



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





J. H. Lewis
1861

TRAVELS
THROUGH
I T A L Y,
IN THE YEARS
1804 AND 1805.

BY
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF
TRAVELS IN SIBERIA AND IN FRANCE,
&c. &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,
No. 6, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS,
By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.
And to be had of all Booksellers.

1806.

[Price One Pound, in Boards.]

DG 426
TO SERVE AS K644
v. 1

A

P R E F A C E.

A LIST of those who are *not* to read
this work :

I. All artists ; or judges of the arts,
as they are termed : unless they find any
pleasure in giving their shrugs of com-
passion every moment. For as *they*
consider the arts as something fixed,
but *I* as something daily new ; *they* as
the mere creation of form, but *I* as the
transfusion of mind ; *they* as proving
the expertness of the eyes, but *I* as the
occupation of the soul ; the *form* being

with them the first, but with me the last thing; we shall never coincide. I shall not instruct them, nor they me: we remain eternally separated from each other.

II. All who really love the arts, and are fond of *viewing* performances of merit, but not of reading *descriptions* of such things. This class of readers will at least be obliged to pass over a great part of my work; and I promise them in that case not to be offended.

III. I have not written with a view of delivering a dry catalogue of curiosities, nor to display my learning, nor to sport my wit at others' expence, nor to

draw sentimental pictures. Whoever looks for any thing of this kind from me, will be disappointed. I am of opinion that a traveller must follow the current of his humour. If that is lively, the readers will be gratified with seeing his soul reflected in the description. But when an author seats himself formally, and dresses all his thoughts and expressions in affectation, or in any other manner attempts to appear what he is not, it cannot be agreeable to the reader; who must feel as uneasy and awkward in reading his book, as if talking with a stammering person.

ITALY has been so often described, that it would be ridiculous to imagine

any thing new could be said on it. Yet there still remain many things little known, but deserving of notice. The faithful report too which a traveller gives of things as they appeared to him, is a circumstance so unusual that it may of itself pass for a novelty. Most travellers write only according to others; and relate some things, the knowledge of which they have borrowed. Such have the form and arrangement of their book already in their heads, before they are seated in their carriages: they wish to be sentimental, literary, or witty travellers; and all they see is modelled to this form: they can view nothing with an unbiassed eye.

I took no notes of what I saw immediately, and therefore had seldom a tablet in my hand; but I rose every morning long before day-light, and spent two or three hours in transcribing faithfully all I had seen, thought, and felt, in the preceding day. My observations have thus, by degrees, grown to the size of a book. If it is good, it requires no apology: if not, apologies will be of no avail.

For many years previous to my travels into Italy, I had read nothing on this country; and after having concluded them I wished also to read nothing upon it, that my judgment might not be warped. I ~~trust~~ ^{tempt} myself, there-

fore, with being able to offer the traveller a book which may serve him as a guide for ten years at least ; in which if he finds indeed no deep researches, he will not be misled by parrot-opinions. Whoever, without the bias or prepossessions of artists, shall hereafter visit Rome or Naples, will find a confirmation of this sentiment in his own mind.

My stay in Italy was certainly short, yet I do not see in what respect this affects the validity of my judgments. The talent of observation is an endowment of nature ; whoever does not carry it with him, will never acquire it. Most things are either viewed justly the

first time, or never. The truly striking and remarkable is discovered on the first survey ; and I may almost say, only on the first. When the eye is once accustomed to objects, the acuteness of investigating them is lost. I have also seen the most famous works of art twice, and even oftener ; and yet in every case found that my first emotions, and my first judgment, were the most powerful and accurate. For that reason I constantly wished to retain this impression, and commit it to paper within a few hours after. At the same time, every one is at liberty to regard my book as a collection of cursory remarks, if he pleases : he will not forget, however, that cursory remarks are not always the worst.

All I describe, I have also actually *seen*. There remains, doubtless, much which I have not seen ; though indeed not much of any importance. Besides, the form of my book is that of a journey itself : I have confined myself to no order, but related every thing as it occurred. The reader has no occasion to study : only to attend me on my rambles ; as wind, weather, and his humour, concur.

BERLIN,
May, 1805.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Travelling propensity.

The love of change, natural to man, *page* 1.—Its increased prevalence in Europe during the last half-century, 2 : Instanced in the drama ; in philosophy, 2 ; and in travelling, 3.—This is my apology, 5.—My method, 5, 6.

The emperor Alexander.

His journey this year (1804) through Eastland and Livonia, *page* 6.—Tribute of esteem paid to him at Revel, 7.—His condescension and humanity ; anecdote, 8, 10.

Abolition of vassalage in Eastland and ~ Livonia.

The peasants of the latter province request to be left in their old state, *page* 10, 11.—Error in the new constitution of the former, 12.

Tremendous storm.

Grand and picturesque appearance of the Veipus lake, and its vicinity, *page* 14.

Dorpat.

Military dress of the students at the university here, *page* 18.—Character of the youth of Livonia and Eastland, 19.—Dramatic company at Dorpat, 20.—Play-writing considered, 21.—Condition of the students and professors at Dorpat, 22.

Riga.

Distinguished character of its inhabitants, *page* 23.—Singular anecdotes of friendliness and benevolence, 23, 24.

Air-balloons.

Probable vast future improvement in their management and application, *page* 26.—Aerial excursion by Robertson at Riga, 28.—Garnerin; his character, 29.

State of the extra posts between Petersburg and Naples.

Travelling in Russia, *page* 30: In Ingermannland; in Livonia and Eastland, 31: In Courland, 32: In Prussia; dreary journey between Memel and Königsberg, 33; Postilions, 39: In Voigtland, Bavaria, and the Tyrol, 43.—Troublesome regulations in the Austrian states, 45.—Extra posts in Italy, 46: In the ecclesiastical states; veturinoes, 47, 50

Journey from Riga to Berlin, by West Prussia.

Courland: system of government, *page* 52.—Memel: the citadel, 53.—Königsberg: the

castle-library, 54 : Curious manuscript of a Brunswick princess, 54 ; Letters of Frederic the Second ; letter of Luther to his wife, 55.—Marienwerder : the new court of justice, 56.—Graudentz : its fine gallows, 56.—Settlers in West Prussia, 57.—Berlin : dramatic representation ; Schiller's " William Tell," 57 : Dramatic character of Schiller and of Gothe, 58.

From Leipzig to Nuremberg.

Altenburg : institution for old age, *page* 58 : Good inn here, 59 : Costume of the peasants, 59.—Public notices on the roads, 60.—Bamberg : nunnery here, 61 : Palace of the bishop ; and theatre, 62.

Nuremberg.

Italian watch here, *page* 62.—Horrid dungeons, 62.—Paintings in the town-house, 63 : Curious stucco work on the cieling, 64.—The Sebaldus church, 65 : Albert Durer's picture of the Descent from the Cross, 65 : St. Sebaldus's tomb ; numerous escutcheons ; guild of old-makers, 66.—Shop of the artist Frauenholz, 67.

Augsburg.

Flourishing state of the art of hair-dressing here, *page* 69 : The Trinity and the Virgin Mary in curled wigs in the churches, 70.—Water-works ; and curiosities there, 71.—Church of St. Afra : figure of St. Apollonia, 72 ; Representation of purgatory, &c. 73, 74.—Senate-house, 74 : Horrid dungeons, 75 : Paintings ; Samson and Dalila, 75 ; Curious old picture, 76.—The old entrance, 77.—Dancing, among the ladies, 79.

From Augsburg to Inspruk.

Celebration of a wedding, *page* 80: Reflections on weddings and funerals, 82.—Kaufbeuren: singular inscription in a public-house, 85; State of this town, 86.

Tyrol.

Its natural beauties equal to those of Switzerland, *page* 87.—The impression which they leave, more powerful, 87.—Its conveniences greater, 89.—A prospect, 90.—Character of the people; memorials on their roads, 91.—Anecdote in my late exile to, and return from, Siberia, 92.—Memorials on the Tyrolese roads, continued, 95.—Good eating and drinking in travelling here, 95.—Recapitulation of advantages, 96.—Glaciers, 97.—Ingenuity of a peasant, 97.

Chase of the mountain-goat.

Universality of the passion for this diversion among the Tyrolese peasantry, *page* 98.—Anecdotes, 99, 102.

Tyrol, continued.

Salt-carts, *page* 102.—Grotto between Zelt and Inspruk, 103.—Park formerly near Inspruk, 103.—Inspruk: the cathedral; the emperor Maximilian's tomb; colossal statues, 104; the silver chapel, 105: Ursuline nuns, 106: Dexterity of the Tyrolese sharp-shooters; dramatic representations, 108: Contrivances on the roofs of all the houses, for drying linen after washing, 109.—Prospects on leaving Inspruk; commemorative inscriptions on the roads, 110.

—National physiognomy: regulations at the inns; *classification* of the meals, 111.—Application of the leaves of trees to the winter subsistence of cattle, 112.—Melancholy example of misfortune, 113.—Tyrol wine, 114.—Crucifixes on the road-side, 114.—Botzen, 115: Head-dresses here, 115.—Neumarkt: absurd rosary-sermon, 116.—Beautiful prospects, 117.

From Verona to Florence.

Troublesome regulations respecting passes, *page* 118.—Wretched police in Italy, 119.—Good management of the roads, 119.—Pompous signs of inns, 120.—Castle of San Urbino; walk over the Apennines, 121.—Harvest in those mountains, 122.—Tuscany, 122: View of Florence, 123.

Bologna: Zambeccari's aerial tour.

Account of this ascension, from the printed report, *page* 124.—Its dreadfully perilous termination, 132.

A morning in the Apennines.

Extract of a letter written from Barberini, *page* 140.

Florence.

My detention in this town, from the fever prevailing here, *page* 144.—Some account of Florence, 145.—The palace Vitti; depredations of the French here; remaining pictures, 146.—Church of the Holy Ghost, 147.—The Dominican church, 148.—Church of St. Mark, 149.—Church of the Annunciation, 150.—Burial-

chapel of the family of Medici, 151.—Baptismal church of St. John, 152.—The Gallery, 152.—Statue of Cosmo the First, 153.—Description of the Gallery, 153: Its establishment, 154: Commemorations of great men, 155: Antique busts, 156: Statues, 158; the most valuable ones, 160: Pictures, 162: Portraits of painters, 165: Antique bronzes, 166.—Theatres, and drama, 167.

From Florence to Rome.

Road to Sienna, *page* 172.—Sienna; the cathedral, 172: St. Catherine of Sienna, 173: Epitaph, 173.—Earthquake at Buonconvento, 173.—Bolsena: famous miracle recorded here, 175.—Est wine of Montefiascone, 175.—Ronciglione, 176.—Viterbo, 176.—The Campagna Romana, 176.

Rome.

Its appearance, in approaching it, *page* 178.—Tomb of Nero, 178.—Troublesome ceremonies, 178.—Temple of Antoninus Pius, 180.—Description of the Coliseum, 180.—Walk up the ancient *Via Sacra*; old well, 190: Triumphal arch of Constantine, 191: Former colossal image of Nero, and statues of Clælia, 191, 192: Ancient *Vicus Sandalarius*, the street of the booksellers, 192: Triumphal arch of Titus, 192: Nero's golden house; baths of Livia, 193: Temple of Peace, 193: Temple of Remus, 195: Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, 195: Other grand objects which anciently stood here, 196: Scenes which passed on this spot, 197.—The market-place; ruins

Here, 198 : Temple of Jupiter Stator, 198 : Senate-house of Hostilius ; temple of Jupiter the Preserver ; triumphal arch of Severus, 199 : THE ROMAN FORUM, 200 : The *ccmitium* ; building dedicated to the nations in alliance with Rome ; remarkable fig-tree, 201 : Palace of Portius ; temple of the Penates, 202 : Temple of Castor and Pollux, 202 : Temple to Cesar ; temple of the Vestal virgins ; the Basilica Julia, 203 : Triumphal arch of Tiberius, 203 : Temple of Saturn ; of Vespasian, 204 : Temple of Adrian, 204 : Middle of the Forum ; figure of Marsyas ; temple of Harmony, 205. —Christian curiosities in the *Via Sacra* : Simon the magician ; pope Sylvester ; church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian, 207 : Church of St. Laurence ; of St. Theodore ; of St. Adrian, 208 : Church of St. Luke, 209. —*Collis Hortulorum*, 209.

The drama at Rome : Charlotte and Werter.

Account of this piece, a *charac'er-comedy*, page 210.

From Rome to Gaeta.

The Appian Way, page 214. —Ruins of mausoleums and aqueducts by the road-side, 215. —City of Albano ; grave of Ascanius ; monument of the Curiatii, 215. —The Riccia ; Vellettri, 216. —The whole road dangerous, from robbers, 215, 217. —The Pontine marshes, 217. —The Appian Way resumed, 218. —Persons of the Italians ; Terracina, and the road leading to it, 219, 220. —Itri and Fondi, 220. —My carriage stopt by hussars, to let one of the king of Sardinia's children pass, 221.

Cicero's villa.

Description of this beautiful spot, and its present condition, *page* 221.—Doubts of some, as to this being in reality the site of Cicero's villa, 224.—Vesuvius visible at Terracina in clear weather, 225.

From Gaeta to Naples.

Beautiful road, *page* 226.—Ruins of Minturni, 227.—Exploit of Bayard on the Garigliano, 228.—Capua, 228.—Neapolitan imprecation, 229.

Naples.

Singularity of the city of Naples, *page* 229.—Booths, &c. in the streets; description of those of the water-sellers, 230.—Cooking of macaroni in the streets, 232: of other dishes; Turkish corn, 234.—Sea-fish sold and eaten in the streets; some peculiar shell-fish, 235.—Tables for company with *sea-fruit* on the beach; anecdote, 236, 237.—Vegetables, 237.—Abundance of fruit, 239.—Popular delicacies, 240.—Cheese, 241: Singularities of the shops of the cheesemongers, 242.—Milk, and the manner of selling it, 244.—Vagabond calves of the Franciscans, in the streets, 244.—Meat: sheep; swine in the streets, 245: Poultry in the streets, 246.—Bread, 246.—Wine, 246: No corks used; quantity of wine drunk at a meal not regarded in the charge; no beer, 247.—Italian cookery, 248.—Singular construction of the houses, 248.—Streets, 249: Spectacles of wretchedness in them, 251: Multitude of beggars, 252.—Ineffectual attempt to abolish mendicancy, 252.

Scenes in the streets of Naples.

Public readers on the Mole, *page* 254: Reciters of heroic poems, 255.—Street-preachers, 258: A late famous one, 259: Preaching boys, 260.—Singular mountebank doctor on the Mole, 261: A rival one, aided by a puppet-shew, 264.—Puerile games played by men in the streets, 264: Play with the fingers; tossing up coins, 265: Tops; kites; cards, 266.—Funeral processions, 267: Disguised pious brotherhoods employed in these, 268: A genteel funeral; love of pompous heraldry on such an occasion, 269: This passion exemplified in an old knight at Mentz, 269: Custom of carrying the dead uncovered through the streets, 270.—Striking ceremony of the procession of the Host to dying persons, 271.—Great variety of costume, both in the kingdom and the city of Naples: in the latter, domestic nuns, 274; lawyers; eunuchs, 275; Arnauts; Armenians, and Algerines, 276.—No printed bills against the walls; contrast of Naples and Paris in this respect, 276.—Paintings on the walls; a curious one, 278.—The streets of a city the proper places for discovering the character of the inhabitants, 278.

TRAVELS

IN

I T A L Y.

TRAVELLING-PROPENSITY.

A LOVE of change is the instinctive virtue or vice of man. Every thing must alter, and rapidly pass away, like himself. Even the quiet flow of enjoyment and successes will in time lose its charms. We are told that a king peculiarly blessed by fortune threw his most costly ring into the ocean, in order to vary the monotony of his uninterrupted prosperity by a loss. From our very miseries we can extract at least this relief, that they place us in a new situation, and make us feel more poignantly our past pleasures.

Yet this impulse, so apparently essential to our nature, may be indulged to excess; so as to absorb in itself other natural propensities. During the last forty or fifty years, I think the love of variety has astonishingly increased in Europe; exerting its influence equally in the greatest and the most trivial matters, from the manufacturing of a government to that of a ballad. Our forefathers speculated indeed on the best systems of laws, but they still in practice contented themselves with obeying those which had stood the test of ages, and merely delivered their opinions in the old-fashioned form of argument: it was reserved for their children to carry those opinions into effect by force of arms. Former generations were satisfied if they saw four new dramatic pieces produced in the year: but now we must have this number every month; and, rather than admire a piece of established merit, cherish with eagerness the offspring of novelty and absurdity. The names of Wolf and Leibnitz alone were once accounted an ample supply for the philoso-

phical necessities of their times ; but now we are blessed with a *multitude* of great souls, who unravel all the mysteries of the universe to us ; and, as the intelligent mademoiselle de Stael once said in my presence, resemble the droll liar Munchausen, who, when he could not spring over a wide ditch, took hold of himself by the pig-tail and tossed himself over. We gain in this manner the pleasure of springing over from the eternity of to-day's system, to that of to-morrow's. Even the fashions in dress, although ever variable, anciently maintained their unstable ground some weeks longer than they do at present.

Thus too it was with travelling. Our ancestors sat still, and read the injunction in their bibles, " Let not your flight be in the winter ;" and even in summer, when there was no pressing business, they preferred staying at home. But if obliged to undertake a journey of twenty miles, they took leave of their relations and friends in a solemn manner, shed tears, and would not unfrequently make their wills. Now,

however, on the very next day after our determination is formed we set off full speed for Paris or for Rome; we step into our travelling carriages as unconcerned as our ancestors inclosed themselves in a sedan chair, to be carried, for their afternoon nap, to the next church. If the rage for travelling should thus continue to spread, we may expect to hear of a whole people taking a trip from one quarter of the world to another. I am in fact very much inclined to attribute the emigrations of this kind with which we are already acquainted, less to an excessive population, or political grievances, than to this insatiable desire of something new. It is this which impels the Tartar from heath to heath; and my friendly reader, with me, from the shore of the eastern sea to the gulph of Naples.

Our forefathers spent their money in raising massive buildings for their posterity, which for ages brave both time and violence; we, equally disinterestedly, spend our money in collecting lessons of experi-

ence for our grand-children. Of these purposes, the latter has undoubtedly many superior advantages. Houses must at length decay and grow useless: experience constantly retains its value. There is no occasion to melt it down, like old silver, in order to change its form: experience is a coin that is current through all the world, and not liable to be depreciated by its stamp becoming effaced. How many maxims of wisdom are to be found in the unfortunately too little perused writings of Solomon, which are as appropriate to our times as they were to those of two thousand years ago!

Whoever will admit these reflections, theorems, paradoxes, or whatever else they may be called, as an apology for my travelling-propensity, will do me a kindness; for in fact I have no other. But as in my own opinion at least this is quite sufficient, I shall without further ceremony proceed to relate the little incidents of my journey.

My method is already well known. I

travel neither as a literary man nor as an amateur and connoisseur of the fine arts : but merely as a human being, following the dictates of my own feelings and inclinations. In my narrative too I do not mean to study my periods or my expressions ; but consider my reader as a friendly fellow-traveller, with whom I roll through towns and villages, or perhaps lose myself sometimes in an agreeable or romantic footpath. Whoever is so disposed, may saunter carelessly by my side, and accept of the nosegay of wild flowers which I mean to pluck for him in our travel onward. Whoever is not satisfied with this, I warn him at once not to begin the journey with me.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER also—(I do not mean the wonderful traveller of old, who traversed the whole known world in an immense company, and afterwards wanted to build a bridge upwards to the moon; I mean the benignant genius of Russia, to whom, if the inhabi-

tants of the moon knew him, they would willingly make a bridge downwards)—Alexander also travelled, this year, through his German provinces: not indeed, like me, to pluck flowers; but, as he well might, to gather fruits which were beginning to ripen in the sunshine of his goodness. I will not call it mere attachment, but the warmth of passion, which is felt in Eastland and Livonia towards this benevolent sovereign. I relate nothing but what I myself saw. Every eye sparkles, every countenance is unclouded, every tongue is loosed, on the bare mention of his name. He was only a few days in Revel, and yet tears of regret were shed on his departure; and if any thing could still more strongly testify the feeling that glowed in every breast, it was the proposition of the good procurator-general Von Kieseemann, and the unbounded applause with which it was received and carried, “that the anniversary of Alexander’s entrance into that town should be celebrated by a public dinner for the poor.” These are the genuine honours which the

heart alone can confer upon princes. Let Alexander's quiet, beneficent, journey through these provinces, be compared with the triumphant procession of *many a disturber of the world*, whose insolence and haughtiness are excelled by nothing but the *flattery* of a slavish and abject people. Let the *favourite of Fortune* continue to erect his triumphal arches and pyramids: the poor and distressed who find relief from the bounty of Alexander, will bless with cheerful hearts *him who rules by love*, for ages after those monuments will have crumbled into dust.

Happily for me, besides the delightful Love-feast thus established in Revel, there remain a hundred other facts to relate: for my bare character of him in words might draw on me the suspicion of flattery; from my having had personal intercourse with him, and being (in common with the multitude of others, both high and low, who enjoy the same honour) charmed by his condescension. After this confession, I may own that I cannot speak of him

with coolness; and, on the other hand, no one shall misinterpret my warmth. If Alexander would procure himself the highest gratification, he should, as the Oriental princes did formerly, mix in disguise with his people: what moments would then await him! Blessed be the mother who bore him: blessed also be the great man, once his instructor, now his friend, who sowed such seeds in such a soil! It will be guessed that I am speaking of La Harpe.

In order to hasten some hours earlier into the arms of his parent, Alexander left his retinue, and threw himself into the light and half-covered carriage of his field-marshal. I saw him arrive thus at Jewe like a common traveller, and unaccompanied by any extraordinary attendance except the love of his people. In the same manner, after a short stay, and notwithstanding the near approach of night, he resumed his journey through desert woods, with the soothing consciousness that public affection would sufficiently protect his use-

ful life. One of his postilions, who by an accident broke his leg, he provided for with humane and even paternal tenderness. He did not depart from the spot till the surgeon, who lived at a distance, arrived, and the sufferer was placed properly under his care. That he gave him the requisite pecuniary relief, was little from an emperor; but that, not confining himself to this, he continued as long as was necessary his *personal* assistance (which the great universally think themselves privileged to dispense with), is an admirable feature in the character of a ruler over thirty millions of men.

ABOLITION OF VASSALAGE IN EASTLAND AND LIVONIA.

For a long time the press has resounded the praises, and enlarged on the excellences, of the new constitutions given by the nobility of Eastland and Livonia to their peasants. In this point, as far as regards the amiable disposition of the emperor on the subject, I perfectly agree;

but on the performance of his intentions, I believe, in the first instance at least, too much has been said. I will not presume to offer a decisive opinion on this matter; the constitutions are already in the hands of every one, for him to form his own judgment of them. Thus much, however, I cannot conceal: when I left Livonia, the imperial commissioners who were empowered to make known the new regulations, had already begun the execution of this duty; but many peasants, particularly those who had good masters, shewed very little gratitude on the occasion, and *begged to be left in their old state*. This circumstance indeed can scarcely be held to decide the real merit of the plan in question; for an aversion to relinquish old institutions will often make us blind to our real interest. The peasants also had anticipated too much in expecting that the emperor would set them entirely free; nay, they think in fact that this is already the case; but the commissioners, in the number of whom are their masters, have hitherto preserved

tranquillity among them. Hence, however, arise misunderstandings, that prove how carefully we ought to proceed in enlightening a blind and infatuated people.

Still their request *to leave things as they were* ought to operate so far as to produce a temporary suspension of our judgment on the new constitution. If, after some years, happy consequences should reward the efforts of the philanthropic nobility, that will be a sufficient answer to the invidious idea which is now circulated, of the proprietors in general gaining by the new arrangement. Many aver it to be more beneficial for the peasants than that of the Eastland nobility; which is also probable from the circumstance of the latter appearing to fear that they also will be obliged to accept of it. It is true, they have themselves drawn up a constitution in some respects similar to this; but which, when I left those parts, was not ratified by the emperor.

There is one article in this last mentioned plan which, with all due respect, I con-

ceive exceptionable. The peasants, who, under their former intolerable oppression, were allowed to lodge their complaints with the government, are in future to have for this purpose three judicial courts; the members of all of which, however, are to be taken from among the nobility alone: from the highest of these courts there is no appeal. However upright and noble-minded this class may be, it is surely not right for a whole division of the empire to be thus cut off, as it were, from the monarch. Every access to the throne is debarred them, and they must consequently be entirely at the mercy of their masters. If ever an unjust *esprit de corps* should influence the possessors of this power (from the present generation indeed this is not to be feared), what would then become of the poor Eastlanders?

It is true, every lord has erected on his manor a court for the peasants, under the direction of a judge chosen by themselves from their own number: but he himself chooses the president of this court, which

leaves his influence over his vassals unimpaired, for they will hence never venture to pronounce any sentence displeasing to him. It is exactly as if a prince should fill the benches of his tribunals with courtiers, and place one of his lords in waiting at their head.—However, as I before observed, this constitution is not yet confirmed, and it would be premature now to say more upon it. Were it possible to ensure in the posterity of the present nobility a continuation of the sentiments which now prevail, it would have been fruitless to deliver an opinion on the subject; for, with pleasure I mention it, these are such as can lead us to apprehend very few abuses.

TREMENDOUS STORM.

THE Veipus lake, which is less beautiful and less celebrated than that of Geneva, afforded me one day a dreadfully sublime spectacle. As I was passing along the sandy shore, a violent rustling arose in the air, the signal of a storm in the up-

per regions, that was only audible below: the lake continued undisturbed; but this very stillness, in contrast with the violence raging at a distance over my head, was more awful than if its waves had risen to the height of mountains. On the right hand, over the dark fir wood hung black clouds, whence every now and then issued the thunder. On the left, over the lake a darkness descended from the sky, and like a shroud covered the opposite bank for the distance of a mile. The mews screamed over the tranquil water: and a few small fishing-smacks with slack sails were seen driven on by the oars of the anxious fishermen towards the shore. The dreadful contest now commenced in the elements. On one side the hollow roarings of the thunder resounded in the deep thicket, while on the other it was heard rolling over the darkened coast. Not a single hut was to be perceived far and wide; only a fishing-net here and there, spread out. The lightning was more and more rapidly overtaken by the thunder. Not a drop of rain fell; and all

was stillness on the level surface, but the rustling sound did not abate over head. On a sudden, a flash struck down into the water : its lengthened beams, as it touched the surface, darted forth innumerable sparks, and resembled a descending rocket. This seemed to be the signal for a torrent of hail, which in a few moments spread over the surface of the ground an icy cover, many inches thick. The stones were of the size of beans. My carriage was obliged to stop: the postilion leaped from the horses; the servants hastened down from the box; and all crept for shelter between the wheels. But the hail beat the horses so violently that they would not stand still; which compelled the servants to come from this retreat, and hold the restless animals, exposed to all the rigour of the storm. The little light of which the clouds had not already deprived us, was perfectly obscured by the hail; and from my seat in the coach I could scarcely distinguish the horses. This darkness was interrupted only by the frequent flashes of

lightning; the pale glimmer of which would present to our view the icy appearance of the ground, and add a horror to the intervening claps of thunder. As there were no other objects to attract the lightning, I expected every moment to see either the men or the horses fall, or myself to suffer the death of Romulus. Seven or eight minutes (lengthened, by the terrors of the mind, into hours) were dragged out in this agonizing condition. At length the storm retreated further into the wood; ourselves and our horses began again to resume our spirits; and soon nothing remained from this terrible spectacle, but the singular enjoyment which the mind of man experiences on surveying the traces of past danger. We now discovered pools of water in the road; cart-ruts full of hail-stones; the wet wing, bereft of its power to fly; a few steps from me, on a decayed tree, an eagle (for there are many in this part), who admitted reluctantly the approach of a human being, probably from the storm having thus impeded its flight;

at a distance a scattered flock, around which the wolf was stealing, as the thief profits by the fire to plunder the terrified inhabitants. The sun broke forth, and light and order returned.

At the next stage nothing was known of this dreadful storm. My carriage alone bore marks of it to this distance; for the hail which had collected on its top, was not melted away in the space of an hour and a half.

DORPAT.

ONE soon perceives Dorpat to be an university, by the number of youths one meets on entering the town, with their helmets on their heads. These ornaments are not unbecoming, especially as they are set off by a sort of uniform that serves to keep up the illusion of the wearers being soldiers. The whole has a tasty appearance; being dark blue turned up with black velvet, and collars of the same, on which are knots of embroidered gold; and white breeches. There are many of them who with this dress sus-

pend a huge cimeter to their waist, which they let dangle by the side of large stiff boots; and thus equipped they march about as if going to a field of battle rather than to a college. And who too of us elder sons of the muses has not had, in his early days, his share in similar little vanities? If the youths, with this martial apparatus of Minerva, do not forget her milder emblem, the owl, we may well give them this indulgence. However, notwithstanding their warlike appearance, they are scarcely equalled, in refined and polished manners, by any German university; at least, those among them with whom I had intercourse.

In fact, at all the universities the young Livonians and Eastlanders excel in this respect, and may without hesitation be introduced into every company. The reason is manifest. In those countries the nobility only, the clergy (who are accounted in every respect their equals), and respectable civil officers,—but not citizens and peasants,—put their children to study. All these young men enter, early in life, into

that society which in those provinces is peculiarly distinguished for its free, hospitable, and easy politeness. They have therefore no opportunity of mixing with the lower classes, and thus contracting any coarseness in their habits and manners. How clownish are German lads commonly at the age of fourteen or fifteen! and are always either childishly bashful, or disagreeably froward. In Livonia and Eastland such juvenile characters are seldom to be seen. The boys are frank and modest: for it forms a part of the domestic education to give them this air, and they acquire it from the force of example. This too is the reason why the Livonian is (as I conceive it to be) the most agreeable of all the German dialects. The people, properly so called, do not speak German; the pronunciation therefore has not suffered by the corruptions of ignorance.—Yet I forget that I am still at Dorpat.

In this place a company of players carried on their trade some time ago; and a miserable trade it was. Among other

pieces, it gave one entitled "A View into Futurity," of which some of the audience have favoured me with a curious description. At the front of the stage stood a turf; upon which a couple seated themselves, conversed on all sorts of things, went off, and made room for another couple to do the same. The succession of these talkative pairs lasted so long, that the public patience was at length completely wearied, and broke out into hisses and groans. The author is said to be a professor at Dorpat; but as he has not come forward publicly, I am not at liberty to give his name.

Whence happens it that every one regards writing a play as so easy a thing? There is no description of authorship undertaken with more confidence; and none criticised more hastily and severely. In every failure, the writer cannot persuade himself that the fault was his own, or that he has misunderstood the matter; but imputes it solely to want of taste in the public. Yet because there is no revenging one-

self on this dull-minded public, he vents his spleen on the most successful of his dramatic contemporaries, and upon these he falls with all his rage.

However, I perceive Dorpat has again drawn me into a digression; and I shall now leave this handsome little town with the single remark, that for an university it is too dear. A student requires at least a provision of 600 rubles (100*l.*). In Germany, a professor is thought to have made his fortune when he receives a call to this seat of the muses, and gets a salary of 2000 rubles; but this is a gross misconception. Almost the half of this sum must go for a proper residence. By giving lectures little is to be gained, from the very inconsiderable number of students. This sounding sum thus soon vanishes. Other advantages however, among which I do not mention the handsome provision for widows as the least, are attached to the post. The mere distinctions, too, might have allurements for many; as it is well known that the rage for titles and rank is very prevalent among the

German literati. Thus the rector of Dorpat wears a plume while in office, and is styled *counsellor of state* :* but this title is not entirely personal, for it quits him with his *plume* of office.

RIGA.

THE inhabitants of this wealthy town, which is enriched by a flourishing trade, afford in their characters a singular combination of mercantile spirit, taste for the fine arts, refined manners, and love of doing good. Actions are here performed in stillness, which in other countries would have been blazoned abroad in all the public journals. I cannot resist the desire of communicating some instances of a more recent date; but I am not permitted the gratification of mentioning the names of the parties.

A respectable and universally esteemed

* The title of *Etatsrath* which is here translated by "Counsellor of State," is merely nominal; and by no means derived from any office whatever. T.

civil officer had the misfortune to be robbed of the public money to the amount, if I mistake not, of eight thousand rubles. It was early in the morning when he discovered the theft; and at noon the whole sum was sent to him, which had been collected together among a number of persons who stood in no closer connection with him than that of acquaintance and esteem. I am satisfied that no commentary could give any force to the simple narration of such a fact.

A physician who had been indefatigable in his attendance on the hospitals and public institutions for the poor, died of a disorder which he caught in the performance of this duty. His funeral, which was solemnized by an excellent oration from the minister, was the most affecting scene imaginable. All the numerous poor whom he had assisted, being assembled in the church, received his bier with sobs and heartfelt lamentations; their tears flowed into his grave, and their blessings afforded to his name the tribute of the sweetest incense.

He left a young widow pregnant, and a scanty provision for her. A considerable merchant (I regret that I am obliged to conceal his name) begged to stand god-father to the future child. Before its birth he made the orphan a present of four thousand dollars (800*l.*), upon a condition which did his understanding as much honour as his heart: the capital and interest were to accumulate till the child should reach the age at which the father died (I believe about forty), so that a reliance on this support should not produce neglect of the ordinary means for providing a subsistence; but at that age the gift was to take effect; or if the heir should die before that time, the whole to go among the other brothers and sisters. The latter was unfortunately the case. The generosity and beneficence of this good man did not rest satisfied here. He heard that the widow had thoughts of laying down her equipage; and knowing that she had been accustomed to this convenience, he immediately settled upon her an annuity of five hundred

dollars, on condition of her retaining her carriage as usual.

- I repeat it, how would the British and German newspapers have teemed with the merited encomiums of so noble an action! I am rejoiced at the honour of being the first to communicate it to the fellow-citizens of this excellent man, who are so susceptible of every generous feeling, by an unadorned relation, (for what ornament can add to its beauty?) Whoever, after reading this, should be led to Riga, will not view the steeples of this city at a distance with an indifferent sensation of curiosity, such as travellers feel at the sight of merely a new place: Riga is no longer foreign to his mind, or to his heart; he knows that under its roofs are lodged exalted characters, and he will enter its gates enlivened by these happy reflections.

AIR BALLOONS.

WHILE at Riga, I was witness to an aerial excursion made by Robertson. I have not the least doubt that the guidance

of the balloon will in time be brought under our power; and even that this would have already been effected if the grand instructor Necessity, who probably introduced the art of navigation, had also applied with equal force to this occasion. As long as balloons serve only for our amusement and curiosity, they will be subject to the control of the winds in their flight; but should ever any urgent distress assail a bold mechanical genius, we shall see balloons sailing through the air in as great numbers as swallows. This reflection renders every excursion of this kind so much more interesting to me. I indulge myself in the idea that I may soon hear of some enamoured youth, in the stillness of the night, secretly ascending, with a favourable wind, to visit his mistress at some hundred miles distance; or a tender father, who sees his wife and children starving in a besieged town, may soar suddenly aloft into the air, and, sailing over the heads of his enemies, return with his car full of provisions, to be disburthened at

the feet of the hungry little-ones. If I wish to amuse myself, I picture to my imagination a smuggler, laden with costly lace, literally *casting dust* in the eyes of the staring exciseman; or a courageous hero descending in the garden of a nunnery, to the great terror of the old duenna. What a new and unbounded field for the novelist! and how will the army of knights and ghosts be expelled by the multitude of aerial adventurers!

Robertson's unassuming boldness pleased me. He made his preparations with as much calmness as agility; and had inspired with the same composure his wife, who without any visible emotion saw the moment approach in which she was to be separated from her husband by an illimitable ocean. His son, a pretty child, was playing amidst numberless spectators.—The balloon was now filled. Robertson mounted the car, and was carried on cords once round the circle: he then gave the signal for loosing him to the winds. This was done: but the balloon sunk again; and, in

order to lighten it, Robertson was obliged to throw out a quantity of sand, which fell upon the heads of the nearest spectators. He then rose indeed, but to only a small height; the wind gave him immediately an unfortunate direction, and, to our universal terror, he seemed driving towards the roof of a building. He was already on the point of encountering this object, when he dextrously released himself from the danger by throwing out all his ballast, and even his cloak. The shouts of the exulting multitude now accompanied him, as he soared majestically on high. He alighted safe, some miles from Riga, on the road to Petersburg.

His excursion was rendered remarkable by the presence of his rival, Garnerin. The latter has every where incurred the imputation of avarice. It was very evident to those who saw him, on the present occasion, that he concealed under a sneer the secret wish that Robertson's enterprise might not succeed. Had he been master of faith sufficient to enable him to remove mountains, he would not have failed

to throw an Alp, instead of a roof, in the way of his nobler competitor. It is said that he has been obliged to leave Russia with the promise of never more returning; at least, a postmaster asserted that he has read this clause in his pass.

STATE OF THE EXTRA POSTS BETWEEN PETERSBURG AND NAPLES.

To meet with good arrangements for the extra posts in this part, is indeed not difficult: but to expect the due execution of the laws on that subject, appears to be almost hopeless; for I find this deficiency in countries where in other respects the laws are observed with precision. I shall give a brief account of the different systems which I have met with in the course of my journey. It may perhaps be occasionally of utility to travellers.

It is well known that travelling in Russia is excellent; the rate of two German miles in an hour is not unusual, and in an hour and a half very common. According to the post-regulations, an unnecessary number of

horses must be taken ; but, on the other hand, we do not pay so much for ten horses in Russia, as for five in other countries. The postilion is active and obliging, sings merrily the whole stage, and if he receives a gift of twenty-five copeks (one shilling) makes a very low bow. At the post-houses little or no refreshment is to be had ; you must therefore carry every thing with you.

It is the same in Ingermannland as in Russia ; except that we find refreshment and accommodation in many post-houses there. At Jamburg, in particular, the travelling accommodations are very good. In Livonia and Eastland, the driving is not so rapid as in Russia ; yet the difference is inconsiderable, and is amply recompensed by the superior conveniences of every kind. The management of the affairs of posting is here in the hands of the nobility, who have established the laudable method of fixing the exact price of every necessity for the traveller. Accordingly we find the charges for a meal of one, two, or three

dishes, for beds, &c. displayed on the wall of every post-house, to be read as soon as we enter, which sufficiently protects us against impositions. In Courland we should scarcely suppose, from the post-regulations, that we are travelling in the territory of the same sovereign. Not only is the fare doubled; but the number of horses which every traveller must take depends entirely on the caprice of the post-master. A carriage with two seats, if either packed, or occupied by four persons, must have six horses. If we travel in a chaise with one seat (though so small and light that one man might draw it), and have a companion and two servants, even without any luggage, we must, if such is the pleasure of the landlord at the post-house, take six horses; or if we are quite alone, but have trunks before and behind, we must still submit to the same imposition. This singular arrangement was introduced by the late governor. The post-houses here were formerly very good, but in my present journey I found them all,

except at Frauenburg, indifferent. There is, besides, no established rate of any description; and we must therefore pay extravagantly.

The very idea of travelling extra in Prussia, would have been to me, from my experience some years ago, terrifying; but I heard so much of the excellence of the new arrangements, that I ventured on it a second time. I cannot, however, say that I found much improvement. We fancy, indeed, that we travel quicker, but this is a deception; for, in the new measurement, the miles are become much shorter. A regulation which compels the traveller who takes post horses to stay at least three days at a place before he is allowed to engage with a carrier, ought to be repealed, at least for the journey on the beach between Memel and Königsberg. On this "barren strand" nothing meets the sickened eye but sea, sky, sand-heaps, stones, the remnants of wrecks, and walls; with, every three or four miles, hovels erected of boards, without door or window, in which we must stay till the

horses are unharnessed, and have laboured for half a mile over the monstrous sand-heaps, and fresh ones are fetched from the distant post-houses, far out of our sight: and during this pause there is no other occupation for the traveller, than either to spread his provisions, and seat himself on the bare earth (for there are neither tables nor chairs); or to walk along the beach seeking yellow amber and shells. This miserable route we should at least be allowed to get over as soon as we can, without being obliged to lose three days by such a regulation. If we travel with a carrier, we are sure of passing all these sand-heaps, and reaching the post-house on the other side, where some sort of accommodation is to be found. The postilion, on the contrary, will not and indeed cannot do this with his jaded horses: when, however, the approach of night, and the desire of sleeping comfortably, induces the traveller to insist upon this, the postilion first rides off to the post-house for fresh horses; and even then, if your luggage is heavy, the post-keeper sends

a little open cart, in which you must yourself proceed, taking your night-dress with you, and leave your own carriage in charge of a servant, to stand before one of the hovels till the next morning. It is not always that a traveller can desire this of his servant. Besides all this, at these stages very few horses are kept, and the road is much frequented to avoid the circuitous route by Pilsit : so that it is very often impossible to procure horses beforehand, not even by sending a servant much earlier to order them. This was my own case on going this road lately. At noon I requested the post-master at Memel to dispatch a person for ordering me the horses I wanted ; and when I reached the first stage at noon the next day, I found my messenger had arrived but an hour before me, he having attended a traveller on the same road. When, however, horses are to be found, and all difficulties are overcome, the post-officer still teases us with his recommendations to send our luggage by water, and thus to lighten his carriage.

In order to complete this picture, I must add, that on this beach we often meet with a sort of sand called *driven sand*. Such places are not distinguishable beforehand by any visible marks ; but in attempting to pass them the carriage suddenly sinks in towards the sea-side, and sometimes so deep that in less than half a minute the sand rushes in at the window, and the persons inside have scarcely time to save themselves at the opposite door. An instance of this kind has come within my own knowledge. The gentleman to whom it happened drove with his own horses, which however were not able to extricate the carriage ; he was therefore compelled to have it, as it were, dug out. Post-horses are perfectly incapable of recovering a carriage from such a situation ; and yet the postillions are not at all careful in avoiding the danger, but usually drive with one wheel in the sea, because there the moist sand is generally firmest.—For all these reasons, if the traveller's time is not too precious, it is infinitely preferable to go the road of

Pilsit, in which he will have also the advantage of losing the offensive smell from the sea.

But to proceed in my journey. It is now the custom in Prussia for the post-master and the post-keeper to be two distinct persons; and the former, deriving no emolument from the post horses, has therefore no interest in using dispatch with them: the post-keeper appears also not to be very dependant upon him. The latter, in many places, has a small farm near the town, and there he uses the horses for the purposes of agriculture: they must thus be first fetched from the field, or they are *drummed* together from among the citizens. This was my case at Bromberg; where, although the horses were ordered in the evening, I was obliged to wait three hours the next morning. At length several citizens approached, each bringing a horse or two (I wanted seven), with as many saddles, fodder-bags, and baskets: and all these saddles, fodder-bags, and baskets,

the traveller must be encumbered with in his conveyance.

In Bromberg I am told that the accommodations are in general equally bad. In Fülehne and Driesen I found it the same : in the former of these places even a post-waggon loaded with money was obliged to wait seven or eight hours for horses. The good old post-master did all in his power for dispatch in this emergency; but the post-keeper (a jew) had been so rigorous with the citizens, that none of them would assist him. Here I was obliged to take three men, three oat-bags, and three baskets. The regulations promise the traveller that he shall be accommodated in an hour; but it is to no purpose to appeal to these. At Driesen the secretary drily answered me, that "*this regulation was of force only when the horses are at hand:*" in that case, one may be puzzled to know the use of it. My pass had reached the town two hours before me; and yet I was obliged to wait two hours and a half, and at

last go off with a horse short of my number: similar inconveniences I experienced in many places, particularly the nearer I approached the capital. The common excuses were, the harvest and the ordinary post; but no such excuses are noticed in the regulations in question. The bill of hours (as it is called) which is generally given to travellers, meets with an equal degree of inattention; and in my own case I found some of its statements violated by a difference of no less than four hours. It is easy to exclaim against this variation, and insist on its being altered: but must we be quarrelling with every post-secretary on such a subject?

To the long list of these inconveniences I must not forget to add the unparalleled insolence of the postilions. Surely, when Nature designed to give a most powerful specimen of her talent in coarseness, she must have inspired the soul of a Prussian or Saxon postilion with that quality: and an admirable production it is. Let one resolve ever so seriously to abstain from

disputing with these people; and for that reason squander our money without restraint, it is all the same: they are never contented; and are so irritable, that a single word of solicitation for them to drive a little faster, however mildly expressed, throws them almost into a paroxysm of rage. According to the regulations, they are not permitted to stop by the way, except with the traveller's permission; but this they in general disregard. The postilion alights at the public house, and indulges himself at his ease; while the passenger is left to look out at the carriage window, and see him comfortably seated at table, sometimes with a hot dish before him, and perfectly unconcerned with respect to his employer. Any remonstrance on such an occasion is answered by a profusion of impertinence. If you mention this at the next post-office, your only redress is a shrug of condolence, and a cold promise to notice your complaint. The object of it, however, in most cases escapes punishment; otherwise this abuse could

not have arrived at such a height. The traveller, at all events, receives no satisfaction. Even the king of Sweden, in travelling lately from Leipzig, was so rudely treated on the road by these fellows, that he dispatched a messenger from the first stage to Dresden, for the purpose of making a complaint against them. Of this, indeed, so much notice was taken, that several of the postilions were put into the house of correction. But this was *a king*: where will a private man get such redress?

The Prussian postilions formerly had at least the advantageous recommendation of blowing their horns so melodiously as to delight the traveller. But this horn is now a perfect torment to him: for (with the exception only of one or two) they rend our ears with the most horrible squeaking, and even take it as a heavy offence if we express a wish to be relieved from the noise.

I mean not, by these representations, to give any offence: but I hope to deserve the thanks of those who can rectify the matters

here complained of, as well as of those whom such a measure will benefit. These truths would, in all probability, never reach the commissioners of the post-offices through any other channel. The traveller is generally too much limited by time, or occupied with more important concerns of his own, to permit him to follow up his complaint effectually; and often would rather forget a past evil, than subject himself to a present inconvenience or trouble. I am satisfied, however, that nothing further is necessary than a mere public statement of these grievances, in order to their being remedied; and I am therefore the more ready to do the public in general, as well as myself, this service. With respect to Saxony, I have lost all hopes of this kind; for its otherwise excellent government appears to be deaf to the endless complaints of travellers. The slowness and rudeness of the postilions there have already reached the highest pitch: though good post-regulations exist, and are to be found fixed up in every post-house. We must be satisfied,

However, with the pleasure of reading them only. There is one small indemnification, indeed, for the traveller in Saxony; by the saving in point of horses, of which he need take no more than he really wants: while in Prussia the number of horses is regulated by the number of persons; and three persons, for example, must take four horses, even if they should ride in a small carriage and without luggage. Another singularity remains for me to notice: the nearer you approach the capital, the ruder the men become. One might have expected the reverse to have been the case. In *Prussia Proper* the extra posts are better conducted; but as you approach *Brandenburg*, you must arm yourself well with patience. Perhaps this may be the case only in the harvest time; if so, I would have this circumstance publicly made known, that people may stay at home during that period.

It is a very agreeable surprise, after having laboured through Saxony, to find much

civility prevailing in the territory of count Reuss. The roads, indeed, in Voigtland, are shockingly bad ; but I infinitely prefer the badness of roads, to the rudeness of men. Further on in the empire, the complaint against the roads ceases ; we meet with highways, and are besides expeditiously served at the post-houses ; the postilions too drive well, are satisfied with what we give them, and treat us with due respect. We have here no causes of complaint : we pursue our journey quietly and rapidly, and feel ourselves exhilarated by all the pleasures of travelling. It is the same in Bavaria, and the Tyrol. The question naturally occurs to the mind, why cannot the same salutary measures be adopted in Prussia and Saxony, as in these parts ? Are the postilions there a race of men of peculiar and insuperable stubborn humours ?—We find also now no difficulties about the number of horses. Without any strict regulations (at least, as far as I know), the post-master acts with fairness. I have

often been obliged to take five horses in Prussia; but even in the Tyrol mountains I have had, at my desire, no more than three.

An inconvenience of another kind, however, awaits the traveller on his entrance into the Austrian states. Hitherto he has not been troubled about his pass; but here the questioning begins, and seems to know no end. We find ourselves at once in a land of distrust. On the frontiers this is perhaps necessary, and also indeed at Inspruck: but why at Botzenburg, and again at Ala; and again at a short distance from the last place, when moreover our trunks are examined a second time? At length we arrive at Verona. Here, at the gate, in the first place, the trunks are examined; secondly, the pass is produced; thirdly, we must attend the police, where the pass is registered at two different offices; fourthly, we must proceed thence to the deputy captain, to have it signed; fifthly, from the deputy captain we wait on the mayor of the town, who only sets his "*Vidi*" under the signature of the former. We

now suppose ourselves at liberty to pass unmolested over the bridge which separates Austrian from Cisalpine Verona : but even on the bridge we must, in the sixth place, produce our pass ; and when we are confident that all our obstacles are overcome, the excise officer presents himself, in the seventh place, but is however much more easily dispatched. And are we to suppose that, with all these precautions, the emperor is less frequently deceived than the king of Prussia or the elector of Bavaria? I very much doubt it. Honourable travellers are only tormented by it, and rascals always know how to procure all the requisite signatures to their passes. It is the duty of a great power to manifest *a confidence* : such a confidence commands infinitely more respect than these vexatious and odious regulations.

But I must return to the subject of extra posts. In Italy they are remarkably well conducted : we seldom wait a quarter of an hour for horses ; the postilions drive briskly ; and the roads are every where

good, being highways. If in Germany there is the slightest apparent hindrance in this last respect, it is directly said: "a highway cannot be made here." This is a curious apology. Even in the papal territory, on an elevated part of the Appennines, I have met with twenty or thirty asses, each carrying two basketfuls of sand for repairing the roads: how often must the men climb up and down in order to carry sufficient sand for the purpose! what an arduous task! Yet the pope is at this trouble and expence: and in Saxony, round the famous trading town of Leipzig, we sink deep into the mire; and even in taking a ride for pleasure, we splash ourselves all over. I have experienced this myself.

However good the extra posts may be in Italy, it is, notwithstanding, advisable to go by them no further than Bologna; but to engage a *vetturino* over the Appennines as far as Florence, and from thence to Rome and Naples. Among several reasons for this, security may be reckoned the chief. In the state, particularly, which unfortu-

nately continues to be still *ecclesiastical*, there is no postage at which we do not hear of robberies just committed : and the postilions themselves are said to be in league with the robbers, for the latter attack only the posts ; there is scarcely an instance of a *vetturino* suffering from them. The principal Roman gentlemen find it necessary to go accompanied with an armed retinue. In this manner I met the treasurer of the pope ; whose carriage was attended by four men on horseback, with firelocks, besides other servants sitting before and behind. Such a spectacle almost takes away our courage for travelling in this country. Besides, in all the small towns which we pass through, we are struck with the appearance of so many men muffled up to their noses in cloaks, and casting around them looks of fierceness, as to excite every minute the most horrible suspicions. Added to this, as soon as we enter on the mountains, the eternal dissensions about the number of horses recommence. Two-wheeled calashes are the best treated, as in France.

If we have a four-wheeled carriage, six horses are always put to it, and to every pair of horses a postilion. If, for the sake of security, we choose to take some dragoons (who are in readiness at every post-house for this purpose), it may easily be imagined that the expences will be enormous. The postilions are not, indeed, rude; but, on the other hand, they are desperate men, capable of any thing. In the Ecclesiastical State they consist mostly of the dregs of the people, who, for fear of punishment, have escaped from the Neapolitan territory since the revolution. I will give an example of their atrocity: Two Frenchmen, who were travelling in a light carriage, were required in a small town to pay for more horses than they thought themselves obliged to take. They applied on this account to the magistrates of the place; and in their absence the postilions set fire to the carriage, which on their return they found in ashes.

It often happens, also, that as comparatively few horses are kept in this road, the

traveller finds himself under the necessity of spending the night in a lonely post-house; where the want of every convenience is a trifling evil, compared to the perpetual apprehensions for his life in a house without either bars or bolts.

From all these inconveniences and dangers nothing is to be feared with a *veturino*. It goes indeed slower, and often very slow, while the extra posts shoot by us rapidly; but the mules keep an even pace, and moreover the step of these animals is extremely sure,—an important circumstance in a journey where the road carries us every instant up and down hill, by the edge of precipices undefended with walls, and over rocks that throw the carriage from side to side. Horses move the quicker for being beaten; but the mule keeps his pace the more steadily. I have been astonished at the steep rocks which we have so often driven down without locking the wheel. Not a single instance has ever been known of a mule's missing his footing. Their driver very frequently falls asleep, and still they

go with equal security. The *veturinoes* carry a shrill-sounding bell, which is heard at a considerable distance without attracting the robbers, who indeed seem to be under a sort of silent compact of forbearance with them. The *veturino* also provides every accommodation for the traveller. He takes him to the best and safest houses for lodging; he even settles his bills for him, and protects him against imposition. If any accident happens to the carriage, he has it expeditiously and effectually repaired: in short, he acts in every respect for the traveller. M. Polastri, of Florence, has perhaps the greatest concerns of this nature in all Europe. I have had from him a *veturino* who had been several times with his mules to Vienna, Berlin, Calais, and even once to Warsaw; and who spoke broken German, French, and Polish: his name is Vianzi; a civil obliging man, whom I recommend to all travellers, and am satisfied that they will find reason to thank me for this recommendation. I add now, that with regard to the cost, the saving in

this kind of conveyance is very considerable. I travelled from Florence to Naples (about four hundred English miles), with seven horses, for eighty Dutch ducats (forty pounds sterling), including my dinners. By the post it would perhaps have cost me double that sum.

JOURNEY FROM RIGA TO BERLIN, BY
WEST PRUSSIA.

For a traveller who is threatened with the approach of winter, and who therefore, wishing first to reach the frontiers of Italy, must travel extra as quick as possible, there is little to be noticed between Riga and Berlin. I turned over my memorandums, but a few fragments only met my eye.

The Courland system of government, notwithstanding all its excellence, affords an opening for arbitrary measures on many *individual* estates. A nobleman who is there lord of a manor, and whom I have no reason to disbelieve, assured me of the truth of this remark. The *crown*, on the contrary, has provided in a paternal man-

ner for the lowest and most indispensable of its children. It treats its tenants with uniform attention. Their leases are all printed. Any of them who thinks himself oppressed, is at liberty to lodge his complaint in the imperial chamber; which is obliged, every three years, to make a circuit of the crown lands, and investigate every matter respecting them.

Whoever has an hour to spare in Memel, must not neglect to see the citadel. The prospect from it will amply repay his trouble. On the right hand he will have a view of the Eastern Sea; and on the left, of the Curian bay. Washed by the waves of both, this small piece of land suffers much from its situation. Within the memory of man it has glittered with the riches of harvest; but, with the most inexcusable want of foresight, the woods which protected these inestimable treasures have been cut down, and since that the whole soil has been covered with sands, leaving now but very few spots of green, like islands in a desert. The error has indeed been of late

perceived, and attempted to be remedied by planting for fresh woods ; but even these plantations are not protected without considerable trouble from the devouring sand-flood.

Among many interesting objects contained in the castle library at Königsberg (and which are shewn with great complaisance by the respectable professor Gensike), there is a manuscript of a Brunswick princess in the middle ages (the name and year I have forgotten), entitled “ Instructions for her Son on his Conduct as a Ruler ;” which raised my astonishment by the perspicuity of the conceptions, the almost republican sentiments, and the unprejudiced exaltation of the clergy. It is scarcely possible for a person of those times, or even of the present, to have thought with more accuracy. The whole is written with strength, and often with a curious warmth of style. It deserved to be published, and might still convey many an useful lesson to those who are at the head of governments. What a contrast does

this manuscript exhibit to one written by the first duke of Prussia for the same purpose, but with far inferior force and intellect ! The latter is unfinished ; for the good man has dwelt so long on the article of religion, which at least was not his *immediate* topic, and has involved himself so deeply in the perplexity of its most abstruse mysteries, that the pen fell from his hand before he came to the civil duties of a ruler, which with him were a secondary consideration. The excellent letters of Frederic the Second to Fouguet are indeed printed ; but it is nevertheless extremely interesting to see here the originals, in the hand-writing of that great prince. Here is also a letter of Luther's to his wife, in his own hand ; which will be read with pleasure. The good woman had all sorts of scruples ; or, in the language of those times, *assaults of the devil*. Luther consoles her in his usual energetic and droll style, and gives her good instructions for getting rid of her spiritual assailant. If the latter insists on keeping his station,

she must exclaim : " Well then, Satan ; if you understand the matter so much better than I do, go up to heaven and dispute it there." Alas ! if we could but be contented with referring all theological disputations to the same quarter !

The new court of justice in Marienwerder, which the traveller passes in his road, has a treble interest : first, from its architecture ; secondly, from its fine inscription, *For every one, justice* ; and lastly, from the happy conviction which prevails in every Prussian breast, that the inscription declares no falsehood.—Of Graudentz I have only to observe, that in its neighbourhood stands the finest gallows I ever saw. The thing, indeed, is not distinguished from its wooden brethren elsewhere ; but the hill on which it is situated is so finely planted with noble oaks, that it seems to invite the poor sinners to have themselves hanged up with pleasure. I am not in jest. Do we not every day see how anxiously men are concerned about their last abode ? how carefully they choose out a place for

their bones to moulder? It is equally possible for the candidate after a suitable description of fame, to carry the same sensation with him to the gallows.

Every where on the road through West Prussia we meet with new settlers, who appear in a condition that promises well. If future kings and ministers continue the course now pursued, I can anticipate a wonderful alteration in the Prussian states within the lapse of a very few centuries. Voltaire would then scarcely be able to say, *les états longs et sablonneux du roi* ("the long and sandy territories of the king"): the *breadth* will then probably be proportionate, and all the *sand* will have vanished.

Of Berlin I shall mention nothing more than that I here saw Schiller's admirable "William Tell" performed; and, after the truest enjoyment in the first four acts, was seriously grieved at witnessing how completely the fifth act destroys the effect of all the rest. A more complete *hors-d'œuvre* than this fifth act (at least, for the stage) I have never known. Yet, far be it from me, in saying this,

to imply any thing direspectful of Schiller ! for, with the most perfect sincerity, I pronounce him *the first* dramatic genius of our time ; and I cannot suppress a smile when I hear those who place him below Göthe. The talents of Göthe have been long on the decline. His “ Eugenia ” can with as little propriety as the book of the Revelations, be termed a theatrical piece. “ What we bring ” is as miserable a patchwork as was ever imposed on the public. His translations of French tragedies appear to me like the empty accoutrements of ancient heroes fixed up in armouries ; which look indeed as if they were alive, but never stir.

FROM LEIPZIG TO NURENBERG.

ALTENBURG is a small town ; but I wish every friend (and why not also every enemy ?), whose road leads him through it, may find it as agreeable as I did. At the entrance I was put into a good humour by the appearance of a fine building with the inscription, “ For helpless old age, Ernest.”

Peace to the ashes of the benevolent founder of this structure ! It is the same man who desired in his will to rest in no coffin, but in the bosom of his mother earth. His desire has been accomplished ; and the simple turf which covers his grave is decorated with flowers, but the remembrance of his benefactions will not wither with these. On his excellent highways every traveller will join with me in blessing him. The avenue of young trees which here forms the road, is more carefully attended to than that between Erfurt and Gotha.

In this temper I drove in at the gate, and found in the humble Altenburg such an inn as perhaps is not to be met with in all the rest of Germany : it is called “ the Town of Gotha.” Whoever wishes to pass his night agreeably, should stay here, even if he could go a stage further.

The Altenburg peasants, in their costume, retain the wide breeches and little round hats of many centuries ago. May the simplicity of their manners have maintained an equal stability with their fashions ! The

dress of the men is very striking; but with respect to the women, it is impossible to refrain from laughter when we see them for the first time. They wear at least half-a-dozen petticoats, and these are not so long as the gauze apron of a Parisian dancer; even the naked knee is generally visible. With all this their feet are so large, that one would suppose they had been modelled from those of the Colossus of Rhodes.

At Saalburg, in the way to Ebersdorf, I had occasion to make an old remark; that in every German province a public officer should be kept, who understands the German language grammatically, for the purpose of composing and digesting the occasional notices fixed up in the different spots. In my road to Göttingen I once saw a board, on which were merely these words: "Beware of the penalty of a florin:" but what transgression was to incur this penalty, was totally unexplained. A similar curiosity is to be seen near Saalburg; by which smoking is prohibited "under

any pretence whatever." What other pretence can there possibly be, than the simple desire of smoking? unless indeed for the cure of the tooth-ache, and in that case the prohibition would be cruel.

In Bamberg there still remains, as a consolation to sound reason, a nunnery established. Whether it has escaped the universal destruction on account of its beneficent purposes, or from its poverty, I cannot decide. Three hundred young girls are here instructed gratis in writing, arithmetic, and the German language grammatically. The cloister also is at the same time a school of industry, in which all female employments are taught; and the nuns assured me that also grown-up girls, and women, frequently avail themselves of this instruction. Very pretty pieces of embroidery, with the names of the scholars who had executed them affixed, hang on the walls. May the teachers be still allowed to wear what habit they please, and to remain faithful alone to their spiritual bridegroom, as long as they strive so laud-

ably in raising up good wives and mothers for terrestrial spouses!—The vast palace of the bishop of Bamberg, in which no one is instructed, forms a striking contrast with this unassuming cloister. Just as humble too, in its way, is the theatre built by the count Soden: never did the muses inhabit a more lowly temple.

NURENBERG.

THAT an Italian watch is supplied here, and *how* it is supplied, and *why*, has already been so amply explained by Nocalai in a whole book written (if I mistake not) for this purpose, that I will, for the sake of conciseness, refer my readers to him on the subject. The mighty Prussian eagle almost touches Nurenberg with his wings: for we perceive him very close to the gate of this free Hans town, which I think would do well to build him a nest in the middle of its market place; as then the detestable holes beneath the walls of the senate-house would certainly disappear in an instant, over which, with their iron grates, we stumble. Yet whoever goes carefully, and

consequently does not stumble, will nevertheless, like me, be roused, by the pestilential vapour that issues from them, to notice these horrible dungeons. "Good heavens!" cried I, "whence comes this stench?" I was answered, "Under us are the prisons, which extend as far as the Sebaldus church." "Sacred Howard!" I exclaimed, "what a shuddering would have seized thee here!" "Oh!" said my guide, "the prisoners are in no bad condition: they have good eating and drinking."—"But *no air!*"—"That they are accustomed to."—"Then I wish the whole Nurenberg senate were confined here; and had their delicate partridges, and truffles boiled in champaign, every day given them through an opening, to be instantly closed again."

The thought of this barbarity, so well suited to the eleventh century, will unfit the traveller for the enjoyment of Albert Durer's paintings which hang in the town-house. The French have taken away five of the most capital. They used the fine

halls as a guard-house ; blew up the splendid stoves by over-heating ; dirtied and ruined the ornamented walls ; and, in short, made the same destruction here as every where else. For the admirer of the antiquities of Germany, the long gallery is the most attractive object, extending by the side of the rooms. Its cieling represents, in finely preserved stucco work, a German tournament of the fourteenth century. The figures, of which many hundreds are to be seen, are all as large as life ; and the whole gives a very clear idea of this favourite representation among our forefathers. The musicians go first. Then follow the knights who were to exhibit, on whose shield and helmet are distinctly painted their respective arms. Each is attended by a footman, who holds a staff in his hand, and has likewise the arms of his knight delineated on his breast. Further on, the combatants are tilting against each other, and break their lances : some of the horsemen lose their stirrups ; and others are falling, wounded, to the ground. Great

multitudes of spectators, among whom are many fine ladies, appear above in the balconies, enjoying with eagerness the entertainment. This representation gave me so much pleasure, that I suffered from it, in my neck, the whole evening; and was almost induced to envy the proud who carry their heads so high that they can conveniently take a view of it without any exertion.

The Sebaldus church is a venerable specimen of antiquity. It is said to be a thousand years old. All sorts of legends are there to be seen, admirably cut in stone; as also Albert Durer's picture of the Descent from the Cross. I have already elsewhere declared that this appears to me a subject not happily chosen for the art, even if St. Luke himself, the Raphael of the first christians, had painted it. Two of the finest pictures in this church pleased the taste of the French, and (as usual) would have fallen a prey to them, had not the Austrians interfered at the moment. The

measure for the chests was already taken, when these unwelcome visitants were announced, and obliged them to leave the chests standing, and the pictures on the wall. However, one of them has suffered by the clumsy method of taking measure.—St. Sebaldus's grave, of bronze, is still to be seen here. The good man rests enveloped in a number of coffins; being probably of a different opinion from the late duke of Gotha, whom I have mentioned above. The monstrous mass of bronze, as well as the artificial work, are worthy of notice.—The number of arms that hang about this church, and which is daily increasing, proves that the Nurenberrg patricians do not wish to be forgotten at their death.—An inscription here informed me that in Nurenberrg is *a guild of old-makers*. The exact nature of this trade I could not learn from the pretty girl who conducted us, and I forgot afterwards to enquire. If we are to understand the word literally, I

may presume to say that the *old-makers* (or *age-makers*) will not stand in much credit with the ladies.

No one must omit to visit the shop of the liberal-minded artist, Frauenholz. By purchasing the cabinet of Braun, for which he paid 38,000 florins (3000*l.*), the professor has greatly increased the value and singularity of his collection, particularly in cut stones and fine pictures. A *Flight into Egypt*, formerly the property of the late unfortunate queen of France, is particularly distinguished: never would the connoisseur himself imagine it to be the production of Teniers, who otherwise painted only low, and often blameable subjects. By this picture, however, he is said to have established his fame, and with justice. A captivating female portrait by Rembrandt also attracts us; being not painted in his usual clumsy manner, where he dips his pencil into Egyptian darkness, and does his utmost to prevent the observer from guessing the nature of the object be-

fore him. I cannot conceive how this style could ever meet with approbation. Many fine pictures by Knipotzky and Vandyke also adorn this collection. The good Frauenholz has lately formed the plan for a lottery without blanks, in which the chief prize is to consist of a thousand antique carved stones. It is a pity that he is compelled to have recourse to such means for awakening from their slumber the richest part of the German public; who, for the object of their purchases, prefer pheasants and old hock to works of art.

AUGSBURG.

FOR many years past the hair-dressers have complained of their art not being honoured according to its dignity. Queues are cut off without any ceremony; or a small rat's tail, at the most, is alone suffered to remain. All the rest must be bristles; even the animating powder is dispensed with; and instead of being indebted to the comb, as formerly, for the

captivating lock, we are seen, like cats or flies, with our hands up to our heads whenever we are afraid the bristles are not sufficiently elevated. The flowing wig, at once that boast of the art, and noble ornament of our ancestors, is banished ; and we must look back with a melancholy regret to the times when a courtier borrowed the gravity of a judge from this appendage.

These allegations of the honourable fraternity of peruke-makers are certainly well founded. It is now with our hair as with our philosophy ; each has experienced a discouraging change : once the *former* had much *pudding*, and the latter much bombast ; but by degrees every thing has been so cut away from both, as to leave them shapeless masses, without a name. The complainants may, however, console themselves with having some place of refuge, where at least they will not starve ; amidst the universal desolation that has spread over their trade ; but I do not re-

collect that philosophers have the advantage of any corner of the earth where their systems will be adopted without opposition. Augsburg is the resort for genuine peruque-makers of the old school ; where every honest member, who is shocked by the conversion of hair into bristles, will find a retreat from the horrors that have assailed him in this innovating age. Here he will find reverend sirs with their monstrous wigs, which display a thousand locks dropping in so many curls ; and, more than this, the *friseur*, who in his native place served only mortals, may here aspire to the glory of exercising his art upon deities. The Holy Ghost is the only person of the Trinity who appears at Augsburg unadorned with a curled wig. It is a real luxury to enter any one of the churches here, it matters not which, and behold the Virgin Mary dressed in brocades, with a wig flowing down her shoulders ; and in her arms the child Jesus, no less decorated with a well-powdered peruque. Even in

the representation of God the Father, the locks fall from his head upon the globe which he holds. In short, no peruke-maker will ever enter a church at Augsburg without shedding tears of joy.

Some travellers, indeed, may perhaps be found who will think that the grand water-works, by which so many houses and wells are commodiously and plentifully supplied with water, redound as much to the honour of the Augsburgers, as their frizzed and powdered Trinity. In these, the water is collected in reservoirs at the height of four stories from the ground, and flows from thence into the houses of the citizens.—From the balcony round the top of this building we enjoy a charming prospect. The French had erected on it a telegraph, which they left behind, and which is shewn here with an air like that with which one shows the traces of lightning which had struck a house. In the different stories are preserved models of churches, bridges, salt-works, &c. which

may interest the artist. There is also to be seen a stone with a ring fastened to it: whoever has the power to lift it up with his finger, has the privilege of writing his name on the wall. This puts me in mind of the conjurer who thought to astonish some king, I do not remember whom, by his dexterity in shooting peas through the eye of a needle; and received as a reward (of which he had formed great expectations) a present of a bushel of peas. Among the names here inscribed on this occasion, is that of a female. Whoever marries this heroine will act with some degree of courage, for she does not want strength to maintain her authority.

The church of St. Afra abounds with wonders of all sorts. A number of recoveries from incurable disorders are attested to be continually made by silver children, and silver legs. After this, who can have any doubt?—But why is the saint Apollonia degraded with wax, instead of shining in silver? She sits on a column, in

all her horror, and suffers her teeth to be incessantly torn out of her mouth; and streams of blood follow the operation, which is performed by means of a pair of pincers. It is well known that she received, as a reward for her sufferings, the gift of easing by this process the tooth-ache of the faithful; and a number of jaw-bones of wax hanging by her side, declare that she is always ready to impart her miraculous assistance.---Not far from this the eye is delighted by a spectacle of a different kind. A number of poor souls are seen swimming and splashing in the fiery waves of purgatory. From the mouth of those bathing, issue, towards the figure of a church, the words, "Friends, think of us!" The good-natured friends then kneel at the top of the church, and listen credulously to a priest, who reads mass for the dead, and takes their money. The change is sure, and rapid. Little angels come fluttering down from heaven, snatch some souls out of the flames, and carry them

upwards to the Saviour, who is probably said to partake of the pleasure of this proceeding.—In another place the day of judgment is painted with all the exuberance of fancy. An inscription engraved in marble, and the mouldering remains of a canopy, here commemorate the famous journey of Pius the Sixth; on which occasion even the evangelical rector Mertens, as is well known, deified the holy father, for which he was deservedly chastised by a hundred pens. Some degree of compensation for the nonsense with which this church teems, is afforded us in seeing the painting of the resurrection, by Mettenleiter.

We enter the senate-house with great expectation, because much is said of the grand hall of this building. That it is spacious cannot be denied; but is it elegant also? By no means. It is gawdy; and is filled with gildings, paintings, and inscriptions; emperors on the walls, kitchen wenches on the cieling. If we look

out at the window into the court below, we shrink with horror from the spectacle ; for here we perceive dungeons underground, covered with lead, intended not merely as the temporary receptacles, but as the permanent habitations, for prisoners. Good God ! have then the Hans Towns alone the right, in an age in which Howard has lived, not to punish crimes, but to torture men ? I wish all the springs around Augsburg were suddenly stopped up, and not a drop of water could be conveyed into the town, that the senators might suffer the most parching thirst till they should order these leaden roofs, which put us in mind of the Venetian inquisition, to be removed, and the prisoners brought into the open day, as criminals who may have deserved death, but not such torments.

Let us fly from this horrid object, to a fine painting of Samson and Dalila, by Lucas Cranach, which hangs in a lower room. The longer we look, the more un-

willing we are to leave it. Samson sleeps soundly and carelessly; and Dalila, in spite of her beauty, strikes us at first sight to be an unfeeling coquet. In another room is a great picture, remarkable not as a work of art, but as a true representation of the ancient German costume; and in this respect I recommend it to the publishers of works on that subject. It exhibits the senate-house and market-place, as both appeared a few centuries ago, in the winter season, with a great crowd of people on market-day. Buyers and sellers are all in motion. The senators are proceeding in a body down the steps of the senate-house, while the police magistrate rides round to maintain order. A young spark is driving a lady in a sledge. He himself stands behind, and the lady sits opposite to him; a custom which has become obsolete, probably from the gentleman looking more at the lady's face than at his road, and hence overturning the carriage oftener than drivers do now. In short, an endless number of

figures are moving in this picture, and the well-expressed various drapery renders the whole very interesting.

I must mention another object which is pointed out to the traveller by his guide with great pomp, and costs him much money, but by no means answers the expectation. This is the *old entrance*, as it is called. In the times when every dispute was settled by the sword, the town-gates were never opened at night, on any occasion. It is probable that in this respect the Augsburgers had merely grown wise by experience, and that the adoption of this measure was originally justified by circumstances. It however happened that the emperor Maximilian fixed his residence for a long period in the town; and when he rode out, was not always inclined, like the other inhabitants, to return before the shutting of the gate. It was not possible to lay the usual restraint upon this exalted visitant; nor, on the other hand, to depart

from the old custom. The idea was then conceived of making an arched passage under the rampart, secured in its course by many strong doors, and carried by a small draw-bridge over the moat. In this manner it now became easy for many individual foot passengers and horsemen to be admitted into the city, without endangering its safety. But in order to guard this entrance from being forced, it was (not very ingeniously) contrived that the bolts of the door should be opened only by an invisible porter from above, and be immediately shut again by the same hand ; just as is the case, to this day, with many of the house-doors, which can be so unbolted from the first story. The drawbridge and the outer gate were subject to a similar management. This is now the whole curiosity : from the heavy doors opening and shutting without any hand being seen to produce this effect, and from the petty artifice of letting one door open as the

other is shutting, it surprises for an instant, but we immediately afterwards laugh at ourselves for having been attracted by such a clumsy delusion. The only thing truly remarkable that remains of all this, is the folly of the Augsburgers in retaining this singular regulation till the year 1768. Till that period every traveller who had the misfortune to reach the gates after they were shut, was obliged to let his carriage stand here all night (setting a guard over it), and, taking with him his night-clothes, wander through the dark arches as if into a deep prison.—I shall now close my miniature picture of Augsburg by one modern remark;—that the ladies dance extremely ill, and in dancing hold up their petticoats very high: but *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

FROM AUGSBURG TO INSPRUK.

THE night overtook me as I reached Ichwabmunchen; where my ears were immediately saluted with the sounds of mirth, proceeding from the post-house. The door was decorated with flowers; and over it hung a golden chalice, such as is used in the administration of the sacrament, and from within resounded the voices of several persons singing a ballad.

“Here is probably a wedding,” said I on alighting. “Yes,” replied the spruce servant maid; adding at the same time, that we must travel further, for to-day there was no lodging for us in the house. “Is it the daughter of the landlord, who has been married?” I asked.—“No, sir; but at the wedding a minister has been saying his first mass.”—“But I heard a merry ballad.”—“Above stairs is an entertainment; if you will walk up, you will be welcome.” I did not want a second invitation. I found a great table, in the form

of a horse-shoe, surrounded by decent citizens, with their wives and daughters. The bridegroom had the post of honour, at the upper end : a corner of the table was occupied by the musicians, who scraped upon a couple of violins with all their might. Six or seven elderly clergymen were also present, and others came in while I staid. Below I had thought the dinner was going on in full career, for in the kitchen the cooking over a blazing fire denoted great preparations for a feast : but I found at present only cakes and wine before the guests ; the preparations below were for a supper. The attention of the whole company was so fixed upon the music, or so perfectly drowned in the juice of the grape, that we stood unperceived auditors and spectators. Besides the ballad which I mentioned, the singers roared out many others of the same kind, but by no means less merry, and forming a striking contrast with the reverend character of a part of the company. The male guests, dressed partly in black and partly in colours, laughed im-

moderately. The ladies were a little more reserved: they only simpered. To my regret, the odious sound of the post-horn called me too soon to my carriage: I proceeded on my journey, however, not a little pleased with having been present at a *spiritual* wedding.

The calmness of the night invited to reflection.—To celebrate a festival with suitable solemnity, is an art usually esteemed very easy, but which in fact requires no small genius. Putting on better clothes, loading the table with bottles and dishes, or strewing or decorating the apartments with flowers,—these are the solemnities (as they are called) with which we see a bride conducted to the marriage-bed, or a corpse to the grave.* The joy or grief of the heart must on these occasions be expressed by putting to unusual proof the faculty of digestion, and a man is thought unreason-

* It must be remembered by the reader, that the allusion here is to German customs. T.

able who neglects to do honour to the founder of the feast.—An instance of this kind is yet fresh in my memory. One of my friends lost a beloved wife. His rank rendered a splendid funeral, and above all things a splendid entertainment, necessary. But not being a lover of such carousals, and still less in the frame of mind then to entertain guests, he reasoned as follows: “What will be the amount of such a genteel funeral? At least a thousand rubles. I think then that while I treat my own feelings with indulgence, I shall also do my deceased wife more honour, by distributing this sum among the poor.” This the good man actually did, and only a few friends attended the corpse to the grave. On this many of his male neighbours shook their heads, and the females sneered. “A *decent* burial was surely due to the lady,” was the general remark: but the word *decent* is here applied to a table groaning under the burden of a feast.

Flowers are on most such occasions very ill applied. They are made unconsciously

to represent every thing. The coquette at the altar finds her withered innocence in the fresh *myrtle* garland, while the bridegroom who has been wooing her portion manifests his love by the *rose-bud*. The strewing of flowers is grown so common among us, that I would advise no one to receive any great man as his guest, without putting a dozen downy-chinned cherubs of twelve years old into white clothes, and letting whole basketfuls of flowers be strewed by their red hands before him. In Eastland and Livonia a custom prevails of strewing the path on which a corpse is to be carried with branches of fir; which is a real advantage for the bearers and the followers on foot: for when the streets are dirty, they are thus rendered passable; or when the snow lies deep, their feet are at least defended from the wet. But I remember that, when in 1783 the old government of Eastland was abolished by the empress Catherine, and a new one introduced in its place with great pomp (in which I was among the number

of the new judges who repaired in procession to the church to take the oath), fir-branches cut small were strewed along the path : and indeed what was more natural than that those who were dissatisfied with the new administration should hint, "Our old government is carried to the grave?"

The coachman drove quickly ; the stage was not long ; the night passed away ; and we came to Kaufbeuren.

I here copy a most curious inscription from under a looking-glass in a public house in this town, where it stands conspicuous in grand Gothic characters:—"The almightyest, all-wisest, all-supremest, and most invincible prince, Lord, and master, Jesus Christ : true God of eternity, crowned emperor of the celestial regions, chosen king of Zion and of the whole earth ; at all times multiplier of the holy christian church, only high-priest and archbishop of souls, elector of truth, archduke of honour, duke of life, margrave of Jeru a. lem, landgrave of Judea, burggrave of

Galilea, prince of peace, count of Bethlehem, baron of Nazareth, general field-marshal of the contending church, knight of the hellish gates; triumphant victor and conqueror of Death, the devil, and sin; grand-judge of the living and the dead; also the heavenly father's privy-counsellor, &c. &c. &c.; our all-gracious patron and God!"

In former times the people must have been vastly disposed to make Kaufbeuren a great city, for the walls are of far superior extent to the town. Saint Crescentia does many miracles here; and to this day we meet with credulous pilgrims who come for little images and indulgences for their sins.

This place (which was formerly a miserable hans-town) belongs now to the elector of Bavaria. Just as we were passing through, the old senate was deposed, and a *commissary* (as he was called) was taking upon him the government. I asked our fat landlady whether it gave satisfaction. "Oh! yes," returned she; "he is

a gallant gentleman too :” that is, in their language, a good sort of a man ; and I was surprised at hearing in Kaufbeuren the French *galant homme* passing in its proper acceptation.

TYROL.

WHY do our travelling world visit only Switzerland ; or so few of them make Tyrol an object of their journey ? Why do our travel-writers say so much exclusively upon Switzerland ; and why do we so seldom read any thing on Tyrol ? I also have seen Switzerland ; and although only superficially, I must boldly declare that the beauties of Tyrol appear to me in no degree inferior.

The only objects which I missed were cataracts, which in Tyrol indeed are but sparingly distributed ; yet even without these, I venture to affirm that the varied romantic and captivating scenes of Tyrol will leave a more pleasing impression on the mind than the continually mountainous Switzerland. In the peculiar sense in which, after extracting from a sentimental

author the best passages, we entitle the compilation his "Beauties," I may with equal propriety call the road between Fuesen and Rieti a "Beauty of Nature;" for she appears to have here collected together her finest and most exalted objects from the whole world, and concentrated them all within a narrow space. Let every traveller, however, arrange his journey so as to pass this road by day-light, or he will capriciously deprive himself of the sweetest sensations. On descending the hill from Lermos to Nassereit, let him alight, and walk slowly. The rugged rocks, which threaten to crush him; the purling springs; the lakes, of a heavenly green tint; the larch wood; the shrubberies of barberry trees; the old ruined castle, on an isolated eminence in the middle of the dark lake; the glorious Lech, at one time foaming and rushing into a narrow bed of rock, then tranquilly and majestically rolling through the blooming plain:—No! I have many times declared that I would never enter into descriptions of scenery; but

whoever has a taste for the truly sublime may believe me, that on this journey tears will more than once involuntarily start into his eyes.

In Switzerland we must submit to be drawn along by what they please to call horses, but which in their pace rather resemble snails. Our time and our money suffer equally in that land of slowness. We must content ourselves with carriers, for there are no posts. In Tyrol, on the contrary, we trot on briskly through the country, with lively post-horses; and talk or sleep, stop or go further, as we please. Tyrol too claims one great preference over Switzerland, in having all its beauties by the road side: we have no occasion, as in that country, to deviate to the right and left, and to climb on our hands and knees, in order to catch a charm of Nature; for she here offers herself at once to our view, and meets us with the utmost friendliness and majesty combined. Nor can any where but in Tyrol be found such a fascinating contrast between the wildest objects of nature,

and the most charming images of human industry. Behold yonder the rough rocks, appearing to bound heaven and earth ! A convulsion of the elements has surely tossed these masses so capriciously together. While the roaring stream rushes from within them, they bend down upon it as if they would block up its road, and it throws its foam at them with scorn.— But near this scene stands a small quiet hut, embosomed in vines. The bleating cows graze around it ; and a cheerful infant bends carelessly over the raging flood, and draws up a pitcherful of water. One is tempted anxiously to call to him, not to fall : he would not understand it ; for he sees, and consequently fears, no danger.

This is the universal picture : as the feather floats on the waves, so do the sons of industry and health here skim the surface of the fertile earth, and seem to sport with the horrors that surround them. Large fields sown with Turkish corn spread a golden carpet over the valley, and reward most abundantly the labour of the hus-

bandman ; and as soon as this is cleared off, the heads of colewort planted between sprout forth. I repeat it, a more strikingly variegated scene than what Tyrol presents, is not to be found.

But what are the richest gifts of nature, if these do not leave the nation upon which they are bestowed, good and cheerful ? This too is the case here. A people more honest, and more faithful to God and to their sovereign, do not exist. They are not a little proud of their last general summons to arms : and with justice ; for it prevented the French from penetrating the mountains, by putting the weight of genuine patriotism into the scale against revolutionary liberty and fraternity, and by thus giving an irresistible turn to the balance. The Tyrolese are fond of recalling dangerous and honourable epochs, and endeavour by every means to eternize the remembrance of them in their houses. Indeed they are attached to all kinds of memorials that concern themselves, particularly of perilous exploits. Thus we find,

for example, on the road that leads in its whole course over steep mountains, figures erected, representing that here one was surprised by robbers, there another was in danger of being drowned, and a third was dragged down the rocks by the affrighted horses. By the timely assistance of a saint, to whom the unfortunate persons sent up a momentary supplication, they were saved; and in the fulness of their gratitude have marked the place where these wonders were performed. I like this custom very much; though at first the horrible figures sometimes inspire terror into the mind of travellers. But what have the upright Tyrolese to do with the timid traveller? Are they not in their own country? And who shall refuse or envy them the privilege of recalling to their memory, by substantial images, the dangers which they have surmounted? for in fact this is one of the sweetest of human feelings.

In this last point I speak from experience. When I was dragged to Siberia, it

happened one day, after we had passed the boundaries of the desert, that we were obliged in rainy weather to mount a long steep hill at the foot of the Ural mountains. The ways were slippery, and the horses tired: they often tottered; still oftener stood still, and could not be made to go on, even slowly, without severe beating. I alighted, and walked to the top of the hill; where stood, on two wooden steps, a Grecian cross under a small covering. Wrapt up in my cloak, I seated myself on the upper step; leaned my back against the cross; cast a mournful glance first towards the little village in which we had spent the night; then (on the left hand) towards the chain of Ural mountains, whose summits rose above the clouds; then straight before me, towards the poor horses labouring up the hill (whose tormentors were also mine), and to the carriage, the narrow abode of my thousand griefs; lastly I directed my sorrowful looks towards that country where a wife and children were weeping for my sake. Here

was a chaos of inexpressible feelings, which rent my heart, in the short quarter-of-an-hour while I was waiting for the carriage. At length it surmounted the acclivity, and we proceeded forward. On my return some months after from Siberia, in fine serene weather, with a soul expanded by hope, we again came to this cross, and I experienced a sensation which no words can describe. I could not resist the desire of once more sitting under the cross. I stopped the waggon; sprung out; wrapped myself in my cloak (though the sun shone warm); ordered the carriage to proceed slowly down the hill; leaned my back, as before, against the cross; looked down on the village, which presented a smiling view to my eye; then on the chain of Ural mountains, whose summits glittered in the sun-beams; then also towards that quarter where a wife and children were now anxiously awaiting a recovered husband and parent. Oh! it was one of the most blissful moments—and to the present time I feel a violent wish to sit once more in my

life under that cross: for, just like the Tyrolese, I erected it in my mind as a memorial of past danger.

But to return to them.—On many of the above-mentioned figures, young girls are also represented, whom villains have attempted to rob of their innocence; but who, by a seasonable ejaculation to some chaste saint, secured effectual assistance. There is also a memorial of an old man struck by an apoplexy, and left lifeless on the spot. These monuments are indeed of a very perishable nature: for they commonly consist only of boards, about a foot square; which, daubed with coarse colours, are exposed to every inclemency of the seasons: but that is of little consequence, if they last the life of the person who is interested in them.

For the lovers of good eating and drinking, the journey through Tyrol has also additional charms; and I know no country which I would prefer travelling through on this account. We find many good, often elegant rooms, always very clean,

provided with white convenient beds. An hour, or frequently only half an hour, after our arrival, a meal is set before us, consisting of soup, fish, roast game ; and for the dessert, pastry, sweetmeats, and fruits. All is excellently prepared. Then we drink very good wine of the country; which will please the palate of those who have been accustomed even to Bourdeaux, and which is often perhaps sold in Germany for the latter. The red wine (or claret), which is strong, is in my opinion preferable to what is called the sweet wine ; for the latter, being only half-sweet, has a disagreeable taste. Speedy and civil attendance gives a zest to the entertainment; and the charges are on the whole so moderate, that the purse is by no means so quickly emptied as in Switzerland.

What greater recommendations can we have for a journey of pleasure?—here are a grand country, enchanting scenery, roads in capital repair, good horses, ready obliging post-keepers, civil postilions, convenient lodging, delicious food, excellent wine,

prompt attendance, and a moderate bill. I have no hesitation in advising sickly ladies especially to restore their health and spirits in the mountains of Tyrol. At the distance of five hours ride from Inspruk, there are also glaciers of monstrous extent; which have been visited by many strangers, particularly Englishmen. They have been depicted to me as singularly remarkable. The highest mountain lies towards Graubund, and is called the Oertler: it is said to be 13,000 feet high. Many of the Tyrolese will make it a rival of Mont Blanc; which however, as is known, is above 14,000 feet. A peasant named Peter Honig has, merely by the aid of his genius, executed an excellent detailed map of Tyrol; and also a pair of fine globes, which are seen in a castle not far from Inspruk. Maria Theresa recompensed him *munificently*: she gave him a *florin* daily, out of which sum he was obliged to pay for assistance! A great honour also was conferred on him after his

death ; by having his body dug out of the ground, and removed into the church; which however was merely a common village edifice.

CHASE OF THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

THE Tyrolese are universally passionate lovers of the chase. Before I had proceeded so far as Inspruk, I was told that the liberty of hunting is not expressly allowed them as a right; but that, from their assistance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good-behaviour: and that in fact the chase is now no longer rented, the natural consequence of which is that the quantity of game is daily decreasing. The conduct of the government in this instance appeared to me very commendable and prudent; in not forgetting these faithful services, but rewarding them in the manner the most agreeable to the people, and least expensive to themselves. But in Inspruk I heard a

different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the passes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the sharp-shooters (who were never soldiers) had served as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporarily suffered; but that now again every unlicensed hunter is deemed a poacher, and when seized is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must notwithstanding hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here, for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells together with the skin (which is of use only in autumn) but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this that

the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and besides to ignominy and a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around ; and in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it ; unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns at Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat : they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel

planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanish. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

The poachers wear masks, or by some other means render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste; calling to him at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and if he still refuses to return, they fire:—this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poach-

er who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead. I am not prepared to decide whether the government would do better in yielding to this unconquerable propensity ; and whether a people who, in case of urgency, must defend their frontiers, should be allowed to train themselves up for war with men, by a constant pursuit of wild beasts. Would the Tyrolese have defended themselves more bravely against the French, if, instead of such share of military discipline as they may have at the time possessed, they were nothing but native poachers ?

TYROL, *continued.*

AN astonishing number of salt-carts are to be met with in the roads. They all proceed to Lindau (now under the dominion of Austria), where they deposit their

stock of salt in a considerable warehouse. From this place the Swiss fetch it, with great danger, across the frontiers ; for the French, among the other regulations which they introduced, *requested* them to buy their salt no where else.

Between Zelt and Inspruk stands a grötto on a steep rock, at so great a distance that the eye can scarcely discern a crucifix which is erected there. To this spot the emperor Maximilian is said to have strayed after the chase, and to have been led down by an angel. A real event appears to be the foundation of this tradition ; and I can never blame any one for believing that nothing but the hand of Providence could have conducted a person down these rugged rocks.

Close by Inspruk was formerly a park where (I know not for whose pleasure, as only a lady resided here) all sorts of game were kept. The government has wisely suffered it to be broken up ; as the Tyrolese are in all cases ill provided with land. At present corn is sown upon it.

Insprik, encircled by the green Instrom, is a dirty town; and contains, notwithstanding its size, only between ten and twelve thousand inhabitants. Little remarkable is to be seen here. The emperor Maximilian's tomb, in the cathedral church, is decorated with fine bas-reliefs of white marble, representing his exploits. Within, the bowels only of the hero remain: I forget what has been done with his head, which was in fact the best part of him. It is a striking and singular conceit, to set up in the middle of the church a double row of (if I counted right) twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze (all cast in the year 1528), which there stand as if they were waiting in the drawing-room of a palace, to *pay their court* to the reigning prince on his appearance. But they are in fact people to whom *court was paid* in their life-time; as, among the rest, the rich heiress of Tyrol, Margaret Maultasch. Likenesses are not to be expected; for many of the originals surely never sat to a statuary. As therefore these

figures possess no attractions either in the excellences of art, or the interest of resemblance, it seems that it would be far better to have them melted down for canons. But, on the other hand, here they are at least sure to do no harm ; and when we consider that a pregnant lady is to be seen among the number, we feel how incongruous it would be to see her converted into an instrument of destruction.

Whoever has an inclination to follow the clerk up stairs, will enter the silver chapel ; as it is styled, from a bad statue of the Holy Virgin, and some other trifles in silver, being lodged there. The chapel of lovers would be a fitter appellation ; for here is the grave of the fair Philippina Wasserin, the charming citizen's daughter, on whose head Love planted the ducal plume. Her spouse was the founder of this chapel ; and desired that he should not be separated after their death from the object of his affection. They rest here side by side. If Philippina resembled the marble image on her coffin, she was indeed

beautiful, and even more (if we could express it): those noble features must have cast a lustre on the princely purple, instead of borrowing any from it. We often turn our eyes from the silver toys, and even the excellent mosaic work, surrounding the graves, towards that beautiful pale face, the sublime calm of which leaves no traces of passion. We are tempted to long for a smile from her, which would be as fascinating as one from the present beautiful queen of Prussia. Whence comes it that our sensations are more acute at the grave of a faithful lover, than at that of the bravest hero? The answer is easy: we are all born to love; but only a few, thank heaven! to the business of slaughter.

A wealthy but rigid order of unamiable Ursulines profane the town in which the amiable Philippina Wasserin lies buried. The victims who languish out their lives in sighs, are said to be numerous, and to be still increasing. Admittance into this monastic bliss is rather expensive; for

every novice must bring with her two thousand florins (200*l.* sterling) at least, before she can here be a partaker in the heaven of a cloister, and eternal *repentance*. The pious sisters have not neglected the needful measures that this may not be expressed too loudly: they have always some quiet habitants in readiness for the unruly, which in the unpolite ages were usually termed dungeons. Here the penitent was left to lament for ever her heinous sin in not feeling a partiality for solitude. No great time ago, a young lady was doomed to this fate: but fortunately, as the story goes, a chimney-sweeper, hearing a noise of moaning under ground, informed the police of the circumstance, and the poor girl was saved. Another nun escaped not long since; and—(only conceive the pious horror of the old Ursulines, and the stolen sighs of the young sisters!)—married, some days afterwards, a soldier.

When I was at Inspruk, the baptismal day of the emperor was celebrated there.

•

The citizens amused themselves with firing at a mark; and I had occasion to admire the celebrated dexterity of the Tyrol sharpshooters. Too much is not said of them: of ten or twelve shots, eight at least entered the bull's-eye. Not a single one missed the target. The man whose business was, after every shot, to mark the place where the ball had struck, was also so certain of no one's shooting wide of the mark, that he often continued standing near it during the firings. He must indeed have been as well satisfied of the sobriety as of the dexterity of his countrymen. In the evening a bad play, entitled "Princely Greatness," was ill performed, by way of giving to this festive day a suitable close. The bill announced that the theatre would on this occasion be lighted up. It must not hence be supposed that it is usually dark: but to-day a great number of wax candles were added to the front of the boxes; and the emperor's portrait, surrounded by some hundreds of tapers, glittered on the stage. The manager spoke

•

a prologue. The theatre, with two rows of boxes, each of which is decorated with an ornament more or less simple according to the taste of the holder, appeared to great advantage. Unfortunately, when we supposed that we had dragged through the whole of the miserable performance, we were called upon to witness so ridiculous an assault and defence of a fortress by *three* men on each side, that I thought with respect of the Parisian fortresses on the Boulevards, where the miniature soldiers are shot over the ramparts with wooden balls. The manager is under the direction of a committee. With so scanty a population, it would not be possible to maintain a theatre, if the archduchess (aunt of the emperor), who resides here, did not give it her support. To the officers of the rank of captain and under she gives free admittance.

Before I leave Inspruk, I cannot help expressing the wish of seeing the town at a time when the inhabitants are drying their linen after washing. In most houses there are for this purpose, on the roofs, a

sort of balconies : which at any time present a singular spectacle ; but when all the linen is hung out, and happens to be moved by the wind just at the instant of the traveller first catching the view of Inspruk at a distance, he must surely imagine it to be a sailing town.

What divine prospects expand before the eye on leaving Inspruk ! Let griefs have fastened ever so deeply on the heart, it will still find relief from this spectacle. Yes, I must repeat it ; Switzerland has nothing finer to offer. Several memorials raised on the roads (which latter are in an excellent condition) are more or less remarkable. By one we are informed that the pope passed this way :—this is no concern of mine. A second says, that on its spot a princely bridegroom received his princely bride :—this may be interesting enough to the noble pair, if, after passing five-and-twenty years happily together, they should chance to re-visit this place ; where they met for the first time with the greatest embarrassment, eying each other with anxious looks to find whether the mi-

niature portraits which they had before received were likenesses. But on a third monument I dwell a moment. Here I read that this road was first hewn out of the rocks by the Roman legions in the reign of Septimius Severus and Julian; was explored again some centuries afterwards; and that the old Roman milestones were preserved as memorials in a castle at hand. It was frequently destroyed by floods, and repaired; till the emperor Joseph had it re-constructed in the state in which we find it at this time,—a work that will always call for the blessing of the traveller.

In this part of Tyrol is to be seen a charming national physiognomy in the fair sex; oval faces, fine dark eyes, and a white skin: they are all as much alike as sisters. It is a pity only that their clumsy dress disfigures their personal attractions. At every inn we now find the charges regulated, which is a laudable custom. The classification of the meals, however, made me smile. The first grand division is,

into meat days and fasting days. Then there are gentlemen's meals, drivers' meals, and wedding dinners : in the latter a singular arrangement is made, that the ladies shall pay eight cruizers (four pence) less than the men ; this is, however, very reasonable, and the principle should be the same every where, for certainly they eat and drink less. In these parts the custom begins which prevails through all Italy, of not ironing, but merely washing the linen. ---The fine landscape is here and there destroyed by the immense number of trees (I believe, ash) stripped of their leaves. It is, however, a real pleasure to see that the countryman neglects nothing to procure his cattle fodder for the winter. A female peasant assured me that the cattle are very fond of leaves, and thrive upon them. Why is not the same practice followed in the north ; particularly in Eastland and Livonia, where the cattle are so often obliged to eat straw in the winter ? The neglect of it cannot arise from there not being hands sufficient to gather the leaves ;

for a single tree affords a considerable quantity, and is easily and quickly stripped. Nor can it arise from the want of trees fit for the purpose; as not only the ash, but the elm also, and even the oak, will serve equally well; which I had often occasion to observe in other parts of Italy.

The French penetrated as far as Mittelewald: here they met, in the bravery of the Tyrolese, an insurmountable obstacle to their progress.—The post-master of this town presented us with a melancholy example of misfortune. He was once wealthy, and blessed in his wife and family. The *magnanimous* French robbed him of every thing, and levelled two of his houses with the ground. His wife lost her reason at these disasters, and wandered about the fields till he was obliged to put her into confinement. The enemy were scarcely repulsed, when a contagious disorder broke out among the horses, and carried off thirty-six of his. When I was there, his wife was indeed so far recovered, that she

could take some share in the domestic business, but she was still melancholy. I think that the mind capable of bearing so much misery must be either very strong or very weak.

The road between Brixon and Botzen is extremely romantic. On the right are seen rugged rocks; on the left, steep precipices; and below, the rapid stream of the Eisach, which I might almost call a cataract of many miles long. Yet the rude soil is very often diversified by little fruitful spots, and millions of gourds sprout up from the crevices of the rocks.—Vines are here particularly well cultivated. The Tyrol wine is very good and cheap; I am surprised we never get it in the north: or do we drink it under a finer title?

Crucifixes are to be seen, by hundreds, on the road side. The pious have adorned them with decorations of all sorts. In some places the Saviour has nosegays of flowers between his feet; in others, the Turkish corn descends from his arms. Here and there even a vine is planted by the

side of the crucifix ; which is so completely encircled by it from top to bottom, that we should suppose the figure a representation of Bacchus. In how many degrading situations does superstition place the object of its adoration ! The crucifix sometimes stands on the brink of a fountain ; and in the side which was opened by the spear a tin pipe is fixed, which continually spouts out water.

Botzen is almost an Italian town ; and even its name is softened into Botzano. Much more Italian than German is spoken. On the roofs of the houses too, as in Italy, are galleries for enjoying the fresh air : and no women are to be seen in the rooms of the travellers ; but, in the Italian custom, men do every thing, even making the beds.

The most comical head-dresses of Asia and Europe are worn by the women of Wotiaken, and the citizens of Botzen. The former I have depicted in my Journey to Siberia. The latter wear a sort of triangular hats, of black gauze, which are placed

almost in the neck. In the front, a sort of black edging, such as is worn in some parts of Germany for mourning, flows on the forehead. The curiously awkward figure which they thus make is indescribable.

In Neumarkt I saw a number of people surrounding the open door of a church. I mixed with the crowd; and pressing forward got near enough to hear "a rosary sermon," as it is called, delivered with great warmth by a monk from the pulpit. Heavens, what absurdities issued from under the cowl of this modern saint! "By the devotion of the rosary, my beloved hearers, the holy Dominic brought back above a hundred thousand souls into the bosom of the church. With no more than three hundred and eighty of his household and domestics, *Abraham*, by the help of *the rosary*, beat four kings at once, each of which commanded his own army." Unfortunately, time did not allow of my waiting to the end of this miserable discourse.

I found the exchange of the senseless declamation of this monk for the sublime language of Nature very agreeable. The traveller will always feel himself more and more enchanted with the objects that are strange to him in his own country. Maize fields spread themselves before the view, bordered by numberless gold-coloured gourds. From arched branches of immense length, the blue grapes glitter in the sun. The vines are entwined in the elms like garlands for decorating a festival. The wild hops run so close together, and form such thick bushes by the road-side, that we seem to be passing through an extended arbour. Long rows of mulberry-trees border the road in other places. The lofty eypresses are to be seen here and there, erecting their heads like pyramids high in the air; chesnut-trees, with their trunks of monstrous extent, and their thousand-fold branches, overshadow the green meadows; large fig-trees interweave their wide-spreading boughs in each other: high reeds, whose feathered heads appear to emulate

the loftier trees in growth; and among all these we see pretty dark-eyed peasant girls, with their black hair turned and pinned up. Thus satisfied, and full of expectation, the traveller oversteps the frontiers of Italy; hastens rapidly through Trent unrestrained by the remembrance of the famous council once held there; and reaches Verona, wrapt up in, but not satiated with, the enjoyments of nature.

FROM VERONA TO FLORENCE.

WHAT I have to say on the subject of Verona, Mantua, and Bologna, I shall reserve for my return; because I hope to see these cities once more. I could not refrain from laughter, on passing over the bridge which separates the imperial states from the French republic, to find written in great characters these words: *Circondario della libertà* ("Free quarter of the town"), of which assertion the French sentinel presented me with the most striking confutation. We were here as much pestered with the passes as in the Austrian countries. In

every town, at every gate, and at every public house, they were called for; and it was necessary on all these occasions to have them enrolled, copied, and signed, so that at last they contained a collection of fifty different hands and seals. At the gates we must wait a quarter of an hour, or even longer, before we can be let in or out. In many places we are obliged to repair to the police officer. In short, we should imagine that at this time the art of government consisted in a well organised system of distrust. As soon as it grows dark, there is no venturing into the street without a lantern or a torch; and if ever our light goes out by any accident (as was once the case with me), we may every moment expect the attack of some banditti or murderers, for which these towns are asylums. Whoever wishes to visit a model of a wretched policé, let him only travel into the towns of Italy.

The management of the roads, however, is in many respects commendable. The highways and bridges are kept in good repair, and the passage over the Po (often

dangerous) is worthy of praise. A large and solid moveable bridge, constructed for coaches and horses as well as persons, hangs together by a row of boats; the last of which, in the middle of the stream, lies fast at anchor: and thus the bridge is conveyed merely by the united action of the stream and the rudder, with facility and swiftness, to the opposite shore. When I think, on the other hand, of the unpleasant and unsafe conveyance over the Weichsel and Memel, or even on the miserable praams in Courland (where the water always forces in on all sides a foot high), I am grieved that the otherwise diligent inhabitants of the north are to be excelled by their southern countrymen.

In other countries I have also observed, that bad inns try to allure company to them by pompous signs; and there is no trusting to the figure of a king or an emperor. In Italy this custom is carried still further; for not only the house, but every chamber, has a fine title. At Novi, for example, four bad rooms are called Ve-

nice, Naples, Rome, and Paris. In another little town were the names of the four quarters of the world, and over a fifth room was put "Russia."

The gates of the lately papal castle, San Urbino, were decorated with a Latin inscription, which informs the reader that "the castle has been built to protect the spiritual sheepfold from ravenous wolves." The *ravenous wolves* who now constitute the garrison of this castle, have nevertheless let the inscription remain.

Whoever walks over the Appennines—(I say walks; for the beauties of these mountains will not be rightly enjoyed by him who will not alight as I did, and go the greatest part of the way on foot)—whoever then walks over the Appennines, will be greatly entertained by the rising and falling gradations of nature. We first wander slowly upwards through vine-mountains, with which chesnut-woods at a certain height combine; and where these terminate the oaks commence, which soon give place to a low shrubbery. This is followed by

fern, till we at length mount naked rocky points. It is the same downwards, in a contrary order; only with this difference, that on the opposite foot of the mountains some productions of the warmer climates enter the number: for we there perceive, for the first time, the noble cypress, and the pale olive. I warn the incautious traveller against the fruit of the latter: however dark blue it may be, it is horridly bitter; and this taste will not go out of the mouth the whole day after. This bitterness, inherent in the ripe olive, is to be overpowered by nothing but smoking.

In the Apennines it was just the harvest season; for the chesnut-gatherers, young and old, were scattered in the woods, beating that fruit from the trees, and picking up the prickly crop with small wooden tongs. What a beneficent gift of nature for the indolent Italians is this fine fruit, ripening in such vast abundance without labour!

If we do not know beforehand that we have passed the Tuscan frontiers, we soon

guess it from the industry, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and beauty, which pervade this country, once so famous for its wise government. The peasant girls, in their round hats adorned with flowers, look charmingly. At the declivity of the Apennines lies a village which belonged to the family of Medicis when they were only merchants. The view of Florence, with the surrounding hills and the houses dispersed on them, would be accounted by many to be unparalleled. I found it also fine and handsome, far more handsome than the prospects in Tyrol; but wanting almost entirely that lofty impressive character which distinguishes the latter. The country round Florence delights and animates; that round Tyrol fills the bosom with unspeakable rapture: the former may be forgotten, but the latter never can.

**BOLOGNA :—ZAMBECCARI'S AERIAL
TOUR.**

ZAMBECCARI, the man of steel with an unshaken courage, is truly deserving of

notice. He has, in the proper sense of the words, combated with all the elements. He lies at this time sick and disabled by his exploits, and yet he talks and thinks of nothing but new and dangerous experiments. His last ascension (August the 22nd of this year) is entitled to attention partly in a scientific view ; but more especially from the circumstance of a man's displaying his whole powers in the most critical danger, and in a desperate situation surpassing every former example of the kind. I think my readers will not be displeased with my saying more upon the subject than the flimsy accounts of the papers contain. I shall present them then a faithful abstract from the report which the Academy of Sciences here (the zealous promoters of such experiments) have printed.

On the 21st of August, at midnight, on the discharge of three cannons, the balloon was brought out of the church Delle Acque (where it had been prepared) to the nearest meadow. It was thirty Bolognese

feet (something more than five-and-thirty Parisian feet) in diameter. A circular lamp with spirits of wine was inserted; which had twenty-four holes round it, all provided with covers, to open or shut quickly, as was necessary to increase or deaden the flame. The weight of the whole machine, together with the two travellers and their equipage, amounted to eight hundred and ten Bolognese pounds, to which must be reckoned as much ballast as was requisite. At three in the morning the process of filling was begun. From sixteen tuns, which stood in a circle round two great vats filled with water, the gas was secreted, and ascended pure into the balloon. The management of the chymical apparatus went forward smoothly. It was previously determined to fill two-thirds of the balloon. In the space of an hour it began to move; and the prescribed measure of filling would have been soon effected, if frequent interruptions had not occurred.

At six in the morning, three reports of

cannon called all the spectators out of the city. They flocked in immense crowds to the spot. Those provided with tickets of admittance filled the inclosure, and the populace climbed the hills around. The spectacle was grand and impressive. Every eye was fixed on the aerial adventurers, who were preparing for their perilous flight with the most tranquil precaution. •

The chymical operations being now completed, the car was laden, and the ballast taken in. At half after ten Zambeccari and Andreoli entered the car. At first they tried the effect of the rudders. They threw out five-and-twenty pounds weight, and then mounted as high as fifty feet (being yet held by a rope). At this height they moved the rudder, and the machine followed with much regularity the motion of the rudder in a descending direction, thus overpowering the weight of twenty-five pounds.

A second experiment was now made. The twenty-five pounds thrown out were again taken in, and five pounds additional; consequently the whole weight now ex-

ceeded the ascending force by five pounds. Not more than two small lighted flames were requisite, to swell the balloon visibly; and the air thus rarefied raised it slowly the length of the cord. But as soon as the effect of the two flames was destroyed by the covers, the balloon relaxed again, and sunk down gently.

The third trial consisted in lighting six small flames, the effect of which was so much the more rapid. The balloon, however, did not sink the instant the flames were extinguished; but kept its height for about two minutes longer, which time appeared necessary to bring its temperature into equilibrium with the circumambient air. It descended with a gentle and uniform motion, as before.

After these experiments, the adventurers disposed themselves for their departure. They first examined the weight of the whole machine, and satisfied themselves that a preponderance of a few pounds would give it an inclination downwards. Eight more flames were now lighted, the cord was

slackened, and the ascent instantly commenced, at ten minutes before eleven. The barometer stood at 27 Parisian inches 7 lines; Reaumur's thermometer, at 17. 33. It blew a gentle western breeze. The thunder of the mountain of St. Michael saluted the aerial voyagers six times. The ascension was so gradual and regular, that the shaking of the car by the agitation of the air on firing the cannon was very visible. A few scattered clouds passed along the sky; the day was calm; the wind very still, rather changeable at different heights, but the most so on the earth. As this last circumstance prevented the balloon from removing to any great distance in its direction, it remained almost always in the view of the spectators. From the tops of all the hills, and from the steeples, the eager eye pursued it to the very time of its falling. The ascending motion was very various, accordingly as the balloon cut through different degrees of the atmosphere. At first it went southward, then westward, at length northward, and in this direction

it went off from Bologna. The aeronauts made constant manœuvres, which afforded them the following observations :

1. The above-mentioned art of changing the temperature of the balloon at pleasure, entirely fulfilled their expectations. By a single additional flame they in a moment hastened the ascension ; or, on the contrary, retarded it by applying the covers. While they kept a settled number of flames burning, the balloon was also kept at a regular height ; but the instant a single cover was applied, it began to sink again :

2. On extinguishing the flames, the new effect was not so rapid as on kindling them. A minute would pass in the former case before the rising of the balloon ceased, and it inclined to fall again by degrees :

3. They observed a peculiarity in the above respect once or twice. When the balloon was at rest, it began sometimes to rise backward, without any change in the fire. This anomaly Zambeccari ascribed to the different temperature of the surrounding atmosphere ; which was perhaps occa-

sioned by the sun's beams, or their reflection in the clouds :

4. This trifle excepted, it was perfectly easy for them to guide the vertical motion ; and to raise or let themselves down at pleasure, or to remain at any particular height. An experiment they made in our sight, by descending from a great elevation to five hundred feet only above the earth, and then soaring aloft again to their former distance :

5. During the whole journey, the height indicated by the state of the barometer perfectly accorded with the notices given by what Zambeccari calls his anemometrical scale of movements. The least height of the barometer was twenty Parisian inches ; consequently the balloon did not rise above 6996 Bolognese feet. The least height of the thermometer was nine degrees :

6. The balloon once cut through a cloud, not very thick, which suddenly dissolved. Neither by the approach of clouds, nor by touching them, are any sensible

marks of electricity to be found in them. The cloud therefore was probably dispersed by the pressure of the balloon acting upon it; at least, the travellers perceived no traces of moisture as they passed through it.

At one in the afternoon the balloon hovered over cape d'Argine; a stage on the road to Ferrara, six miles from Bologna. A breeze carried it north-west. The travellers in the beginning were not displeased with this: but, on the one hand, the wind was too weak to drive them to a great distance; and, on the other hand, the powers of two men were scarcely sufficient for governing the balloon, and at the same time making the necessary observations. To moderate or strengthen the fire of the lamp according to the necessity of circumstances; to observe the barometer and thermometer, as well as the compass; to examine the situation of the balloon at every movement; these were the anxious difficulties of the travellers, who by the slightest error might be brought into danger.

Zambeccari resolved therefore on descending; and in this operation the balloon obeyed once more, to their greatest astonishment, the will of its conductors. Thousands of spectators were witnesses of it; and, at the request of the academy of sciences, the police had it committed to formal testimony.

As the balloon approached the earth, it hovered over a foggy land, which appeared to the adventurers to be a rice-field. In an instant they lighted up two flames; and, on rising again, perceiving a field at the distance of two hundred yards, that presented no obstacle, they let themselves sink. The anchor, with a cable of seventy feet, was now thrown out, and seized an elm-branch. The inhabitants ran to it with shouts and acclamations, and received the strangers with cordiality.

But shipwreck awaited them in the very port. The balloon descended in a crooked direction; part of it yielding to the weight, and part to the force of the wind. No sooner had the anchor fastened, than the

cable became entangled; and the car received a blow which inclined the balloon so much sideways, that the inflammable spirits were spilt. The flame spread immediately about the car, which was unfortunately wet with what had thus run over. Enveloped in flame, and confused by the suddenness of the danger, the travellers had not the presence of mind to increase the ascending power instantly to the necessary degree for preventing a further inclination downwards. The balloon fell with its whole weight to the earth; and this new and violent shock caused a still greater overflow of the spirits that fed the flame already raging. To this was added the calamity of the fire reaching a bottle containing about thirty pounds of spirits, which suddenly kindled with a loud report. The considerable diminution of the weight occasioned the machine to rebound upwards with great vehemence, while the anchor still kept it from an ascent. The fall, the shock, and the rebound, were the work of a moment. The entangled cord

threatened to break the rudder in pieces. Two men climbed up the ropes, and tried in this manner to hold the balloon. In the mean time the adventurers, surrounded by fire in the air, cried out to those below to pull the ropes. Their clothes and instruments, the net, and the ropes of the car, all were on fire. Zambeccari poured a bottle of water over his head, and by that means succeeded so far as to extinguish the fire immediately around him. His companion, in order to save himself, quickly climbed down by the cable; but, from his haste, and the violent shaking, he lost his hold, was tossed against some object, and fell very heavily to the ground. As the balloon had in this manner suddenly lost so much weight, it shook about and drove upwards with a violence that was no longer to be restrained. The two men who had climbed up to it, and had been terrified by Andreoli's fall, could no longer resist the violent agitation of the cords, and were flung backwards. At that instant the machine rose with a frightful rapidity. The

tottering of the car caused by the shock still continued ; it might be easily perceived, and appeared to all the spectators to forebode no good. As long as the eye could follow Zambeccari, he was seen occupied in freeing his clothes from the fire, and in extinguishing or throwing out as well as he could every thing burning which surrounded him. But the balloon was soon entirely out of sight ; it mounted to an astonishing height, and was driven north-westward. This whole catastrophe was the work of three minutes.

In spite of the equilibrium being thus destroyed, which had been sought for with so much diligence, Zambeccari did not lose his courage ; but what resources could even genius and industry offer him in so desperate a situation ? He hovered about at such a monstrous height, that, in his own language, the clouds appeared to him like an abyss. How high he really went, he could not possibly ascertain, as his barometer was broken by the fall ; but his hands, which were already in a bad condition,

suffered the severest cold. However, he did not rise quite so high as might reasonably have been expected. He looked about him ; and concluded from the laxity of the lower part of the machine, that it admitted of a greater expansion. A bladder filled with air, which he had still in reserve, gave him moreover a tolerably accurate measure for the expansion of the balloon at that time, which had even at this dreadful height some folds. These marks satisfied him of the danger of any sudden fall by the sides of the balloon coming together.

While he was thus suspended between hope and fear, a gale caught the balloon, and carried it rapidly over the Adriatic sea. At two in the afternoon he was perceived in those quarters, but at so great a distance that it was not possible to distinguish objects. By degrees the balloon descended into the sea, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from the Italian coast. A part of the car sunk into the water, and Zambecari himself stood with

half his body immersed. Hoping to reach the shore, or to meet with some vessel, he cast his anxious looks around, but perceived only sky and water. Still his courage did not forsake him : he thought that he could not be far from the coast ; and the wind, which blew favourably for that quarter, would, he expected, carry him thither. But after he had waited a long time, and no coast appeared in the horizon, he wished, by climbing up the rope so as to have his whole body out of the water, to secure himself at least against sleep or stupefaction ; and for that purpose drew the cable after him, which hung on his left side in the sea. But how great was his astonishment, to find that the anchor had caught at the bottom, and consequently prevented the balloon from moving ! He instantly saw the necessity of cutting the cable : but by what means was he to effect this ? he had no instruments, nor even the use of his hands ; for his right hand was frozen, and the left shattered. Necessity prompted his invention : he broke the lens of a tele-

scope, seized the cord with his teeth, and sawed it through; which, from its being wet and made of silk, was the more practicable. At length he succeeded in getting his machine afloat: a fair wind drove it towards the Italian coast; and Zambeccari did the utmost in his power, by using his arm as a rudder, to help it forward.

After proceeding nearly fifteen miles in this manner, he met seven fishing-smacks that had run out from Magnavacca. The first four, as soon as they perceived the singular machine on the water, were struck with a panic, and instantly made away from it. Fortunately the three others were less fearful. They however approached very slowly and cautiously; but when they perceived the object distinctly, one of them spread his sails, and made all possible haste towards it.

It was indeed now become absolutely necessary that something should be done for his preservation: he had been standing already four hours in the water; the car continued to sink deeper, and the water

literally reached to his neck. The fishermen did their utmost; but the act of saving him was attended not merely with trouble, but with danger. They in vain tried to retain the balloon; which, as soon as it was lightened, rose up with great vehemence, and took a direction first towards Comachio, and afterwards to the Levant.

The hospitable fishermen used every means in their power to refresh their guest. Notwithstanding the fatigues which he had undergone, his vigorous mind still maintained its energy. He spent a tolerably tranquil night on board the bark; and the next morning he reached Magnavacca, and proceeded thence to Comacchio, where the delegate of the prefecturate received him with the greatest kindness.

In the mean time how anxious a solicitude did his uncertain destiny excite in every breast at Bologna! Even this, however, was scarcely equalled by the tumult of exultation with which Zambeccari was received there on his return. It was the

triumph of philosophy. The only diminution to this unbounded joy, was the unfortunately critical state of his health. It was feared that he would lose his right hand; but he has fortunately escaped with the loss of two fingers of it: and let us hope that the happy result of this dreadful event will be, the future completion of this experiment to govern the balloon at pleasure.

•

A MORNING IN THE APENNINES.

Fragment of a Letter from Barberini, not far from Florence.

“You are surprised, my dear friend, at my constant love of travelling. You are right. At my age it is common to have accustomed ourselves to many of the conveniences of life which are incompatible with the pleasures of travelling, till they are at length become indispensable necessities. For instance: I can go a whole day fasting, or with dry bread for a few days, without suffering greatly; but to be de-

prived of my morning beverage, which the abbé de Lattaignaut called Voltaire's Hippocrene, in other words, to go without my coffee, is very unpleasant to me. But where shall I get coffee in the Apennines? Nay, more: I must not only have it to drink, I must have time for sipping it; I must be able to enjoy the fragrant incense of Brazilian leaves over it. But how shall I get time on the Apennines, where the lively veturino desires to pursue his journey with the dawn of day?

“Do not pity me too hastily; for I am actually sitting at this instant (three o'clock in the morning) on the Apennines, with a steaming bason of coffee before me, and a cloud of smoke issuing from my mouth. How have I effected this? Have I called up my weary servants out of their sleep, and compelled them with yawning sullenness to provide for the necessities of their delicate master? By no means. I will give you a hint on this subject, for your benefit in any future journey to Italy; and I cannot do

this better than by presenting you with a description of an evening and a morning in travelling from Florence to Rome.

“ Delighted with the beauties of a country that has every thing to boast from the beneficent hand of Nature, I reach my night’s lodging with the declining sunbeams. It is only a village ale-house; but is not without its conveniences. I find a couple of tolerable rooms, with brick floors, and hung with holy pictures: hard beds, without pillows; with clean sheets, and dirty coverlets: an excellent supper of five or six dishes, and charming fruits for a dessert: every thing served by a pretty smiling hostess, who jokes with me in the sweet Tuscan dialect. I have then nothing to do in the first instance but to lay my own pillows on the bed, and to exchange the dirty coverlet for one of my own, (both which articles I advise you to take with you.) What is now to disturb me, but the thought of how I shall fare in the morning—here is no coffee to be had? Yet I know how to supply this necessity. My

good wife (for be sure not to travel without a female companion) unpacks the sugar and coffee: I fetch from my travelling-case a lamp filled with spirits of wine; set our own coffee-pot on it; and before the end of half an hour, the dear hands which have attended me through life prepare me my morning's comfort on the Apennines. I now lay myself quietly down to sleep, with my rushlight burning, and my repeater by my side. Towards morning, half-asleep I catch up my watch with my eyes closed, make it repeat, and it strikes three. I spring up; light the lamp; set the coffee-pot upon it; and, while my coffee is warming, I eat grapes, and opening my window—(yes; opening the window on the 18th of October)—I lean out at it with half my body lightly clothed, in order properly to inhale the mild Italian air, and survey the charming country illumined by the dawn. The bubbling noise of the boiling coffee behind me, rouses me from my sweet reverie: I leave the window with moistened eyes (for I had, in the universal

stillness, directed my thoughts as well as my looks over the jagged mountains, to the spot of land that is rendered dear to me by what it contains), seat myself, drink, and write this letter to you as calmly and comfortably as I should have done at Berlin. For half an hour every thing continues quiet around me: but now the bells of the mules begin to sound; the veturino's voice is heard; the carriage appears: alive and refreshed, I spring into it, and proceed onward without feeling any inconvenience from the morning damps.

FLORENCE.

THE dreadful Yellow Fever is the cause of my not knowing much about this fine town. I continued there but a few days, and intended on my return homewards to consider it more narrowly at my leisure; but now a soldier presents himself before me, who would indeed have let me in without hesitation, but will not permit me to go out without performing a three weeks quarantine. I really believe, that who-

ever has not already had this disorder, will be sure to get it from the tediousness of such a process; which obliges him to endure, in a desert house on the frontiers, a want of every convenience, and almost every necessary. I consoled myself, therefore, with reflecting on the case of the managers of the theatre at Rome, who were much worse situated in this respect than I was: for they had promised to send for singers and rope-dancers from Tuscany during the carnival; and now at the corner of every street of Rome bills are posted up to announce the fatal disappointment which the public must receive, in the total impossibility of fulfilling their promise, arising from this ill-timed malady. It is fortunate for me that I have made no promise of describing Florence: I can now quietly travel on to Ancona without making any apologies. I hope my readers will be satisfied with a remark or two only.

The gutters of the roofs project so far into the streets, that in rainy weather no carriage can pass without being thoroughly

washed by them. I saw a booth of frankincense with this superscription : “ *Sic tenebris Phæbe tegit solis ora superbi.*” Crosses are painted on all the walls, to deter the men, as I am informed, from defiling them.

I have seen the palace Vitti, which the queen inhabits, and under the portico of which is the figure of the ass that carried the stones for the building. I question whether all statues merit to be preserved so well as this. The palace formerly contained a choice collection of pictures, which is now reduced to the mere skeleton of a collection ; for the ardent passion of the French for the arts when valuables of that kind lie within their reach, could be satisfied with nothing less than sixty-three of these. I am glad that the queen has left all the empty frames hanging : this sight, in the rooms of a royal palace, must be a sort of torture for every honourable Frenchman who visits it. Yet there remain still some fine pictures from the best masters ; and very fortunately also the

elegant ceiling, which the French plunderers could not take with them. In the summer apartments there is a pretty assemblage of statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. In a sitting-room of the queen, hangs the portrait of the king of Spain as a sportsman, with his dog and gun. If a monarch cannot represent himself in a more kingly occupation, he should at least always have a crown painted on his head. The costume of the women in Spain is probably extremely coquettish ; otherwise such an old lady as the queen, whose picture also hangs here, would certainly have had herself painted in a matron-like manner. We begin to observe here, what is afterwards striking through all Italy, the total want of tasty furniture, to which articles the eye of a northern inhabitant is accustomed.

I stepped into the church of the Holy Cross, which is the Pantheon of the Florentines. Here rest the bones of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Aretin, Galileo, and lately those of Alfieri also, that Tacitus of dramatic poets. His tomb is hitherto un-

adorned; but the first artist of his age, Canova, is already engaged on a monument worthy of him. Machiavel's epitaph runs as follows : "*Tanto nomini nullum par elogium. Nicolao Machiavelli.*"—An Aaron of marble in the splendid Nicoline chapel, riveted my looks. I was greatly struck also with the singular idea of an artist to represent *virginity*—a fine woman with an *unicorn* in her arms. What has the unicorn to do with this quality? I am almost inclined to suspect that the artist was jesting.

A church with tapestry hangings is a rarity : whoever has a mind to see this, let him visit the Dominican church, which is very whimsically hung with yellow and red striped silk. The monks of the convent belonging to it have an excellent apothecary's shop ; by which, from the careful preparation of the medicines, and their cheapness, much good is effected. It is, to be sure, ridiculous for monks to feed female vanity as they do here, by the manufacture of all sorts of washes, pomatums, perfumes, &c.

Whoever travels to Rome, ought to provide himself with an excellent vinegar to be had here: in the pestiferous Campagna Romana he will find it necessary. The miracles of St. Dominic are painted on the cloisters of the monastery: among which the most remarkable is his having obliged the Devil, who had robbed the church, to restore the plunder; and afterwards forced him into the confessional, where he confessed *all his sins* to the saint.

The front of the church of St. Mark is remarkable. Here lies interred the famous Politian, of whom his epitaph says that "he had three tongues in one head." He probably understood three languages; but the Italians must give a flourish to every thing.—It is also said, in this church, of one prince Mirandola, that he was in his twentieth year a miracle of learning, whose fame had reached "the Tagus, Ganges, nay perhaps the Antipodes." Unfortunately for me then, I seem to be the only person who had never heard his name before.

The church of the Annunciation incloses the body of Bandinelli; and one of his superior performances, which however made no impression upon me. This represents a dead Christ in marble; whom God the Father (figured by a little, old, long-bearded man, with a bad physiognomy) holds on his knee. In the porch before the church, Andrea del Sarto has procured himself a monument, by having painted the whole portico *al fresco*, and also for having placed several of his master-pieces within the church.—A tolerably natural association of ideas has here, as in almost all Italy, occasioned the foundling-hospitals to be dedicated to the Annunciation. The heads of the catholics are not always capable of forming such suitable combinations. In a church, for example, (the name of which I have forgotten,) I saw Hell represented in a large old picture: in which the tormented swam, of course, in a lake of brimstone, but they consisted of only *Christians*; and, to render their sufferings still more horrible, the painter introduced a number

of *Centaurs* shooting arrows down upon them.

The greatest splendour in marble and precious stones is to be found in the burial chapel of the family of Medicis; a work of singular beauty, which was almost entirely erected by Michael Angelo, but is not yet finished. It is decorated, among other things, with the arms of the Tuscan cities; which are all blazoned in their natural colours with precious stones, and admirably worked. But the figures of Morning, Day, Twilight, and Night, by Michael Angelo's masterly hand, are still more valuable. Several of the Medicis rest under these costly monuments; as also the husband of the fair Bianco Capello, whom Meissner has drawn in such amiable colours. The statue of his brother and murderer stands opposite to him.—I forbear a further description of this chapel, which probably a hundred have given before me. Ferdinand the First conceived the singular idea of having the whole of the holy sepulchre brought from

Jerusalem to this place ; but the Turks did not approve of this plan.

The baptismal church of St. John is an octagon ; from which circumstance it is believed to have been formerly a heathenish temple. It is truly singular that all children born not only within the town, but also in the country round Florence, must be christened in this church. This is a real grievance. We attended a baptismal ceremony ; and admired the solemn piety of the country people, contrasted with the perfect indifference of the officiating priest. This church has doors of bronze ; which are so fine, that Michael Angelo used to say they deserved to be the doors of Paradise.—Upon leaving it we met with a pillar, which is a memorial of the blindest superstition. Here stood formerly a withered elm-tree, which however was said to become suddenly green when the body of a saint was carried past.

The gallery Loggia, as it is called, (I

cannot guess for what purpose it was built,) is a portico adorned with several masterpieces of the more modern artists. Among these is the Perseus of Beuvenuto Cellini, in bronze, of which Göthe makes so much parade; which is, however, far inferior to the Perseus of Canova. A Judith of Donatello appears to me still more insignificant, and the subject worse-chosen. The rape of the Sabines, a groupe by John of Bologna, may indeed be reckoned the best of all.—On a wall we read that the Florentines formerly, till the middle of the preceding century, began their year on the twenty-fifth of March.

On a neighbouring spot stands the equestrian bronze statue of Cosmo the First, a fine work by John of Bologna. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal particularly pleased me, representing some distinguished events in the life of Cosmo.

The most valuable treasure which Florence possesses, its Gallery, has already been described and extolled by writers of all nations; I shall bestow on it but a few

words, as I cast merely a passing glance over it. Florence is indebted for its foundation to the family of the Medicis; the different branches of which, for many centuries, emulated each other in enlarging and beautifying it. Some, without doubt, did it merely from ostentation; but many of them were actually friends to the fine arts, and themselves connoisseurs. Lorenzo was the patron of Michael Angelo; and founded an academy for painters and statuary, which gave existence to the famous Florentine school. Cosmo the First had the celebrated building erected by Vasari in the sixteenth century, which the stranger still passes through with admiration. The great archduke Leopold did perhaps more; by separating the interest of his family from the state, and declaring the gallery the property of the latter, consequently of the nation. In the year 1800 the Florentines had the precaution to convey their most remarkable statues and pictures to Sicily for safety; but they are now all returned in good condition, as the storm

is over.—In the front hall stand the busts of the princes who have enriched the gallery. They certainly deserved this distinction, if they had only more agreeable physiognomies.

Besides halls and chambers, the Gallery consists of three passages; two of which measure above two hundred paces, the third being rather shorter. The ceilings are remarkable for representing the history of the arts, as the pictures in the shortest passage do the Tuscan history in general. All the distinguished men whom this country has produced are here commemorated, and every species of merit has found its place. M. Lorence Capponi, who supported four thousand workmen in a famine, stands in one part; Americus Vesputius, who gave his name to a quarter of the world, in another; the philosopher Machiavel in a third; and the immortal Galileo in a fourth. Among the poets Dante and Petrarch, and among the statuaries Michael Angelo and Bandinelli, hold each a distinguished place. The list of painters is adorned by Leonardo

da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto. Eminent writers on agriculture are also justly esteemed worthy of this honourable situation. Close underneath the ceiling is a beautiful chain of five hundred prints of famous men, in chronological order ; among whom many cardinals and theologians are to be found.

I pass in silence a dozen sepulchral monuments, the full description of which would require a whole book ; and hasten to the very complete assemblage of antique busts of the Roman emperors and their families. The authenticity of very few of them is doubted, and the collection is esteemed superior even to that of the capital. Julius Cesar wears here no laurel crown : of which decoration he was afterwards so fond, because forsooth the great man was weak enough to quarrel with the baldness of his head. The fair Julia (the unchaste daughter of Augustus) and Messalina (the reproach of her sex) stand close together. Otho, whose busts are more rare than his gold or silver coins, is here to be seen, with his bare head ; the hair of which was so short

and thin, that his murderers could not lay hold of him by it, but were obliged to wrap him in his mantle. Winkelmann represents this as one of the most perfect busts of that emperor. The jolly face of Vitellius, who spent in less than a year nine millions of sesterces for *petits soupers*, is pleasant enough to look at. Three busts of the good Marcus Aurelius represent him as a youth and as a man: no wonder that he should have so many, when a cotemporary writer declared that it ought to be deemed irreligious for any one to be without the image of this beloved monarch among his household gods. A fine bust of Caracalla is called by connoisseurs "the last sigh of the art:" the head hanging on the shoulder was what caught my eye; the fool thought, by carrying his head in this manner, to resemble Alexander the Great. Dignity and chastity adorn the head of Aquilia: a vestal compelled (probably against her will) to marry the debauched Heliogabalus; who feigned himself a priest of the sun, and under this pretext broke her vow. The

bust of Alexander Severus is very rare; there are only one in the Museum at Rome, and this lately dug out at Ofricoli. Why did not the artists of his time more frequently take the representation of this monarch; who was a philosopher, poet, great general, and (which is above all those characters) an excellent prince? The head of Tranquilla, or Tranquillina, the emperor Gordian's spouse, shews that she bore her name with great propriety; for this physiognomy is expressive of the purest gentleness of soul.

I shall now notice some of the principal statues.—A satyr, or Pan, teaching a youth to blow the flute, is so fine that many believe it to be one of the satyrs of which Pliny makes such honourable mention.—The statue of a supposed Vestal is worthy of notice for its perfect condition. A veil conceals her hair. Antiquarians are divided in opinion whether the vestals, after their hair had been cut off, let it grow again: this statue might perhaps decide the question, if we were certain that it re-

presents a vestal. But such is the fate with most antiques, different connoisseurs assigning to them different significations and purposes. Lanzi pronounces it to be a Plautina.—Venus of Belvedere formerly held an apple in her hand; but when Venus of Medicis went on her late pilgrimage, it was wished to commemorate her by breaking off two arms of this Venus, and substituting two new ones with the bend of the Medicean. It now makes a droll appearance. The statue is ascribed to Phidias.—Bacchus starting at a young faun, is extremely pretty. A flute with ten reeds leaning against a tree near him, is an addition to be seen no where else.—A pretty female figure with a goose, deserves notice from no other reason than because the same representation is to be met frequently in this and other galleries, and is taken for a Leda with a swan. But a *goose* is no *swan*; and a learned man has proved that it is Venus Lamia who is thus figured.—Venus Anadiomene, rising out of the water, (as in the famous picture of Apelles, of which Pliny

makes mention,) is a charming woman, and the work of a masterly chisel.---On the other hand, what a butcher-like idea it is, to make a flayed Marsyas in reddish marble! which looks in fact so much like raw flesh, as to excite the greatest aversion, and make us turn our eyes hastily away.---A Bacchus by Michael Angelo gave me double pleasure; because it was once bought, at a high price, for an antique. I actually believe there are some weak enough to be ashamed of this error.---The famous Laocoön is indeed a copy only of that now removed to Paris; but a charming copy it is. It was executed by Bandinelli, in the sixteenth century. And, in the strict sense of the word, what is the Parisian Laocoön itself but a copy? for it is joined, and the original is said to have consisted of a single block.

A fine octagon hall contains those statues which are esteemed the most valuable. The pedestal on which the Medicean Venus stood, is empty; and it is supposed that it can never be occupied again: I think it

ought to be assigned to Canova only, and that in a few centuries a statue of his will fill the place with credit. The famous Apollino, or *the Grinder* as he is called (the signification of which puzzles all the learned to divine); the Wrestlers, in great repute for the justness of the muscles; and the Fauns ascribed to Praxiteles; stand all in a circle.---The celebrated Hermaphrodite I pass over in silence, after saying only that it is a very silly subject for the art, however fine the execution of it may be.---I am at length brought into the body of the hall, where the group of Niobe is placed; and confess that this falls far short of my expectation. What a disgusting thing is parrot praise! Why must the extravagant encomiums of Winkelmann be echoed and re-echoed without end? He placed himself, under the influence of some inspiration or other, before the Niobe; and read in her features a number of things, of which not a single word is to be found there: of *pain* there is not an atom; and just as little of *sublimity*: a species of

calm defiance, very faintly expressed, is the character of this head. I wish a hundred intelligent persons would make the trial of judging this piece, without any previous knowledge of its subject: I will venture to assert that not one of them would take it to be the head of a mother whose children are just killed. Some of the statues of the children are likewise very indifferent; and it is not even known whether they have in fact any connection with the group, much less whether they formed an original part of it. The drapery of one daughter is so thinly folded on the back, that it seems as if she had just been scourged, and the cords were still remaining: is this also fine?

Let me turn to the pictures. The first object here is a collection of old paintings; which have indeed little besides that of having been painted in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to recommend them. Among others, the monk Schwarz is sitting in his laboratory, and inventing gunpowder: in the mortar is to

be read, "*Pulvis excogitatus* 1334: *Daniel Bartoldo Schwartz*." The picture is well conceived and executed, by one Corri.--- A representation of the primitive ages affords a ludicrous example of the artist's ideas of innocence : the children are standing naked, and making water into the river. ---A Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes, is done by a lady ! and performs her office so much *con amore*, that the paintress capable of drawing such an image deserves nothing less than the house of correction.---Lucretia, the wife of Andrea del Sarto, is a pleasing object when known to be the performance of a tender husband. ---A Christ at the tomb is finely drawn by Michael Wohlgemuth, the master of the great Albert Durer.---The waterfall at Ti-yoli is painted by Wutky, who has forgotten that a waterfall ought never to be painted.---The portraits by Vandyke should all in justice be described ; but I shall select the figure of his old mother as the greatest honour which filial love could devise for the display of human powers.---I must

barely enumerate a Madona suckling her child, by Leonardo da Vinci; another by Sasso Ferrato; a scene from Ariosto, by Guido Reni; several portraits by Andrea del Sarto; the marchioness de Sevigné, and her daughter (to whom she wrote her beautiful letters), by Mignard; the Theus by Poussin; the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Lebrun; the poet Rousseau, by Cargittiere; a head by Denner; several pictures by Albert Durer, Rubens, and Holbein; Luther and his wife, by Lucas Cranach; and a Birth of Christ, by Vanderwerff, which is laboured, and wanting in animation.---I ought also to speak at more length of Rembrant's black pictures, but my time does not permit me.---The charming group of children by Albano; three pictures by Raphael, in which the progress and acme of his genius are displayed (the third and most famous being John in the wilderness); the highly (and in my mind *too* highly) praised Venus by Titian; are, however, such, out of many thousand other pictures, as I cannot pass entirely unnoticed. I do not mean to re-

flect on the merits of the others; but in a garden blooming with so many charming flowers, we cannot pluck all.

I must say a word on the collection of portraits of famous, and sometimes obscure, painters. It is singular in its kind. Nearly three hundred painters have taken their own portraits, without reckoning those whose likenesses have been made by others. The gallery is no less rich also in drawings; but none except connoisseurs will be able to appreciate them, for I have observed the scratch of admiration from that intelligent class on many performances which appeared to me very insignificant. The only thing really instructive, is the observation of the changes and improvements (called in the language of artists, *pentimenti*, or "touches") which some great masters have made in their own drawings.---The collection of copper-plates is not inferior to the former. All of Albert Durer's are to be found here.

With respect to the Etruscan vases, I have no taste for them; and shall therefore pass them without notice. The antique

bronzes interested me much more : among these I saw a number of little household gods, and of animals ; a Roman eagle that once served as the banner of the twenty-fourth legion ; an open hand (*manipulus*), which served the same purpose for a cohort ; a mural crown ; with helms, spurs, buckles, rings, necklaces, mirrors of metal, innumerable lamps of all forms, household utensils, tripods, locks, keys, &c. Here is also an old manuscript in wax, containing the expences of Philip the Fair in one day's journey. A charming Etruscan antique is the statue of an orator, in bronze ; the Grecian style may indeed be more scientific, but it cannot be nobler or sublimer. Among the bronzes, the famous Mercury by John of Bologna is worthy of notice : he is represented soaring aloft into the air, on the breath of a zephyr. From among the Greek and Latin inscriptions, and Egyptian monuments, &c. it would require whole days and weeks to extract only the most interesting : it is the same case with the cameos, carved stones, &c. of which alone a catalogue in ten folio volumes

is said to be extant. I did not even see the coins and medals; for indeed here is too much to be seen, and all *gratis*. By a bill on the door, strangers are requested to give nothing to the attendants; who besides, from the highest to the lowest, are strictly prohibited, by an express law, from accepting of any thing whatever. I shall very seldom be disposed to recommend the Italians as examples to my own nation, but in this particular I must.

I visited also the theatre at Florence, The principal one is called *della Vergola*, from the street in which it is situated; and this manner of naming a theatre is universal in Italy. The inside is spacious and handsome, having five stories of boxes; but is badly lighted; and whoever buys a book of the songs at an opera will find himself as much disappointed here as at Berlin, for he must carry it home before he can read it. I saw a serious opera: "Olympia, daughter of Statira, widow of Alexander the Great, and high priestess in the temple of Ephesus." The author of the poem prudently did not make himself known; but.

the composer is one Paganini, who would have done equally well to have concealed his name. The first singer, Rosa Pinotti (a very young and handsome girl), sings very prettily, but is at the same time no *prima donna*; her voice has not yet compass enough. By her side stood a bad eunuch, Marzochi, whose voice appeared to be very weak. The tenor was actually laughed at loudly. The painter, Tarchi, is justly deserving commendation for his part of the performance; the scenes were excellent: the orchestra also was very fine, though not like what we find at Paris. With every serious opera two ballets are given, to gratify the taste of the Italians for spectacles. The first follows the first act of the opera, and the second act concludes with the second ballet. I saw "Catherine of Caluga," a Russian story in five acts; in which, however, frequent violence was done to the Russian costume. Catherine was carried off in *a sledge*; but as her robber was driving over a bridge, this latter broke down, and the whole, together with the horses, were plunged into the river,

where the peasants dragged for them. The ballet-master's name was Panzieri; and he may perhaps be accounted one of the best I have met with in Italy. The first female dancer also, Chiari, received great and deserved applause. Madame Montani, or Angiohoni, distinguished herself as the Columbine, or principal female of the pantomime, in a manner that I had never witnessed before.---The reason of my not being able to give the name of this lady with certainty proceeds, from a singular species of vanity or jealousy among the Italian singers and dancers. When several lay claim to equal distinction, the director, to avoid giving offence, is obliged to have their names printed in a circle or a cross, so that a person cannot know where to begin reading; and a notice is subjoined of *perfetta vicenda* ("perfectly equal"), though this is scarcely ever true. Sometimes the manager adds, that he has arranged the names according to lot. It is thus evident that managers in Italy have no less to endure from the monstrous vanity of

their performers, than in Germany. On the play-bills, besides, not only all members of the orchestra, not only the scene-painters and mechanics, but the stage-tailors and mantuamakers, must be named. The latter, indeed, on the present occasion, deserved this honour, for the dresses were truly fine; and the whole ballet, in fact, was of a superior cast.

Though the Italian theatres are very cheap for persons who sit in the pit, they are extremely expensive to those who possess the boxes. In the first place, the rent of the box itself is very high; but when this is paid, they have not yet the right of entering, but merely of possessing the key, which is of no use without a ticket of admittance. Nay, in many places (as in Rome), they must also pay for a servant to stand outside the box-door. At length, when they are admitted and take their seats, the chairs are so hard that it is impossible to sit on them; and, in order to be better accommodated, cushions must be hired of the box-keepers, who keep them

for that purpose. Hence, after having called for ices and refreshments for the lady, it is common to have laid out five Dutch ducats (2*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* sterling), only for the evening's entertainment; and on the first and second nights of the season, the expence is still greater.

In the theatre *del cocomero* I saw a better *opera buffa* than any I found afterwards in Italy. This was *Le cantatrici villane*: which had the recommendations of charming music by Fioravanti; a tolerable poem; a female singer (Bertini) who, though not very young, sung admirably; and a buffo (Bonfanti) who is indisputably one of the most excellent on the Italian stage. All, indeed, performed their parts with so much propriety and skill as to afford me a very delightful entertainment. The ballets were nothing extraordinary, but at the same time not bad. I had a desire to visit a third theatre, but the expence was intolerable.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

As far as Sienna the country is very fine; if naked mountains, broken rocks, very little cultivation, and not a single tree for an immense distance, deserve that epithet. Asses are seen labouring with heavy and fatiguing burdens of sand, up to the highway. The poor gather the dung from the road. Beggars are here extremely troublesome, and in number surpass all conception. As soon as a carriage is seen at a distance, the shepherd hastens from his flock, and the peasant from his plough, and throw themselves, with many cries, in the way of the passenger. On fast-days, the traveller in these countries will find nothing to eat but eggs, hard cheese of sheep's milk, grapes, chesnuts, and stinking sea-fish.

The cathedral at Sienna has a celebrated floor inlaid with the history of the Old Testament. Formerly it contained also a group of the three Graces, but these have been removed on the pretext of indecorum:

what, indeed, have the Graces to do in a church where even councils have been held?

We need not look for good pictures in Sienna when we know that the French have been there.---The St. Catherine of Sienna has been celebrated less by her miracles than by the poet Wieland. Her chamber is still shewn here; as also the stone which served as her cushion, the window through which our Saviour is said to have ascended in the night-time to her, her ring of affiance with the celestial bridegroom, &c. I can scarcely refrain from suspecting that some sly priest profited by the enthusiasm of the pretty saint, and acted the sylph with her.

As a warning to wine-drinkers, I copy a singular epitaph from a church in this place: "Wine gives life; it was death to me. I could not behold the morning in a sober state. Even my bones are now thirsty. Stranger! sprinkle the grave with wine; empty the cup, and go. Farewell, ye drinkers!"

In Buonconventu I had the good-fortune

to survive an earthquake, a phenomenon which in these countries is said to be very frequent. My bed was perceptibly shaken at midnight, so as to wake me out of a sound sleep. Unacquainted, however, with earthquakes, I distrusted my senses, and fell asleep again; but the next morning I was happy at learning that I had experienced once with innocent consequences a sensation of so peculiar a nature. Some days after my departure, the earthquake returned so strongly that many houses were damaged, and the inhabitants fled into the streets and fields. Much combustible matter is gathered under the Appennines, and threatens perhaps an eruption at no very distant period.

Radicofani lies on a hill that is an hour's walk over. Chiusi, a little place on the right hand, was formerly Porsenna's residence, and was then called Clusium. On the other side of St. Lorenzo, the road is so interspersed with ruins and caves, having a horrid resemblance to the dens of robbers, that I recommend it to travellers not to

pass this way by night. Even in the day-time its view will occasion a shuddering that no one will wish to experience a second time who can avoid it. The veturinoes themselves go this road with reluctance.

Bolsena is a nest of hovels lying on the sea-shore, that exhales unhealthy vapours. Here the miracle happened which gave rise to the solemnization of Corpus Christi day, the conversion of the host into blood. This tale is to be seen painted over the church-door.—*Nature* performs here a more agreeable wonder, in the production of the sweet wine of Orvietto; which pleased me more than its neighbour the *Est* wine of Montifiascone. Every school-boy here knows the story of a servant's riding before his spiritual master to taste the wines, and mark with the word *est* those casks which he should find worthy of being broached for his reverence. On the casks in Montifiascone he wrote *est* three times; and hit the taste of his master with such exactness, that the latter drank himself to death here, and on his tomb was put the well-known

epitaph which is still existing : “ *Est, est, est; propter nimium est, Dominus N. N. mortuus est.*” I will venture to affirm that no nice palate of the present day would drink himself to death with this wine : it is sweet and flat.

Ronciglione is a poor little town ; in which a third part of the houses have been shot to the ground in the last war, in revenge of a few Frenchmen having been killed here, whom the inhabitants probably did not allow to plunder them, and ravish their wives, in tranquillity.

Viterbo is a dirty town, with small windows, which are all dark and filthy, consisting often of only oiled paper. The latter indeed is a common case in Italy. The women of Viterbo, when they go out, cover their heads in large red silk handkerchiefs, with broad black borders, which look very well.

At the distance of above twenty German miles from Rome, a mephitic stench announces to us from time to time the formerly famous Campagna Romana ; and we now perceive, to the very walls of Rome,

nothing but traces of the priestly government and of desolation. We seldom see even the smallest piece of cultivated land: every thing lies waste and desert. Flocks of sheep alone meet us on the road, and an agreeable perfume from herbs sometimes suddenly betrays the unimproved powers of the soil. But on the other hand we are much oftener compelled to have recourse to the Florentine vinegar, as a preservative against the pestilential smell. This I experienced myself late in the autumn; in summer the vapour is destructive, and extends its baneful influence as far as the city, carrying off thousands. Anciently the monks were accustomed to render themselves truly useful and venerable, by settling in the midst of woods and marshes, in order, by their industry, to bring the rude soil into a state of fertility. It is a pity that they are not now compelled to do what their predecessors did voluntarily. In the marshes of the Campagna Romana they might in this manner more laudably and more effectually

cleanse themselves from their sin, than by their present indolence.

ROME.

AFTER having heard so often, at school, of Rome being the city of seven hills, we imagine that we shall distinguish these eminences at a distance. But this is not the case: Rome appears to lie as flat as Berlin; the cupola of St. Peter's alone lifts itself above the dark mass of houses. This circumstance arises partly from the country of Rome having become fifteen feet at least higher than it was two thousand years ago.

The first memorial of antiquity which attracts the eye of a traveller here, is an old Roman tomb, usually called the tomb of Nero, though there is no proof of its being really so. I rather hope that, instead, some *good* man lies within it, whom we should not be obliged to imprecate in entering Rome. Further on, at Porta Flaminia (now Porta del Popolo), much tiresome ceremony awaits us, which will surely discom-

pose our minds if even in the best humour. Every traveller ought to know (what I unfortunately was ignorant of) that he would do well to announce his arrival beforehand to the minister of his nation, who will then have the goodness to obtain, with little trouble, permission for the trunks of the new-comer to be examined at his inn. To the custom-house officers at the gate through which he is to pass, a paper is given with the name of the person expected: this is presented to him; and, if he acknowledges it, he is allowed to pass unmolested into the city. But those who are unprovided in this way (as I was) must submit to wait several hours sometimes at the custom-house. I escaped this inconvenience with great difficulty, by repairing to the chancery, and obtaining a permission; which was indeed very politely granted me, but not without occasioning many tedious registerings and writings that occupied a full half-hour: during which time my wife was obliged to sit in the carriage, with no other amusement than silently to rail at the modern Romans, who have

made a custom-house of the temple of Antoninus Pius, and have marred the eleven pillars of Grecian marble by putting dirty walls between them.

I am not singular in preferring the majestic ruins of the great amphitheatre called Coliseum, to the proud church of St. Peter; though I confess that I should do so even if I were to stand alone. Immediately on my arrival in Rome, I hastened to that fallen memorial of national greatness, and left much longer unseen the papal majesty that was still existing in all its splendour. I took the precaution of not walking, but of riding thither in a carriage; and of not looking about me till I alighted. I now turned my eyes around, and was perfectly dazzled by the immensity of the object. I must be pardoned any bold expression; whoever can speak coolly or sentimentally on such a subject, for him I do not write.

A sweet and gently-moving astonishment is the first sensation that seizes the beholder; and soon afterwards the grand spectacle swims before him as a cloud, for a tear in-

voluntarily obscures his sight. He is waked out of this reverie by an object much less agreeable. The following inscription puts him in mind of the cruelty of the heathens to the primitive christians, by making them fight with beasts: "Defiled by the impure worship of the heathens: purified by the blood of martyrs."

I shall not attempt to give any adequate idea of this sublime building. My pen is so unequal to the task, that I should disgrace it. I shall therefore give only a humble description of it.---It is above sixteen hundred feet in circumference: four rows of pillars rise one above another; the lowest is now sunk deep into the earth. Yet I am not disposed to charge Ammian with any exaggeration when he says, "The human eye scarcely measures its height." He has indeed spoken a little poetically here; but whom will not this subject inspire with a poetical warmth?

I almost thank the Jews for letting themselves be taken prisoners, to be employed in the erection of this vast edifice. Thirty

thousand of them are said to have worked at it; and they have not discredited their forefathers the builders of Solomon's temple, by their performance. A pond, or small lake, belonging to Nero's *golden house*, occupied the spot; till Vespasian, by the advice of some creative genius, whose name his ungrateful fellow-citizens have not retained, dedicated it to the admiration of posterity. The inside was capable of containing eighty thousand spectators; and when Titus introduced the first combats of that sort, not less than five thousand wild beasts fought here: Dio Cassius says, nine thousand. At the conclusion of that spectacle, the whole place was put under water, and two fleets (denominated a Corcyrian and a Corinthian) represented a naval engagement. To render the vapour from such a multitude of persons less noxious, sweet-scented water, and frequently wine mixed with saffron, was rained down from a grated work above, on the heads of the people. The fair sex met with but little politeness here; for their place was fixed

quite behind the benches, and all of them who would sit were obliged to carry their own chairs with them. To the vestal virgins alone a post of honour was assigned. The religion of the christians naturally prevented them from attending games which were dedicated to pagan deities. The buffoon Nero once combated here with a lion; which, however, he very judiciously caused to be previously tamed.

The successor of the noble Titus acknowledged the high value of this memorial; Antoninus Pius was careful of its preservation; and Heliogabalus, who generally spent his time in eating cocks' combs and pheasants' tongues, repaired it after a great fire. Even the rude Goths did it no damage; but the christians, from an excess of zeal, were not contented to leave it to decay with time. Pope Paul II. had as much of it levelled as was necessary to furnish materials for building the palace of St. Mark; the cardinal Riario followed this pernicious example for the construction of the present chancery, as it is called; and Paul

the Third finally erected the palace of Farnese on its ruins. Notwithstanding all these dilapidations, there still exists enough of it to inspire us with awe. The most immense masses appear fastened to and upon one another without any mortar or cement; and these alone, from their structure, are calculated for a duration of many thousands of years. Occasionally, where the destroyers have not effectually attained their object, the half-loosened masses appear to be held in the air by some invisible power; for the wide interstices among them leave no other support than their joints, which seem every moment as if about to yield unavoidably to the superior force of gravitation. "They will fall;" "they must fall;" "they are falling;" is and has been the language of all beholders during the vast periods within the memory of man through which this edifice has thus hung together in the air.

Inside, the mixture of heathenish and popish memorials is very striking. On the walls of Vespasian, pots of holy water are

hanging; and instead of the fine altar on which the sacrifices were made previous to the combats, a crucifix is seen with these words written on it: "Whoever approaches this crucifix with a contrite heart, shall receive a hundred days dispensation from his sins."

But we can, if we please, draw our attention from such objects by a variety of pleasing reflections on past times. Let us imagine the Roman people flocking through eighty different avenues, filling the gradually ascending seats, and waiting with impatience the arrival of their beloved emperor. I direct my eye to the middle box, where I distinguish even at this time the stucco-work on the walls. I fancy I hear a bustle:—the courtiers are coming forward: they are followed by a man of calm dignity, with the consciousness of active benevolence depicted on his countenance. It is *Titus!* the great, the philanthropic Titus. I hear the enraptured people clapping and exulting. I see the affected monarch bowing with the sweetest smile of complacency: and, trans-

ported by the scene, I am ready to join in the universal shout;---when a tap on the arm makes me turn my head, and the smile of an attendant monk tears me from the fascinating delusion. I will dwell no longer on such contending objects of the fancy, but entertain myself and the reader with somewhat more learned reflections on the building itself.

Whether the *Amphitheatrum Colosseum* (which was its ancient name) received its appellation from its colossal size, or from a Colossus which is said to have stood near it, is a matter that will be as indifferent to others as to me. One particular, however, has engaged the heads and pens of antiquarians for many years, to as little effect as the generality of such disputations. Innumerable holes are observed every where cut in the walls, the origin of which cannot be explained. That they have been cut with great pains, is evident; but what was their purpose? According to one, beams were fastened in them to hang out linen. This is contradicted by their whole

appearance: they are too numerous, too irregularly distributed, and too deep.---Others think that the masses of stone were joined together by brass, and the pieces of that metal have been scooped out for the sake of their value. This hypothesis, though the most generally received, is far from being satisfactory to me. To be sure, the holes are in some places to be found where such a junction of stones is very conceivable; but there are also many others, in which this is by no means the case. If, for example, we take those cavities which are to be seen in a bas-relief under the triumphal arch, we must, agreeably to that supposition, admit this bas-relief (which is by no means large) to have been composed of many pieces: which is to me altogether incredible. Besides, there are large spaces in the Coliseum, where no holes are visible. "But in this case the metal is put internally," say the maintainers of this hypothesis: if so, a trial ought to be made to set the question in a clear light.---A third opinion supposes the brass to have been blended

with the lead ; and that when, in the great fire, the lead melted, the metal fell out. But still the question remains unanswered, why did it not fall in the now undamaged places?---I have my own view of this matter, which I consider as the most natural. These holes were neither the consequences of caprice nor of covetousness ; nor in fact was there ever any metal to gratify the latter passion. The quantity of brass requisite for the consolidation of such building must have been so immense, that writers would certainly have mentioned it. But as, for many centuries, the Coliseum has been at the mercy of every one to do what he pleased with it (for example, the French a few years ago made an hospital of it for their sick soldiers), I imagine that one person built a little house, another a booth, a third something else, and so on, as each had occasion : and for booths indeed the building may have been very serviceable, as long as the outer courts remained firm and passable ; the sellers had nothing to do but to drive in the requisite beams,

and erect a convenient place for exposing their articles to sale. For this purpose they have made these holes in the stones. It is true, such holes are found even up to the height of Trajan's pillar; and this at once destroys my hypothesis. Yet why should I trouble myself with devising reasons for an inexplicable matter? Let every one think as he pleases.

A man (I believe his name is Carluccio) has received permission for having the foundation of the Coliseum dug up. The work is actually begun. I have looked down, and found the under-ground structure as admirable as that which stands above. Interesting discoveries may be here expected. I saw an old and perfectly brown human bone lying in the pit, probably the sacred remains of some martyr. It might be expected that in Rome this old bone would be taken out with great solemnity, and preserved as a wonder-working relic in some church.

I must tear myself at length from the Coliseum, and invite the reader to accompany

me in a walk which actually has not its equal in the world. We will pass up the *Via Sacra* of the ancient Romans, and proceed over the Roman forum (now unfortunately entitled the cow-field), through the triumphal arch, up to the capitol. It was here, between the Palatinian and the Capitoline mountains, that the Sabines, enflamed to madness by the outrage committed on their women, inflicted a merited chastisement on the Romans ; till, after the renewal of the engagement, the women themselves wrested the swords out of the hands of their fathers or brothers. The two kings then embraced in this street as a token of peace, and from that time it obtained its denomination of “ sacred.”

After leaving the Coliseum, we pass a well, from which the Romans refreshed themselves when they returned thirsty from the crowded theatre : its water once rose to some height within a hollow pillar, and spouted out from above on all sides. At present a piece of old wall marks the spot where it stood ; from which, instead of wa-

ter, a shrub is rising.---Constantine is no hero, and his triumphal arch is no remarkable performance ; but it stands so near us on the left hand that we cannot pass without casting a look on it. It is decorated with bas-reliefs of widely different merit : for the better ones were taken from a triumphal arch of Trajan ; and the worse ones prove that, in the age of Constantine, this art, as well as every other, fell into decay. The fulsome flattery with which it is covered is undeserving of notice. The whole was in a perfectly shattered state ; and the most remarkable circumstance attending it is, that it was being dug up at the expence of the pope. The labour is almost finished, and the objects thus discovered under ground afford nothing worthy of note for the artist.

We are probably here passing over the place where once the colossal image of Nero stood : at present, however, nothing but that tyrant's cruelty remains as his memorial ; his pompous colossus having entirely vanished,—though it was of marble,

and consequently could not melt in the great fire, as the metal statues of Clælia did, which also stood here. This brave girl, being delivered as an hostage to king Porsenna, swam over the Tiber, and by her courage regained her fellow-prisoners their liberty. For this meritorious action she deserves a particular place in our remembrance, after the destruction of her statues.

We now enter the street called by the Romans *Vicus Sandalarius*, and which would be remarkable enough for having been the street of the booksellers, even if the triumphal arch of the noble Titus did not stand in it. Here the Roman authors assembled; here men were once daily passing whose names we mention with awe and rapture.—The arch, which stands almost in the middle of the street, is unfortunately very much damaged. The victory over the Jews was the occasion of it; as may be clearly perceived from the candlestick with seven branches, the shew-bread, and the trumpets. Whether it is true that the Jews living at Rome will always rather go a great circuit round

than pass this arch, is a matter which I did not further inquire into. We, who are no Jews, shall make no hesitation of passing through it.

Now we have on our right hand the temple of Peace, and on the left hand Nero's golden house. Yes : here stood that splendid building, the walls of which were hung with plates of gold, and adorned with jewels. Here Nero rioted in the dining-hall, which could be turned round, and where scented balsam issued from the concealed pipes. The place now belongs to the king of Naples, and is called the Farnesian villa. The voluptuous baths of Livia lie there buried in the kitchen-garden under the shrubbery. In the year 1720, some noble master-pieces were found here, which Frederic bought to adorn Sans Souci with. It is supposed that even now, by further digging, a rich store of antiquities might be found.

Let us rather turn to the right hand, where three magnificent arches of the temple of Peace are standing. The splendid

multitude of pillars have indeed vanished : one only, twenty-four feet high and fluted, escaped the destruction. And what has been done with this costly ruin ? Pope Paul V. has planted it before the church of Maria Maggiore, and set a figure of the Virgin upon it ! The three courts of the temple which are still extant, afford us a sublime idea of the splendour of the whole building. It was the richest in Rome : gold and silver were lavished upon it ; a crown of cinnamon wood, inlaid with gold, honoured Vespasian ; here was a splendid figure of the statue of the Nile, with sixteen children playing round it, made of one large piece of black basalt ; the golden candlestick of the Jews, their golden table, and their book of the law, were also treasured up in this place. Pliny mentions, besides, an excellent picture of Protogenes ; the description of which does no great credit to his scientific knowledge, for his highest praise is given to the foam issuing from the jaws of a dog. Private persons used to deposit in security their most precious valu-

ables in this temple. It had even a considerable library connected with it ; and Gellius relates that the learned often assembled here, and deposited their writings as presents : interested presents indeed, for they thought thus to obtain the surest immortality for them ; but in vain, for unfortunately, in the reign of Commodus, the flames destroyed in one night all these treasures ; and now we contemplate, with a calm melancholy, the ruins only of the once-extensive walls.

A few steps further we perceive the temple of Remus (not Romulus, as many believe). The front and circular part are a remain of rude antiquity.

Ten paces further bring us to the noble temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the sight of which produces an involuntary exclamation of wonder. The whole front is preserved : it glitters with the finest pillars of Oriental marble, and even the superscription carries us by a charm into the past : “ *Divo Antonino et divæ Faustinae* ” is still perfectly legible. This temple was once pre-

sented to the company of apothecaries, who have converted it into an hospital for the sick members of their own profession.

If nothing else had ever stood in the *Via Sacra* than those buildings the ruins of which now fill us with astonishment and admiration, how magnificent must it have been! But only a small part of its grandeur is now visible : for where are the pillars of honour and the metal elephants, erected here by triumphant victors? where the temple of the sun? the colossus? the temple of the household gods? the habitation of Ancus Martius? the altar of the goddess Orbona, whose benevolent office it was to console those unfortunate persons from whom death had snatched a wife or children? where the temple of Venus; and that of the goddess Strenua, who hallowed the new-year's gifts? where the palace of Paulus Emilius, close by the temple of Peace? the triumphal arch of Fabius, a memorial of his victories over the Allobroges? Numa's house, and Cæsar's palace? where, finally, the habitation of the high-priest,

and that of the vestal virgins? Of all these, which once adorned this wonderful street, not a single trace is left. . . .

In addition to this, let us imagine the bustle of buyers and sellers; for here was the spot for all bargains for fruits and vegetables, and here all artists of any importance erected their booths. Whoever has an imagination lively enough to comprehend so many and various objects, and will take the trouble to bring them near to his view for a moment, let him choose this spot for recalling out of the distant periods of antiquity some of these scenes which were daily and yearly witnessed here. All that could excite notice, and inspire either awe or abhorrence, was transacted in this street. The living wore their trophies of victory, and the dead displayed their transitory glory. Here the looks of the mourning multitude followed the funereal pomp of Claudius; and here the raging populace dragged the emperor Vitellius.—What is the meaning of that mixed crowd proceeding slowly by the temple of Peace? They are pious country-

people, who, according to their custom, are conducting their monthly offering of a lamb to the habitation of the sacrificer. But the tumultuous noise and wild shrieks issuing from the next street? is a sudden commotion begun? No: the inhabitants of that street are holding their yearly frolicsome dispute with those of the *Via Sacra*, concerning the head of a horse which is slaughtered in honour of Mars. If the former are victorious, they fix the head in triumph on the Mamilian tower; but if the latter conquer, they adorn the house of the sacrificer with the bleeding trophy, and continue shouting and exulting till a venerable train of vestals or augurs pass up the street, and clear it of the noisy rabble.

But we will not stay here any longer: let us range over the market-place, which formerly boasted its curiosities, and still can boast of some noble remains. The three beautiful pillars which are all that is left of a temple of Jupiter Stator, catch the eye immediately on entering. Romulus vowed this temple when his Romans, braver in

plundering women than in fighting with men, retreated from the Sabines. Jupiter heard his supplication: the Romans *stood* firm; and the name of *Stator* was in consequence annexed to that of the assisting deity.—Two high and very massive walls wedged in between modern houses, still point out the situation of the senate of Hostilius; but the steps from which Tarquin precipitated Servius are no more.—Further on, a single pillar rivets the eye of the observer: it remains alone, to announce for ages the fate of its companions. It once lifted its proud head among those surrounding the temple of Jupiter the Preserver, which Domitian vowed and built after an escape from the dangers of war.—The triumphal arch of the emperor Severus is still in a sound state. The large letters only (a foot in length, and of gilded Corinthian brass) have been broken out and plundered by the barbarians. It lately lay deep-sunk in the ground; but the present pope has had it completely dug out, and surrounded by a wall, from which we can look down

to a considerable distance, a proof how much the soil of Rome has been gradually raised by perpetual additions. On the top of this arch the emperor himself was once to be seen between his sons, in a triumphal car drawn by six horses.—Alas, how little of its former splendour have time and the fanatic rage of the early christians left to the ROMAN FORUM ! The covered passage with a flight of steps, founded by Tarquin the Elder, is no more here to shelter us from bad weather, or to serve for the spectators to entertain themselves with mountebanks in the market-place. Not a single one of the statues collected here after the conquest of Greece now exists, though the number was so great that they more than occupied the vacant spaces of the building. The gilt statues of the twelve superior gods are, however, conspicuous among those remaining. And where are the arches adorned with the beaks of the conquered ships, called from that circumstance *rostra* ? It was there that the prosecutor and the orator ascended ; from them justice was distributed,

and heralds announced the most glorious victories to the people. To these *rostra* Sylla nailed the head of the murdered Marius; and from them Cicero thundered down his eloquence. The speaker was obliged to turn towards the Capitol, to call the Capitoline Jupiter (as it were) to witness the truth. Here the consuls laid down their offices. Here likewise the licentious Appius endeavoured to rend from a free father a free daughter; and perhaps on this very spot where we are now standing Virginius seized the knife and plunged it in despair into the breast of his child: the temples of Fortune and of Concord stood in vain on each side, while the undefiled blood flowed from the dying maiden.

Near the place of meeting for the people (*comitium*), we see a fine building dedicated to the nations in alliance with the Romans. This was the place where the foreign ambassadors waited for the solemn audience with the senate. It is a grand structure: but, notwithstanding, we will not look down with contempt on the old fig-tree adjoin-

ing ; under which, according to the ancient tradition, Romulus and his brother were suckled by the wolf. This tree was nurtured with great care, and is said to have stood seven hundred and forty years ; when time at length proved its enemy, and brought on its decay : but at the moment when this event caused an universal lamentation among the people, new sprouts are reported to have shot out from the old trunk, and converted the popular sorrow into raptures of joy.*

On the left of the Hostilian senate, the palace of Portius, built by Cato the Censor, was formerly conspicuous. The stones of it have served for a corn-warehouse in the present day. The Penates, who had a small temple near it, were not able to protect the habitation of Cato.

A temple of Castor and Pollux once stood in the neighbourhood, to the outer courts of which the tyrant Caligula's palace extended. He was so blinded by arrogance,

* This is, at least, the story which Tacitus relates.

as to call the youthful deities his brothers, to put himself between them, and desire an equal worship to be paid to himself.—It, however, was not veneration for him, but gratitude to Cesar, that erected a temple near that of Castor and Pollux; where a fountain spouted forth, called the well of Juturma. Perhaps its clear water served for the Vestal virgins; whose temple at the distance of a few paces further towered above the sacred grove that encircled it. It was covered with copper plundered from the Syracusans.—A spring that rose up through the figure of a serpent, stood before the Basilica Julia, which had been erected by Augustus to the honour of Julius Cesar. A hundred men used to sit here in judgment. Their benches were often carried out into the public market, where they openly pronounced their sentences. The emperor Caligula would sometimes entertain himself with throwing money from this palace among the people.

Shall we turn from this object to view the triumphal arch of Tiberius? It will be

no very great gratification to the national pride of my countrymen; for it is the memorial of the re-conquered colours and ensigns of victory, which had been lost in the famous battle of Varus against the Germans. —Close by this stood the temple of Saturn, the public treasury and archives of the Roman state. Here we see the gilt milestone, on which the distance of the principal towns of the empire from Rome was marked. This stone was (very wittily) called “the navel of the town,” from its standing nearly in the middle.—The temple of Vespasian, some ruins of which are supposed to be still visible, stood almost on the Capitoline hill; as also did the *Schola Xantha*, in which the public documents were drawn up, and the copyists of books carried on their trade.

On the east side of the forum, the temple of Adrian presents itself to our view: it was the offspring of filial piety. It must have afforded a grand spectacle while its pillars and the old door still existed. Here stood also the colossal statue of marble, representing a stream, perhaps the Tiber.—

The middle of the forum was not empty. Seats for the people rose before the *rostra*, of which Cicero makes frequent mention. Olive-trees and vines growing wild spread their shade around, under which the Roman people enjoyed themselves. This was the quarter in which Galba was murdered. Here, by the side of a sun-dial, stood the pillar on which the valiant Horatius hung the spoils of the Curiatii.—Not far off we perceive, as a foil to this picture, the figure of Marsyas, constantly surrounded by loose women offering their charms to sale. If they were fortunate, they decorated the statue with flowers. Even Julia, the daughter of the emperor Augustus, so totally renounced the modesty of her sex, as to repair to this statue, and, by fixing a crown on its head, proclaimed her shame to the public.—Let us stay a moment at the foot of the Capitoline mountain, before the temple of Harmony, erected by the consul Camillus as a memorial of the reconciliation between the patricians and the plebeians. Some noble remains of this temple

still exist : eight Ionian pillars, of Oriental granite, each forty feet in height, support entablatures, the ornaments of which afford us a grand conception of the splendour of the fallen structure.—Here ends our walk. The reader must confess that I have kept my word in describing a spot that has not its equal in the world ; none so rich in sublime materials for the eye or the imagination, and in awful memorials of the past. And how trifling the compass in which all these wonders are collected ! a quarter of an hour is amply sufficient to us for wandering from the ruins of the Coliseum to those of the temple of Harmony. Let no traveller visiting Rome neglect to pass over this unparalleled piece of ground : but in this case I earnestly recommend to him not to forget taking thirty or forty bajochi, (about 1s. 6*d*.) in his pocket ; that, during his intercourse with the ancient Romans, he may get rid, as fast as possible, of the mendicant Romans of the present day.

But I ought not to conclude so hastily. There is another class of readers who may

also, in travelling to Rome, be eager to see *all* the wonderful things : I mean the pious catholics. For them here is also ample gratification. It was here, in the *Via Sacra*, that Simon the magician ventured to rival St. Peter by the power of his sorcery ; and, as a just punishment, was precipitated down headlong by the Devil.—Here too pope Sylvester curbed a dragon, and indeed in the easiest manner imaginable ; for with his seal, on which of course the cross was stamped, he closed the jaws of the monster as expeditiously as we seal a letter. Hence arose the church of St. Mary the Deliverer, in which this miracle is still to be seen painted.—The faithful will be greatly pleased with observing the temple of Remus converted into the church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian. They need also have no scruples at passing through the heathenish door of brass between two Corinthian columns of porphyry, for pope Adrian the First has purified it by his blessing. In the inside there are all sorts of pious pictures to be admired.—A new triumph awaits the

good believer at the temple of Antoninus, now sacred to St. Laurence : for his edification, he finds the saint here broiling on the gridiron, painted by Peter of Cortona ; and also an altar-piece by Dominicho, which may have been very fine before it was retouched by an unskilful pencil.—A delicious treat is prepared for him when he steps into the church of St. Theodore, formerly the temple of Romulus. Instead of the wolf of metal, which was the object of veneration formerly as the nurse of the twin founders of the Roman state, he may contemplate a picture of the martyr Julian of Baciccio ; may view St. Theodore in the flames, painted by Zuccari ; and may bring his epileptic children to be miraculously cured.—The temple of Saturn (or, as others think it is, the palace of Paulus Emilius) is converted into a church of St. Adrian ; in which is to be seen a picture of St. Peter Nolasco, who performed the meritorious action (in 1334) of erecting the order of monks *del Riscato*. Meritorious it may indeed be termed, when we consider the

object of this order ; for they were bound to ransom Christian slaves from the Turkish captivity. This picture is said to be the master-piece of Guercini.—The church of St. Luke was also erected on the ruins of heathenism, in the temple of Mars. It is one of the oldest in Rome ; and was formerly dedicated to St. Martina, a name perfectly unknown to me : but pope Sixtus the Fifth presented it to the academy of painters, who rebuilt it according to the sketches of Peter of Cortona, and naturally dedicated it to St. Luke, who is universally known to have been a painter. A statue of St. Martina by Menghino, and the magnificent subterraneous arch of the church, are worth seeing.

Having now, I hope, satisfied the curiosity of all classes of my readers, I shall return to my inn, situate on the *Collis Hortulorum*, a spot where once the gardens of Sallust smiled.

THE DRAMA AT ROME:—CHARLOTTE AND
WERTER.

IF the traveller's imagination has been too much heated and stretched by the multitude of sublime objects around him, I commend to him the theatre, which I found to be the finest relaxer. A play was given (the Italians call it a *character comedy*) on the subject of Charlotte and Werter. The title awakened my curiosity: to see the Sorrows of Werter in five acts was a novelty to me, and set me on the height of expectation; how this was gratified, I am about to relate.

On the curtain ascending, a faithful old servant, and a comical young one, of Werter's, are discovered conversing on the unfortunate love-affair of their master. It is understood that Albert is absent on a journey; having, at his departure, requested Werter, his best friend, to bear Charlotte company till his return. Werter then appears, looking very distractedly, and not speaking a word. The old man brings to

his mind what a foolish beginning he has made; speaks to him of his mother; and works on him at length so far, that he resolves to depart suddenly without seeing Charlotte again. He commissions the tutor of Charlotte's children to carry his last farewell: for she is now no more in the bloom of youth; having a good stout son at least ten years old, and a daughter who might soon make her a grandmother. After Werter has breathed his last sighs of love into the bosom of the tutor, he rushes away. But he does not know that he has set the very thief to keep the guard: for this tutor is dying with love for Charlotte; exults at Werter's removal; and hopes, during Albert's absence, to obtain his ill ends.—Charlotte, represented as in no respect an extraordinary woman, makes her appearance; seats are taken, and every thing draws towards a declaration of love. The discourse is indeed interrupted by the two children; but they are sent away in haste to play in the garden, while the tutor ventures on his bold enterprize. And how does the chaste Char-

Charlotte receive him? No *poissarde* in Paris, nor barrow-woman in Vienna, could maintain her virtue with a nobler impetuosity. She at once attempts to drive the wicked shepherd completely from his fold: but he very drily tells her that this is not in her power; that he has to give his account to Albert alone, and consequently will maintain his post. Her rage is at the highest pitch, when a pert servant girl informs her that Werter is on the point of departing. She now forgets every thing else; and runs out screaming to detain her lover, in which she succeeds. The repulsed tutor is thus led to draw conclusions not greatly to her credit; though the chambermaid assures him *upon her honour*, that the intercourse between her mistress and Werter is of the most innocent kind.—Albert returns; and the tutor finds means to represent every thing to him in such a plausible light, that in the first moments of heat he puts Charlotte away, and sends her to her relations. Werter is brought by this dreadful catastrophe to the verge of despair; and, accus-

ing himself with all the guilt of Charlotte's sufferings, resolves on dying, and by *poison* (the Italians are confessedly greater friends to poison than to pistols). He prepares for this purpose a bottle of wine; but in the first instance (for what reason I know not) leaves it carelessly standing about. His old servant fortunately gets some knowledge of his master's intentions, and plays him the trick of exchanging the poisoned bottle for one that is harmless. The tutor, finding this latter, drinks it all. But as he is taking the last draught, Werter enters, and tells him that he has been drinking poison. He immediately writhes his body like a worm; and, thinking himself in the agonies of death, confesses all his calumnies. Albert, of course, sends immediately for Charlotte, upon which an universal explanation and reconciliation take place.---The drollest part of it is, that Werter's relation towards Charlotte remains at the close of the piece exactly what it was at the beginning; and what will be the event of it we are left to guess.

FROM ROME TO GAETA.

THE Appian Way, called by the ancients "the queen of roads," was made by the censor Appius Claudius, in the four hundred and twenty-second year of the city. It was paved with stones of five or six square feet each; not joined together by cement or mortar, but let into one another so close and ingeniously, that the whole appeared to consist of one piece only. Whence the stones were brought is unknown: there is not now a quarry of this kind in the country round Rome. Though the traffic over this road was so immense, yet in Procopius's time it had not suffered any damage; and even now we meet with some spots where it is perfect. It is not good to travel over it with shod horses; and I imagine from this circumstance that the ancients never shod theirs. The Appian Way leads to Capua, and in the end as far as Brundisium. On leaving Rome we perceive a great number of old monuments for

many miles along the road, some of which are now only shapeless heaps of stones.

It is well known that the Romans preferred the high-road, above all other places, for their burial-ground; where many noble mausoleums were erected, which proved indeed a haunt for thieves, and rendered travelling very insecure. This latter is equally the case at the present day; and the veturinoes take care never to pass it in the dark. Milo, who was defended by Cicero, killed Clodius in this road. Besides these monuments there are also many ruined aqueducts of immense length, that afford objects very interesting to the observing traveller.--- About forty miles from Rome, the city of Albano gratifies the eye. It was built by Ascanius, the son of Eneas, forty years before Rome. It has many remarkable old monuments in its vicinity; one of which has the form of a square steeple, and, because every thing must have its name, is called the grave of Ascanius. Another passes for the monument of the three Curiatii who

fell in the celebrated contest with the Horatii : it supports five pyramids, and discovers a rude taste, yet has a sort of commanding aspect from its size. Albarno is visited by many of the natives of Rome ; who here seek a healthier air, and the pleasures of a country life.—The origin of the Riccia, not far distant, is lost in its extreme antiquity. It is said to have been built five hundred years before the Trojan war, by one Archilous ; and that Orestes brought hither the statue of Diana of Tauris.—Velletri, which is now a dirty hole, was formerly the capital of the Volscians. The emperor Augustus was born within its walls ; and the only tolerable public inn there now endeavours to recommend itself to us by the name of that fortunate monarch. Velletri contains many remains of temples and villas of the emperors. The cardinal Borgia, who was obliged to travel to Paris and died on the way, had a palace here, which still possesses a rich museum of antiquities and pictures. Beyond Velle-

tri, the country becomes so notorious for depredations, as to render an escort of hus-sars necessary.

I am now approaching the Pontine marshes, which are in almost as great discredit as the banditti of Velletri. I cannot, however, confirm that judgment ; for when I passed through them the air was pure, and I found the precaution of bathing my handkerchief in vinegar totally unnecessary. These marshes are supposed to have been a delightful country in the time of the Romans, and to have assumed this miserable appearance since the establishment of the papal authority : but this is not exactly true ; and, without it, enough may already be laid to the charge of the ecclesiastical government. This country, in fact, was at all times exposed to inundations. Cornelius Cethegus and Julius Cesar caused it to be drained at a vast expence, but one or two sudden floods would even at that time often destroy in a few days what the industry of years had effected. As the Appian Way led through the middle of it, every possible

effort was made to keep it constantly in a proper state. Trajan drew off the water afresh, levelled the hills, filled up the cavities and made bye-roads one of which bore his name. Antoninus Pius followed his example. The pains which pope Pius the Sixth has taken in our days to drain these marshes, are well known. This he thought to have effected so perfectly, that he built a cloister at the spot where the marshes begin; placing in it an inscription which boasts the completion of this labour, and adds: "This temple is erected for the benefit of the colonists, who would otherwise have no opportunity of performing their devotions." The cloister was given to the capuchins; but now it is filled with vermin, the inhabitants having been long since driven away by the pestilential air. The posthouse is the only spot where we find human beings: the rest is quite a desert.

Pius the Sixth had the good fortune to find the Appian Way again, which to this moment runs in a straight line to Terracina. On this

occasion, too, a number of pillars, old milestones, and other ruins, were found; which now lie scattered about, and swarming with millions of lizards. The whole of the arable land which the floods have spared, is not to be met with till many miles further on; the country for an immense distance immediately around this spot being nothing but marshes. As the land improves, we begin to see herds of buffaloes. In the marshy district the quantity of wild-fowl flying about is almost incredible; he must be a wretched sportsman who could not shoot ducks and snipes here by hundreds.

The further we go southward in Italy, the dirtier we find the people. On their arms and hands they have the Madona, and other holy images, burnt in. In their holiday-dresses they wear large silver shoe-buckles on the waistbands of their breeches. The dress of the women is very ugly, particularly a bodice that presses the bosom quite flat.---It had been raining, and I found the road by Terracina very much

overflowed. No one thinks now of stopping the progress of the waters on such occasions; which in a short time must surely swallow up all the dry land remaining. The site of Terracina, by the Mediterranean, is very noble. The steep rocks bounding the ocean; the gardens of citron and even of palm-trees, intermingled with the handsome town; the busy haven swarming with fishermen; and the islands of Ischia and Capri, with Vesuvius at a distance; form an enchanting collection of objects resembling a scene of magic. The fascination continues after leaving Terracina; and carries us on through blooming myrtle shrubs, and endlessly varied bushes with their many-coloured berries, to the frontiers of Naples.

Here the usual ceremony of passes and examinations wakes us out of our delightful reveries; but in passing a little further on through the towns of Itri and Fondi, the ugliest and dirtiest places in the universe, we are relieved from this trouble. One trifle only served here in some measure to

contrast with this disgusting filth. This was, the Spanish pepper, which is sold there strung on myrtle stalks. It looked exactly as if it had been prepared for the decoration of a ballet; yet there were neither Arcadian shepherds nor dancers, but merely beggars and vagabonds.

Not far from Gaeta, my carriage was suddenly overtaken by dragoons, who with drawn swords commanded me to stop; because one of the king of Sardinia's children was approaching in a carriage, and either the road was not broad enough for it to pass, or the dignity of the child demanded this humiliation on my part. I thought of the children of the king of Prussia; who always ride out alone, and incommode nobody. I shrugged my shoulders, and smiled.

CICERO'S VILLA.

WHEN I arrived at the haven of Gaeta, some hours of day-light yet remained, which I resolved to spend in a walk. The beautifully warm weather (on the twenty-

seventh of October) enticed me out of doors, and the golden fruits of a lemon and orange grove drew me to a garden situated by the sea. I went, and found the door locked. A poor man received us in a friendly way: he was the occupier of this villa. We wandered, I may truly say, as if in Elysium, under the loaded trees; and took up a lemon here and there, which the wind had shaken off. When the man observed that the surrounding luxuriance of nature was a novelty to us, he plucked a fine double fruit from an orange-tree, and presented it to my wife with a good-natured gallantry. Thus we reached the extremity of the garden, which ran far into the sea; and where, on the rugged acclivity of a rock, a table and benches of stone invited to repose, observation, and enjoyment. A little hut stood close by; at the door of which a young woman, surrounded by children, was busy about a basket of olives. From the survey of these charming scenes nothing could have attracted our attention but the many ruins scattered round the garden, in

which at first sight the old Roman architecture was manifest. Arched passages and walls, and deep vaults, were everywhere overgrown and covered with shrubs. But a bath in particular caught my eye, from its perfect state of preservation. The stone steps which led downwards were not destroyed, but only damaged a little by the weather; and even the pipes through which the water ran into the cistern were still partly open. We stood immersed in contemplation, scarcely hearing the narrative of our loquacious host, whose vulgar Neapolitan dialect rendered him very unintelligible, when suddenly the name of Cicero caught my ear. The blood thrilled in my veins. We now listened attentively; and what a sensation did we experience when we learnt that we had been walking in Cicero's garden, and eaten of its fruits! Every thing now seemed to assume a new aspect; every broken wall received a splendour in our eyes, and the grove became sacred to us. Here Cicero bathed; here he wandered; on that rocky point he sat, and

perhaps wrote a chapter of his "Offices," which would alone be sufficient to immortalize his memory. Alas ! here too it was that the murderers found him, and sacrificed him to the sanguinary ambition of the triumvirate.

This exquisite spot, with all the fruits and ruins, was let for forty-five ducats (23*l*.) Cicero's villa for forty-five ducats ! —But I think I hear some cautious criticizing antiquarian exclaim, "Was it in reality Cicero's villa ? That Cicero had a villa here, is indeed certain ; for the haven of Gaeta (called Mola) is built on the ruins of the town *Formiæ*, within the walls of which the *Formianum* of the philosopher was situated. But on which spot ? Meyer places it in a lemon-grove before the town : and many inhabitants, on being asked, will direct you to that ; while many, on the other hand, know nothing of the matter." ---Yet the unsuspecting declaration of our host, who spoke of it merely in a casual manner, proves at least that vulgar tradition agrees that the place where I stood is the

venerable spot. Add to this its delightful situation, which seems perfectly suited for the residence of a Cicero; on the left hand the castle rising as it were out of the waves of the sea, straight before it the island of Ischia, and on the right hand Vesuvius. No! till the contrary can be clearly proved to me, I will never abandon the delightful persuasion of having passed over Cicero's villa.

I saw also, out of the town, a lofty monument, said to have been erected by his grateful freedmen to mark the spot where the immortal man fell under the blows of his murderers.

I shall take this opportunity of rectifying another error of Meyer's. This excellent traveller relates that he passed over to Gaeta in a boat, and saw Vesuvius for the first time from that town. This is almost impossible; for had he only stepped to the window of the public-house in the haven, Vesuvius a little on the left hand must have caught his eye. It is a common error among travellers to assert that Vesuvius is

not visible before we reach Gaeta. It is, however, very distinctly to be seen at Terracina, in clear weather : though this indeed may perhaps be rare, for even an inhabitant of Terracina endeavoured to convince me that I did not see Vesuvius, while it evidently lay before us in smoke ; but a skipper just landed from the island of Ischia decided the dispute in a moment. We must not, however, inquire for *Vesuvius*, for by this name the mountain is not known here ; every one calls it merely *Somma* or *La Montagna* (" the mountain").

FROM GAETA TO NAPLES.

THE whole road between these places appears to lead through a garden. Lemons and oranges grow here as common as apples and pears with us ; and aloes, such as I have never seen before, stood on both sides of the road. Nothing was to be seen but green leaves, fragrant blossoms, and ripening fruit, though it was now the end of October.

Just before we reach the Garigliano, the

respectable ruins of the old town of Minturni present themselves to view. I cannot conceive why all the travellers whose descriptions I have read, say so little respecting this place. There is a conduit remaining, that pursued its course with us for many miles; as also a large circular building, with a smaller concentric circle in the inside, which was perhaps a theatre. Besides these objects, the whole country is covered with ruins to a vast extent. The antiquarian would find here ample scope for investigation, if he would consent to spend a few days at the miserable post-house here. I cannot explain to myself the universal silence of writers on these noble remains, otherwise than by the propensity for passing over with indifference the finest objects, and those for which we have the greatest ardour of attachment, when they are too abundant. It is certain that here the most enthusiastic antiquary will find gratification even to satiety; for literally we cannot go ten steps on this road without perceiving a tomb-stone, a conduit, or a piece of

ancient wall; which is instantly distinguishable by the reticular work, as it is called, or the stone case in the form of a net.

A wretched conveyance takes us over the Garigliano. This is the river on which once Bayard, "the knight without fear or reproach," achieved an heroic deed which only wanted a Livy to have rendered it equal to that of Horatius Cocles. With equal courage he defended a bridge, alone, against a whole army. Every school-boy knows the story of Horatius Cocles, but Bayard's exploit is almost forgotten; so little can heroes dispense with good writers, though they sometimes affect to undervalue them!

Capua is a dirty town, and situated in a very unattractive country. If Hannibal's troops got drunk, the wine of Capua must have been better than I found it; and if their licentiousness enervated them, the Capuan fair of that day were probably prettier than they are now. The ruins of the old town lie at some distance from the new.

---From this place it is only four German miles to Naples. I here heard for the first time a very characteristic national oath: "I wish you were murdered." Such compliments the Neapolitans pay each other every moment, on the smallest occasion; and scream out upon every trifling dispute in a manner that would make us actually fear that fate.

NAPLES.

I MUST conduct the reader a little about this town; for every thing here is so perfectly different from all that an inhabitant of a more northern climate conceives of a town, that he would imagine himself at first to be in the moon.

I may describe Naples as one large house, with a vast number of inhabitants; and the particular houses as mere chambers,—for, sleeping excepted, every thing passes in the streets that is in other countries done within doors. All artisans and mechanics not merely have open stalls, but they carry out their tables, and whatever else they

want for their trade, and work in the public streets : so that we see and hear knocking, hammering, sowing, weaving, filing, planing, frizzing, shaving, and a thousand other processes, the whole day. The eating-house keeper plucks and roasts chickens, and boils and fries fish, in the street : while his hungry customers stop, and gratify their appetites. To quench their thirst they need only go a few steps further to one of the numerous water-sellers, who have their stalls also in the street. These last stalls are so singular as to deserve a particular description ; but to make the subject very clear, I am afraid, will not be in my power.

Before the table where the man stands to serve his customers, four painted and gilt stakes are fixed up at the corners, joined on the top by cross-bars ; and the extremity of these bars towards the street is decorated in various manners, some of which would elsewhere be thought rather licentious, but are here passed with indifference. They bear also the images of saints ; and

have a couple of small flags on both sides, with spaces filled up with bouquets of lemons nailed on, or even with flowers. The first sight of this puts us in mind of the Chinese. The tapster has on each side of him a long cask in the form of a drum; through the middle of which an iron rod runs, so that it may be inclined upwards or downwards as he pleases. These casks contain fine clear water, and ice. The fore part of the table is covered with glasses and lemons. Round such booths there are always customers, more or fewer; but they are sometimes so numerous as to inclose it in a double or triple circle. The extraordinary ease with which the sellers dispatch this crowd, is truly admirable. They tip their casks to the right and to the left, fill the glass, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, give it to the person, take the money, and lay some of it out again, &c. all in an instant. In observing them for a long time, they appear almost a sort of machine worked by springs. In hot weather the crowd is said to be indescribable, notwithstanding

the immense number of these booths. They are lighted in the evening by eight, ten, or twelve lamps each. The price of this beverage is one of the smallest copper coins. It has a pretty appearance to see the crystal water pearling in the glass, and the ice cooling it. There is also much cleanliness observed, which is a thing very unusual in other matters: the seller rinses the glasses always beforehand. Besides these men with booths, there are many water-sellers who cry about their commodity the whole day, and have in like manner a constant supply of clean glasses.

Eating and drinking are the first and most important concern of the populace. In Naples this is so carefully provided for, that we cannot go ten paces without meeting with some arrangements fitted to supply these two necessities in a moment. Here stand great kettles full of dressed macaroni, with cheese scattered over it, and the surface decorated with small pieces of golden-apple as it is called. The ability of consuming a great portion of this article

must be learnt from the Neapolitans; for as the macaronies are an ell in length, they must be held by the thumb and fore-finger, with the neck bent back and the mouth stretched open, and thus let down into the throat. Strangers usually cut them in pieces with a knife and fork, and then eat them with spoons; but this is quite against the national custom. The macaronies are here very simply prepared, with broth and cheese; and taste incomparably better than those which I have found in other places. They are here, however, as through all Italy, generally too little boiled: the rice, peeled grain, &c. are all hard, and scarcely eatable by a foreigner.—I once stopped as a taylor's wife was boiling her macaroni in the street. She had turned a mortar upside down, and placed a pot on it that held a fire of burning sticks: over this flame stood her kettle. When the water began to boil, she seized a parcel of macaronies, thrust them to the bottom of the pot, and kept them down till they were rendered flexible by the hot water: she then let the

whole swim about. I looked at my watch. She left the victuals to boil up for five minutes, poured off the water, put to it broth, and cheese upon it, and the dinner was then ready. In the mean time a neighbour had risen from his seat of work, and, without asking permission, lighted his pipe at the little fire. The whole apparatus was also threatened for a moment with total destruction by a hog and a loaded ass. It is truly entertaining to witness this medley of scenes in the street.

Epicures sometimes mix livers of chickens with their macaroni, which render it delicious in the extreme. But I have confined myself at present to the populace, who have also other favourite dishes besides this grand national one. Among these must be reckoned beans and peas, which are in like manner boiled in great kettles that invite the passengers to turn aside; and also Turkish corn, the ears of which are boiled in water just as they grow, without any preparation. This last is indeed the most common diet, and in the least repute;

but it must be very nutritive, and I have frequently seen beggars devouring it eagerly. Not only the grains of it are eaten, but the meat likewise that encircles them, which is softened by boiling.

A second very rich source of nutriment is found in the endless number and variety of sea-fish; which are sold and consumed in the streets either boiled, roasted, or raw. I cannot describe all the grotesque forms they present. Some shell-fish are in the form of a horse-chesnut, with prickles; and others look like knife-handles of agate. Both sorts were eaten raw, and I think it must require some courage for consuming the latter when eaten in the following manner: their shells are first squeezed from the back part, when they immediately put out their heads and half their bodies in a manner somewhat similar to snails, and twist themselves about like leeches, which they very much resemble in form but not in colour. When held to a plate, they attach themselves to it with their heads, which then become broader. Two small eyes are

clearly to be distinguished on the head. Whoever is disposed to eat this fish, must bite directly into its head, as soon as that part comes out of the shell; and, holding it fast in this manner, draw out the whole body. I confess that I have never been able to overcome my aversion for performing such an operation. Some, however, stew them in their shells like oysters; in which state I have attempted to taste them, but found their flesh of a very sickly sweet. ---The oysters here are also in immense numbers; but they are very small, and their taste is by no means fine. The fishermen have a custom of opening them, and putting four or five into one shell to make a mouthful; but this practice is neither cleanly nor inviting.

It is usual for these men to sit with their stock (called *sea-fruit*) for sale on the beach; where fashionable companies assemble on the summer evenings to eat fish, sitting down to small tables which they find ready spread. The fisherman has then his variety of *sea-fruit* set out for shew, from

which every one may suit his fancy. But as the space used for this purpose is not very large, it is necessary to order a table beforehand to prevent a disappointment. A friend related to me a singular accident which happened here lately : A smart consequential youth, once arriving too late, found all the tables empty indeed, but every one already taken. He began to expostulate with the fisherman ; but finding that neither his arguments nor his blustering were of any effect, he was at length silent : yet determined on gratifying at least his resentment, as he could not his appetite, he tied a cord secretly to the table (which was now filled), and then waited till a carriage accidentally drew up to it ; when he fastened the other end of the cord to the carriage-wheel, and made off himself in haste. As the carriage drove on, it took the table of course with it ; and all the fine dressed fish were suddenly seen rolling in the mud and dirt.

Another principal article of provision consists of vegetables, which are here to be

had green, fresh, and cheap, the whole year through. Young Turkey beans are now (in the middle of November) very abundant; and I am assured that peas are almost every where to be seen at Christmas. All sorts of cabbage, and among others the proper brocoli of Italy, are piled up in a pretty manner to the height of six or seven feet, against the sloping walls. No vegetables to be found in the north are wanting here: and the Italians have also many sorts unknown to us; including the golden-apple which I before mentioned, and a violet-coloured fruit in the form of an egg (the name of which I have forgotten), besides white and red brocoli, &c. There is a very great quantity of gourds, mostly of the kind called Hercules' club, which grows to a monstrous size. Not only the cattle are fed with it, but the inhabitants boil it up also with rice for themselves, and find it very palatable. A favourite dish of the Italians is the Spanish pepper the red and green pods of which, sometimes strung on myrtle-stalks and softened

in vinegar, burn the mouth, and produce a ferment in the stomach.

Amidst the numerous superior advantages which the Neapolitans enjoy in the articles of eating and drinking, I must not pass over those gifts which Pomona has so liberally bestowed. I hear complaints that the present season has proved bad in this respect; and yet fruit is so plentiful and cheap, that chesnuts are more abundant here than potatoes are in the north: the latter, on the other hand, are very scarce here. The grapes are piled up in the baskets to the height of pyramids, and ornamented with rosemary-branches. Lemons and oranges, green and yellow, are to be seen in millions: they are sold with part of the peel off. The large pine-nuts are roasted in the street, for the purpose of stripping the husks from their delicious kernels. Pomegranates are exposed either whole or in slices, and allure the eye by their numberless purple seeds. The figs are either fresh in large baskets, or half-dried and put on wooden spits. Ap-

ples, pears, medlars, and nuts, are quite common. Pine-apples gratify the palate of the rich only; for here being scarcely any hot-houses, they are more rare than even in Berlin or Petersburg. The lazzaroni satisfies himself with melons; which are every where cried about the streets, cut into pieces and fresh-watered., “*Ah, che bella cosa!* Oh, how charming!” is to be heard at every corner; and indeed the sight of such a melon cut and watered nicely, is very tempting in warm weather.

Neither do the populace of Naples want for greater delicacies, or at least such as they perhaps think so. Under my window, for example, a man stands with a table before him, to one corner of which a pole is fastened, with a thick iron nail of about six feet long projecting from it. The man kneads on his table a dough of maize flour, and sweetens it plentifully with black honey. He then pulls out the dough, which at this time looks very black, into a long roll; seizes the ends with his two hands, and strikes it with all his force over the

thick rail till it becomes first yellow, and by degrees perfectly white. He now cuts it into small pieces, throws them into a pan with boiling oil, and in a few minutes the delicious substance is fried. The rabble catch up every morsel with avidity; and a number of greedy customers commonly surround the stall, watching the whole process with eager expectation till it is finished. A stranger might indeed find some difficulty in making an instantaneous trial of this dish; but he need only go a few paces further to the booth of a gingerbread-maker, and he will at all times find excellent little cakes filled partly with fruit and partly with *ricotta*, which I can assure him from experience would not disgrace a princely table. Ricotta is a sort of curds, or soft cheese; which is sold in small baskets with vine-leaves put over them.

It is well known that cheese is an article of importance with the Italians in general; but all sorts of Neapolitan cheese are good for nothing. Some are very sharp-tasted; but

most of them are quite insipid. The commonest are in the form of a small round pilgrim's flask; and are hung on pack-thread, in which manner the whole booth is usually garnished with them. On cutting into this sort, it looks exactly as if it lay enclosed in a bladder, for it has a tolerably thick skin over it resembling that membrane. The inside is very tough, and has no taste. The buffalo cheeses are very similar to these, and will stretch like leather.

The cheesemongers here deal in nothing but cheese, which answers very well; a proof that the consumption is considerable. They have a singular custom of setting out their shops, which I believe to be peculiar to them. Their principal ornament, which must in no case be wanting, is a large white marble table; in the middle of which a smaller one is supported by pillars, or by the figures of Genii with horns of plenty, and similar decorations. In this article, indeed, the taste, and even the wit, of the cheesemonger finds opportunity for exer-

tion. The fore-part of the smaller table is adorned either with bas-reliefs; as, for example, representations of the Lord's supper: or, still more frequently, with proverbs and sentences, spiritual or temporal, and mostly ludicrous. In one place we read a warning which may concern both the buyer and seller: "The wicked fall into their own snares." In another, some Latin sentences: as, *Dilata os tuum, et implebo illud*—"Open thy mouth, and I will fill it;" and *Butyrum de armento, et lac de ovibus*—"Butter from the herd, and milk from the flock."* Elsewhere the Genii are pouring ducats out of the cornucopiæ, with the inscription: *In te, Domine, speravi*—"In thee, O Lord, I have put my trust." One dealer is a humourist, and on his stand we read: "No credit given here to-day, but to-morrow."

* The author has said just above, that these dealers sell *only* cheese. In that case the sentence may be "Butter is" &c.—or is his account to be understood with some degree of relativeness to the customs in Germany?

I am very desirous to know how it happens that the cheesemongers should be the only tradesmen who set off their merchandizes in this manner; but it is certainly very commendable that so dirty an article as cheese in general externally is, should be sold from marble stands.—Another laudable custom, which I have met with no where else, is the manner of selling milk. The cow is led by its owner from house to house; and whoever wants milk sends out a servant, who milks from the cow before the door as much as the family has occasion for.

Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis; who not only, in idleness, get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of this live-stock to their good nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf, with the figure of St. Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animals walk about uncontrolled, devour as

much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them. On the contrary, if one of them should happen to enter a great house, and lie down there to sleep, the occupier thinks it a fortunate omen.—It is incredible to what a height the monks carry their impudence here; which is in fact exceeded by nothing but the stupidity of the people.

The meat in Naples is good, and is even sold without hesitation on the fast-days. Buffaloes are very frequently slaughtered.—The Apulian sheep which are often to be seen here, are very striking to a foreigner on account of their general size and their large heads.—The swine are no less an object of curiosity, for they are all dark grey and quite without hair. They are excessively fat: partly from being fed with Turkey corn, but still more from having the permission of wallowing about the populous streets the whole day; where, amidst all the preparation and consumption of victuals, they do not fail to obtain their full share: especially too as they are no more

deficient in impudence than the monks; for they care for neither horses nor carriages, and run between the legs of the foot-passengers. The hens have likewise the freedom of the streets; and chickens are to be seen all the year through. Ducks and geese are seldom or never seen in the crowd; probably because the Neapolitans very rarely eat these fowl.

The bread is tolerably good: for the more wealthy it is made of wheat; and for the poorer classes, of Turkish corn. There is no rye bread.

Wine is, of course, cheap; but is seldom good: it has in general a certain sickliness without being actually sweet, which makes it very unpleasant to a stranger. But there are some sorts which are free from this quality; particularly the famous *lachrymæ Christi*, which comes from the foot of Vesuvius: this affords indeed the best table wine; but is very spirited, and cannot well be taken without water. Yet whatever its goodness may be, it by no means answers the extraordinary reputation which it has

acquired, and is scarcely to be compared with moderate Bourdeaux. The wine from the island of Ischia is also in great esteem here at table. It is, however, a good rule never to drink foreign wines here; for if they are not actually adulterated, they are at least ill suited to the climate. In fact, the rule may be extended to all wine countries, to recommend their native productions in preference to all others; health, taste, and economy, will all be benefited by such means.—Though cork is easily to be procured here, as being the staple commodity of Italy, yet the tyranny of custom forbids its use for stoppers as in other countries. The Neapolitans content themselves with tying last dipped in oil round their well-known thin-necked bottles, which are afterwards very imperfectly cleaned with cotton or flax. Sometimes they use instead of this a miserable stopper made of a flimsy cane.---The quantity of wine at a meal is never considered; we may drink as much as we please, without adding to the amount of the bill.---The lovers of beer would here

be ill accommodated ; for I saw none of any kind.

I have now indulged my readers with a description of the meat and drink which they have to expect here, and shall only add a word or two on the preparation of the former. The Italian cookery can bear no comparison with the French ; though, at the same time, it is not actually bad. In boiling and roasting, it resembles the English ; as also in eating the vegetables dressed plain as they come out of the water. But those who do not find this latter agreeable, may have recourse to the exquisite oil ; and whatever prejudice they may have entertained against that article, it will vanish here.---The Italians are fond of a variety at their tables. Twelve dishes are reckoned a perfectly plain meal.

But to return from this epicurean dissertation.—The city of Naples has a singular aspect. The tops of the houses are provided with a channel of free-stone ; where the occupiers can enjoy very fresh and agreeable air, walk about, chat with the

neighbours, or overlook them. It is a pity only that the stone often flies, and thus admits the rain : they are then obliged to stop up the cracks with pitch and sand mixed together, by which means this pleasant promenade on some houses is spoiled. I might also say that Naples has no windows except on the ground-floor ; for all the other stories open only by doors into balconies. Not a single chamber is without its balcony. A gallery often runs the length of a whole story ; but there are mostly small balconies, distinct from each other, and decorated with flowers. The gourds, Spanish pepper, bunches of grapes, and service-berries, form a singular ornament on the fronts of the houses, and particularly over the doors, which are very generally hung with them in autumn.

Fine buildings are very numerous in Naples ; but they look so smoky, and lie in such dirty narrow streets, that the whole effect of them is lost. There are very few good streets, and no regular squares. They are in a great error who imagine Naples to

be altogether a fine city. It cannot be compared with Berlin or Petersburg. The only proper street (that called Toledo) is certainly handsome : it is broad, and very long ; but is bent, and consequently admits of no perspective like what we find in Petersburg, or the lime-walk in Berlin.—The numberless booths and the vast bustle afford here the greatest amusement. But persons with weak auricular nerves will do well not to take a walk in this city. The Italians are confessedly not speakers, but bawlers ; and are distinguished from the French in this particular only, by laying aside that characteristic when they sing : but the uproar in the street Toledo is worse than any where else. We are told that it is a great relief of deafness, for those who are so afflicted to reside in the neighbourhood of a great noise ; and for this purpose mills and waterfalls are recommended. But what are mills and waterfalls to the cries of Italians, and the never-ceasing clamour of their throats ? Whoever cannot distinguish sounds in the street Toledo, is doomed to

an everlasting exclusion from the faculty of hearing.

Were all the streets of Naples like this one, and the grand buildings doubled in number and magnificence, it would still deserve the name of a wretched city as long as it is crowded with beggars, whose number defies all calculation. I feel it indeed a fruitless task for my pen to attempt a description of the scenes I have witnessed ; and I lay it down in despair. But no : what I can tell, is as much as need be known of human misery.----As we step out of our house, twenty hats and open hands are stretched out towards us. We cannot take ten steps in the street without meeting a beggar, who crosses our path, and with groans and piteous exclamations solicits our mite. Women, often dressed in black silk and veiled, obtrude themselves impudently upon us. Cripples of all sorts suddenly hold their stump of an arm or a leg close to our eyes. Noseless faces, devoured by disease, grin at us. Children quite naked---nay, not unfrequently even

men,---are to be seen lying and moaning in the dirt. A dropsical man sits by a wall, and shews us his monstrous belly. Consumptive mothers lie by the road-side, with naked children in their laps, who are compelled to be continually crying aloud. If we go to church, we must pass between a dozen such deplorable objects at the door; and, when we enter, as many more fall down on their knees before us. Even in our dwelling we are not free from the painful spectacle. If we open the balcony-door, the sighs re-echo in our ear from below. Monks intrude themselves into our chamber, and beg of us while they offer us a plate of fruit; and the king's gardener will do the same under the pretext of giving us a singular fruit purloined from the royal hot-houses.

On taking a view of all these horrors, one cannot restrain a smile of bitter contempt at the proud Neapolitan proverb: "You must see Naples, and die." Some years ago an attempt was made to abolish the system of beggary; and for this purpose a command was issued for taking up all beggars,

and carrying them to the great poor-house, which is large enough to hold many thousands. But the maintenance of so many people when brought together, was a small circumstance which had been overlooked. Much, no doubt, had been calculated on the charitable and voluntary contributions of the Neapolitans; which, in the beginning, indeed, were very liberal. But this scheme experienced the fate of all similar projects, founded only on the precarious support of individuals; for nothing wearies so soon as charity.* The contributions fell off. The unfortunate wretches were shut up by five hundreds in large halls, without victuals or occupation: diseases gained ground among them: one ran away after another, without obstruction: the beggars were no more apprehended; and every thing returned to its former state.

* From this and the next sentence alone we can proudly tell that the author is *not* an ENGLISH-MAN.

SCENES IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

BESIDES what usually passes in all streets, as riding, driving, buying, selling, begging, stealing, &c. every town is also accustomed to have its peculiarities, which do not appear remarkable to the inhabitant, but are very striking to a foreigner. There is no more a perfect resemblance between any two towns, than between two men. A specific likeness is, of course, to be perceived among the Italian towns at first glance; but the shades of difference in them are notwithstanding very obvious. This remark is particularly applicable to Naples.

I have already mentioned the vagabond calves: I do not believe a similar thing is to be found any where else.---Another Neapolitan curiosity is to be found in the public lecturers on the Mole. This mole is in general a very agreeable walk, built into the sea; which, however, is not free from the universal horrid stench. To the left hand, the ships are rocking at anchor; to

the right, the waves of the sea are broken on the pieces of rock ; and in the front we perceive the beacon. Though the mole is very broad, and is also paved with large flag-stones, yet no carriage can drive over it ; and, if this were allowed, it would not be possible, on account of the crowd, which is not easily passed through on foot. Here are to be found all sorts of men who speculate on the credulity of the populace, and others who profit by their curiosity.

Among the latter description I observed two men advanced in years, but still stout and robust in appearance. Their miserably patched but not ragged clothes, pronounced them to be in the first order of beggars. They erected a square for themselves, of a single and sometimes of a double row of benches, pretty wide from each other ; they then seat themselves with a manuscript in their hands, and wait usually but a short time for a numerous assemblage. I have often found fifty or sixty round them : their audience consists of skippers, servants, mechanics, and lazaronies. These last com-

monly plant themselves in the middle of the square, on the bare ground. Those who cannot procure a place in the benches, form a circle standing. The manuscript which is so irresistibly alluring, is always the history of a certain prince Rinaldo, who is a great favourite with the Neapolitans. This prince was of course a hero; who overcame robbers, monsters, giants, and amazons, and was also occasionally gallant to the ladies. The most remarkable circumstance to a stranger is, that all these wonderful things are detailed by singing. The melody of this song is very monotonous, and something similar to a recitative. The singers or readers accompany their narrative with the most vehement gesticulations, which often affect the nearest bystanders in no very gentle manner; who, to the great entertainment of the other auditors, have to sustain pretty hard blows. When a combat for life and death is to be described (as is commonly the case in every page of this murderous history), the speaker brings the scene home to the senses of the audience by a panto-

mime in the best manner possible: he draws his sword with the left hand, holds his book as a shield to his breast, plunges and cuts at the enemy, is wounded, writhes and twists his face in a comical manner, or sings and laughs triumphantly. It is sometimes difficult to say which is the most worthy of observation; the grimace of the reader, or the air of astonishment in the hearers: who, with fixed looks and open mouths, hang on his lips. Most of them, at least, are extremely attentive and serious; though there are indeed some bolder and shrewder spirits who allow themselves the liberty of a jest, or otherwise attempt to sport their clumsy wit. The reader often stops in his song to explain what was said; and this he does with so much circumlocution and loquacity, as pretty clearly manifests the very low estimation in which he holds the understandings of his audience. This continues many hours, till he or they are tired. The former is most frequently the case, for the company is always changing by individuals leaving or joining it. Dur-

ing the readings, he casts a glance round, by which with the greatest celerity he sees whether there are among his hearers some who can and will give him any thing. When he perceives that there are, he directly (without interrupting his narrative) offers a hat to a lazarone sitting near him ; who, knowing what this means, takes the hat, and goes round the circle with it. No one is compelled to throw any thing in, and therefore most of them give a nod as a sign to be passed over. The amount of such a collection never exceeded a few halfpence as far as I could observe, and from these the reader gives one to his collector. At last, when the poem is concluded (which is shewn by the man's shutting his book and rising), the whole assembly is dispersed on all sides with the quickness of lightning. As the reciter attends daily in the same place, this small sum will in general serve for his subsistence.

Another peculiarity in Naples consists in the street-preachers. A flag is seen flying in one of the streets, and behind it a

crucifix is carried, which is followed by the venerable divine in his robes. He approaches the Mole, looks for a place that he thinks suitable, gives a signal, and the flag is planted at some paces from him. He himself mounts the first stone he meets with, or a bench fetched from the nearest booth for his use. The people immediately assemble round him with their hats off. I have heard one of them speak actually very well; his arguments were perfectly adapted to the narrow conceptions of his audience, and he indulged himself in no jesting. Every one who was not disposed to listen, went past with his hat off. These ministers have a very great influence on the lower orders; and it is said that the government make use of them to produce any particular spirit among the populace. Some time ago one of these men lived here, who if I mistake not was called father Rocco. He was much esteemed at court; and had a carriage kept for him, so that he could go expeditiously

from one end of the city to the other when necessity required it. He was more feared than beloved by the people, for he was a furious zealot. He was once offended at seeing a puppet-shew with Punch and his wife more numerously attended than his pulpit; from which he jumped down in haste, and driving the shewman from the spot with his cross, took his place. This man has, however, done much good, and brought about many beneficial regulations by his influence and indefatigable efforts. Among other things the public are indebted to him for many lamps which burn before holy images in the streets; and as the city has no other lights, it is unquestionably a very great benefit.

Lecturing and preaching are here infectious: the youth also ape the practice. A boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age goes about in priest's clothes, and preaches under the balconies for a farthing or two when desired. On such occasions he very emphatically exhorts all wild chil-

dren ; but his sermon generally concludes with battles between him and the low boys in the street.

I must not forget mentioning a man who daily pursues his trade on the Mole. He has a commanding figure, is dressed like an Hungarian hussar, and also wears some medals about him. His name sounds very grand, being Maura Guerra Gamba Curta. He professes himself a Prussian ; and declares that his family has been provided with a balsam for five hundred years, which was invented by their ancestor at that period. When he stands on his stage displaying and extolling his medicines, he produces by the firm and positive tone with which he speaks, the same effect as I have observed in the auditories of the modern philosophers from a similar cause. " My good Neapolitans," he exclaims, " I know there are excellent physicians and surgeons here, and that I am but a worm compared with them ; but by the grace of God," (here he takes off his hat, as do also the by-standers,) " by the grace of

God, I possess a balsam which heals the deepest wounds in a moment. Do you think that I wish to be taken at my word? By no means. Observe!" He now takes off his coat, shews his naked arm, draws his sabre, makes an incision in his flesh, and lets the blood gush out plentifully; he then pours in a few drops of his balsam, and invites the hearers to come the next day and view the wonderful effect of his balsam. "Here," he continues, "is a water against the scurvy; and if all your teeth were so loose as to be shaken by the wind like the hair of your head, you need only wash your mouth with this, and they will directly stand as fast as palisades in a fortification. This water is, as it were, the *cardinal* among my medicines; this salve, on the contrary, the *pope* himself." Here the hat is taken off again, and indeed somewhat lower than on the mention of God. "If you have an eruption, let it be ever so bad, rub yourselves with this salve to-day, and to-morrow or the day after adieu to your complaint! Do

you think that I would cheat you of your money? Far from it: I labour merely for the honour of God. This medicine costs me four carolines (6s. 6d. sterling), and I give it to you for one only. Yes, I give it to you *gratis*: there! take it; I desire nothing for it. Try it beforehand, and then come and bear testimony whether Gamba Curta has spoken true or not." I was once actually witness to his refusing money of a well-drest man, who could not prevail on him to accept it without the most urgent entreaties. "Trust me not," he would often say at the close of his harangue: "inquire about me; go into the palace of his excellency General so-and-so, and ask what I have been in his regiment. Perhaps only a common hussar. But I have cured the whole regiment of all possible diseases. When death sat on the lips, and there was no one to help more, then honest Gamba Curta was called for; it was known that he let nobody die." Thus did the man pour a torrent of eloquence that was inexhaustible. Had he been born in

some other parts of Europe, he would surely have formed a new epoch in the philosophy of the day; but here his merits are grown rather stale and out of date. A year ago he is said to have had a great crowd after him; and even now he is not without a considerable number of followers: but he often cuts his arm in vain, and roars himself hoarse for hours to no purpose; we seldom see a hand with a copper coin stretched out to buy his miraculous specifics.—At present the trade of a surgeon who, to the no small grievance of signior Gamba Curta, has taken up his station very near him, appears more productive. This man has at the same time a little puppet-shew of Punchinello, by which he attracts great crowds of spectators. When the circle appears large enough, he steps forth from behind the curtain, and harangues with less sublimity than his rival, but in softer and more persuasive accents.

All sorts of games are likewise played in the streets. That in which the parties throw their fingers above each others' heads is the

most common, but the most difficult to describe. Two or more persons stand together, bend their fists, and then stretch out such a number of fingers at the same time as they please, and instantly cry another number. He that hits on the right number of fingers stretched out from both or all the hands added together and cries it out first, is the winner. For example: I stretch out three fingers of my hand towards my adversary, and he two to me, and I call out at the same instant Five; I have then won. When neither of the parties, or each, has hit on the right number, the fists are instantly bent again, and the hands opened and shut afresh. All this passes with great rapidity; and at the same time the players bawl so violently, that strangers unacquainted with the game would suppose them to be engaged in a violent quarrel, which must end in a battle.—Another very favourite game, that is also common with us, is the tossing up copper coins, and guessing which side will fall uppermost.

What with us are only the amusements of boys, are here common among young and even grown-up men. In the public places we very often see persons catch up a top while it is spinning, hold it in their hands for a time, and then pass it from one to another, or put it on the ground again without its stopping.—The lazaroni are also particularly clever in the management of kites, which are to be seen flying by hundreds in the air. Many let them rise from the flat roofs of the houses, and are not satisfied with the usual entertainment, but actually give it a species of interest by endeavouring to catch the breeze from others, and make one kite pounce at another like a bird of prey, in which case they succeed in driving their neighbour from his post.—Cards are also very frequently played in the streets, particularly on Sundays. I have seen, in the road to Portici, eight or ten card-tables set before a public-house.—I am aware that these are only trifles that I am relating, yet I think they belong to the

delineation of national manners. I will now conduct the reader to some more serious scenes in the streets.

A funeral train is passing. How!—do not living men bury the dead here? Is every corpse consigned to the grave by spirits? The question is pardonable, for every one surrounding the coffin is muffled up in white from head to foot, without excepting even the face; a few small holes only being cut out for the eyes. When twenty or thirty such spectres moving along in a dark night with torches in their hands, and muttering to themselves, precede a splendid coffin of crimson velvet, which also goes onward without any visible force to carry or draw it, the scene will startle any one who is not grown familiar with it from custom. This, however, must soon be the case with those who live at Naples, where similar scenes are passing daily. There are many pious brotherhoods whose duty it is, among other things, to inter the dead. Why this masquerade is used for the purpose, I have not been able to learn:

but imagine it may arise from pride ; for I am assured that many young people of quality are among the followers, who would not wish to be seen by the populace in performing such a menial office. The cause of the coffin's motion not being perceived, is that the richly-embroidered pall hangs down to the ground, and conceals the bearers completely under it. It is not improbable also, that when the bier reaches the place of interment, some of the persons under it may be drawn out almost in a state of suffocation ; for the thick velvet pall that is heavily worked with gold can never admit sufficient air for a free respiration. It is worthy of remark, that this coffin so grandly adorned is a mere shell for the purpose of parade, and serves for repeated funerals.—Of the brotherhoods which I have just mentioned, there are several descriptions that differ in their colours. Another train, for example, which I saw, were muffled in red ; and thus had the appearance of bloody spectres. All, however, wear the image of a saint on their breast,

like the badge of an order. On certain days they wander singly through the streets, and collect money to pray for the souls in purgatory; on which occasion they do not speak, but shake the money-bag at the ears of passengers.

I once saw also a genteel funeral, as it is called. The coffin and pall were of blue velvet, with embroidery no less rich than the former; and the coffin was followed by thirty or forty ragged fellows, carrying flags with the arms of the deceased. For this magnificent parade the very first lazaroni were taken that came in the way; who walked in procession, not by two and two, but eight and eight. The contrast of their squalid appearance with the magnificence of the other parts of the ceremony, was truly comical. The eye looked in vain for relief in a variety of colours at least, but perceived only the same arms incessantly multiplied.—Indeed, the love of pompous heraldry is an hereditary disorder among the ancient nobility. I once had the honour to dine with an old knight at Mentz, when

the first object that presented itself to me on the front of his house was his coat of arms; then they appeared, supported by two lions, on each side of the stairs; they were, in the third place, painted over the door of the apartment; fourthly, they were embroidered in the chairs on which we sat; fifthly, they were engraved on the silver spoons; and sixthly, they were worked in the table-cloth. When I cast my eye upwards, I perceived them in stucco-work in the four corners of the saloon; and downwards, on the little work-stand of the lady, where they were very curiously inlaid with coloured wood. The servants wore them on the lace of their liveries, and they were very neatly sown into the edges of the infant's frock.

But to return from Mentz to Naples.

One pernicious and disgusting custom is fortunately almost obsolete: namely, that of carrying the dead uncovered through the streets. I say almost, but I am sorry I cannot say entirely; for this is still practised towards priests and children. The

latter are adorned with flowers ; and have nosegays in their hands, and often in their mouths. Some low boys from the street are also put into a sort of opera-dress, that they may represent angels ; and thus whimsically masked, they surround the corpse, and attend it to the grave.

Another striking spectacle in the streets is, when the Host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place ; for in the narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-shew, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps further is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main-guard house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons (besides the cattle) are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the

procession I have just mentioned appears : colours flying before announce it to the eye ; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour ; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious whose road leads this way, consider it a duty to follow the train ; which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The shewman is directly silent ; even the fish-women are perfectly still, not a sound escapes : all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight. In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony (and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony) a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted as it were by magic, into broad day ; for every story is illuminated : and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which with a whizzing and loud re-

port salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street on both sides assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house and from balcony to balcony in the most rapid succession, till in the same order it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness. I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me (who am a heretic) with a sort of awe, since I esteem it the greatest of all absurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this otherwise than by the observation that most things affect our weak minds which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for five minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

More various costumes, and those too all of the same nation, are to be seen nowhere than in Naples. The country people dress themselves in almost every village differently; which may have originated in the early periods, when they were so many distinct colonies. The inhabitants of the islands of Ischia, Procida, Capri, &c. distinguish themselves by their peculiar habits. But these varieties are carried still further in the capital, among the people of different classes. I have already mentioned the brotherhoods, who wander about like spectres: there are unfortunately many thousand monks of all orders and colours, with and without a beard, with and without shoes, in cowls, hats, and bonnets, of one, two, or three colours. With the exception of some directors of useful institutions, they are confessedly mere idlers; who lounge about the streets in companies of six or seven, or entirely alone.---There is a sort of nuns also, called domestic nuns; who do not properly belong to any order, but have merely taken a vow among themselves to

wear all their lives men's clothes, not to marry, and (if they can) to live also chaste; in other respects, however, they propose not to renounce the wicked world, but rather, by their mummery, indulge their spiritual vanity openly. I imagine that the Neapolitan females take refuge in this coquetry on the loss of their youthful attractions; for I have never seen a young domestic nun. However, the ordinary habit of Neapolitan women in the middle rank is no better than that of a nun; as they not only all dress themselves in black silk, but wear likewise on their heads an immense black hood, which veils their faces, and, when a breeze catches them, gives them the appearance of balloons walking about on human legs.—We often meet men who look like chaplains to the Prussian army: these are lawyers; whose number is, in like manner, monstrously great.—In another part we see many youths in long robes, sometimes blue and sometimes white or red. They belong to the different conservatories

in which music is taught; and many directly betray, by their awkward growth, that they are of the class of unfortunate beings whom the perverted taste of the Italians prefers to hear singing.---A body of Arnantes, lying in garrison here, are to be distinguished by their dress and features. The guard of the king wears red and blue; another regiment, white; a third, dark blue; and others, yellow and black.---Let me only mix with this particoloured multitude some Armenian merchants and Algerine slaves, and it will be confessed that it is not possible to put together a greater variety of dresses.

In the above respect the streets of Naples afford more diversity than those of Paris; but in another particular the latter are far more entertaining. In Paris we find the walls covered with every kind of writing; but at Naples not at all. *There* every one has to propose, to offer, and communicate, something to the public; but *here*, nobody. The French endeavour to bring, as much as possible, men of all ranks and descriptions

into connection with each other; the Italians try to individualize them. The Frenchman's restless mind must have food every where, if it be only *en passant*; the Italian, on the contrary, seeks merely food for the body, and never feels the weight of time. A small printed paper on the church doors, is the utmost that we sometimes find in Naples. And what does this contain?—a spiritual invitation to attend some pious festival, or a new beatification of some devout idler. Yes, indeed; there are always new saints fabricating: and it will come to such a pitch, that as in China a mandarin is thought learned who knows all his letters, so a catholic priest will in like manner have a claim to that honourable epithet when he can rehearse the whole catalogue of saints in his church. The only bill which I ever saw on the walls during my stay in Naples, was in the street Toledo; and an absurdity it was: a master of languages offered to give “Christian moral instruction” in

Italian. The government has also very seldom any thing to say to the people.

If the walls of Naples are, however, deficient in temporal novelties, they are amply supplied with spiritual ones, which exhibit the absurdest objects as religious images. Of this description, in particular, are the naked souls in purgatory.—In the street leading to Portici, we see on the wall a very remarkable picture of the entry of cardinal Ruffo with his Calabrians. He himself commands on horseback; St. Antoninus, with the royal arms, hovering over him. Opposite to them is the burning lake: in it a monstrous dragon stretches open his horrible jaws, into which the troops drive all the French without mercy. It is a pity that the tooth of time makes rapid inroads on this jocose picture, and threatens to rob the stranger of a very innocent and hearty laugh.

I am of opinion that the streets of a city are the proper places for discovering the character of the inhabitants; and I

hope, therefore, that I have performed no unacceptable task in having attempted to describe them to the reader. He is now as familiar with the city of Naples as I am.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-square.

12

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

**INTER-LIBRARY
LOAN**

MAR 17 1965

SEP 23 2006

JUN 06 2008

YA 05120



