of a vetturino : these continue throughout a journey, travelling at the rate of about 45 miles a day. The usual terms are about 12 or 14 francs a day per horse, when engaged to draw the traveller's carriage ; but if the traveller hire the voiture as well as the horses the expense is less, because the vetturino has a greater chance of employment upon his return. Where one or two persons take places in a voiture in common with others travelling on the same line of road, much expense is saved, compared with the cost of posting ; and it gives occasional opportunities for looking about and examining places, which cannot be done when travelling by diligence : but often these voitures rest at the end of the day's journey, of 40 or 50 miles, in some miserable village or uninteresting place ; each morning the traveller must start before daylight, and, however he may economise his money, he will find it a sad waste of time. To many, however, who travel without any knowledge of the language of the country they pass through, the advantage of proceeding *en voiturier* is great ; for they can, by making an agreement with the vetturino, pay a moderate sum, which will include all charges upon the road for breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed ; thus avoiding all dispute and difficulty. Such travellers may be left to employ their eyes, where their ears are useless ; but it is quite necessary to draw up a specific agreement on *stamped* paper, describing the journeys from day to day, specifying the number of covers at each meal, and

taking care always to be something in debt to the vetturino until the end of the journey: the traveller should also insist that the vetturino pays the legal claims, in certain places, of the postmasters; whom he will cheat, if he can, without any regard to the delay and difficulty to which his employer may be exposed.* If the traveller choose to rest for a day or two on his journey, in any interesting city or place, this, too, should be specified, as well as the allowance to be made per day, usually about one half the usual charge, for the horses: but this expense, departure before daylight, and resting, often without choice, at the bad inns which divide the days' journeys sometimes for three or four days together, are all avoided by those who travel by post: this is the only independent mode of journeying: the traveller then goes as far in a day, rests as early, and stays as long, as he pleases; in short, saves time in one place that he may devote it to another.

The direct route to Genoa from Turin is by Alexandria and Novi. The course of departure from Turin is by the celebrated Street of the Po, and across the river by a fine bridge recently built; the road then ascends the right bank of the Po, and

* While this was preparing for the press, the author received a letter from a friend, travelling in Italy, of which the following is an extract:—"Twice stopped by the postmaster, travelling vett.: don't let your vett. pass the post without paying the droits. The postmaster's wife at Turin said, the Virgin Mary had told her, as she was going to chapel, that a vetturino had left, with four horses, without paying; she turned back, and he sent a man after us.—I think the V. M. might attend to her own affairs."

Piedmont. In approaching

Asti, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post,

from Turin, $7\frac{1}{2}$ posts,

the low hills are seen covered with vines, which produce the finest wines of Piedmont; the vino d' Asti, drank in a sparkling state, is a richer wine than Champagne.

Asti is situated near the river Tanaro; but, though large enough to contain 20,000 inhabitants, there is nothing worth a visit within its walls. It was a Roman station, and was celebrated in the middle ages for its hundred towers: they are gone, however, together with the feudal authorities of those villanous times. Among the houses to which celebrity is attached, that of Alfieri remains, whose memory will survive even a knowledge of the spot upon which Asti stood.

The plain of the Tanaro, for it can scarcely be called a valley, is celebrated for its fertility; but the dreary unvarying character of its scenes makes a journey across it dull and unprofitable; though, in clear weather the Appennines on the south, and the Alps on the west, can be distinguished as its boundaries.

Annone, $1\frac{1}{2}$ post,

from Turin, 9 posts.

Felizzano, $1\frac{1}{2}$ do.

do. $10\frac{1}{2}$ do.

Alexandria, $2\frac{1}{4}$ do.

do. $12\frac{3}{4}$ do.

The whole of this line of five and half posts extends along the course of the Tanaro, but not near the river, except at Felizzano. The road was formerly detestable; it has, however, been made good to Alexandria; but it is very difficult to preserve so,

from the sandy nature of the soil through which it is made.

Alexandria is situated in this vast plain, on the Tanaro, near its confluence with the Bormida. It is famous for its military strength and the sieges it has endured: its bridge across the Tanaro is celebrated as one of the finest in Piedmont for its height and solidity of structure: it is roofed over like the bridges of Switzerland. The antiquity of Alexandria is not earlier than the 12th century, when it was founded under the auspices of Pope Alexander III. and took his name.

Alexandria to Novi, $3\frac{1}{2}$ posts, from Turin, $16\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

About a mile from Alexandria the road crosses the Bormida; and half a league further in the route lies the village of Marengo, immortalised by the fame of Napoleon's great victory: the laurels that he gathered here afterwards overshadowed Continental Europe. Formerly, a column was erected to commemorate the victory of Marengo, on the spot where Dessaix fell, not far from where an inn now stands, the Grand Albergo della Torre di Marengo; but the column has been destroyed by order of the government of Sardinia. Were the authorities by whom this outrage was committed fools enough to forget that the press now makes record imperishable; and that its duty will be to report their contemptible folly in the same page with the victory of Napoleon?

The flat country here is almost without trees or hedges; there are only a few vines; and the whole



View

plain spreads out to its boundaries, the Alps and the Appennines: the latter, however, are approached at Novi, and the picturesque is restored to the observer as he advances towards them: the boldness of their forms and the severity of their sterility change the scene which for so many leagues has wearied the traveller.

Novi is almost as celebrated as Marengo for a great battle which was fought here in 1799, when the French were defeated by the armies of Austria and Russia, and General Joubert killed; but the victory of Marengo in the following year reversed all the advantages gained by the Austrians, and established the fame and the power of Napoleon. There is nothing interesting in Novi. It is worth while, however, to visit the ruins of an old castle on an eminence, where a fine view is obtained of the Appennines, the town of Novi, and the plain beyond it, which extends over the field of battle of Marengo to the Alps, which are said to be visible in clear weather, from the Viso to Monte Rosa.

Arquato,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Turin, $17\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Ronco,	2 do.	do. $19\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Ponte Decimo,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $22\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Genoa,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $24\frac{3}{4}$ do.

The miserable road by which the communication was formerly made between Novi and Genoa over the Bochetta is now avoided, and, instead of the wretched country then traversed by way of Gavi and Voltaggio, a new and excellent road is carried through varied and often beautiful scenes, in some

places narrowed to a ravine, in others spread out into rich meadows, which will recall *home* to the memory of an English traveller. Isola and its bridge over the Scrivia are highly picturesque. The accommodations on the new road from Novi to Genoa were for some time almost as bad as those on the line by the Bochetta; but a good inn is now established at Ronco, the Croix de Malte: the mistress of it has lived nine years in England; and if the traveller have occasion to stay there, he will find it comfortable.

Beyond Ronco the road passes by some wild rocky scenes, and is carried up to the summit of this low pass of the Appennines, about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, by some well-constructed tourniquets. Here suddenly bursts upon the sight of the traveller a view of great beauty,—the deep blue Mediterranean is seen beyond the light line of coast which terminates the landscape that sweeps down from the Appennines, through the rich and varied country below, studded with towns, villages, and villas, and teeming with the orange, the vine, the pomegranate, the fig, and the mulberry, the gigantic reed, and abundant Indian corn. The valley of the Polcevera is on the summer side of the Appennines; and the bright skies and characteristics of southern Italy are as strikingly contrasted with the country on the north of this chain, as Piedmont is with that beyond the Alps. From the summit the road sweeps down to Ponte Decimo, and thence continues to Genoa, through Telia and numerous other villages which have an out-of-door, holiday appearance, from their being

externally painted and ornamented. Very soon the road reaches the coast; and, sweeping round the western promontory of the Bay of Genoa and beneath the light-house, the city in all its splendour, the moles, the shipping, burst suddenly upon the traveller. From this point, though very striking, it is not picturesque; there is an air of too much regularity about it, and too little variety in the outline of the hills above the city; but the sudden appearance and the vast sweep of its amphitheatre of houses, bright and sparkling against the deep colour of its bay, and the numerous villas which rise amidst their luxurious gardens behind and above the city, make a delightful impression on the observer.

The inns in Genoa which overlook the Bay are generally preferred by strangers who visit the city for pleasure; and among these, the *Hôtel de Londres* has long and deservedly enjoyed the patronage of the English.

Many of the Italian cities have an epithet attached to their names, such as Padua the Learned, Florence the Fair. Genoa is called the Superb, from the splendour of its palaces; but it scarcely deserves the appellation; for, though many of them seem to be very fine externally, they have only been rendered so by painters and decorators, and have the representation instead of the reality of architectural enrichment. At a distance, the appearance of porticoes, columns, pilasters, pediments, and friezes, statues and arabesques, is striking, and prepare the observer for magnificent façades; but, on approaching them, this display

is seen to be due to the painter and not to the architect: bold projections sink into flatness; and these are often painted upon tawdry pink or yellow grounds. Many of the palaces, too, are situated in alleys so narrow that carriages cannot reach their doors: the great height of the houses and extreme narrowness of the streets, are peculiarities in Genoa; and, though often close in other Italian towns, in no one is it so remarkable: the streets are certainly rendered cool by this even in the heat of summer; a comfort that compensates for many disadvantages.

There are only three or four streets accessible to carriages within this city; and of these, the Via Balbi—though a street of palaces—wants proportionate width: yet, within a few years, Genoa has been much improved; the new street of the Strada Novissima has been made, and a new theatre erected; but, from the character of the *locale* of the city, being built on the steep slopes of the mountain-bases, there are few capabilities of greater improvement. There are, however, many objects of interest in the city; its palaces are splendid within, and enriched with many admirable pictures; some of its churches are magnificent; and certain places and objects associated with the great names of Andrea Doria and Columbus, carry the mind back to the periods of their histories, with an interest greater than any others can create in the modern city of Genoa. The former was a native of Oneglia, the latter of Cogoleto; both places on the coast west of Genoa, but within its state. Doria, great in raising his

country's independence and honour; Columbus, in the greatest discovery, anticipated from profound research, that was ever made by man. These extraordinary men were contemporary; but the immortal reputation of Columbus was established before Doria became the restorer of the liberties of his country.

In the vestibule of the Palazzo Ducale, now also the Senate-house and Municipality, is a statue of Columbus, within the pedestal of which, it is said, an autograph narrative of his discovery of America is kept. It is more likely to be the copies, which Columbus ordered to be made and authenticated, of all the royal letters patent of his dignities and privileges; together with some letters of vindication from the charges his enemies at the Spanish Court had brought against him, and some assignments and bequests to his native country; these were sent to his old friend, Don Nicolo Odorigo, who had formerly been ambassador from Genoa to Spain, with a request that they should be deposited in some safe place at Genoa; or, it may be the breviary which was presented to Columbus by Pope Alexander VII., and which was bequeathed by him "to his beloved country, the republic of Genoa;" but as nothing is shewn, you have no better authority than the assertion of the custode that any documents relating to Columbus are there preserved. In the Senate-house is the Grand Council-chamber, a room of magnificent proportions, *decorated* with statues ingeniously made of straw, and covered with white-washed draperies;

a rare *display* of meanness. About many objects of interest which deserve a visit in the city, information is contained in Ratti's guide-book to Genoa, published by Ives Gravier, the bookseller: the latest edition should be obtained.

Though guide-books to the different Italian cities sold by the booksellers residing in them generally contain the latest information, they also give accounts of places and objects for the stranger to visit, to which undeserved importance is attached: every thing that can spin it out into a volume or *brochure* is introduced to delay the visitor and aid the hotel-keepers and Ciceroni to make the most of him. In two or three days every thing worth a stranger's attention in Genoa can be seen, whatever the guide-book may recommend or the Ciceroni say. Waste not a minute nor a sous to visit the Grotto di Sesto; nor look at the green glass dish, the *Sacro Catino*, transformed into emerald by the dictum of some pope, and proved by the same infallible authority to have been presented by Queen Sheba to King Solomon; though to the *precious* history of the glass dish every Capuchin swears; and about the grotto, unworthy of a Cockney villa, every Genoese raves.

If the visitor to Italy have not seen dirty friars before he arrives at Genoa, he is sure not to be disappointed here: they may be seen at the port claiming the dues to their convent, which it would be well employed to burn, upon every heap of wood landed; and the poor woodmen, who have laboured to obtain it in the mountains and forests on the coast, are obliged

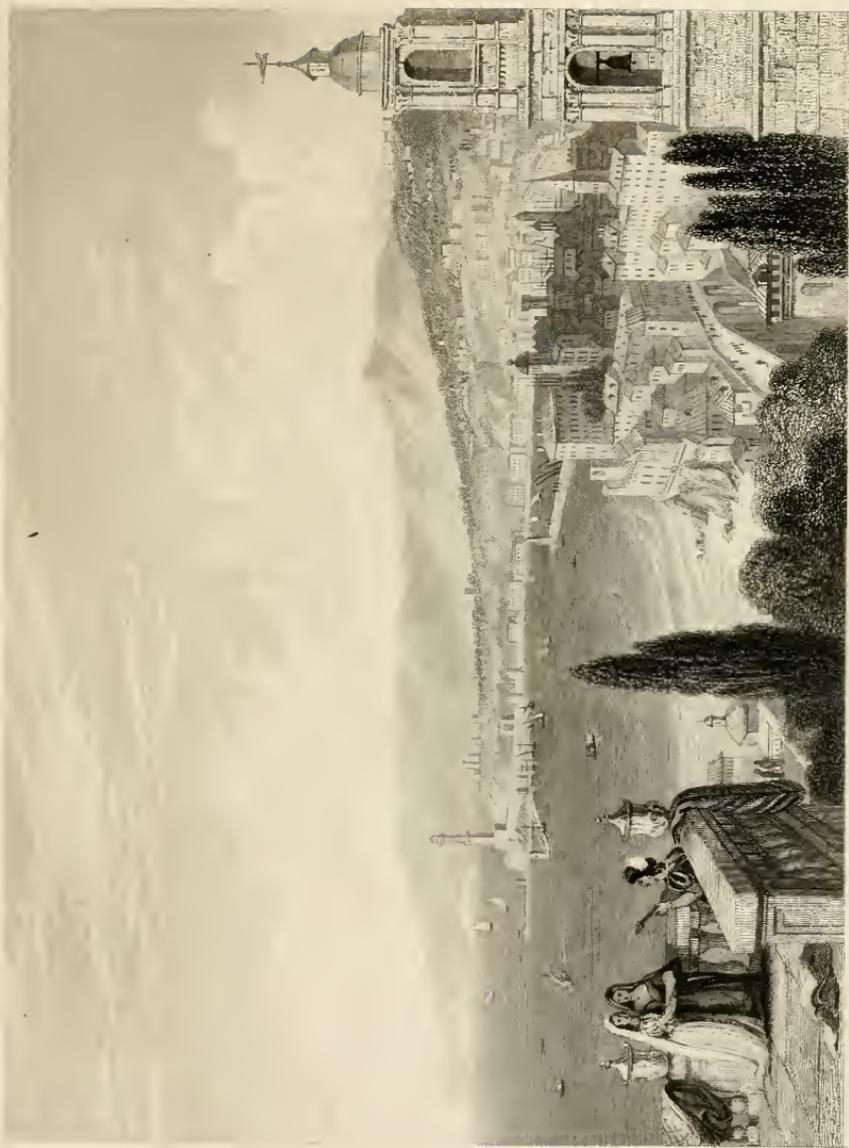
to sacrifice a large portion of the profits of their labour to those vermin, whose idle, worthless, useless existence is thus supported by law at the expense of honest industry. There is another class protected by law, the *facchini*, or porters, who from some cause have obtained strange privileges here. As many thrust themselves upon you to carry your luggage from the inn door to your rooms as you have parcels to carry; five or six insist upon doing the work of one; and the tariff justifies their interference and their demands. The *caravani*, or porters of the Porto Franco, are natives of Bergamo, and have also distinct privileges.

Many of the palaces deserve attention; some for their splendour, others for the beautiful works of art which they contain. The Palazzo Reale, formerly the Durazzo, possesses one of the finest works of Paul Veronese—the Magdalen washing the feet of Christ: it is one of the most celebrated pictures by the master; and some of the figures in it are as grand as if they had sprung from the mind of Michael Angelo. There are here also some fine Vandykes: the palaces of Genoa abound with the works of this great portrait-painter; and some of the finest productions of his pencil are to be found in the palaces of the Durazzi, Spinola, Pallavicini, Brignola, Balbi, and others. The enormous sum spent by the Genoese in the decorations of their palaces is nowhere so strikingly seen as in the Palazzo Serra, in which the enrichment of a single room cost 40,000*l.* sterling, in gilding, silks, mirrors, marbles, &c.—a piece of gorgeous tomfoolery.

There seems to be a trick practised at Genoa to give effect to the splendour of their rooms—a dirty one, certainly; but in no other way can it be accounted for, that filth the most abominable is allowed to accumulate in the vestibules and stairs of the palaces, and that a corner is generally devoted to the stall of a cobbler or jobbing tailor: these must be to render the contrast more striking; for the vile custom so universally prevails, that it cannot depend upon the dirty indifference of the individual owners.

Many of the churches are rich, but tawdry: in some there are works of art of great excellence, as the celebrated Martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Raphael, in the church of St. Stefano; and the pictures by Guido and Rubens in the church of St. Ambrosio: but the great mass of pictures in the Italian churches are wretchedly bad; they are generally of saints of whom we never heard, or of endless Virgins and Magdalens, doing nothing which can interest us: sometimes their devotees, finding the heads not dignified enough, add to the regal character of the queen of heaven, and glorify her effigies with silver or tin half-crowns (not cash), which are fixed to the heads on the pictures by pegs. This addition to the virgins and saints will be found very common in Italian churches, to the injury of a few really good pictures, but to the improvement of none, except in the value of the tin added to what was otherwise worthless.

To enjoy one of the finest views of Genoa, the visitor should go to the church of Santa Maria di



Engraved by J. G. ...
Drawn by S. Prout from a sketch by M^{rs} S. Prout.

Genoa

Carignano; the view from its cupola commands the city, the bay, and the Western Rivièra; in going to the church, the Ponte di Carignano should be observed, spanning a valley in which there are houses six or seven stories high that do not reach the springing of the arches. Another fine view of Genoa is from the Viletta Negro, which commands the city and the bay, seen from a foreground of orange-trees, acacias, myrtles, oleanders, and numerous other fragrant, decorative, and delicious trees, shrubs, and plants.

The promenades of Genoa are confined within the city to the Via Balbi, the Strada Nova, and the Acqua Sola; but an attempt is now making to carry a road like a boulevard round the city, to form a corso, which will be a great addition to the fashionable enjoyments of Genoa.

The princely palace of the Doria family should be visited for the interest which every association with the renowned Andrea excites; and the Albergo di Poveri, for its vastness as a public establishment, and the distribution of its aid to those who are too young, too old, or unable, to labour: it is also a house of industry to those who cannot elsewhere obtain employment. In the chapel of this institution is an exquisite work of Michael Angelo, a small Pieta, the Virgin with the dead body of Christ. Several instances of this great artist's power in the tenderest and most delicate expression in art, exist; but none surpassing this beautiful medallion.

The history of Genoa dates its foundation from

Janus; records its destruction by Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal; and mentions that Peter, Paul, and Barnabas, taught here the Christian religion.*

In the markets and shops of Genoa there is much that is novel to attract the attention of strangers: in the former, the profusion of delicious fruit, and the enormous quantity of detestable looking mushrooms, which are largely exported, and for which Genoa is celebrated, are strikingly contrasted. With the shops of the jewellers, coralists, and dealers in silks and velvets, the eye of a stranger will be pleased. For the manufacture of the latter, Genoa has deservedly the highest reputation in the world.

* Cluverius treats the idea of Janus having been the founder as absurd. A curious illustration of the history of Genoa is mentioned by Dr. Cramer, as having been brought to light by the discovery, near the city, in 1506, of a brazen tablet, which gives the result of the labours of certain commissioners appointed by the Roman Senate, A.U.C. 636, to settle the respective boundaries of the Genuatæ and the Veituriî, supposed to be the people of Voltaggio on the other side of the Bochetta. This tablet is of great interest to ancient topography, since it contains the names of many places, mountains, and rivers, in the vicinity of Genoa, which are nowhere else mentioned: it is written in very old Latin, and is preserved in the Palazzo dei Padri della Commune at Genoa. The best commentary upon it will be found in a dissertation by Gir. Serra, published at Genoa 1806.

CHAPTER V.

Eastern Riviera. The Bracco. Spezia. Carrara. Massa. Frontiers of Tuscany. Money. Posting. Lucca. Pisa. Leghorn. Val d'Arno. Florence. Palazzo Ducale. Royal Gallery. The Tribune. Palazzo Pitti. Museum of Natural History. Duomo. Santa Croce, S.S. Annunciata. S. M. Novelli. Chapel of the Medici. Laurentian Library. Environs.

ON leaving Genoa, in whatever direction the traveller may proceed, he must not omit to have his passport regularly signed by the authorities: this puts four francs, the grand motive, into their hands, and will save him much trouble.

Genoa to Recco 3 posts,	from Turin, 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Rapallo, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. 29 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Chiavari, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do. 31 do.

The drive along the coast of the Eastern Riviera presents a succession of scenery which must ultimately lead to the general adoption of this road by travellers from England and France to Florence and Rome. In the enjoyment of the first scenes presented, after leaving Genoa for Recco, the traveller will congratulate himself upon having chosen this route. The road is carried along the sides of the mountains, which are based in the Mediterranean, sometimes through villages and by villas, sometimes

winding along terraces cut in the rock, or round promontories that overhang the sea, and almost always presenting views of the city and the coast—scenes constantly varying—all beautiful. At the village of Routa, a gallery is cut through the lime-stone rock, 250 feet long, just at a place where the eye commands an extensive range, and one of the finest views.

From the post-house at Recco the road is carried across a ridge, or promontory, which terminates at Porto Fino, and forms the western boundary to the retired little bay of Rapallo. It then descends to the village of Rapallo; and, winding up the eastern side of the bay, continues along overhanging terraces, through galleries cut in the marble rock, and lined with substantial masonry, and then descends upon one of the most beautifully situated little towns upon the coast, Chiavari: here is a good inn, and a church that is worth a visit: but it is the approach to this little town in its situation on the coast, that possessing local beauties of a singularly charming character, render it difficult to convey by description any idea of the pleasure it affords to a visitor: even without its climate, such a spot on the shores of England would utterly eclipse every rival in it as a watering place,—here nature luxuriates;—the vine, olive, orange, citron, and fig-tree; the arbutus, and the prickly pear, laden with fruit, and the aloe, with us a green-house ornament in tubs, is here the common plant of which impenetrable hedge-rows are formed; the blue sky, the blue sea, and the white pebbly shore, tempt the tra-

veller to rest and enjoy in this place, with almost a suspicion of its reality, the pleasures of sea bathing.

Bracco,	$2\frac{3}{4}$ posts,	from Turin,	$33\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Mattarana,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$35\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Borghetto,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$36\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Spezia,	3 do.	do.	$39\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Sarzana,	$2\frac{1}{4}$ do.	do.	42 do.

From Chiavari the road passes along the shore, in some places under high rocks, and with hedge-rows of aloes on the side towards the sea: the traveller may visit the beautifully situated town of Sestri Levante, but the road leaves it on the right, to ascend the pass of the Bracco, that branch of the Appennines which leads to Spezia. Around Sestri there are many country houses of the Genoese merchants. Unlike the soft and beautiful scenery close to the sea shore, the road winds up towards the sterile summits of the Appennines; but before it rises above the cultivation of the grape, vineyards are passed remarkable for producing some of the finest wine in the country. Beyond the slopes bearing chestnut trees the road enters upon the bleak and wild summits of a mountain range, whence some peeps upon the deep blue Mediterranean are often caught, and in clear weather the island of Corsica can be seen. After passing the miserable village of Bracco, the summit is soon attained; and the view from the descent towards Mattarana exhibits, in the huge mountain peaks and masses thrown about in unimaginable confusion, one of the most savage and dreary districts in this wild chain. Mattarana has a

cut-throat looking aspect,—dirty, dreary, and miserable; the people appear savage; and physiognomy is a humbug if they are honest.

From Mattarana the road winds down to the little town of Borghetto, and the traveller arrives again in the country of the chestnut, the olive, the fig, and the vine; but at Borghetto the dirt and discomfort of the wretched inn should, if possible, be avoided:* it is fair, however, to state, that late accounts report an improvement in the inns, of which there are now two, and the Hôtel de l'Europe is said to be tolerable.

The road from Borghetto to Spezia is ill kept, but some of the scenery it presents is fine: the descent from the mountain ridge towards the gulf of Spezia presents one of the most splendid scenes on the coast of the Mediterranean: winding along the side of a mountain, which shuts out the view of the sea,

* The author was once driven to stay there with his family, from having arrived too late, the road leading to Spezia having been injured by storms. The accommodations were miserable; and the ladies of his party, unable to touch any of the filthy nondescript dishes offered for their supper, were forced into good humour by the landlord's apologies for not having any *bullock's liver* in the house, of which he said he had learned that the English were particularly fond. This uncalled-for excuse was afterwards explained to us by our courier, who, in utter hopelessness of finding any thing in the establishment which could be served up, had said, "O that you had some bullock's liver! *that* could be cooked into a dish which it might be possible to eat." The poor landlord believed the absence of this particular dish to be a matter on the part of the courier of sincere regret, and he came in to offer his apologies for not being able to procure it. The foresight of taking tea from England spared the party the necessity of submitting to be fed from the detestable *cuisine* of the inn at Borghetto.

the road overhangs a deep ravine; beyond it are many castellated hills; and in the distance is the great chain of the Appennines with their snowy summits. These objects present a landscape of great beauty, which is rapidly followed by a striking change:—the road flanks the ridge, and the beautiful bay of Spezia bursts upon the traveller: soon after the town appears, and he reaches it by a road that winds down the mountain side through rich olive grounds and vineyards.

Near Spezia there is an interesting phenomenon well worth a visit: it is the vast fresh water spring called *Alfa Sana* which rises in the bay, about a mile from the town: in calm weather the force of its upward velocity occasions a perceptible rise above the level of the surrounding water: on the surface it is a little brackish, but taken from a few feet below, it is perfectly sweet. The waters of this immense spring rise from a depth of 120 feet.

The route from Spezia to Sarzana is highly picturesque and wild: the passage of the river Magra, often dangerous from the violence of its torrent, is usually made by a *pont volant*: the broad bed of this river is sometimes entirely covered by its waters, but when seen dry it presents a desolate appearance. The ruins of some old castles which crown the hills, and the appearance of villages perched upon the summits of others, add greatly to the picturesque character of the road between Spezia and Sarzana.

Sarzana, which has a comfortable inn, the Hôtel de Londres, is a handsome episcopal town: in its neighbourhood are the ancient Etruscan town and

port of Luna. Some remains of the harbour, which can be traced, and the ruins of an amphitheatre, are objects of interest to the antiquary. *

Lavenza,	1½ post,	from Turin, 43½ posts.
Massa,	1 do.	do. 44½ do.

At Lavenza there is a picturesque old castle, which, with its round towers and battlements, have an imposing appearance as the traveller passes by the deep moat which surrounds it.

The best road to Massa goes direct from Lavenza; but the celebrated marble quarries of Carrara, in the neighbourhood, are of so much interest, that all travellers, not pressed to save a few hours, make a point of paying them a visit. If the carriage be a heavy one, it will be desirable to send it on to Massa, and hire one lighter for the détour. The ride to Carrara is very pleasing, and the visitor will be surprised at the neat appearance this little town presents, in its nook in the mountains: in it, every door and window sill, even of the poorest houses, are of Carrara marble. The town contains about 6000 inhabitants. It has a handsome cathedral. The proximity of the quarries, about a mile distant,

* The early history of the family of Buonaparte seems to be associated with Sarzana. In a work published before Napoleon was born, Fazzetti's Travels in Tuscany, it is said that several of the noble and honourable families of Sarzana were driven from the city by the Guelfs; among them were the Aldobrandini and the Buonaparte—some of the latter went to Corsica, where they still remain.



1. 11. 11

has led to the establishment in Carrara of an Academy of Sculpture, and here many artists have fixed their residence. The quarries are reached by a very difficult road; and it is matter of surprise, that in a place where rails or trams are more than in any other place required, they disregard the state of a road over which such heavy weights are to be drawn, as the great blocks of marble raised in these quarries. No country cross-road in England can be worse in structure or condition: the author saw forty-eight oxen attached two-and-two by a cable to a sort of carriage, upon which there was a large mass of marble, roughly hewn into the form of a column: the length of the line threw a difficulty in the way of the whole drawing at once; and the efforts made over the wretched road were most slow, laborious, and wasteful of power. From 1400 to 1600 men are usually employed here; and the scenes are often very animated amidst the hewn and picturesque forms of the quarries.

The road from Carrara to Massa soon falls into the main road from Lavenza; and the scene presented on the first view of Massa, is one of those splendid points on the shores of the Mediterranean which can be sketched, but not well described. The road, which is carried along the mountain-side, is securely terraced from a deep ravine on the right, whose sides are in the autumn coloured with the fruit of the arbutus. Further on, lies the flat plain of the Fiume Frigido, richly wooded: above it, the town and cas-

tellated hill of Massa: and beyond these, the blue Mediterranean.

The river Frigido is crossed before entering Massa: the bridge over it is a beautiful structure; and the purity of the clear, cold, deep stream below, is very remarkable. It is incredible that the capricious Princess Elize should have exercised her power to pull down the cathedral of this city, which formerly stood near the palace, because she was disturbed by the chanting: the smell of the frankincense, used in the celebration of mass, was also offensive to this sister of Napoleon! Massa is famous for purity of air, and healthiness of situation. Travellers, who give themselves time for sight-seeing, usually visit the old castle, to enjoy the beautiful prospect from its walls; and many artists have made Massa head-quarters, whilst they have explored its neighbourhood, and filled their sketch-books with the beautiful scenes around it: the inn, Hôtel des Quatre Nations, is very comfortable.

Pietra Santa,	1 post,	from Turin, 45½ posts.
Montramito,	1 do.	do. 46½ do.
Lucca,	2 do.	do. 48½ do.

At Pietra Santa, one post from Massa, the traveller enters the States of Tuscany, where he is liable to an annoying search; which, however, can almost always be evaded, by a small fee. Bribery of this sort is so usual, that the whole fiscal-gang in this state, from the lowest to the highest, it is

believed, participate in such gains : but passports must be regular, or he will be detained and vexatiously delayed on his journey. Just outside the town there is a comfortable inn.

Hitherto, in all places on this route, the French or Italian franc has been current ; so also it is here ; but as the money of Tuscany will be more generally employed in the States, it is necessary to notice its relative value to the pound sterling, which is usually about 44 *pauls* ; and this sort of money will here be found the most convenient for keeping accounts of expenditure.

5 Quattrini	1 Crazia.
3 do.	1 Soldo.
8 Crazie	1 Paul.
10 Pauls	1 Scudo or Franciscone.
20 do.	1 Zecchino.
60 do.	1 Ruspone.

By the tariff for posting in the states of Tuscany, the traveller pays,

For each horse,	5 pauls per post.
— each postilion,	3 do. do.
— ostler, at each post,	$\frac{1}{2}$ paul.

The regulations with regard to the sort of carriages and number of postilions are nearly the same as those in France.

The country between Sarzana and Lucca, except in two or three places, is generally flat ; the road skirts the bases of the lofty hills, which stretch away to the Appennines, and lies through a country rich

in vines and olive grounds: considerable quantities of oil are exported from Lucca. The post-house of Montremito is near the little port (the only one in the Lucchese states) of Viareggio; a direct road leads through it from Pietra Santa to Pisa, across marshes heavily afflicted with the curse of malaria.

Lucca is situated in a rich plain, almost surrounded by the Appennines: its inhabitants are numerous in this little capital of a little state; and their character has given a cognomen to their city, Lucca the Industrious: the ramparts form an agreeable promenade; but as there is little to see at Lucca, few travellers rest there: the Croce de Malta is a good inn.

One of the finest works of Fra Bartolemeo is to be seen in the church of the Dominican Convent—the Assumption of the Virgin: it is a picture of most deserved celebrity: an engraving from it has just been completed by an English artist, Mr. Sanders. Lucca is a very rare exception to the rule, that idleness and Catholicism are inseparably connected; for though the Lucchese are laborious and skilful, their minds are sunk to the lowest superstition: few travellers have walked about Lucca with a valet de place, who have not had pointed out to them, if they went to the church of the Augustins, a stone, with a hole in it, crossed by iron bars, into which sunk spontaneously the ashes of a man who had been burnt, for having thrown, in a fit of drunkenness or passion, a stone at a picture of the Virgin: blood issued from the picture where it had been struck;

and for this sacrilege the drunken victim was burnt, and his ashes placed on this spot: the earth sank beneath the accursed dust: the hole, which remains to prove the *truth* of the story, the priests pronounce, and the Lucchese believe it to be—bottomless.

At the distance of about twelve miles from the city, and by a beautiful drive up the valley of the Serchio, amidst forest, chestnut, and olive trees, and speckled with villas and convents, are situated the baths of Lucca; the road passes by Marlia, a beautiful royal villa; and by three bridges, remarkable for their elevation, form, and situation, which are traversed in the route to the hot baths: they are situated in a mountain-side, where the chestnut woods afford shade, and the elevation of the site enables the visitor, during the heat of summer, to enjoy fresh and delicious air in comparative coolness: here are excellent establishments for lodging families, living *en pension*, and a good hotel; and in *the season*, the summer, many English families leave other places in Italy, particularly Rome and Florence, to enjoy here the freshness of nature, which is denied to them in crowded cities and heated plains.

Lucca to Pisa, $2\frac{1}{2}$ posts, from Turin, 51 posts.

On leaving the plain of Lucca, the road lies through a narrow valley to enter upon the plain in which Pisa is situated. Between the two cities, the high route passes by the baths of St. Julian, generally called the baths of Pisa. The temperature of the water is not so high as that of Lucca, but its mineral

qualities are considered more active and salutary, and the baths are much frequented. At Pisa, the Albergo dell Ussero is an excellent establishment. The traveller is always attended from the port to the inn by a custom-house officer, who expects to receive a fee of four or five pauls. A visit to Pisa is generally anticipated with pleasure, and disappointment rarely follows. Historical and poetical associations with objects of great interest there, make the present state of solitude and silence to which this city has sunk, more impressive, perhaps, than in the days of its rivalry with Fair Florence.

There are few spots more striking than that at Pisa, in the Piazza, whence the visitor looks at once upon the Baptistry, the Duomo, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower. The singular forms of the buildings, and the grotesque character of the architecture, arrest his attention, and he proceeds to examine them with feelings which are strangely compounded of awe and curiosity. The style of their architecture has been called "German-Gothic," and "Greco-Araba-Pisano;" but twenty other epithets could convey no idea of it. The Baptistry and Campanile are separate from the Cathedral or Duomo, which is the oldest of these structures. It was begun in the eleventh century, under the superintendence of Buschetto, a Greek. Its richness is grotesque, and made up of odd columns of marble, granite, and porphyry. Within the church are seventy-four lofty columns: the greater number are granite; the rest, valuable marble. They appear to have been pro-

cured from the ruins of former temples, for they are not matched in height, yet they have been well adapted to their present situation. Some of the capitals might suggest elegant forms to modern architects. The high altar is enriched with ancient marbles, jaspers, and lapis lazuli. Here are preserved, in a sarcophagus, the remains of a Saint Ranieri, whose especial protection is claimed by the Pisans. There are many pictures in the church, but not one of any distinguished merit. The doors at the eastern entrance are very fine, deserving the attention of every traveller, and of all the praise that has been bestowed upon them. They were designed and modelled by Giovanni de Bologna, and cast in bronze by Portigiani. The compartments contain subjects in relief taken from the life of the Madonna and the life of Christ.

The Baptistry was begun in the twelfth century. Within it, vast columns of granite, circularly arranged, support a circle of pilasters, upon which rests the cupola. The font is enriched with mosaics: it contains one basin large enough for the immersion of adults, and four smaller ones for infants. The pulpit, by Nicolo Pisano, is rich in marbles and bassi-relievi.

The Campanile, or Tower, declines so much out of the perpendicular, that it is known throughout the world as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It is circular, with an elevation of one hundred and ninety feet to the rails of the upper gallery, which overhangs the base fifteen English feet. It is composed of eight galleries, each surrounded by columns of marble and

granite, whence arches spring, which support the entablatures of each gallery: above two hundred columns are thus employed. The immense number used in these remarkable buildings, and which have evidently aided in the construction of former edifices, leaves the observer to wonder where they could have been obtained. Stairs lead up to the summit, whence the view of Pisa and the surrounding country is very fine. On the highest gallery is placed a bell, rung on all occasions of public alarm for safety: it is the same that tolled the signal of the revolution which led to the dreadful fate of Ugolino, immortalised by Dante. Many conjectures upon the cause of the leaning of this tower have been offered, and there has been no want of absurdity among them. It has been stated, that it was *purposely* built so to display the skill of the architect; and still more absurd has been the idea, that the eighth story, the side of which, though considerably overhanging the base, appears slightly to deviate from a parallel with the lower stories, “has been added, in later times, as a balance *to prevent* the whole edifice from falling!” Records, as early as the building of this tower, are kept; the date of its commencement, 1174, is mentioned, and the architects known to be Guglielmo—and Bernardo Pisano, but no mention of its leaning appears; on the contrary, in one of the early frescos in the Campo Santo, which represented an event in the life of St. Ranieri, the tower was painted upright; but it cannot be doubted, that the foundation of the tower has *settled* on one side since its

completion, and the leaning was too gradual to mark its period of commencement or of rest, and therefore unrecorded. Some have thought that it began to lean whilst constructing, yet was carried on; but that the architects, or their employers, should spend their money upon a dangerous or falling structure, since no one could tell to what extent it would lean before the settlement should support it, are conjectures too ridiculous to entertain.

The Campo Santo, the most interesting object in the city of Pisa, was erected by the Pisan republic in the thirteenth century. It was intrusted to the skill of Giovanni Pisano, a native sculptor and architect of great celebrity, to raise this beautiful structure. He died in 1283; but throughout the fourteenth century it continued to be enriched and embellished. Its form is a parallelogram; and in the centre is a place of sacred burial. The earth it contains was brought from Jerusalem by the Pisan navy. Around the enclosure are four corridors or cloisters, lighted from the centre by sixty-two Gothic arcade windows of great elegance and beauty. On the pavement, and around the walls of the cloister, are arranged more than six hundred tombs of marble, which contain the ashes of the noble, the learned, the great, and the good, of the republic. There are also many ancient sarcophagi, some of which have been brought from Greece and Constantinople, and the perusal of their inscriptions is very interesting. The sanctity of a burial in such holy ground, gave a distinction which was highly paid for and prized.

The walls present a fine scene for studying the revival of painting in Italy, for they are painted all over in fresco, by Giotto, Orgagno, Simone Memmi, and other distinguished painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and completed early in the sixteenth, by Beneozzo Gozzoli, whose monument, a tribute of respect from the Pisans, is placed near his works. The subjects are from the Scriptures, and from the traditions of the church. Though they are often ill composed and fantastical, occasional excellence is seen in some heads, single figures, and groups, which display the elegance of youth, and the dignity of old age. An account of these pictures may be had at Pisa, "Descrizione delle pitture del Campo Santo, &c., presso Nicolo Capurro," and also in the local guide-book of the city. The churches of Pisa are generally decorated with the pictures of early Pisan painters. No works of extraordinary merit of later art in Italy are found among them, nor in the palaces; except, perhaps, a Guido in the Lanfreducci, and a Sibyl by Guercino in the Casa Mecherini.

Pisa was well known to the Romans. Nero visited its baths, and built in the city a temple to Diana and a palace: but though extensive foundations have been found, little, except the remains of a vapour-bath near the Lucca Gate, can now be traced of the Roman splendour at that period. Not far from Pisa is a royal farm, situated near a forest of cork and ilex trees, and bounded by the sea. Here camels are bred, and employed as beasts of burden. They are employed to bring wood into the city.

The Lung d'Arno, those embankments of stone, which form the quays of the Arno, extend along both sides of the river, forming broad streets, the boast of the Pisans. Medical men do not agree about the favourable climate of Pisa for pulmonary complaints; though they generally advocate its being beneficial.

From Pisa to Leghorn the distance is two posts; and few travellers omit to visit this free port of Tuscany. A diligence goes daily to Leghorn, as well as a passage-boat by the canal. The route lies through a plain, rich in cultivation, but uninteresting from its flatness. The chief street, entered from the Porte de Pisa, is broad and handsome, and leads direct to the harbour. The Locanda di St. Marco is a good inn, kept by an Englishman.

There is not much to observe in Leghorn. At the port is a statue of Ferdinand I.; and around its pedestal are crouched four slaves in bronze, by G. de Bologna. The works in coral and alabaster are usually visited; and for these productions the shops of Leghorn are among the most famous. The Jews' synagogue is one of the largest in Europe: this is necessary, since one-third of the inhabitants of Leghorn are said to be of that persuasion. The Protestant burial-ground here has the names of some Englishmen of note among its records of the dead; those of Smollet and Francis Horner are looked upon with sympathy. Leghorn possesses one of the largest harbours in the Mediterranean. The mole extends a mile and a half into the sea. The establishment of this port is a monument of the wise policy of the Medici family; who,

by making it free, soon gained an extensive commerce, and added greatly to the riches of the Tuscans. Even now the merchants of Leghorn can make a greater display of wealth than the poor nobility of the State, who shrink from the comparison, and few are seen here. The Lazarettos are fine buildings; and the chief promenade is on the road which leads to them. The magazines of oil, an important article of commerce from this port, are worth a visit. It is contained in vast tanks, formed of thick slabs of slate.

It is important to English travellers to know, that sending goods and packages to England from this place has peculiar advantages. They are conveyed cheaper and quicker from Leghorn than from either Genoa or Naples. The freight at the former place is 1*s.* 3*d.* per cubic foot; and vessels sail once a month or more frequently from this port to England. The freight at Genoa and Naples is 2*s.* per foot; and vessels are often six months waiting for a cargo at Genoa; so that it is better to send to Leghorn for shipment to England, than to any port on the Italian coast; and a consignment to the care of Messrs. P. Senn and Co. receives every attention.

Pisa to Fornacette,	1 post,	from Turin,	52 posts.
Castel del Bosco,	1 do.	do.	53 do.
La Scala,	1 do.	do.	54 do.
L' Ambrogiana,	1 do.	do.	55 do.
La Lastra,	1 do.	do.	56 do.
Florence,	1 do.	do.	57 do.

There is a direct road to Florence from Leghorn,

which falls into the road from Pisa to the capital, at Fornacette.

The whole course of the route from Pisa lies on the left bank of the Arno, through a beautiful valley, richly picturesque, and luxuriant in vegetation,—the celebrated Val d'Arno. No line of road in Italy, of the same length, presents so much appearance of industry and comfort. Well-built houses, well-dressed people, peasantry fine in form, independent in look and character, and intelligent in expression. Yet, throughout this valley prevails the monstrous anomaly of crowds of loathsome beggars that assail the traveller at every post-house, or howl their supplications so as to destroy the enjoyment of the prospects, or drown the observations to which they would give rise, as his carriage slowly ascends every little hill between Pisa and Florence.

The chief employment of the women of this valley is the manufacture of the straw hats known by the name of Leghorn. They are made of a sort of straw, cultivated expressly for this purpose by sowing wheat very thick in poor lands, and cutting it before it ripens. The fine straw thus obtained, was long supposed to be a peculiar grass, which the Tuscans strove to keep a secret; but England is now almost entirely supplied by its own growth and manufacture, for which it is chiefly indebted to the Society of Arts, which collected information, and strongly urged the attention of the straw-hat makers and the public to the facilities afforded in England of superseding this foreign trade. The destruction of the Leghorn hat

trade in the English market, and change of fashion in France, have seriously lessened the value of such labour in the Val d'Arno.

Near La Scala, a road leads to Sienna by Poggibonsi, considerably shortening the road to those who would avoid Florence on their way to Rome. Another road has lately been made from Pisa to Sienna by Volterra, one of the most ancient cities in Italy.

The large villages, or rather towns, between Pisa and Florence abound in good inns, but these have not been chosen as the post-stations, which are without accommodation, and miserable enough. Empoli is rich and populous, and has large manufactories of earthenware. At Monte Lupo, vases in terra cotta are made, and the inhabitants pretend that this place has had an establishment for such wares from the time of the Etruscans. Near Ambrogiana there is a country residence of the Grand Duke.

The approach to Florence by the Val d'Arno is the least favourable direction in which the city can be seen; and, in fact, it cannot well be distinguished until the traveller is close upon it; when the cupola of the Duomo, and the Campanile, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and other domes, towers, and churches, rise above the trees of the Cascini; and Fiesole, on its mountain, backed by the Appennines, completes the picture.

The most celebrated inn in Florence, perhaps in the world, is Schneiderff's Hotel; but the New York, the Europa, the Pellicano, and many other excellent inns, leave the traveller the choice of



THE VIEW FROM THE TOWER

situation rather than of accommodation. Schneiderff's is situated close to the Ponte alla Carraja, and is almost the first inn arrived at from the Pisa road by the Val d'Arno, which enters Florence at the Porta di St. Fridiano, where the custom-house officers of the Sovrano being licensed to annoy, demand a bribe for the traveller's escape, which it will be wise to comply with, to avoid a tedious and vexatious search of luggage.

It is desirable to get at once, at Molini's, or any other respectable bookseller's, a guide-book to the sights of Florence. It is the best way of obtaining the latest and most certain information of the changes or regulations which occasionally occur in the arrangements of those places and objects of public interest which, in this celebrated city, are so numerous and attractive. The first place usually visited is the Royal Gallery in the Palazzo Ducale, one of the most sacred deposits of Art. Supposing the traveller to be at Schneiderff's, by ascending the Lung d' Arno a little way, and crossing the light and elegant bridge of the Sta. Trinita, the work of Ammanati in the sixteenth century, the distance is short to the Piazza del Grand Duca; and here some of the wonders of art in Florence present themselves in the Piazza, and in the Loggia dei Lanzi: here, open to the day, are the Judith and Holofernes by Donatello, the Perseus by Benevenuto Cellini, and the fine group in marble of the Sabines, as it is usually called, by Giovanni de Bologna. In the Piazza is an equestrian statue of Cosmo the First, and a fountain with a colossal

statue of Neptune; the latter in questionable taste. From the Palazzo Vecchio rises a magnificent tower, which, together with the palace, is in the severe style of the thirteenth century, so common in Italy. Flanking the steps of this gloomy structure are two statues;—on one side, David, by M. Angelo; and on the other, Hercules slaying Cacus, by Bandinelli.

The Royal Gallery in the Fabbrica degli Ufizi, is arranged through different vestibules and corridors, and cabinets filled with statues and busts, and basi relievi, the wonders of art; though none of any period more beautiful than the Mercury poised on the breath of a Zephyr, by G. de Bologna. Cabinet after cabinet is shewn, filled with the most beautiful bronzes and vases; then the Hall of Niobe, containing the celebrated figures of a classical group found at Rome, near the Porta Ostiensis. The Cabinet of Inscriptions, the Cabinet of Egyptian Antiquities, and the Cabinet of Gems, of which the splendid vases, caskets, cups, &c., wrought in ruby, emerald, and jasper, and enriched with diamonds and pearls, exceed all description. Afterwards, the galleries of pictures, distinguished by the name of some celebrated painter or school, as that of Baroccio from the fine picture by him which it contains, called the Madonna del Popolo; then the gallery of the Venetian school, containing some glorious works by Titian; the galleries of the Tuscan, the Dutch, the Flemish, and the French schools; and that of the Portraits of Painters, generally by themselves. Many are of English artists; among them that of Reynolds

will be proudly recognised. Next to this portrait is one of a young artist, placed in that situation at his especial request, which was made by him to the president of the Accademia della Belle Arte, the Senator Alessandri, *because, he said, Sir Joshua had married his mother's sister!*

At length *The Tribune*. Here is the Venus de Medici, of whom, more rave about than feel that exquisite beauty, which is not instantly appreciable in this celebrated statue. The high order of her delicate and beautiful proportions can only be understood from the frequent study and comparison of other fine female forms in art and in nature; but the cant of connoisseurship has been more unblushingly uttered upon this statue than, perhaps, upon any other in the world; for, beautiful in perfection as the body is, the head has neither an actual nor ideal elevation of character: the face is feebly small, and devoid of all character and expression that can be associated with Venus, or with a beautiful woman.

Here, too, is the light and elegant statue of the Apollino, the Dancing Fawn, the Knife Grinding Slave, the Group of the Wrestlers, and others, forming an assemblage of sculpture unequalled except in the Vatican. The visitor, however, perceives within the Tribune the rival productions of a sister art, which at least divides the interest felt by the observer with the productions of the chisel. Here are concentrated some of the most beautiful pictures by Titian, Michael Angelo, Guido, Guercino, Correggio, and Raphael. Among the works of the latter

is the Fornarina, "celebrated," says a guide-book, "for her attachment to Raphael," but more so for his affection to her. Scandal has taken strange liberties with his memory; but, except his intimacy with the baker's daughter, which began almost with his arrival in Rome, and continued to his death, a fixed and unaltered affection, not a single imputation to sustain the charge of reckless gallantry, of which he has been accused, can be traced.

The head of the Fornarina is carefully and finely painted; and in as much as a woman is infinitely to be preferred to a goddess by matter-of-fact sensible people, the mistress of Raphael has more genuine admirers than the mistress of Mars. No one room in the world contains such treasures of art as the Tribune of the Palazzo de Gran Duca at Florence; and it does not require the cant of dealers in virtù to induce the unreserved expression of admiration which the works it contains draw forth from visitors, who, with exceedingly good sense and sound judgment on most subjects upon art, too often shrink from an avowal of opinion, which they are more competent to give than the impudent and commonplace descanters upon schools, and masters, and manners, in painting.

One of the cabinets in this palace contains a collection of original drawings by M. Angelo, Raphael, and other eminent painters: it is an unrivalled collection; but to see it, an especial order must be obtained, which is procured with much difficulty.

The next celebrated collection in Florence is that

contained in the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Sovrano. Here are some exquisite pictures by Raphael and by Titian. Among the works of the former are the *Madonna della Seggiola*, portraits of Julius XI. and Leo X. ; and, by Titian, a beautiful picture of a female, called his slave, and portraits of some of the Medici family. Hyppollito lives in the canvass : these stern men of earlier times are exhibited to posterity by the genius of Titian with a truth and power which leaves his skill in portraiture unrivalled by the painters of any age or country. In the Pitti Palace is placed the Venus of Canova : she differs from her rival in the Tribune as a French Venus would differ from a Greek Venus. The Boboli Gardens, attached to this palace, are open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays ; they are beautifully situated, and from many points present fine views of the city.

The chief feature of the Museum of Natural History, which distinguishes it from other museums, is the collection of wax models of subjects in botany and morbid anatomy, by the Cav. F. Fontana : the latter, though so celebrated, are not superior, if equal, to those by Sir Charles Bell and other anatomists who model in our own country—but then we have no public collection. The filthy and disgusting representations of the charnel-house and the horrors of the plague, by the Abbate Lumbo, form, if not the chief attraction in this museum, the things longest remembered ; but they are sickening and offensive, without rendering the least service to

science or to society, and seem to have been the production of a morbid maniac.

The churches of Florence teem with interesting objects and associations, though the buildings in the Piazza del Duomo do not impress the observer in the same way that the similar structures at Pisa do: there is even a ridiculous effect produced by the bizarre appearance of the cathedral incrustated with white and black marble, like Harlequin in mourning. It contains some busts of the worthies of Florence; some mosaics; and a *pieta*, the last work of M. Angelo. The Campanile is a fine structure, three hundred English feet high, close to the Duomo: it was designed by Giotto. The baptistry has the celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, of which M. Angelo said, that "they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise." John de Bologna's, at Pisa, were not then cast, or he might have paused to consider which was the most worthy.

While in the Piazza del Duomo the visitor should search for a grand work of M. Angelo, which is in the court of a private house on the eastern side of the Duomo: it was there when the author last visited Florence: it is a colossal *bozza* of St. Peter, half created from the block. Nothing can be more grand and spirited than the conception; and the execution marks the usual progress of his works in sculpture: unconfined by the slow and mechanical means of removing the extraneous marble, and impatient of bringing to light the statue which his mind saw within the block, he cut away, until

accidentally removing too much, the irreparable injury to his plan destroyed the power of producing what he wished; and he left this, as he has left fifty others, a monument of his genius, his impatience, and his fastidiousness.

The Santa Croce is one of the most sacred depositories of the dead in Italy. This church, which is one of the largest in Florence, contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, of Galileo, of Alfieri, of Aretino, of Filicajo, and others, whose ashes occupy here a few feet of earth, but whose minds have filled the world. Galileo's heretical discourses led to the exclusion of his remains from *consecrated* ground until a century after his death, when his bones were admitted within the walls of the Santa Croce.

The church of the SS. Annunciata is famous for possessing, among other fine pictures by Andrea del Sarto, the celebrated fresco of the *Madonna del Sacco*, the finest of his works: his great merit as a painter cannot fairly be appreciated out of Florence.

Among the most interesting of the works of art in this city are the frescos, which mark the progress of painting from Giotto to Masaccio. Some of the finest of these are in the Sassetti Chapel of the Chiesa di S. Trinita, by Ghirlandajo; the subjects are painted from the life of St. Francisco of Assisi; those by Masaccio represent the life of St. Peter, and are to be found in the Chapel of the S.M. del Carmine. These surprising works formed a school of study to M. Angelo and to Raphael: the latter adopted from Masaccio the expulsion of Adam and

Eve, a subject which he painted in the Loggia of the Vatican; and from another of these frescos, the Paul preaching at Athens, in one of his cartoons. Some time since, Molini, of Florence, published a set of engravings from these frescos.

The Church of Santa Maria Novella is a fine building, with a strikingly beautiful interior. It contains the earliest of Cimabue's works, and many fine pictures, in which the costumes of the middle ages may be studied. The walls of the cloisters of the convent attached to the church are painted in fresco; and a head in one of the pictures is pointed out as that of Laura, the mistress of Petrarch. There is a *Spezieria* in this convent, celebrated for the medicines, perfumes, and essences, which are prepared and sold there.

The Chapel of the Medici, attached to the Church of San Lorenzo, is the last home of the merchant princes of Florence. A mausoleum, upon which two millions sterling have been already spent, singularly exhibiting costliness which is not rich, and meanness which such expense has made more striking. The greater part within, is encrusted with porphyries, jaspers, and lapis lazuli, yet producing no splendour; and the bare uncovered bricks of the upper part of the building strangely contrast with the extravagance of the pavement below. The ante-chapel contains the tombs of Lorenzo and Giulio de Medici, by Michael Angelo, with his celebrated recumbent figures; and also a fine group of the Madonna and Child unfinished, as nearly all are here of his works in sculpture.

The Laurentian Library contains objects of great interest. The celebrated Pandects of Justinian, which the Pisans are said to have brought from Amalfi, where they were discovered; a Virgil of the third century, of which Forsyth in 1802 says, "This celebrated book, which had been formerly stolen and re-stolen, disappeared during the late war, and is now lost for ever to Florence:" but it has been recovered. Early copies of Dante and Boccaccio, nearly contemporary with their authors; very early Biblical MSS., and the MS. narrative of the journey of Cosmo I. in France, England, Holland, Spain, &c. One object never fails to be regarded with interest: in a crystal vase is the fore-finger of Galileo, pointed upwards.

Many of the private palaces possess galleries of fine pictures: the collection in the Gerini is the most valuable.

If the season be favourable, the promenade in the Cascini, or royal forms, near the city on the right bank of the Arno, after the heat of a summer's day, is a source of delicious enjoyment: it is usually crowded with company, who saunter amidst groves fragrant with sweet flowers and shrubs, cheered by the songs of hundreds of nightingales, and lit up by myriads of fire-flies.

The country around Florence is most beautiful; and excursions, especially to Fiesole and Vallombrosa, should, if the traveller have time, not be neglected. Nor should he omit to see the manly game of Pallone played; it is now almost peculiar to

Florence, and may usually be seen without the Porta Pinti. It was an ancient Roman game, requiring great skill and vigour, by which a large, inflated ball made of leather is struck over a line which divides the players: the blow is given from the fore arm, which is shielded by a wooden guard, covered with knobs, into which the arm is thrust.

Whilst the traveller is in Florence, it is desirable that he should know, that many articles, the possession of which he may consider comforts, can be had there of Mr. Lowe; such as, genuine English medicines, drugs, and soda powders, from Savory and Moore; stationary, papers, colours, pencils, sketch-books, &c. from Waller of Fleet-street; and other goods from the first houses in London.

PART FOURTH.

FLORENCE TO ROME.

CHAPTER VI.

Lascia Passare for the Roman States. Routes to Rome. Camaldoli. Val de Chiana. Arezzo. Cortona. Frontier. Money. Lake of Thrasymene. Beggars. Perugia. Foligno. Clytumnus. Spoleto. Terni. Val Nera. Campagna de Roma. Porta del Populo.

BEFORE leaving Florence, or if the stay there is likely to be too short, even before arriving there, the traveller should send to Torlonia, or any other banker to whom he is accredited at Rome, to desire that a *Lascia Passare* may be forwarded to the frontier by which he intends entering the Papal States; if by the Sienna road, at Ponte Centino; and if by Perugia, at the Monte Spelonca; and also another to be left at the Porta del Populo on entering Rome: it will save delay and examination of luggage, particularly in Rome, where a visit to the Dogana de Terra, to be searched, instead of going

to the hotel at once, is an annoyance which should be avoided.

Pontassieve,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ posts.	from Florence,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ posts.
Incisa,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	3 do.
San Giovanni,	1 do.	do.	4 do.
Levane,	1 do.	do.	5 do.
Pontecino,	1 do.	do.	6 do.
Arezzo,	1 do.	do.	7 do.

There are two roads from Florence to Rome; that by Sienna is the shortest by $4\frac{3}{4}$ posts, but it is the least interesting. It is usual to go to Rome from Florence by one road, and return by the other; in going, that by Perugia is generally preferred; this ascends the upper Val d' Arno by a fine road on the right bank of the river, and follows the course of a considerable detour of the Arno to Incisa, where it crosses the river and falls into another road that leads direct from Florence to Incisa, through San Donato, which, though it is the shortest, is not so much followed, as it avoids the Val d' Arno until it reach Incisa; it is also more hilly. The drive by Pontassieve is very beautiful: the mountains which bound the valley approach nearer: the wooded hills round Vallombrosa, and the mountain-ridge which separates the traveller from Camaldoli, are rich and beautiful features in the landscapes of the valley, which is highly cultivated, and abounds in neat villas and villages.

The Arno is crossed at Incisa, a little town, where the patrimonial property of the family of

Petrarch gives to the town an importance in the eyes of its inhabitants of which they rarely fail to boast. The road thence continues on the left bank of the Arno through Figline, San Giovanni, and Montevarchi, amidst scenes of great richness, and a luxuriance of vegetation scarcely surpassed elsewhere in Italy. The mountain-slopes produce some of the finest wines; and the proprietors appear to be opulent and independent. These are seen to advantage on the market-days, especially at Montevarchi, the largest of these bourgs, or, as they are here called, *paesi*. The road then traverses Lavane, and gradually leaves the Arno on the left. A basin in the Appennines, formed between the great chain and the Monte Prato-Magno, in which lies the source of the Arno, encloses in its deep and secluded recesses the famous Convents of Camaldoli and La Verna; places of pilgrimage to the lovers of wild and picturesque scenery, but too far removed and difficult of access for common-place sight-hunters. Vallombrosa, situated on the steep slopes of the Monte Prato-Magno, towards Florence, and distant from the city only about eighteen miles, is frequently visited. The singular beauty of the scenery within its precincts, and of the views from it, especially from the Hermitage of Paradisino, richly repay the visitor for the trouble of going there. The course of the Arno, from its source, is at first towards the south-east; afterwards, flanking the mountain, it passes round its base, and for a long way, from Lavane to Pontassieve, follows a course generally north-west.

At Pratantico, near Arezzo, the road crosses the Canal Maestro della Chiana, which descends to the Arno through the beautiful Val Chiana, now the most fertile land in Tuscany, though before the formation of the canal it was a pestilential marsh; it was thus drained by order of Pope Clement VII. Shortly after the traveller reaches Arezzo, a town of great antiquity, famed as the birth-place of many distinguished men,—Mæcenas, Petrarch, Vasari, Leonardo Arentino, the historian, Guido, the inventor of musical notation; and of worthless great, a still longer list. The pride of the Aretins in the names associated with their country, is strangely displayed by honorary tablets, seen in almost every street, upon houses, inscribed with the names of those who were born, or had lived there. One is to a “*Marchese Borro, il terrore dei Turchi*,” another, “*Quì Melpomene educò l’incomparabile Sgricci*.” The Loggia, in which is the custom-house, and the Church of St. Maria della Pieve, are the works of Vasari. In a vast chapel adjoining the cathedral are two immense pictures: one by Sabatelli, Abigail meeting David; and the other, the finest work of modern art in Italy, Judith shewing the head of Holofernes, by Benvenuto.*

The neighbourhood of Arezzo produces a rich

* Of these pictures the flippant Lady M. remarks, “Its walls are decorated by some of the disciples of the modern school of Lombardy! and depicted with tempting Abigails and tempted Davids, with too much fidelity to the frailty of both for the walls of a church.”—“Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world,” &c. &c.

and delicious wine, the Aliatico, which is obtained from the half dried grape, yet is sold for two or three crazie (a penny or three half-pence) a bottle.

Castiglione Firentino,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ post,	from Florence,	$8\frac{1}{2}$ posts.
Camuscia,	$\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$9\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Casa del Piano,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$10\frac{3}{4}$ do.
La Magione,	1 do.	do.	$11\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Perugia,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	$13\frac{1}{4}$ do.

The same rich and beautiful character of scenery accompanies the traveller as he advances to Camuscia. The ancient Etruscan town of Cortona, which is seen perched high above him on the left, on a hill enriched with forest trees, is worth a visit, if it be only to examine its Cyclopean walls, and enjoy the view from them, which extends even to the Mediterranean: the ascent, however, is difficult, and occasions so much delay, that few are gratified by going there; but all who can accomplish it will be rewarded. From Camuscia, a road branches off to the right, which leads to Chiusi, formerly Clusium, an Etruscan city, the residence of Porsenna; and to Montepulciano, where "*il re del vino*" is grown. When obtained in perfection, this wine is the finest in the world. Soon after leaving Camuscia, the last village of Tuscany, Ossaja, is passed, and the road ascends the Monte Spelonca, where there is the custom-house, on the frontiers of the Papal States. Here the *Lascia Passare* is necessary to avoid a search, though his Holiness's officers take bribes as readily as those of other states.

On arriving in the Roman States, the money again varies; and,

10 Baiocchi	equal to	1 Paul.
10 Pauls	do.	1 Scudo, or Dollar.
32 do.	do.	1 Doppia.
44 do.	do.	1 Old Louis d'Or.
37 do.	do.	1 Napoleon.
44 do.	do.	1 Pound Sterling.

The regulations for posting are the same as in Tuscany, except that the postilions are allowed by tarif three and a half pauls per post.

The views from the descent are heightened by the waters of the Lake of Thrasymene. Beyond it lies the range of Montipulciano, and on the left the snowy mountains of Sibilla. The whole character of the objects around are of surpassing beauty; and, as associated with the eventful advance upon Rome by Hannibal, and the victory of Thrasymene, of intense interest. Ossaja, said to be the burial place of thousands of the slain, and the little stream of Sanguinetta transmitting the horrors of that eventful battle in its name to posterity, are looked upon as will be, in some future time, the field of Waterloo. The note on the battle of Thrasymene to Childe Harold, canto iv., admirably describes its localities.

These associations with the history of Rome in misfortune, which accompany the first steps made in her now limited territory, accord with the degradation in which her people are in the present



Coast of Champagne

day found. The squalid wretches who infest the traveller with the display of loathsome diseases to excite compassion and obtain charity, no sooner receive the poor pittance than a filthy monk extorts a part from the miserable wretch who has obtained it. Already the beggars have become worse than in Tuscany; and the traveller has left behind him the appearance of independence in any of the people.

Passing through some lovely scenes in descending to the lake, the road continues along its shores, and through the miserable little villages of Passignano and Torricella; it then ascends to the post-house of La Magione. The views from the ascent, looking back, are very beautiful: the broad expanse of the lake below, the rich woods on the mountain-slopes, and the distant hills which the traveller has skirted, form a charming landscape. From La Magione, the road descends steeply to the valley of the Caina, which it traverses; it then, rising towards Perugia, whose massive fortress seems to threaten all who approach, the city is entered by a road so steep, that bullocks are always employed to aid the post-horses in reaching the gates. From its commanding situation the views looking out upon the surrounding valleys are enchanting. It is placed on the ridge of a mountain that divides the Val de Caina from the Valley of the Tiber, which is first seen here. La Posta is the only good inn at Perugia.

The Hotel de Ville is a curious specimen of architecture of the fifteenth century. The Cathedral is handsome, but without any important picture by the

native painter, Pietro Perugino; who, though he has great intrinsic merit, owes a large share of his fame to his having been the master of Raphael. In the Cambia, or exchange of the town, there are some frescos of great merit, by Pietro: the finest of them is a picture of the Prophets and Sibyls: in this there is a portrait of Raphael, a handsome boy, as the Prophet Daniel. Of the merits of Pietro as a painter, a strange difference of opinion exists: the modern Germans make him their model, and consider that Raphael became worse and worse as a painter from the moment he threw off the trammels which the dry manner of his master had imposed upon him.

Perugia was one of the ancient Etrurian cities: it became a Roman colony seven centuries before the Christian era.

St. Maria degli Angelli,	} 1 post.	from Florence	14 $\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Foligno,	1 do.	do.	15 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
La Vene,	1 do.	do.	16 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Spoletto,	1 do.	do.	17 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.

The descent from Perugia towards the Vale of the Tiber is as steep as on the side towards Foligno. Having traversed the valley, the road crosses the Chiascia, and ascends by the Valley of the Topino, tributaries to the Tiber, towards the hamlet, and the Church of St. Maria degli Angelli. The latter, one of the finest works of Vignola, from which the hamlet takes its name, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1831, and its interior is now a fearful mass of ruins.

On the left of the road is seen Assisi, the birth-place of St. Francis and of Metastasio: its convents and monasteries have a grand and imposing appearance; and to travellers not pressed for time, a visit to it will afford gratification, especially to antiquaries, as there are the fine remains of a Temple of Minerva, now the Church of San Filippini. Before arriving at Foligno, the route passes by the town of Spello, the ancient Hispellum, to which the Emperor Constantine, in the year 324, at the request of the inhabitants, gave the name of Flavia Constans. On one side of the gate is an inscription, "Porta Consularia Colonia Julia." Foligno has nothing within it to detain the traveller: the celebrated picture by Raphael, which was formerly here, has been removed to the Gallery of the Vatican. Evidence of the injuries to the buildings occasioned by the recent earthquake, within its range, is seen in the numerous temporary props against the walls. In Foligno, these precautions had still in 1833 an alarming appearance.

From Foligno the road enters the Vale of the Clitumnus, through which that bright and beautiful stream meanders. Such milk-white cattle are still seen as were here formerly reared for sacrifices. Shortly before arriving at the post-house of La Vene, the exquisite little temple of white marble, dedicated to the river-god Clitumnus, is seen on the right hand side of the road which passes at the back of the temple, and it is very possible to go by without noticing it, as the portico is towards the

valley, and above the little stream of Clitumnus. It has been used as a chapel, which, since the period of its consecration, has greatly tended to preserve it. It is an architectural gem, placed in the midst of a scene so tranquil and beautiful, that it might seem to be a dream of Paradise, but that the subjects of his Holiness destroy the illusion; and the observer, who has indulged in a delightful reverie, is roused by the piteous clamours of a herd of miserable wretches, more starved, filthy, diseased, and deformed, than are to be found in any other country under heaven.

The approach to Spoleto offers a rich promise of enjoyment to the picturesque traveller, in its towers, castles, and forest back-ground; and few places afford so many grand and beautiful objects for the sketch-book—its old fortress, and its vast aqueduct, one of the loftiest known, spanning a ravine in which it is a singularly fine object when seen from the various heights, make up with the beautiful country around them some of the finest landscapes in nature.

Spoleto (Spoletium) was colonised by the Romans above 500 years before Christ. Its citizens boast much of their ancestors having repulsed Hannibal after the battle of Thrasymene. A gate is still preserved called the Porta Fuga, and an inscription records the event. The accounts, however, have this discrepancy: history says he was repulsed, and could not enter; the Spoletines say he was driven out, and that the name of this gate proves it. La Posta is a good inn at Spoleto.

Stettura, 1 post,	from Florence, 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Terni, 1 do.	do. 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.

Soon after leaving Spoleto the road winds up the Monte Somma,* a tedious ascent, with its never-failing accompaniment, a swarm of beggars. When the "*tanta fame!*" and "*Carita per la grazia di Dio!*" fail, flattery, amusingly applied, often succeeds. A set of unsuccessful young beggars, having once failed here, with the usual cant and cry, to obtain a baioccho from the ladies in an English carriage, suddenly stopped, and one of them, gazing with rapt admiration, exclaimed, "*Che belli occhj! Ah! come sono belle queste donne Inglesi!*" This capital bit of performance provoked a hearty laugh, and loosened the purse-strings. The descent towards Terni is much wilder than on the other side of the mountain; and the route, nearly the whole way to Terni, is through a savage, but picturesque glen. Few pass through it without thinking of its fitness for the haunts of banditti; and not a face or figure is to be met in the journey through it, that removes the impression.

There are several good inns at Terni: the Europa is excellent. The moment the traveller arrives, he is surrounded by applicants offering their cars and mules for an excursion to the Caduta del Marmore, the celebrated cataract, about four or five miles distant. The charge at the inn for a light carriage, to take four persons, is thirty-five pauls; for the

* The elevation of this pass is, on the authority of Sir George Shuckburgh, 3738 English feet above the sea.

driver six ; and if asses be taken to continue the excursion beyond where the carriage can be driven, four pauls each, which includes *buono mano* ; a cicerone for the party, who considers his services indispensable, seven pauls : to these are to be added fifty beggars, whose attendance must be bought *off*. The drive to the falls is very fine, especially near the village of Perpigno, which is perched on a rock in a striking situation ; but, from the mean and unglazed windows, it seems to be inhabited only by the poor, the wretched, and, from the appearance of its inhabitants, the dishonest. On the left of the road, a point commands a fine view of the Valley of the Nera, or Nar, which is very picturesque. Beyond the village the road ascends the hill, passing some large old olive trees, and attains the top of the falls, where the scene is strikingly impressive. The vast mass of water gushing from its channel into the gulf below—the roar—the spray, wreathing and reeking up from the awful cauldron, are most appalling. If the visitor has sufficient firmness of foot and steadiness of head, and the demands are not serious upon either, he can descend, by a path which winds down among the tufo rocks, formed by the deposit of the waters of the Velino, to a building which has been erected opposite to the fall, and about one hundred feet below its summit, upon a jutting rock that overhangs the abyss hundreds of feet, into which the water falls below. There is nothing more fearful to contemplate than the roar and the foaming of the waters as they pass the windows of this house



View of the Mountains, from a sketch by Mr. J. H. Stoddard. Engraved by J. H. Stoddard.

Library of the
University of Michigan

in their descent. It is "horribly beautiful." The first epithet applies to the cataract; the second to the Iris, which, whenever the sun shines, plays over this gulf of terror. An eternal verdure is spread over the rocks, promoted by the spray which constantly falls around. From the building a path leads down to the valley, which can be crossed by a bridge incrustated with calcareous deposit. From below, the view of the whole cataract is magnificent. The carriage, when the party leaves it to go to the top of the fall, is usually directed to be driven down into the valley, where it waits to take back the visitors through the grounds of the Villa Graziani to Terni. The whole scenery of the beautiful Valley of the Nera above the town is highly picturesque, each successive point giving some new and beautiful landscape to the traveller. This excursion, which occupies three or four hours, has no parallel in the grandeur and beauty of the class of objects which it commands; and in describing them, even the pen of Lord Byron must be said to have failed.

Narni,	1 post,	from Florence,	$20\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Otricoli,	1 do.	do.	$21\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Borghetto,	$\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	22 do.
Civita Castellana,	$\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$22\frac{3}{4}$ do.

The ruins of the colossal bridge of Augustus at Narni, which consisted of three large arches, is a fine example of such a Roman structure: one vast and lofty arch remains nearly perfect. The

scenery around Narni, and especially near this bridge, is very beautiful. The steep hills on each side of the river are richly wooded; and down the stream, seen through the noble arch that remains, the Hermitage of St. Casciano rising among the woods, is an object of singular beauty. Narni is finely situated on a hill commanding an extensive view of the Valley of the Nera, bounded in the distance by the Apennines. Near the town the river passes through a deep fissure in the rock, the sides of which, in many places, have been excavated, and the cells thus formed are inhabited. The old towers and walls of Narni are highly picturesque, and come admirably into view on leaving it to proceed towards Otricoli.

The route now varies in character; the prospect is extensive towards the south; the olive grounds are more numerous; and from some high ground before reaching Otricoli, the Tiber is seen winding its course towards Rome. The prospect has a vast extent; the old town is seen on a hill with a few towers and religious houses, and here the first view of Mont Soracte, rising above the Campagna, is obtained. Beyond Otricoli the scenes, though often beautiful, are less rich than on the confines of Tuscany. Before reaching Borghetto, the Tiber is crossed over a fine bridge built by Augustus, whose numerous structures of this class certainly entitled him to the distinction of Pontifex Maximus, which was assumed, and is still borne, by the priest-sovereigns of the "eternal city:" but, though a pope cannot boast of building this bridge, he does most pompously



Engraved by J. Fisher

View of the Mountains of the Pyrenees

of repairing it; and many inscriptions indicate that Sixtus V. restored this fine work. Borghetto is a wretched place—an epithet that will apply with justice to nearly all the towns and villages in his Holiness's territory. Situated amidst the finest scenes, the heart sickens in looking upon the degraded state of man under the curse of a government which paralyses his energies.

On approaching Civita Castellana, the deep ravine is observed through which a tributary to the Tiber flows. This gorge is crossed by a stupendous bridge, which Simond states is raised 250 feet above the stream. The effect of entering this place over the fearful depths of the ravine, and under the dark walls of the town, is impressive, and excites emotions of which description would fail to give the least idea. The sketch-books of travelers in Italy teem with the materials for landscape furnished at Civita Castellana. Its towers, convents, and fortress, the palace raised by Pope Alexander VI., now a state prison, its wall and aqueduct, the precipices overhanging its deep ravines, the Campagna, and proximate Mont Soracte, afford endless combinations; and the inns, La Posta and the Croce Bianca, may be endured for the pleasure of a short stay in so picturesque a spot.

Nepi,	1 post,	from Florence, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.
Monterosi,	$\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Baccano,	1 do.	do. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
La Storta,	1 do.	do. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Rome,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.

From Civita Castellana to Nepi and Monterosi, the road lies through the site of the ancient Ciminian forest; and though the horrors of its darkness have ceased with its almost entire extirpation, still in many places the road has been cleared even of brushwood for about two or three hundred yards on each side, to destroy the means of concealment to brigands: but robberies are now of less frequent occurrence than formerly in the States of the Church.

From Civita Castellana, the Flaminian Way continues its course to the Milvian Bridge near Rome, passing through Rignano and Prima Porta. Until within these sixty years, it was the chief road to Rome from Civita Castellana; about that time the new branch to join the road from Viterbo to Rome, now generally followed, was made by order of Pius VI.

Nepi is a miserable, though a picturesque, place; but its dark walls, towers, and fort, overhanging a deep ravine, across which there is an ancient aqueduct, which still conveys water to the town, shew that its former importance must have been considerable. Though much of the country now passed through is uncultivated, it varies in hill and dell, rocks and underwood; and is often beautiful for the colours, as well as the forms, of its objects. Mont Soracte is a striking feature here, from its proximity to the route as it rises magnificently above the intervening Campagna. This character of the country continues to Monterosi, near to which the two roads from Florence to Rome, by Sienna and by Perugia, unite.

If circumstances should oblige the traveller to rest at Monterosi or at Baccano, let him decide in favour of the best of the bad, and stay at Monterosi: the accommodations at either are what Colman calls "much of a muchness;" but Monterosi has the advantage in point of salubrity. Baccano is situated in a hollow, near a little, foul, sulphureous pool, whose fetid odours infest the spot, and curse it with malaria. Soon after leaving Baccano, from some high ground, Rome, in the distance, presents itself, and seems to every traveller who sees it for the first time, to have been the sole object of his journey. The intense anxiety with which this speck in the Campagna is sought for from this point, and the feelings to which its discovery give rise, belong to that class which cannot be suppressed or affected, but by those who do not deserve to enjoy them.

But even the appearance of St. Peter's, and the excitement which it raises, cannot subdue the painful contemplation of the desolate Campagna: the eye stretches over a scene of varied undulation to the distant Alban hills. Of pines, ilexes, underwood, broom, and rank grass, there are enough to shew that the withering spirit of the Campagna does not extend to its vegetation. Even the herds of buffaloes do not appear to be cursed with the malaria; it blights only the energies of man, and mark, as with an awful retribution, the successors of that empire which oppressed, like an incubus, the world it conquered. Here and there remains of fortified houses, and castles of the middle ages, are seen; but deserted and worthless,

except for a place in the sketch-book of the artist. The appearance of individual and social misery has accompanied the traveller ever since his entry into the States of St. Peter; even through the beautiful valleys of the Topino, the Clitumnus, and the Nera. Nothing flourishes but the church, the convent, and the priest: these rear their heads proudly and unfeelingly amidst the social desolation and wretchedness they have so much aided to produce; and, with impious presumption, dare to tell their besotted adherents that the patrimony of St. Peter is under the immediate protection of Heaven!

Through this scene of desolation the road winds and undulates: about three miles from Rome some ruins are passed, among others those of an ancient tomb, vulgarly reported to be Nero's; but an inscription can yet be traced, which shews it to have been the sepulchre of P. Vibius Marianus. At length the road reaches the yellow Tiber, which is crossed at Ponto Mole, or Milvio, where the great battle was fought between Constantine and Maxentius, in which the latter was drowned, and the former gained an empire. Thence the route approaches the city, passing by numerous deserted villas and houses, and between their walls and gardens, until it arrives at the Porta del Popolo, where the passports are demanded; and unless a *Lascia Passare*, directed by the traveller to await his arrival, be found here, the carriage will be accompanied to the *Dogano de Terra* for search. On the frontiers of the States bribery may evade this annoyance, but here such a

leave to pass is absolutely necessary to avoid detention and delay. The Piazza del Popolo is a striking entrance to Rome. Beyond the obelisk are three streets; the central one, the Strada del Corso, continues direct to the capitol; that on the right, the Strada di Ripetta, leads to the Tiber; and the third, on the left, is the Strada del Babuino, leading to the Piazza di Spagna; and towards the Monte Quirinale. In front, the three streets are divided by the Churches of St. Maria de Montesanto, between the Babuino and the Corso, and St. Maria di Miracoli, between the Corso and the Ripetta. On the left side of the Piazza del Popolo are the terraces leading up to the public gardens on the Monte Pincio.

The best hotels are found in the Piazza di Spagna, where the Europa, or les Isles Britanniques, are usually resorted to, until apartments are hired in the Via Condotti, or some other salubrious situation.

CHAPTER VII.

Rome. Castle of St. Angelo. St. Peter's. The Vatican. The Tapestries. Gallery. Saloons of Raphael. Loggia. Michael Angelo. Capella Sistina. Museo Pio-Clementino. Apollo. Museum of the Capitol. Private Collections. Canova. Campidoglio. The Forum. Views of Rome. Villas. Casino of Raphael. Monte Mario. German Painters. Promenade. Environs of Rome.

WHAT is to be seen first in Rome? This is a question difficult to answer. The antiquary will say the Capitol—the Forum—the ruins of all that made Rome great. The artist will advise that you should first visit those productions of art which have given immortality to Michael Angelo, and to Raphael; for the fame of men not only outlives their works, but even the cities in which they were produced. But the attraction of Rome is the fortuitous union in the same place of the ruins of that city which has filled the world with her history, and of those works to which Italy and Rome gave birth after the restoration of those arts which she fostered.

For such details of information as the visitor may require, the latest edition of Vasis' guide-book should be consulted. This road-book pretends not to supersede the use of the local guides which are published in important cities on this route: but such

impressions as particular objects made upon the author in his journey, he will notice ; and some things not usually pointed out, will thus, in addition to the well-known objects and places of interest, have the attention of the traveller particularly directed to them.

From the Piazza di Spagna, the Strada di Condotti and the Via della Fontanella lead, through some narrow and dirty streets of the modern city, to the Piazza del Ponte, an open space opposite to the Castle of St. Angelo, anciently the tomb of Hadrian, to which the bridge of St. Angelo, formerly the Pons Elius, leads across the Tiber. From it vestiges of the Pons Triumphalis can be seen, lower down the river. On the Castle of St. Angelo, the citadel of Rome, a colossal bronze figure of an angel sheathing a sword, is placed. It commemorates a pretended vision (real to those who believe it), which it is recorded appeared to Pope Gregory the Great, during a grand procession which he had commanded in order to allay a pestilence then raging in Rome. On the arrival of the mob at the bridge, the destroying angel appeared on the Castle of Hadrian, sheathing his instrument of slaughter, and the plague was stayed. A festival in honour of the success of this favourite remedy of the Catholic church, is held on its anniversary ; and either Leslie's tests fail, or this miracle must be believed.

Beyond the castle, a walk of a few minutes leads to the Piazza di S. Pietro ; and places the visitor in sight of St. Peter's, the stupendous temple

of the Christian world. But there are few who can feel its vastness at first sight: the immense circular colonnade encloses so large a space, and the form is so unfavourable for judging of the scale of the entire structure of the church itself, that the effect of its magnitude is even less striking than that of St. Paul's from Ludgate-hill; yet within the area, two large fountains, and a lofty obelisk, which, together with a pedestal, is one hundred and ten feet in height, and seven feet four inches square in the middle, are almost lost. But where the human figure, or objects of known magnitude can fairly be brought into comparion with the building, its vastness is evident. A similar unconsciousness of its immensity seems to attach itself to visitors within the church who have not been *taught* its magnitude. A story is told of an Englishman who made a journey to Rome, and hurried to St. Peter's. He entered, and after gazing about with a look of dissatisfaction and disappointment, exclaimed, "What a humbug!" and turned his back upon the principal object of his journey. Another thus apostrophised St. Peter's in a sonnet:—

" I feel no awe, St. Peter's, as I roam
Among thy marble columns. The wild eye
Wanders on painted glass and gilded dome,
And all the trash in thy menagerie
Of giant cherub and of dancing saint,
Of smiling martyr, and of sleeping beast;
Mosaic virgins, beauties without paint
Or clothes—or some but lately clothed at least.

Thou hast a climate of thine own, unlike
 The common breeze of heaven ; a perfum'd air
 And incens'd gales, which on the senses strike,
 And overpower them ere they are aware.
 I'd dance, but cannot worship,—so good bye,
 Thou boudoir of a dandy deity."

With a thousand times more justness of feeling, and of power, the genius of Byron has recorded the impressions which he received on visiting this glorious structure ; neither disgusted by the tawdry ceremonies of the Catholic ritual, nor disappointed by the effect of the magnitude of the church, though he also was evidently struck with the first impression being inferior to his anticipations : he says, in canto iv. of *Childe Harold*,—

" Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
 And why ? it is not lessened ; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality. * * * * *

" Thou movest — but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp which still doth rise,
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonise—
 All musical in its immensities ;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

“ Thou see'st not all ; but piecemeal thou must break
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays must make
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 In eloquent proportions, and unroll
 Its mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

“ Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense
 Is but a gradual grasp—and as it is
 That which we have of feeling most intense,
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our nature's littleness,
 'Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

“ Then pause, and be enlightened ; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great master's, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought, could plan ;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.”

The magnitude of St. Peter's is generally anticipated from accounts of its measurements, and the common mode of attempting to convey an idea of its size, by a print well known of its section, which entirely includes that of St. Paul's. But actual observation renders it difficult to believe that this can

be true, so admirably has regard been paid to the beautiful and relative proportion of every part. The "giant cherubs" which support the basins that contain the holy water do not appear gigantic until the visitor sends his *cicerone*, or a friend, to stand by them, when the man dwindles to the size of an infant. On the spandrels of the arches which support the dome, the Evangelists are painted: the pen in the hand of one of these is said to be eighteen feet long! but such is the proportion to the whole, that it does not appear colossal; and the high altar of bronze which rises above the tomb of St. Peter, obtained by stripping the Pantheon, is one hundred and twenty feet in height; a tower of metal which, without the building, would appear a wonder of art from its vastness,—within, strikes no one with an idea of its true elevation. The tombs of the popes, and some of the mosaic pictures, are in this immense proportion; yet the copies thus placed, of the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Communion of St. Jerome, after Domenichino, do not appear at first sight to be enlarged even to those who may have had, within half an hour, an opportunity of seeing the originals. When, upon great festivals of the church, certain relics are shewn from an opening above the Evangelists, to the devotees crowded in the nave below, the observer may be told that it is the handkerchief of Sta. Veronica, impressed with the face of the Saviour! but it can no more be distinguished at that height, than the incredulous finger of St. Thomas could be at the distance of fifty feet.

There is one anomalous object within the church, which, instead of increasing the effect of the vastness of the surrounding objects, merely suffers diminution into a dark speck: this is an old bronze statue of Jupiter, converted by the dictum of some pope into a statue of St. Peter; which is an object of adoration to the Catholics, who have worn away the toe by kisses, so frequent in their contemptible devotion, that it is said to have been many times renewed.

Yet how splendid this temple for the gaudy ceremonies of a religion of display! The festivals of the Catholic church are here most striking: the solemn effect of the music—the fragrance of the incense—the gorgeous pomp of the procession of cardinals and their attendants—the presence of the pope, who alone seems to be the object of worship,—and at Easter the illumination of the interior by a cross, sixty feet high, covered with lamps, and suspended from the ceiling at the end of the nave, can never be described so as to convey a correct idea of the effect of the scene and the ceremony.

Among the tombs in St. Peter's, many are monuments of the popes and cardinals. That to the memory of the Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, is by Canova, who has enriched St. Peter's with many of his best works. One of these, the tomb of Pope Clement XIII., is very fine. The golden rays from the head of the figure of Religion are, perhaps, not in the sober keeping of monumental sculpture. The crouching lion at her feet is grand; but the colossal kneeling figure of the pope is one of

Canova's finest works. The monument of Paul III., by Della Porta, displays the female form so luxuriously in the figure of Immortality, that bronze drapery has been added, since its erection, to conceal a part of her figure. The fat and vulgar works of Bernini too often here thrust themselves upon the observer, in monumental or decorative sculpture, in sprawling allegorical figures or flabby Brobdignag cherubs. But, in spite of these, the grandeur and richness of the whole of this stupendous edifice, will make the mind wonder at its reality; yet, though it may astonish by its vastness and splendour, it will fail to produce the deep religious awe which arises from the contemplation of the sacred structures of Gothic architecture.

The double and padded doors and curtains which close the entrances to St. Peter's, and other large churches at Rome, and generally in Italy, keep the air in the interior at so equal a temperature, that the variation for the whole year does not probably amount to 10°, whilst the variation without ranges through at least 80°. This is adverted to merely to caution visitors against entering it in summer after having been heated outside, or leaving it in winter without some extra covering, to guard against the cold. These violent changes are among the most frequent causes of dangerous illness in Rome.

Leaving St. Peter's, we may enter the Palace of the Vatican close beside it, by a flight of stairs, the Scala Regia, the walls of which used formerly to be hung on the festival of *Corpus Domini*, with the

tapestries wrought after the cartoons of Raphael; but when General Miollis and the French Vandals sacked Rome in 1798, these tapestries were sold to a Jew at Genoa, by whom they were bought upon speculation to *burn*, for all the bright lights in them are wrought with silver thread: the Jew had prudence enough to burn one only, and he found from it that he had made a bad bargain. He then speculated upon the chance of the return of papal power to Rome, saved the remaining tapestries carefully, and upon the restoration of Pius VII. was handsomely rewarded by his Holiness for their preservation.

The subject of the tapestry thus destroyed by the Jew was the *Limbo*—the descent into hell; but the design is still preserved in the engraving by Ludovico Sommerau. These fine compositions are now placed in the Chambers of Pius V., in the Vatican, and amount to twenty-two subjects, by Raphael; besides an allegorical group supporting the arms of Leo. X. by another artist.

Few of the compositions of Raphael surpass some of these tapestries; the Resurrection, in particular, is unrivalled; and to judge of the varied expression of terror in the soldiers, as seen in the tapestry, in spite of the miserable copy which the material affords, the original cartoon must have been one of the finest of his works. The vulgar error, that there were only twelve originally made for tapestries, is contradicted by the fact, that there now remain twenty-one of the pieces which have been wrought in the loom from Raphael's cartoons; the twenty-second was

the Limbo. This is the number stated in the most ancient account known of these tapestries. Of the originals, the cartoons from which they were executed, a few pieces only exist besides the seven complete ones which we fortunately possess in England.

The galleries in the order in which they are arranged will not be adverted to, but rather in the classes of art which they contain. Since the restoration to Rome of many of the fine pictures stolen by the French when they possessed Italy, a suite of rooms in the Vatican has been appropriated to them; and here are to be found the Transfiguration, and the Madonna di Foligno by Raphael, and the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino: these alone would make an unrivalled collection; but nearly every picture in this gallery has deserved celebrity, and forms, with the other works of art, the great attraction in this city which attracts the world.

Days of contemplation may be given to the saloons of Raphael in the Vatican, and the study of his great works—the School of Athens, the Theology, the Parnassus, the Heliodorus, the Attila, the Incendia del Borgo, and other celebrated pictures, in which the marvellous powers of this extraordinary painter are seen unrivalled in the greatest attainments in art,—expression, and character,—except by himself in some of his other works.

Another display of his genius is to be found in the Loggia of the Vatican, the open arcade or gallery, where the columns, the pilasters, and the arches,

are enriched by the most elegant arabesques, teeming with exquisite fancies of figures, animals, flowers, fruit, and tracery; a class of art which Raphael was led to adopt upon the discovery, in his day, of the remains of rich arabesques in the ruins of the baths of Titus. He also painted, in the square compartments in the domes, a series of sacred subjects, fifty-two in number, well known, from engravings, by the name of "Raphael's Bible." The exposure to the air, even in an Italian climate, has unfortunately been destructive to many of these delicate designs: some are almost entirely obliterated. Mr. Nash lately employed artists to make copies of many portions of these beautiful arabesques: they were faithfully executed, and will probably preserve their remembrance when the originals are destroyed. Another part of the Vatican decorated by Raphael is the Hall of the Zodiac, in which the ceiling is painted from his designs with astronomical groups, figures, emblems, and arabesques.

In every turn of the Vatican the visitor is reminded of the master-mind which has charmed and delighted the observers within these walls during three centuries. Michael Angelo only divides with him the throne of art; but his admirers are fewer than Raphael's, since those who prefer a smile to a shudder are more numerous. The works of M. Angelo produce a sublime effect, but no sympathy; whilst the looker-on can associate in *feeling* with the expression of the beautiful creations of Raphael. The powers of neither the one nor the other of

these great men can be fairly appreciated out of Rome; of M. Angelo, certainly not. Raphael, as a dramatic painter, may be estimated from the cartoons at Hampton Court; but where shall we find the exquisite fancy which can rival his works in the Loggia, and the classical inventions and sublime characters seen in Rome, in the Psyche and the Galatea of the Farnesini, and the Prophets and Sibyls in the Church of the Pace?

The grand paintings by Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina, rank among the highest productions of the human mind; and inasmuch as emotions excited by the sublime are more impressive than those produced by the beautiful, these awful works have always been regarded as the most powerful creations of art. The Last Judgment, however, though springing from the mind and hand of M. Angelo, is shewn to be no fit subject for pictorial representation. The mind is so subdued in attempting to reflect upon it as a fact, is so appalled by the subject, that, instead of this picture aiding the fearful emotions to which it gives rise, it rather appeases them. There are devils, and tormentors, and suffering; but the selections for heaven are so partial, since none appear to be there without a Catholic passport, or who have been flayed, or grilled, or shot, that the fear of such companionship becomes a dread, and creates disgust.

Great knowledge of the human form is displayed in the figures, and in the invention of the groups, especially in the middle and lower part of

the picture; and though the drawing verges upon excess of anatomical display, few pictures can be studied with more advantage to the painter. But the Prophets and Sibyls in the ceiling will raise the imagination of the observers to a perception of dignity in character which has rarely, if ever, been impressed without the aid of M. Angelo, especially in those grand conceptions of Joel, of Ezekiel, of Jeremiah, and of the Delphic Sibyl. The groups and figures in the lunettes and spandrels are also full of dignity and grandeur: and in the square compartments of the ceiling, if the attempt to portray the Almighty be pardoned, how sublime is the Creation! and how beautiful is Adam, to whom life is imparted by the touch of his Maker! Nor are there wanting proofs of the perception of female loveliness. Eve, in the Temptation, is full of grace and beauty.

In the Capella Paolina are two other pictures by Michael Angelo—the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter: the latter is the best, but both are very inferior to his works in the Sistine Chapel. They are greatly injured by the smoke of the tapers burnt here on some of the solemn festivals of the church. Similar mischief has also been done to the frescos in the Sistine.

The numerous galleries, porticos, halls, and saloons, corridors, museums, and libraries, filled with pictures, statues, and antiquities, which form the suite of public rooms in the Palace of the Vatican, exceed all belief, and, it is asserted, extend in length above

a mile. The sculpture is not, like the productions of the sister art, due to Italian genius alone. Here, however, are some of the works of Canova; and the Apollo itself is of questionable country, for the marble is Italian; but this statue, together with the Laocoon, and other magnificent examples of Greek art, have given a fame to the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican which is unrivalled. The Apollo Belvidere is a wondrous production, one of the brightest sparks that genius ever struck from stone: its perfection is in the realised conception by the sculptor of what Apollo ought to be, the truth of which is universally *felt*. No other statue in existence displays in its action so much dignity and grace; but it is not faultless, though critical rhapsody has pronounced its faults to be beauties. The rounded surface, without any indication of the swelling of the muscles, by which alone the action of the figure could have been produced or sustained, is a defect. Manly beauty has been the basis of its form; and the power to move, as in man, should have been evident: but this beautiful conception is a fixture, and the observer is unable to understand that such a figure ever had the power of assuming its present attitude, or to imagine that it could be changed. Apollo is represented as a man; therefore, if the form of the statue does not represent his power to move, it must be a defect. Such indications of the power of motion might have been added to this beautiful conception, and increased the beauty with the truth of the statue. Yet, because

no beautifully formed man could have the faults of the Apollo, these faults are said to have raised it above humanity.

A ramble in the galleries among the busts and statues of departed greatness, is one of the most interesting visits that can be paid,—a sort of companionship with men whose minds we have communed with in their history and their works.

It is gratifying to Englishmen to notice that the bas-relief, Ulysses attacking the Suitors, over the entrance to the Museo Pio-Clementino, is copied, from the illustrations of the *Odyssey*, by our distinguished countryman Flaxman.

In the Museum of the Capitol is another collection, chiefly of sculpture; which, raised from the ruins of the city, of the republic, and of the empire, displays to us, like the fragments of a column the scale of the temple to which it belonged, the riches of Rome in works of art in the days of her splendour. Here is the Etruscan bronze Wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus, called the Wolf of the Capitol: and in a series of crowded apartments, one is devoted to the busts and statues of the emperors, another to those of the philosophers; one is named from a celebrated statue like that of the Fawn, another from a work better known—the Dying Gladiator. There is also in this museum a collection of pictures, far inferior, however, to that of the Vatican. This museum is open only on Mondays and Thursdays.

But though the museums of the Capitol and

the Vatican may be said to contain the national collections of art, so profusely are works of the highest class dispersed about Rome, in the churches, palaces, and villas, that the whole may be considered as a vast museum. Among the collections of pictures not belonging to the government, that in the Palazzo Borghese is one of the finest. Among its *chef-d'œuvres* are the Entombment, by Raphael; and the Sports of Diana, by Domenichino: but the palaces of the Corsini, Sciarra, Doria, Colonna, Bracciano, Farnese, and Spada, contain, with much trash, many capital pictures. In the Farnesini are the fine frescos of Pysche, by Raphael, and his beautiful Triumph of Galatea. The Palazzo Falconieri contains a celebrated collection belonging to Cardinal Fesche, the uncle of Napoleon: it possesses some beautiful pictures by Correggio, and one of the finest of Rembrandt's oil sketches—St. John Preaching.

Many of the best pictures in Rome are dispersed in churches and villas, and must be separately sought. The Sibyls and Prophets by Raphael in the Church of Sta. Maria della Pace, are equal to any of his glorious productions; and in the Church of St. Agostino is his fine picture of the Prophet Isaiah.

In the Church of San. Gregorio are two rival pictures by Domenichino and by Guido; the Flagellation of St. Andrew by the former, and the Crucifixion of the same saint by the latter: they are frescos, deservedly celebrated. There is also in the Villa Ludovisi, the Aurora, by Guercino; and in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, the same subject by

Guido: the latter, one of his finest works, and far superior to that of his rival. A picture by Guido is preserved in the Church of the Capucins, the Archangel Michael enchaining Satan; to which fashion, or critical cant, has given high reputation: it is a perfect representation of what Vestris or Albert would have performed in a *ballet*: whatever sublilities the imagination might give birth to by a description of the struggle, an idea of the ridiculous only is excited by the picture.

Among the sculpture dispersed in Rome, the Moses, by Michael Angelo, part of the Tomb of Julius II. in the Church of St. Pietro in Vinculo, on the Esquiline Hill, is one of the grandest of his works: it is colossal, and full of energy; but does not, according to a catechism, give the observer the least idea of the "meekest man." There is an example of sculpture by Raphael, interesting from the fact that it is his—a figure of Jonah, in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo.

Many works by Canova exist in Rome: one of the grandest of his heroic figures is in the Bracciano Palace—Hercules throwing Lycus into the Sea. There has lately been introduced into England a small bronze, nearly a *facsimile* in design, either copied *from* the Hercules of Canova, or it has been copied by him: it is said, however, to be as old as M. Angelo, and is even attributed to him. Injustice has, perhaps, been done to the memory and talent of Canova in this case, as well as in the opinion held of his heroic works, which are not generally consi-

dered his finest: it has been a favourite designation to call him "The Sculptor of the Graces." As a matter of fact he has made a group of these ladies, but it only represents the *graces of the ballet resting themselves*.

The studio of Thorwalsden the sculptor should not be omitted by a visitor to Rome, nor that of our talented countryman, Gibson. To the antiquities of Rome the latest edition of Vasi is the best guide-book; and if more antiquarian research, or at least higher critical authority be required, Nibby's work may be consulted.

A visit to the Campidoglio will bring nearly all the striking features and places of interest in ancient Rome at once under the eye of the observer. The tower on the Capitoline Hill overlooks the ancient Forum, now the Campo Vacuo; and there are few spots upon earth where an observer would so soon become intensely absorbed in reflections upon the objects around him. Ruins and buildings, resting on the seven hills upon which Rome stood, mark their places in the panorama. Some of the remains of ancient Rome are seen lingering amidst the churches of the modern Babylon; but the focus of the most interesting view is in the direction of the Forum and the Via Sacra. There, immediately below the observer, are the temples of Fortune, of Jupiter Tonans, of Antoninus and Faustina, of Jupiter Stator, (or, as antiquaries have lately *conjectured*, of the Comitium). The temples of Romulus and of Remus, now converted into the Churches of S.S. Cosmo and

Damiano, and of Saint Theodore. The Temple of Peace, and the Temple of Venus and Rome; the Arches of Septimius Severus, of Titus, and of Constantine. The Column of Phocas, and the Colosseum. The Baths of Titus, of Dioclesian, and of Caracalla. The Aventine, the Cælian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Palatine Mounts; the latter covered with the ruins of the palaces of Nero and of Augustus. The Basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Maria Maggiore, San Sebastiano (where are the catacombs of Rome), and Santa Croce, in Gerusalemme. The walls of the city also are seen, and numerous objects of antiquarian interest beyond them, such as the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Temple of Bacchus, and the Vale of Egeria; the immensely-lengthened aqueducts, which stretch their long lines across the solitary Campagna, and seem to connect the city with the beautiful ranges of the Alban hills, which are seen, from Palestrina to Albano, including the sites of Subiaco, Frascati, Tivoli, Grotto Ferrata, the Camp of Hannibal, and the Monte Cavo, and Castel-Gondolfo; a list of objects, ranging themselves within an angle of 100 degrees, with which the history of twenty centuries is associated, and which throws back the mind upon events, within that period, which had their origin in the most debased or the noblest—the most heartless or the most tender—the most venial or the most patriotic impulses that ever prompted the mind or the power of man to evil or to good.

Of the views of Rome there are many picturesque



Engraved by R. Dinkel

Rome

from the Campidoglio

Engraving by W. B. Woodcut

points, whence the old or the modern city may be seen to advantage. From the Tower of the Capitol it is panoramic; the view from the Monte Mario includes the windings of the Tiber; that from the Quirinal Hill is fine near the Pope's Palace, where the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux form a grand foreground to that part of the modern city which includes St. Peter's and the Vatican, and the distant Monte Mario.

Many of the villas near the city are interesting to visit, either for their situation, or the works of art which they contain. That of the Borghese possesses a celebrated gallery of sculpture; and its grounds, which have a circuit of nearly three miles, exhibit one of the finest examples, in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, of what is called, in Italy, English gardening! Within a short distance of the grounds of the Villa Borghese there is a spot sacred to art,—to which every lover of painting should make a pilgrimage. It is the Casino of Raphael, his country-house. It consists chiefly of three rooms decorated by himself with elegant arabesques. One of these, said to be that in which he slept, is a delightful chamber, which looks out upon a little sheltered lawn. In this room Raphael's fancy has sported. Nothing can exceed the whimsical and beautiful gambols of the children that he has introduced, revelling in the tendrils and festoons of his arabesque scrolls and flowers; which, light as gossamer, appear only strong enough to support and sustain such spiritual beings as form the court of Queen Mab. The cornice is

supported by Caryatides, in fresco ; the roof is coved, and contains four medallion portraits of his beloved Fornarina. There are also three subjects painted on the roof ; on one side is the marriage of Alexander and Roxana,—a graceful composition. Opposite to it is the subject well known as “ Archers shooting at Nature,” and attributed oddly enough, in the engraving from it, to Michael Angelo. The chief picture in this apartment is in the centre,—a sacrifice to Flora ; it is a beautiful work, which the author believes is not known from any engraving. How delightful must have been the meetings here of the pupils and the friends of Raphael !

The Villa Madama, situated on the ascent to the Monte Mario, now nearly in ruins, was built after a design of Raphael ; and enough remains of the embellishments to shew how beautiful it has been. The view of Rome from the Villa is now the chief attraction to the spot.

Among the recent paintings in Rome, the most distinguished are the productions of the German artists, whose works ought to be seen by every visitor there. Some fine examples are in the Villa Massimi, which has been painted in fresco with subjects drawn from the great poets of Italy : by Overbeck, from Tasso ; by Schnorr, from Ariosto ; and by Veite and Koch, from Dante. In the Casa Bartholdi is the History of Joseph, painted also in fresco : the picture of the “ Seven Years of Famine,” by Overbeck, is one of the finest works of art, of the highest class, that has been produced since the

days of Raphael. These Germans are encouraged by the states of Bavaria, of Prussia, and of Wirtemberg, to restore art to its true dignity; for however well a bank of mud, a cottage, a cobbler's stall, or a vulgar head of one whose biography will never be known beyond the bounds of his own parish, may be painted, such productions add nothing to national honour, nor to individual reputation beyond the little day and circle of the painter himself; whilst the art, pursued as the Germans are now encouraged to paint for their country, the glory of the nation and the painter may form epochs in the history of the world, as they have already distinguished the ages of Pericles and of Leo X.

The chief promenade of modern Rome is upon the Pincian Hill, and in the gardens upon it attached to the Villa Medici, now the French Academy. There the English generally walk; and even in the cold, damp, winter days, when the sun shines, are tempted to go there by its warmth, which, to invalids, who ought not to be in Rome, is often fatally attractive; for the variations of temperature observable within five hundred yards of the hill, and the interval of a few hours, sometimes exceeds twenty degrees. This vicissitude in the winter, and the fatal influence of the malaria, which in the summer and autumn spreads from the Campagna over parts of Rome, render it necessary, if it be visited by persons in delicate health, that the situation of a residence be well chosen, and that precautions be used against the sudden and great changes of temperature to

which it is occasionally liable. Those who desire to remain in this part of Italy during August and September, almost invariably spend those months in the Sabine mountains; and retire to such lovely scenery as can scarcely elsewhere be found. Tivoli, with all its classical and local attractions, so near to Hadrian's Villa, to Tusculum, and to Vicovaro and Subiaco, in the vale of the Anio: but neither these, nor Frascati, Albano, or Aricia, can be justly described: no scenes are more beautiful for the landscape painter, or are cherished by those who have visited them with more gratifying recollections.

Travellers to Rome usually supply themselves with reminiscences of their visit there in the form of mosaics, shell cameos, sulphur casts, and other productions peculiar to the modern Romans, as well as bronzes, terra cottas, and other relics of their ancient state, and prints of ruins, views, and costumes. G. Barberi's mosaics, and the casts and imitations from gems by Paoletti, are reputed the best. Girometti is the most eminent engraver of cameos in gems and on shells; Vescovali keeps a collection of antiquities on sale; and prints may be obtained of Scudalari. Pinelli's etchings of the costume and character of Rome and Southern Italy are the most spirited and accurate.

It may be useful here to guard travellers against dishonest dealers in cameos, vases, terra cottas, and bronzes. Knaves make, and sell as genuine every day, such objects of *virtù*. They may be beautiful, and worth possessing; but not at the price

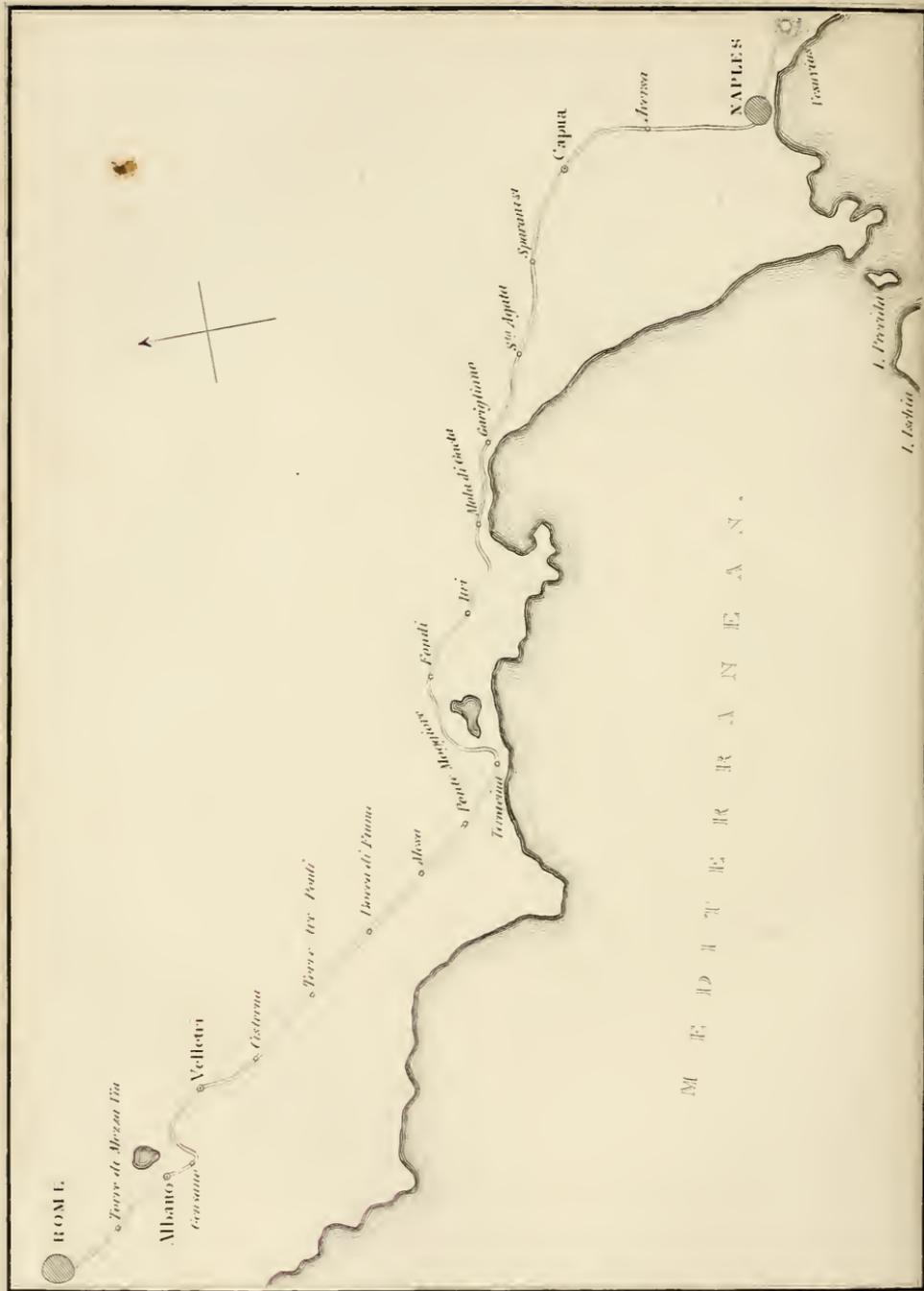
usually paid for them as *antiques*. Another set of fellows infest Rome — dealers in pictures by the *old masters*: bad copies and worthless trash are vamped up and sold under great names to dupes, who, in nineteen cases out of twenty, are English travellers. These dealers are the “demons” who whisper

“ —— Visto! have a taste!”

They pour out their jargon about schools and styles, utter a few technical words and phrases, and make with the hand or the finger, a flourish of unmeaning mystery. These tricks too readily persuade their victims that the thickest part of their skulls is the organ of taste, instead of the development of gullibility; and the dealers' slang of their calling is taken for critical acumen upon the merits of a picture as a work of art. In literature they manage these things better: the seller confines his remarks upon a rare book to its date — the printer — and its scarcity. He never presumes to become a critic upon the literary merits of a work he recommends: not that the ability to do so is incompatible with his attainments as an individual, but it is not necessarily connected with his trade or calling. But in regard to pictures, dealers have the conceit and impudence to believe and persuade their dupes that their critical opinion is of more worth than the judgment of painters; though the knowledge of the school or master, which may result from experience, is all the credit they ought to claim, and places them, when they are honest enough to be so classed, only on

a level with those who deal in Elzevir and Aldine editions.

Almost every article of English goods, which the English are desirous should be genuine, such as medicine, stationary, &c. may be obtained of Mr. W. Lowe, in the Piazza de Spagna; and goods to be sent to England from Rome may be intrusted with perfect confidence to the care of Mr. J. del Bosco, at Torlonia and Co's.



PART FIFTH.

ROME TO NAPLES.

CHAPTER VIII.

Routes. Departure from Rome. Brigands. Albano. Velletri. Pontine Marshes. Terracina. Frontier. Fondi. Mola di Gaeta. Cicero. Garigliano. Sessa. Capua. Naples. Museo Borbonico. Excursions. Baiæ. Herculaneum and Pompeii.

THERE are now two carriage-roads from Rome to Naples: one, which has long been travelled by way of the Pontine Marshes; the other, that which passes through Firentino and San Germano. The latter has recently been much improved; and that portion of it which is within the Neapolitan States is admirable: it leaves Rome by the Porta Maggiore, enters the mountains between Frascati and Tivoli, passes near Palestrina, skirts the valley of the Sacco, a branch of the ancient Liris, and proceeds by Frosinone and San Germano to Capua. This route affords to the

traveller an opportunity of visiting some Pelasgic remains of the highest antiquity, and of enjoying magnificent scenery in the mountains. But post-houses are not yet established; nor, except at Frosinone, are there yet good inns: but these are in the course of construction; and in a short time it will become the custom of travellers between Rome and Naples, to go by one road and return by the other.

Some years ago, when robberies on the frontiers of the Ecclesiastical and Neapolitan States were so very frequent that this journey was generally undertaken with dread, travellers were cautious, even in drawing from their bankers the funds necessary for the journey, to conceal their object; they crept out of Rome as quietly as possible, frequently left their own carriages there, and hired vetturini, in the hope that less display might ensure a safer journey; for it was generally believed that those who were robbed had been waited for by brigands, in consequence of information having been sent to them by their agents in Rome who knew of the intended departure of travellers. One piece of policy frequently adopted was, to start as soon as possible after having heard of a robbery, from the belief that it was then safer, as the soldiers and sbirri, in pursuit of the brigands, would, for a time, keep the road clear. These precautions are now unnecessary, as such outrages are of rare occurrence; the brigands have disappeared, and the journey is deprived of the "dignity of danger." If it be made by post, an

authority for post-horses from the post-master of the Pontifical States is necessary.

Torre di Mezza Via,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ posts,	from Rome	$1\frac{1}{2}$ posts.
Albano,	1 do.	do.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Gensano,	$\frac{3}{4}$ do.	do.	$3\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Velletri,	1 do.	do.	$4\frac{1}{4}$ do.

On leaving Rome for Naples the traveller passes out by the Church of St. John Lateran, and issues from the Porta San Giovanni upon the Campagna, where desolation is almost immediately apparent. The magnificent ruins of the Claudian and other aqueducts, spanning the waste with innumerable arches—the ranges often broken in their course, but traceable until almost lost in the Alban Hills,—and the remains of several ancient tombs, which have, perhaps for thousands of years, “survived the names of those who reared them,” increase the melancholy character of the Campagna.

The scenery is, of its class, highly picturesque; and evidence of the former greatness of the neighbourhood of the imperial city is found scattered over this plain, though it is now so rank, and poisonous, and deserted.

Among the ruins passed on the road, are those of a small structure, said to have been the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris, and to mark the spot where the mother and wife of Coriolanus met him, and successfully pleaded their cause after he had joined the Volscians against Rome.

The present road to Albano does not join the Appian Way, until after leaving the post-station of Torre di Mezza Via to ascend the hill which rises to Albano. On looking back, the view is as solemn as it is fine. The dreary Campagna, from which St. Peter's and the city of Rome appear to rise in solitary grandeur, fills a vast portion of the scene: the Mediterranean bounds the left of the picture; and on the right the richly wooded hills, studded with villages, villas, and convents, stretch their broken, varied, and picturesque forms, to Soracte, in the horizon beyond Rome. There is, perhaps, no other scenery that combines such rich and vivid colouring as that in which the Campagna, the sea, and the wooded Appennines, display their peculiar tints when the sun sets over them in his splendour. No traveller forgets the impression they make; and few can recall the colour of any scene which does not suffer in comparison.

The vicinity of Albano to the Alban Hills, and to many interesting objects in and about them, makes it well deserving of the devotion of a day or two to visit Castel-Gandolfo, Rocca di Papa, Monte Cava, and the Camp of Hannibal, the Lake of Albano and its extraordinary subterranean structure, which still exists, the *Emissario*, formed by the Romans during the siege of Veii, at the dictation of the Oracle of Delphos!

Just beyond the Gate of Albano, in the road, is an ancient tomb distinguished as that of the Curatii; but there is no satisfactory evidence of this

being true. It is of high antiquity, built of Piperino, and of a singular formation, which is said to resemble the tomb of Porsenna at Clusium: a massive square base still supports two of five conical towers which formerly existed. Beyond the tomb the road descends into the valley of Aricia through picturesque grounds and amidst Ilex and other forest trees, which give to the sylvan scenery of this neighbourhood a character of surpassing beauty for the pencil. Aricia, on the commanding brow of a hill, with its domes, towers, and palaces, is a favourite resort of the landscape painters of all countries. Seen from the valley below, or from the high grounds above, which includes the Mediterranean, or from any point in which Aricia is a feature, it is almost unrivalled as a picturesque object.

How very difficult it is by language to convey the impressions which are made upon the traveller by the grand and beautiful scenery observed in this journey! It is certainly unrivalled in Europe, even independent of the ruins strown among them, or the classical associations to which they give rise. Each scene that arrests his attention, whilst fresh upon the eye, appears to be more beautiful than a former: and, when stored in the memory, suffers in its turn when another beautiful view becomes the means of present enjoyment. It is thus that the traveller in Italy, who is alive to such impressions, describes, or feels that he ought to describe, the last splendid scene as that which gave him most pleasure.

Two miles beyond Aricia is Gensano; near it, in a deep volcanic hollow, is the tranquil little lake known by the name of the Mirror of Diana. A walk down to its margin from a villa situated at the end of an avenue of trees near the post-house, is rarely omitted by travellers: every object about it adds to the charming character of its beautiful scenery.

The country is less pleasing between Gensano and Velletri; but every foot here traversed of the territory of the Volscians has been contested ground between these ancient people and their ultimate masters the Romans. Velletri was their capital, and in later times was the birth-place of Augustus; at least this is the general belief; but nine-tenths of the localities associated with persons, structures, or events, are disputed by antiquaries. At Velletri the Albergo di Volsci is the best inn; and it is necessary that it should be tolerable, for it is usually the first resting-place to travellers from Rome to Naples. The town is in a fine and commanding situation. The best view of it, and of the neighbouring country, is from a convent on a hill opposite to the gate which leads to Rome. From the convent the view commands the town, rising above the forest of Cisterna, the Pontine Marshes, bounded by mountains which sweep down to Terracina, the distant promontory of Circe, and the long line of the Mediterranean Sea. In Velletri the deserted Palazzo Lancelotti, with its open and neglected galleries, adds to the picturesque appearance of the





town. A superb staircase which remains in it, sometimes attracts the visit of the traveller.

Cisterna,	1 post,	from Rome, $5\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Torre-tre-Ponti,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do. $6\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Bocca di Fiume,	1 do.	do. $7\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Mesa,	1 do.	do. $8\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Ponte Maggiore,	1 do.	do. $9\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Terracina,	1 do.	do. $10\frac{3}{4}$ do.

On leaving Velletri the road descends a steep hill towards the Forest of Cisterna, the scene of some of the exploits, about sixteen years ago, of the notorious *Barbone* the brigand, of whom a hundred romantic tales are still told. The forest, on each side of the high road, has been cleared for two or three hundred yards, to prevent any concealment for robbers. Between Velletri and Cisterna the town of Cora, and its Temple of Hercules, are seen amidst the wooded mountain-sides on the left of the road, distant about five or six miles.

Torre-tre-Ponti is supposed to occupy the site of Forum Appii, mentioned by St. Paul in the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Whether any relation exists between the three taverns mentioned also by him, and the tre-ponti, is left to Biblical antiquaries to determine. Here properly commence the Pontine Marshes, which stretch in a flat, unbroken line, to the promontory of Circe: on the left they extend, towards the mountains, two or three miles from the road; on the right, the sea is distant from six to ten miles, and ter-

minates by an indistinct line the flat marshes that extend to it.

Though Appius Cæcus seems to have been the first to attempt to drain the Pontine Marshes when the Via which bears his name was constructed, the great work was accomplished by Augustus; and the canal, which is nearly twenty miles in length, was made by his orders. On its banks, through a great part of its course, Trajan continued the celebrated Appian Way; and succeeded so well in the formation of the road and the drainage which made it habitable, that Bergier says, there were, between Forum Appii and Terracina, twenty-three towns!—a town in nearly every mile!! So well constructed, however, was the road, even in a place of all others the most disadvantageous, that when, following up the efforts of his predecessors in the middle ages to drain this pestilential swamp, which, from neglect, had returned almost to its original state, Pius VI. formed his line upon the foundations of the ancient road, and constructed the present, which, under his successors, has been completed, and is now one of the finest in Europe. But though, except in the height of summer, the malaria, so much dreaded here, rarely afflicts travellers, they are generally cautious enough to smoke, or not to sleep, or travel after sunset, over these marshes. Wherever inhabitants are met with, as at the post-stations, they appear cadaverous, diseased, and wretched. The water passes slowly through the canals, tall weeds and rank grass grow up luxuriantly, hundreds of buffaloes are



Printed by W. ...

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or note, located on the right side of the page.

seen grazing, and myriads of wild fowl darken the swampy places on which they congregate. Few persons are met with in this desert; and some of these are dressed so like Pinelli's brigands, that they startle the traveller, until he has learned that they are the pontifical police—the Sbirri. The road throughout its course is planted with trees, forming, apparently, an endless avenue. It is perfectly straight for thirty miles; and in the distance converges with the trees into an indistinct point, which, mile after mile, appears to undergo no change, or always seems to recede as the traveller advances. Under the branches of the trees, and from occasional openings, the eye catches, inland, many towns and villages on the flanks of the Volscian mountains; and towards the sea, the promontory of Circe is seen rising above an ill-defined horizon of the marshes and the Mediterranean. Near the post-house of Mesa formerly stood the Temple and Fountain of Feronia; but, except for an occasional recollection of Horace, the dulness arising from the absence of all variety in the route, and its endless appearance, makes the arrival at Terracina most welcome.

This post-station on the frontier of the states of the Church, towards Naples, was the ancient Anxur, which was taken from the Volscians, A.U.C. 352, during the siege of Veii. Some ruins of the old city are seen upon the hill above the post-house, supposed to be those of the palace of Theodoric; but few travellers visit them, for the lawless and infamous character of the inhabitants on the frontier, and the

facility with which they can effect their escape into the Neapolitan state after robbery and murder, have made a visit to the ruins, though in sight of the town below, too dangerous an adventure. From the door of the post-house the town is seen placed on the steep slopes of a hill, crowned with a monastery, from which, a few years ago, some boys, who were there being educated, were forcibly taken away by brigands, who demanded a large ransom for them: there was some delay in raising the amount: they murdered two, and sent their heads on different days to Terracina, to hasten and enforce the demand, which was ultimately paid to save the lives of the remainder. Near the inn rises a vast mass of insulated, perpendicular rock, detached from the precipitous hill, upon which the ruins of the palace remain. This mass has a hermitage, stuck, like a swallow's nest, half way up its side, apparently inaccessible. Traces remain of the ancient port of Anxur. Near Terracina vegetation is luxuriant: the palm grows here; and orange, lemon, and fig trees, aloes, vines, and the prickly pear, cover profusely the slopes of the hills.

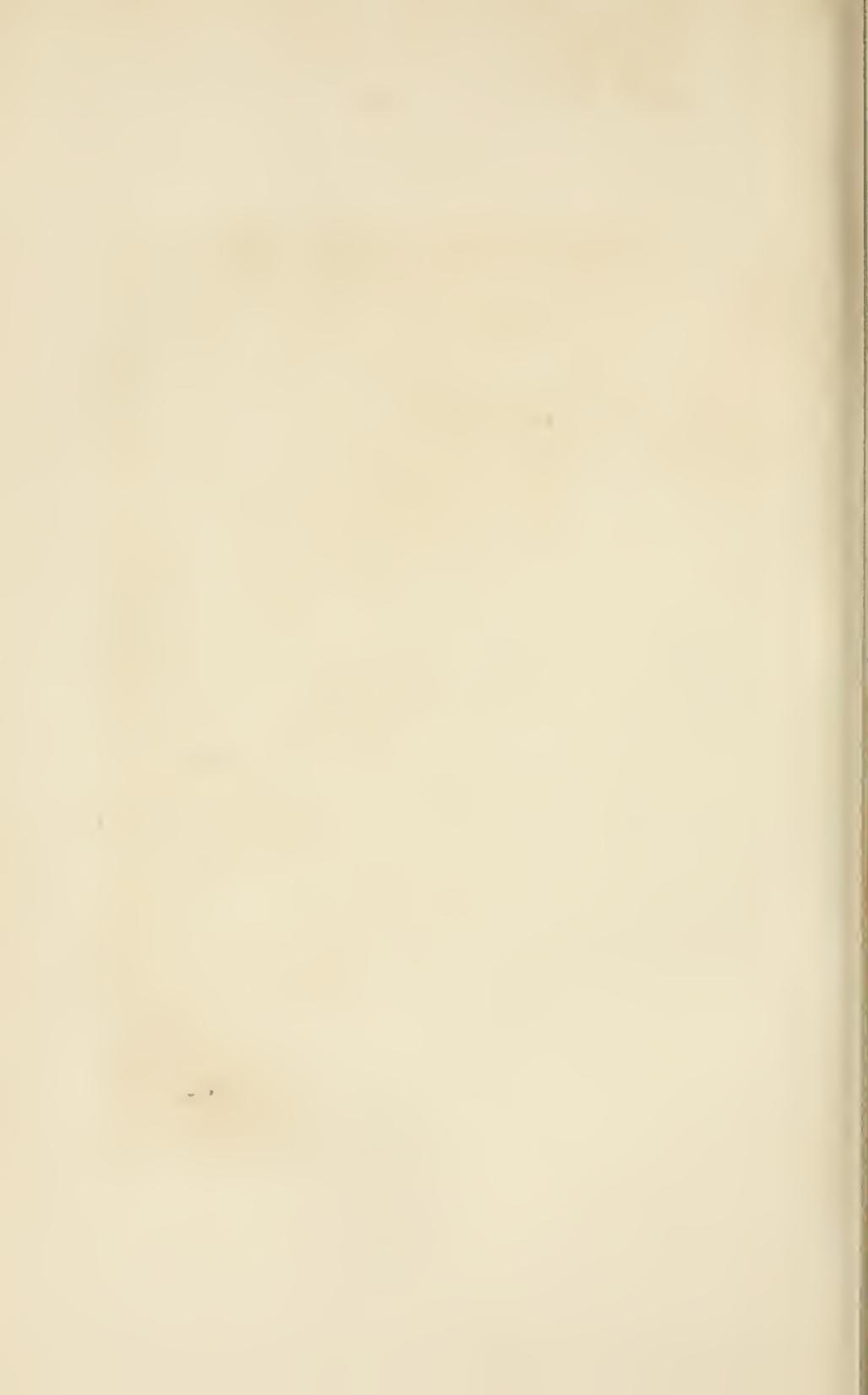
Fondi,	1½ posts,	from Rome,	12¼ posts.
Itri,	1 do.	do.	13¼ do.
Mola de Gaeta,	1 do.	do.	14¼ do.

After leaving Terracina, the portion of the road, before reaching the station-house of the Neapolitan authorities, is that in which the greatest danger from



THE MOUNTAIN PATH

THE MOUNTAIN PATH



banditti was usually apprehended. Carabinieri still offer their services to travellers, or can be demanded as guards, for a consideration, regulated by tariff: but they are not often trusted; for if an attack be made, they know that the brigands mark them first, and they usually scamper off. There is another ground for declining their services; they induce the suspicion that the traveller has property enough to require this defence. The road winds at the bases of the mountains, through a country fit for the deeds which have given to it so infamous a celebrity, and leaves on the right hand the lake of Fondi—a piece of water in a swamp, rank with aquatic vegetation. About half way between Terracina and Fondi, at the Torre del Epitafia, is the barrier of the Roman states, where the passports must be arranged; and about half a mile beyond, at the Torre della Portella, the barrier of the kingdom of Naples, they are again examined and signed. The first Neapolitan town is Fondi, where the custom-house officer must be bribed, to avoid annoyance.

The squalid, ragged, deformed, and villanous appearance of the people here, never fail to strike the traveller with disgust and horror. An expression is seen in every countenance of regret that they have not had the chance of robbing and cutting his throat. At Fondi there are some fine examples of that peculiar construction of walls called Cyclopean; and the pavement of the principal street is the original Via Appia, formed of large blocks of lava, with their irregular angles fitted closely to each other, presenting

such an horizontal appearance of arrangement as we see in the vertical structure of the walls.

Neapolitan money :—

10 Grani	1 Carlino.
10 Carlini	1 Ducato.
47 Carlini.....	1 Napoleon.
56 Carlini	1 £ sterling.

Exchanges are reckoned in grani; but travellers' accounts are most conveniently kept in Carlini.

The price of posting in the kingdom of Naples, as the length of the post is greater than in any other, is nearly the same as in other Italian states.

For each horse,	6½ Carlini per post.
Postillion,	1½ do.
Ostler, each pair of horses, ½	do.

When post-masters furnish carriages they can demand for each carriage with two inside places, five Carlini per post; and with four inside places, ten Carlini; but it rarely occurs that these are required: the traveller either proceeds by a vetturino, or travels in his own carriage.

From Fondi the road winds across a chain of hills, rugged, wild, and fit to be the abode of the heroes of Salvator: the little town of Itri, as miserable and villanous as Fondi, stands nearly on its crest, yet in favourable situations groves of lemon-trees are planted. Thence the road descends towards Mola de Gaeta through scenery often beautiful, and particularly so as the bay of Gaeta opens to the view.



Engraved by W. Pindar

Engraved by W. Pindar

View of Souda

Here the first glimpse is caught of Vesuvius and the island of Ischia ; and just before arriving at Mola, near the inn at which travellers usually rest (the Albergo di Cicerone), the Cenotaph of Cicero rises on the right hand side of the road : it is supposed to mark the spot where he was assassinated as he attempted to escape from the murderers sent after him by Anthony, 43 B. C. The cenotaph was raised to his memory by his friend Munatius Plancus, who had also been a friend of Anthony, but deserted him after the battle of Actium, and joined Octavius, who obtained for him the office of censor. This cenotaph is a round building upon a square base, and now bears the name of the Torre d'Orlando. The gardens and the orange-grounds of the Albergo lead down to the bay ; where, close to the shore, are the ruins of Cicero's Formian Villa ; and beneath the bright waters of the Mediterranean are clearly seen the foundations and substructures of this marine villa in which Cicero delighted. The view round the bay is terminated on the right by the promontory and fortress of Gaeta, which was some time in the possession of the English during the wars of the Revolution. On the same promontory are the ruins of a tomb, said to be that of Gaeta, the nurse of Eneas. The fort well deserves a visit. The scenery is delicious ; and interspersed with the orange, aloe, myrtle, pomegranate, laurel, jasmine, vine, and olive, which all grow profusely. The vine, particularly, is no where more beautiful : hanging in festoons from tree to tree, it delights the eye, and produces a wine famous

for gladdening the heart of man. The inn is an excellent one ; and some days of real enjoyment may be spent at the Villa di Cicerone.

Garigliano,	1 post,	from Rome	15 $\frac{1}{4}$ posts.
Sant 'Agata,	1 do.	do.	16 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Sparanisi,	1 do.	do.	17 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Capua,	1 do.	do.	18 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Aversa,	1 do.	do.	19 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
Naples,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.	do.	20 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.

From the Albergo di Cicerone the route passes through the town of Mola, where a maritime tower, and other objects on the coast, add to its picturesque character. The costume of the people of the Roman and Neapolitan states is as various and singular, but more elegant and beautiful, than that of the Swiss, or any other country remarkable for provincial costume. The women at Albano, at Terracina, and at Mola, are very differently dressed ; but the last are the most elegant, especially in the decoration of their hair. These peculiarities and distinctions in costume furnish rich materials for the sketch-book of the traveller.

The road from Mola, passing along near the sea, reaches the marshes of Minturnæ, across which stretches the ruins of a long aqueduct, that, connected with the mountain, formerly conducted its streams to the ancient city of Minturnæ ; of which the remains deserve examination. The ruins of its temples, amphitheatres, and public buildings, may be seen close to the Garigliano, anciently the

Liris—a river associated with many historical events of ancient Rome, and of the middle ages. Here Marius was taken — Pietro di Medici was drowned — and Gonsalva di Cordova won from the Neapolitans a decisive victory. Formerly, travellers crossed the Liris on a bridge of boats; but a handsome suspension bridge, about two hundred and fifty feet long, has recently been erected, the towers or pyramids of which are of Egyptian architecture — a style peculiarly adapted to such structures. From Garigliano the route continues towards Sant' Agata, through an abundant country. On the right is Mount Massicus, and around are the hills which were celebrated by Horace for their wines; but either the wine has degenerated, or the taste of Horace is not to be trusted. Near Sant' Agata is the town of Sessa, the ancient Suessa Auruncorum, where, among the Roman remains, are those of a theatre, and an ancient bridge, still known by the name of the Ponte Aurunca. The walk is short from the post-house of Sant' Agata to Sessa; and the traveller will be well repaid who visits it, by the enjoyment of some interesting scenes, and, if it be market-day, by the appearance of the fine forms and elegant costumes of the female peasantry. From Sant' Agata to Capua the country is often picturesque; sometimes presenting views into valleys, like the beautiful parts of Salvator's pictures; sometimes of scenes which, over the flat and fertile country of the Campagna Felice, are bounded on the left by the distant and snowy Appennines.

The approach to Capua leads the traveller to expect, from its situation, more than he realises; for within, it is neither handsome nor, in spite of the fortification which is reputed to be one of the finest works of Vauban, important. About two miles from it, on the road to Naples, are the remains of ancient Capua—the grave of the energies of the Carthagenians. The ruins of the amphitheatre are extensive, and from one point are highly picturesque.

Hence to Naples, the road appears to pass through a vast garden; the vines are festooned from tree to tree, almost without interruption the whole way, except where a village or town breaks in upon the sameness, as at Aversa, which is a handsome place, and the last post station. The flatness of the land, and the height of the trees and vines, preclude all view of Naples, or the bay; though sometimes, in rare glimpses, Vesuvius, or the heights of Capo de Monti, are seen.

On reaching Naples, the drive is nearly through its longest direction to reach the quarter in which the best inns are situated. The Strada Toledo, the Santa Lucia, and the Chiaja; the Albergo della Vittoria, and the Gran Bretagna, are the most frequented. For lodgings, the situation of the Quay of Santa Lucia is unrivalled; the houses look out upon the bay and the shores beyond, from Vesuvius to the promontory of Sorrentum; but the whole sweep of coast, from Castel-a-mare to the promontory of Misenum, is made up of scenes, of which, though

associated with historical events, the celebrity can never equal the beauty.

The chief objects of interest at Naples are those which belong to remote, yet historic time—the ruins of the cities of the empire, Herculaneum and Pompeii, which have so recently been disinterred; and those which belong to all time—its scenery. The paintings, since the restoration of art, at Naples, are few, and, compared with other objects, unimportant; but in the Museo Borbonico there are some fine pictures by Raphael, by Titian, and by Correggio, to which most of the others are only foils. The galleries of sculpture, however, are very fine, and contain many celebrated statues: but the great attraction of the museum is the collection of objects obtained from Herculaneum and Pompeii, in bronze, in marble, and in glass; pictures, gems, and jewellery; articles of luxury for the toilet, and implements in domestic economy. To see the latter is like visiting the shop of a furnishing ironmonger in the 50th year of the Christian era. How few of our conveniences are new! How much we had degenerated from the ancients in the elegant forms of the most common instruments and contrivances, before these things were discovered! The Romans added the *dulce* to the *utile*; and it would be exceedingly difficult to suggest any alteration in these objects which would not be at the expense of one or the other. Things generally considered as recent inventions and improvements are here common and various. Glass bottles, for wine, and for essences—glass jugs and

tumblers — metal and plate glass — jewellery, and personal ornaments of infinite variety — instruments for weighing and measuring — instruments for the surgeon, and implements for the painter and the writer — vases, Greek and Etruscan, of varied and unrivalled beauty, surpassing all other collections — gems, in cameo and intaglio, coins and medals — Roman and Greek paintings, almost the only unquestionable works of that art that have descended to us. These are very far inferior to the works of the ancients in sculpture; but it must be considered that they are merely common house decorations, and that no picture has reached us of which the ancients themselves spoke in praise. An interesting collection of such ancient paintings is formed also at Resina, the royal palace above the ruins of Herculaneum.

Not a step can be taken in Naples, nor a place visited, advantageously, without the assistance of Ferrari's Guide to Naples, or the little work of the Canonico D. A. de Jorio, which indicates the chief objects of interest in the city and its neighbourhood, to which excursions are almost endless. Naples is usually visited by the traveller in winter, in order that he may return to Rome in time for the ceremonies of the holy week; and as at this season the weather is generally as mild and delicious as a favourable English spring, the whole day is enjoyable, without the loss of time which a summer excursion always demands; for, during the great heats, the brightest hours are given to sleep or shelter. The neighbourhood of Naples is unrival-



Engraved by J. C. Smith.

1847

led: the beauties of the scenery, which is so great an attraction now, was not less sought, and valued, and visited, by the ancients; and their relics have thrown a classical charm over this country wherever public or domestic events relating to them have occurred, and amidst scenes of beauty unsurpassed. The ruins of a temple or a villa recalls the idea of Pliny, of Cicero, of Nero, and others, who have left a glorious or an infamous memory to associate with the scenes in which they lived or died. To the west of Naples are the promenades of the Villa Reale; and thence, following the course of the bay, the route either passes by the famous grotto through the hill of Posilipo towards the Bay of Baiæ, or continues by the magnificent road made by Murat, which passes round the Cape of Coruoglio, commanding glorious views of the Bays of Naples and of Baiæ. A garden, through which a winding path ascends, leads to the tomb of Virgil, above the Grotto of Posilipo, and commands one of the finest views, on the western side, of Naples, whence the city is seen sloping down from the Fort of St. Elmo, to the Pizzofalcone, the promontory which terminates with the Castello dell' Ovo: beyond it, across the eastern bay, are the Appennines, the Campagna Felice, Vesuvius, and the Cape of Sorrentum.

Entering the Grotto of Posilipo, a subterranean road, above two thousand three hundred feet in length, twenty-two feet broad, and in some places, near the extremities, eighty feet high, the traveller emerges into the beautiful country which sweeps

round the Bay of Baiæ. A road to the right leads to the Lago d'Agnano, the crater of an extinct volcano, now stinking with sulphureous exhalations: on its bank is the Grotto del Cane. The English idea of a grotto will not be realised here; it is not larger than the entrance to a road-side well, to which it bears some resemblance. Its entrance is closed by a small door, that experiments may not be tried by visitors on their own dogs — *for nothing*. The poor dog, that is kept on purpose, is regularly thrust into the hole to die for the gratification of the visitors ten times a day, if required, whines and howls piteously when brought forward: he is forced inside, and the door closed until the carbonic acid gas deprives him apparently of life, when he is dragged out. In a few minutes he makes convulsive struggles — recovers — staggers away, and the heartless exhibition ends.

The direct road from the Grotto of Posilipo leads to the shore of the bay, and to Pozzuoli. Here the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, the Amphitheatre, the Bridge of Caligula, and the Solfaterra, will occupy some hours. If Cumæ be visited, the road continues to the right of the Monte Nuovo, which was raised in thirty-six hours, by a volcanic eruption, in the year 1583. Hence the road ascends above the Lake of Avernus, which it overlooks, and commands magnificent prospects as it rises to the Arco Felice, the Gate of Cumæ; whence, in clear weather, the view extends on the west to the promontory of Circe at Terracina. Cumæ was the most ancient city of

Magna Græcia, and traces of its former greatness may still be found amidst the ruins on its site. Near it is the Lake of Fusaro, where the pleasure of the excursion, to some travellers, finishes with a feast of oysters, for which this lake is famous. It belongs to a very distinguished oystermonger — the King of the two Sicilies — whose agents open the fish, and supply the visitors.*

Turning on the left of the Monte Nuovo, the road leads to the Lake of Avernus, the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, and the Baths of Nero, whence an excursion to the western coast of the Bay of Baiæ is generally made, in a boat hired at Pozzuoli : with four oars the cost is usually three ducats. All over this *show-ground*, ciceroni, each for his small district, press their services upon the stranger, as indispensable.

The convenience of taking a boat enables the visitor to pass along the coast, and examine what points he pleases — the ruins of the tombs and temples on the shores of the bay, the promontory and Bay of Misenum, the Mare Morto — and, if he choose, extend his excursion to the Islands of Procida, and even to Ischia. Days may thus be delightfully devoted to the shores on the west of Naples. But if these, for their unrivalled beauty, are so attractive,

* They do strange things in this way in Italy. At Rome, the Cardinal Doria used to be the milkman to those who chose to send to his palace for this necessary article to the tea-drinking English ; and at Naples, the only good *butterman* is his Majesty ; and those who wish to have this article genuine, send *to court* for it, whence it is issued impressed with the royal arms. His Majesty is also the chief, or only dealer in gunpowder, salt, tobacco, &c. &c. &c.

they have rivals in interest on the eastern side—in Vesuvius, and its victims, Herculaneum and Pompeii.

If the traveller should have the good fortune to be at Naples during an eruption, let him not lose an hour before visiting Vesuvius as closely as possible, and especially by night. Language can convey no idea of its splendour. The impressions left by such an event upon the recollections of those who have been fortunate enough to witness it, will survive all others of the journey. The author was present at the eruption which occurred in February 1822. He visited the mountain before, during, and after the eruption. The scene, the excitement, cannot be described. The sun, which set in the sea during the author's ascent, painted, as he declined, on the volumes of white steam which issued from the volcano a thousand changes of tint. Darkness rapidly followed, and the deep murky red of the fire began to prevail within the vapour. Then the explosions! each shaking the entire mountain under the tread of the visitors, thousands of whom crowded to the base of the highest cone. At the Hermitage was a confusion of tongues, which every language in Europe aided, calling and shouting for refreshment. All without, was impressive, splendid, and awful; but no description can excite similar emotions.

A visit to Herculaneum is unsatisfactory. The descent by torch-light into the excavated wells and passages is limited, dark, and indistinct. The city, buried beneath lava, will never, in all probability, be cleared out; but at Pompeii the removal of the pumice, sand, and ashes, exposes to the light of

heaven a place which has been buried nearly eighteen centuries; and the effect produced by the steps and voices of the visitors, in this city of the dead, greatly heightens the impressive solitude of the scene, for there are none but such strangers within it; and these are induced, by reflection and the striking novelty of their situation, to be unusually silent. Excavations, and removal of pumice, still proceeding, and many of the things discovered, when not of great intrinsic value, are allowed to remain in *situ*: thus many pictures, mosaics, &c. are now left, and protected against the changes even of an Italian climate by sheds or awnings.

But though Pompeii is the chief, there are many other places of interest to visit, in easy excursions, on the eastern side of the Bay of Naples; Castel-amare, the site of ancient Stabiæ, Sorrento, Amalfi, the Island of Capri, and the ruins of Pæstum; these are all so beautiful and so interesting, are so easy of access to visitors in fine weather, which rarely fails in this delightful country, that amidst the bright skies and lovely scenes of Italy where so much of enjoyment is to be found, no part of it rivals the attractions of the Bay of Naples.

The residence of so many English in this city has led to the establishment of professional men, agents, and shops, as in Florence and Rome. Here they can consult English physicians, and obtain English medicines and goods: these may be procured at the respectable house of Cotterel and Co., to whose care also things intended to be sent by sea to England may be confidently consigned.

This Road-Book began with an enumeration of the requisites of travellers; and among them, those important ones—good temper and forbearance. Before the end of the journey, these probably have been largely drawn upon; but it is to be hoped that enough remain to admit the truth of the following reflection of *Tristram Shandy*:—

“ Yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box which was, moreover, filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five pauls for two hard eggs, once at Radicofani, and a second time at Capua, — I do not think a journey through France or Italy, provided a man keep his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe. There must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into valleys where nature spreads so many tables of entertainment. It is nonsense to suppose they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter for his bread? We really expect too much; and for the livre or two above par for your supper and bed, at the most they are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny. Who would embroil their philosophy for it? For Heaven’s sake and your own, pay it—pay it with both hands open!”

THE END.

TABLE

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English Cwt. 112 lbs. compared with Foreign Weights. | *Contents of Foreign Measures of Length in English Inches.*

FRENCH.

Killogrammes nearly $49\frac{1}{2}$ | Metre $39\frac{1}{3}$
 | Aune 46

SARDINIAN.

Libre $133\frac{1}{2}$ | Rasi, or Braccia 23
 | Palmo $9\frac{3}{5}$

TUSCAN.

Libre 145 | Braccia nearly 23

ROMAN.

Libre $143\frac{3}{5}$ | Canna $76\frac{1}{2}$

NEAPOLITAN.

Rottoli $56\frac{3}{8}$ | Canna 84

POSTS INCLUDED IN THIS JOURNEY.

			POSTS.
Calais	to	Paris	$32\frac{1}{2}$
Paris	..	Turin	$117\frac{1}{2}$
Turin	..	Florence	57
Florence	..	Rome	$27\frac{3}{4}$
Rome	..	Naples	$20\frac{3}{4}$
Calais	..	Naples	<u>$255\frac{1}{2}$</u>

Since the early Part of this Work was published, some changes have taken place which render the following corrections necessary:—

PAGE 3.—The French Passport Office in London is now at No. 6 Poland Street, Oxford Street.

PAGE 16.—The Roman Agent in correspondence with Mr. Chinnery is Mr. S. Del Bosco, of Torlonia & Co's.

PAGE 17.—The address of Mr. Chinnery (who is licensed to act as Agent by the Board of Customs) is Customs Chambers, Thames Street, London; and Mr. W. Walker's address, in Paris, same page, changed to Mr. Walker, Agent to the British Embassy, Rue de la Paix, 17.

ERRATUM.

Page 101, line 8, *for* forest, chestnut, and olive trees, *read* forests of chestnut and olive trees.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE delay which has occurred in the completion of this Work, has been a cause of sincere regret to the Proprietors. To prevent its recurrence, which might have arisen by proceeding with the publication in Parts, the remaining three Numbers are now published together, and may be had, by Subscribers, at such a price as will give to them the full benefit of the reduction which the Proprietors propose making upon the Volume now completed.

The Author has been favoured by the kindness of some friends with the latest information upon many points in this Work, and he here particularly acknowledges his obligation to W. M. Tarrt, Esq. of Liverpool.

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