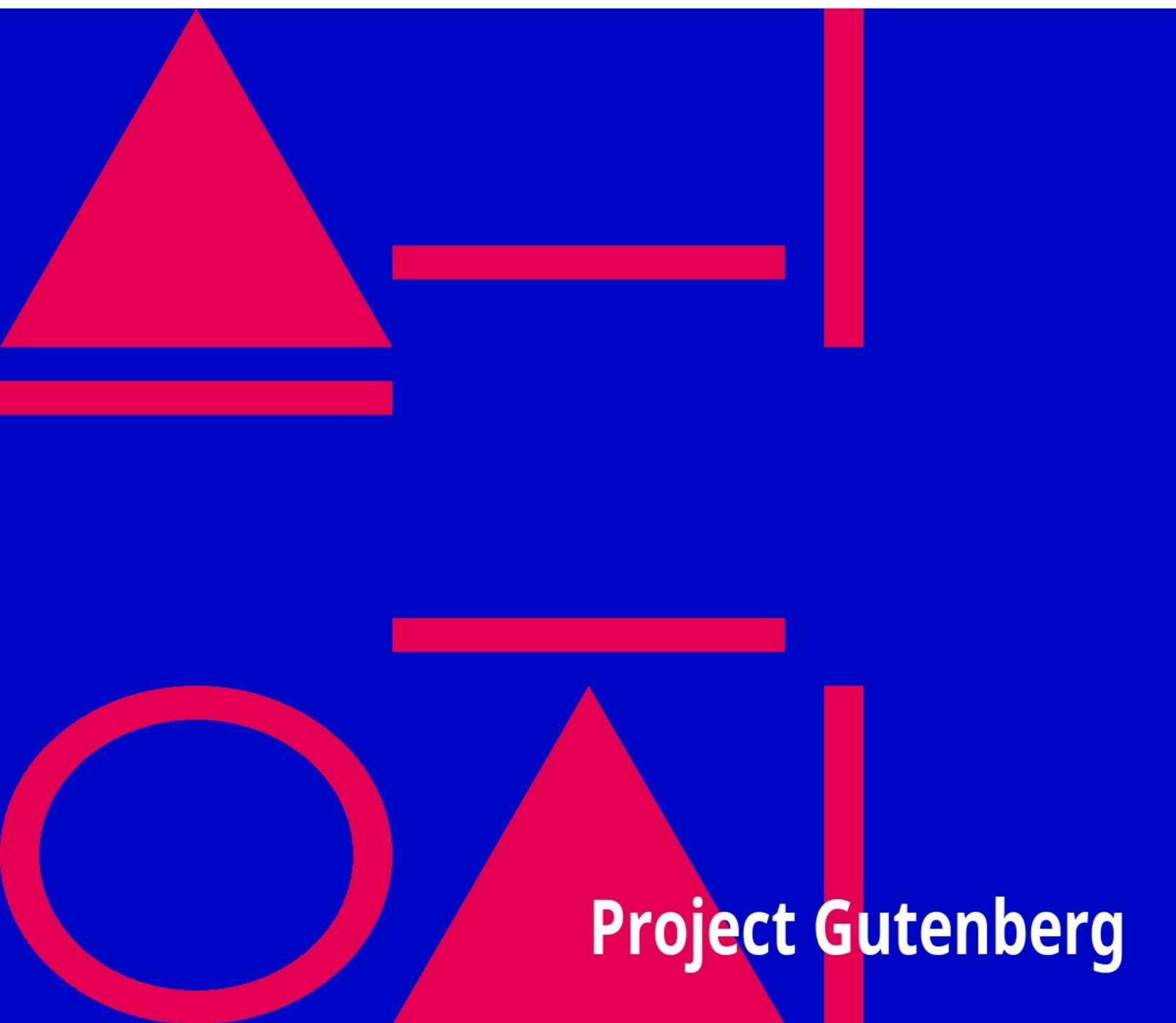


After Waterloo

Reminiscences of European Travel 1815-1819

William Edward Frye and Salomon Reinach



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Title: After Waterloo: Reminiscences of European Travel 1815-1819

Author: Major W. E Frye

Release Date: February 4, 2004 [EBook #10939]

Language: English

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AFTER WATERLOO

Reminiscences of European Travel 1815-1819

By

MAJOR W.E. FRYE

EDITED WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES

By **SALOMON REINACH**

Member of the Institute of France

LONDON 1908

To

V.A.M. S.R.

PREFACE

The knowledge of Major Frye's manuscript and the privilege of publishing it for the first time I owe to the kindness of two French ladies, the Misses G——. Their father, a well known artist and critic, used to spend the summer months at Saint Germain-en-Laye together with his wife, who was an English woman by birth. They had been for a long time intimately acquainted with Major Frye, who lived and ended his life in that quiet town. The Major's hostess, Mme. de W——, after his death in 1858, brought the manuscript to Mrs. G—— and gave it to her in memory of her friend. It was duly preserved in the G—— family, but remained unnoticed. The Misses G—— rediscovered it in 1907, when it had been lying in a cupboard for upwards of half a century. On their showing it to me I thought it was interesting for many reasons, and worthy of introduction to the public. I hope the reader will share my opinion, which is also that of several English scholars and men of letters, to whom I communicated extracts from the manuscript.

The reminiscences are in the form of letters addressed to a correspondent who, however, is never named and of whose health, family and private circumstances not the slightest mention is to be found. So I am inclined to believe that he never existed, and that Major Frye chose to imitate President de Brosses and others who thus recorded their travelling experiences in epistolary form.

The manuscript—which will eventually be deposited in a public library—is entirely in Major Frye's large and legible hand; at some later time it was evidently revised by himself, but many names which I have endeavoured to complete were left in blank or only indicated by initials. There are three folio volumes, bound in paper boards. In this edition it has been thought advisable to leave out a certain number of pages devoted to theatricals, of which Major Frye was a great votary, and also some lengthy descriptions of landscapes, museums and churches, the interest of which to modern readers does not correspond to the space occupied by them. For the information contained in the footnotes I am

indebted to many correspondents, English, French, Swiss, Belgian and Italian, to whom I here express my hearty thanks. I am under special obligation to Sir Charles Dilke, Mr Oscar Browning, Professor Novati, Professor Corrado Ricci, Commandant Espérandieu, Professor Cumont, Professor Stilling and Mr Höchberg.

Major Frye's tombstone is in the cemetery of Saint Germain, and reads thus: "To the memory of Major William Edward Frye, who departed this life the 9th day of October, 1858." On the same stone has been added in French: "Perceval Edmond Litchfield, décédé le 15 Avril, 1888." About P.E. Litchfield I know nothing; he must have been the Major's intimate friend during the last period of his life.

* * * * *

W.E. Frye was born Oct. 29, 1784, and received his education at Eton (1797-9) in the time of the French Revolution. "The system was," he says, "to drill into the heads of the boys strong aristocratic principles and hatred of democracy and of the French in particular." The effect produced on the youth was the reverse of that intended. From 1799 to 1822 he belonged to the British army: here is an abstract of his services:

Ensign, 2nd Foot, 5th August, 1799.
Lieutenant, 2nd Foot, 7th March, 1800.
Half-pay, 4th Foot, 14th April, 1808.
Lieutenant, 24th Foot, 8th December, 1804.
Captain, 56th Foot, 18th April, 1805.
3rd Ceylon Regt., 15th Feb., 1810.
Half-pay, 3rd Foot, 7th March, 1816.
4th Foot, 24th Feb., 1820.
Brevet-Major, 12th August, 1819.
Sold out, 15th August, 1822.

In 1799, Frye took a part in the British Expedition to Holland. In 1801 he was in Egypt with Lord Abercrombie's army and received the medal for war service. His career in India lasted six years and gave him occasion to visit the three presidencies and Ceylon. In 1814 he returned on furlough to Europe and was in Brussels during the Waterloo campaign. The subsequent years—1815 to 1819—he employed visiting Western Europe, as appears from his reminiscences. I have read letters of his which prove that he lived in Paris from 1830 to 1832. Later,

about 1848, he took an apartment in Saint Germain, and died there in 1858.

Major Frye was a very distinguished linguist; besides knowing Greek and Latin, he understood almost all European languages, and was capable of writing correctly in French, Italian and German. The Misses G—— have shown me a rare book published by him at Paris in 1844 under the following title:

"Trois chants de l'Edda. Vaftrudnismal, Thrymsquidal, Skirnisfor, traduits en vers français, accompagnés de notes explicatives des mythes et allégories, et suivis d'autres poèmes par W.E. Frye, ancien major d'infanterie au service d'Angleterre, membre de l'Académie des Arcadiens de Rome. Se vend à Paris, pour l'auteur, chez Heideloff & Cie, Libraires, 18 Rue des Filles St. Thomas. 1844" (In 8vo, xii, 115 pp.)

At the end of that volume are translations by Major Frye of several Northern poems—in German, Italian and English verse—from the Danish and the Swedish; then come two sonnets in French verse, the one in honour of Lafayette, the other about the Duke of Orléans, whose premature death he compares with that of the Northern hero of the Edda, Balder. A part of Frye's translation of the Edda, before appearing in book form, had been published in *l'Echo de la Littérature et des Beaux Arts*, a periodical edited by the Major's friend, M. de Belenet.

Frye loved poetry, though his ideas on the subject were rather those of the eighteenth century than our own. It is interesting to find an English officer reading Voltaire, Gessner, Ariosto, and quoting them from memory (which explains that some of his quotations had to be corrected). The sentimental vein of Rousseau's generation still flows and vibrates in him, as when he says that he has never been able to read the letters of Wolmar to St Preux in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* without shedding tears. German minor poetry, now quite forgotten, attracted him almost as much as the great pages of Schiller, Bürger, and Goethe. The Misses G. possess a manuscript translation in three volumes, in the Major's own hand, of Wieland's *Agathodemon* done into English. This he evidently intended to publish, as he had written the title-page which is worded as follows:

"Agathodemon, a philosophical romance translated from the German of Wieland by W.E. Frye, member of the Academy degli Arcadi in Rome, and of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen, ex-major of infantry in His

British Majesty's service."

Frye describes with accuracy, and shows much appreciation of fine scenery and architecture. His judgements in painting and sculpture are sincere, though often betraying the autodidact and amateur. He loved music, especially Rossini's operas which were then beginning their long career of triumph. Theatricals of all sorts, especially ballets, had a great attraction for him and elicited his enthusiastic comments. In comparing tragedies and comedies which he had seen performed in different countries, he gave repeated proofs of his knowledge and critical insight. We can take him as a good example of that intelligent class of English travellers whose intercourse with the Continental *litterati* has so well contributed to establish the good reputation of British culture and refined appreciation of the arts.

The chief interest of Frye's reminiscences lies, however, in quite another direction. He was a friend of liberty, a friend of France, an admirer of Napoleon, and a hater of the Tory régime which brought about Napoleon's downfall. "France's attempts at European domination, in the Napoleonic era, are graciously described as but so many efforts towards spreading the light of civilization over Europe." These words, written about a quite recent work and à propos of the "Entente cordiale," apply perfectly to Frye's reminiscences. Travelling immediately before and after the Emperor's collapse, he found that everywhere, excepting in Tuscany, the French domination was regretted, because the ideals of liberty and equality had shone and vanished with the tricolour flag. He admires the French people, though not the *Ultras* and bigots, and has fine words of praise for the French army: "Yes, the French soldier is a fine fellow. I have served against them in Holland and in Egypt, and I will never flinch from rendering justice to their exemplary conduct and lofty valour." He takes trouble to refute the exaggerated reports which were then circulated all over Europe about the cruelties and vandalism practised by the French: "If the French since the Revolution have not always fought for liberty, they have done so invariably for science; and wherever they carried their victorious arms abuses were abolished, ameliorations of all kinds followed and the arts of life were improved. Our government, since the accession of George III, has never raised its arm except in favour of old abuses, to uphold despotism and unfair privileges or to establish commercial monopoly."

Sometimes, indeed, speaking of his own country and its government, Major Frye uses very hard words, which might seem unpatriotic if we did not know, from

many other memoirs and letters, to what a terrible strain orthodox Toryism, coupled with bigotry and hypocrisy, had put the patience of liberal Englishmen at that period. He called the British government "the most dangerous, artful, and determined enemy of all liberty,"—"England," he says, "has been always ready to lend a hand to crush liberty, to perpetuate abuses and to rivet the fetters of monarchical, feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny." And later on he inveighs against the English merchants, who "contributed with their gold to uphold the corrupt system of Pitt and to carry on unjust, unreasonable and liberticide wars."

Whatever may be the final judgement of history on the Tory principles in politics in the days of the Congress of Vienna, Major Frye's love of liberty and intellectual progress entitle him to the sympathy of those who share his generous feelings and do not consider that personal freedom and individual rights are articles for home use only. Since Frye wrote, the whole of Europe, excepting perhaps Russia, has reaped the benefits of the French Revolution, and reduced, if not suppressed, what the Major called "kingcraft and priestcraft." He did not attempt to divine the future, but the history of Europe in the nineteenth century has been largely in accordance with his desires and hopes. It is not a small merit for a writer, in the midst of one of the most rabid reactions that the world has known, to have clung with such tenacity to ideals, the complete victory of which may now be contemplated in the near future.

S.R.

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CHAPTER I

MAY-JUNE, 1815

Passage from Ceylon to England—Napoleon's return—Ostend—Bruges—Ghent—The King of France at Mass—Alost—Bruxelles—The Duke of Wellington very confident—Feelings of the Belgians—Good conduct of British troops—Monuments in Bruxelles—Theatricals—Genappe and Namur—Complaints against the Prussian troops—Mons—Major-General Adam—Tournay—A French deserter—General Clinton's division—Cavalry review—The Duke de Berri—Back to Bruxelles—Unjust opinions about Napoleon and the French—Battle at Ligny—The day of Waterloo in Bruxelles—Visit to the battlefield—Terrible condition of the wounded—Kindness of the Bruxellois.

BRUXELLES, May 1, 1815.

I proceed to the fulfilment of my promise, to give you from time to time the details of my tour, and my reflections on the circumstances that occur at this momentous crisis.

To me, who have spent the greatest part of my life out of Europe, the whole scene is so new that I am quite bewildered with it; and you will, I am afraid, as I write on the impulse of the moment, find my ideas at times rather incoherently

put together. What changes have taken place in Europe within the last two years! and how great were those which occurred during the interval of my passage from Ceylon last year, which island I quitted about the time that we received in that part of the world intelligence of the battle of Leipsic! Having had a long passage from distant Taprobane, it was only on my arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, that I learned, to my utter astonishment, the news of the capitulation of Paris to the allied powers, and of the overthrow of the power and dynasty of Napoleon. I recollect that at the Cape there was great rejoicing and jubilee on this occasion; but I confess, as to myself, I did not see any reason for giving vent to this extravagant joy; and I must have had even at that time somehow or other a presentiment of what would soon happen, as in communicating this intelligence to a friend in India I made use of these words: "get a court dress made, my good friend, and a big wig, ruffled shirt, and hair-powder, and stick an old-fashioned sword by your side, for, depend on it, old fashions will come into play again; the most arbitrary and aristocratic notions will be revived and terrible machinations will be framed against the liberties of Europe."

Of course at the Cape we only heard one side of the question; and I began to be almost convinced that it was as necessary for humanity, as for the repose of Europe, that the giant should be put down; and I was consoled when it was effected, ostensibly, at least, by the voice of the people.

I had scarcely been three months in England, when the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the extraordinary dislocation of the Bourbons from the throne of France, summoned Europe again to arms; the crusade is preached at Vienna, and behold! his Grace of Wellington appointed the Godfrey of the holy league. I had reason, about six weeks before the news of this event reached London, from some conversation I had with an intelligent friend, who had just returned from a tour on the Continent, to suppose that the slightest combination against the Bourbons would prove successful, from their injudicious conduct and from the temper of the people; but I never could have supposed that the return of the man of Elba would be hailed with such unparalleled and unanimous acclamation. As I had long ago wished for an opportunity of visiting the continent of Europe, which had never before occurred to me, I eagerly embraced the offer made to me by my friend Major-General Wilson, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Ceylon,[1] to accompany him on a military tour through the country about to be the theatre of war. Though I had never before visited the Continent (except with the British army in the invasion of Holland in 1799, when I began my military career), yet I was not wholly unprepared for travelling, having united to a classical, as well as

military education, a tolerable knowledge of history, and a partial acquirement of the principal modern European languages, which I had begun to learn when very young and which I kept up during my leisure hours in India, which, like those of Don Quixote, were many. I preferred this study infinitely to that of the Asiatic languages, for which I never felt any taste, as I dislike bombast, hyperbole and exaggeration; and though an ardent admirer of the Muses, I never could find pleasure in what Voltaire terms "le bon style oriental, ou l'on fait danser les montagnes et les collines," and I prefer the amatory effusions of Ovid to those of the great King Solomon himself.

The war will no doubt commence in Belgium, and of course the Emperor Napoleon will be the assailant, for it cannot be supposed that after the act of ban passed against him by the Amphictyons of Vienna he will remain tranquil, and not strike the first blow, which may render him master of Belgium and its resources.

We embarked at Ramsgate on the first of May for Ostend on board of a small vessel bound thither. Our fellow passengers were two officers of dragoons, several commissaries with their servants, horses, etc. After a passage of twenty-four hours, we entered the harbour of Ostend at one o'clock the following day. Ostend, once so flourishing and opulent, has long since fallen into decay; its usual dullness is however just now interrupted by the bustle of troops landing to join the allied army. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, horses, guns, stores, etc., are landed every minute. The quays are the only parts of this city which can boast of handsome buildings; the fortifications seem to be much out of repair; in fact, the aggrandizement of Antwerp occasioned necessarily the deterioration of Ostend.

The General and myself went to put up at the *Tête d'Or*, the only inn where we could procure beds; and we embarked early next morning at the embouchure of the canal on board of a *treckschuyt* which conveyed us in three hours to Bruges.

The landscape between Ostend and Bruges is extremely monotonous, it being a uniformly flat country; yet it is pleasing to the eye at this season of the year from the verdure of the plains, which are all appropriated to pasturage, and from the appearance of the different villages and towns, of which the eye can embrace a considerable number. There is a good road on the banks of the canal, and the troops, on their line of march, enlivened much the scene. Bruges, formerly the grand mart and emporium of the commerce of the East, not only for the Low Countries, but for all the North of Europe, seems, if we may judge from the state

of the buildings and the stillness that prevails, to be also in a state of decline. We however had only time to visit the *Hotel de Ville* and to remark the immense height of the steeple on the *Grande Place*. We observed a number of pretty women in the streets and in the shops employed in lace making. Bruges has been at all times renowned for the beauty of the female sex, and this brought to my recollection a passage in Schiller's tragedy of the *Maid of Orleans*, wherein the Duke of Burgundy says that the greatest boast of Bruges is the beauty of its women.

Another *treckschuyt* was to start at twelve o'clock for Ghent; but we preferred going by land and General Wilson hired a carriage for that purpose. The distance is about thirty miles. The road from Bruges to Ghent or Gand is perfectly straight, lined with trees and paved like a street. The country is quite flat, and though there is nothing to bound the horizon, the trees on each side of the road intercept the view.

We arrived at Ghent about six in the afternoon of the 4th and had some difficulty in finding room, as the different hotels were filled with officers of the allied army; but at length, after many ineffectual applications at several, we obtained admission at the *Hotel de Flandre*, where we took possession of a double-bedded room, the only one unoccupied.

Gand seems to be a very neat, clean and handsome city, with an air of magnificence about it. The *Grande Place* is very striking, and the promenades are aligned with trees. We inspected the exterior of several public buildings and visited the interior of several churches. In the cathedral we had the honour of seeing at High Mass his most Christian Majesty, Monsieur and the Comte de Blacas, Vicomte de Chateaubriand and others, composing the Court of *notre Père de Gand*, as Louis XVIII is humorously termed by the French, from his having fixed his head-quarters here. A great many French officers who have followed his fortunes are also here, but they seem principally to belong to the Gardes du Corps. A number of military attended the service in the cathedral in order to witness the devotions of the Bourbon family. Monsieur has all the appearance of a worn out debauchee, and to see him with a missal in his hand and the strange contrite face he assumes, is truly ridiculous. These princes, instigated no doubt by the priests, make a great parade of their sanctity, for which however those who are acquainted with their character will not give them much credit. But religious cant is the order of the day *intra et extra Iliacos muros*, abroad as well as in England. The King of France takes the lead, having

in view no doubt the advice of Buckingham to Richard III:

A pray'r book in your hand, my Lord, were well,
For on that ground I'll make an holy descant.

and M. de Chateaubriand will no doubt trumpet forth the devotion and Christian humility of his master. Those, however, who are at all acquainted with this prince's habits, and are not interested in palliating or concealing them, insinuate that his devotions at the table are more sincere than at the altar and that, like the Giant Margutte in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, he places more faith and reliance on a cappono lessu ossia arrosto than on the consecrated but less substantial wafer.[2]

After contemplating this edifying spectacle, we returned to our inn, and the next morning after breakfast we set out on our journey to Bruxelles. The road is exactly similar to that between Bruges and Gand, but the country appears to be richer and more diversified, and many country houses were observable on the road side. We passed thus several neat villages. At one o'clock we stopped at Alost to refresh our horses and dine. At the table d'hôte were a number of French officers belonging to the Gardes du Corps. On entering into conversation with one of them, I found that he as well as several others of them had served under Napoleon, and had even been patronised and promoted by him; but I suppose that being the sons of the ancient *noblesse* they thought that gratitude to a *parvenu* like him was rather too plebeian a virtue. Some of them, however, with whom I conversed after dinner seemed to regret the step they had taken. "If we are successful," said they, "it can only be by means of the Allied Armies, and who knows what conditions they may impose on France? If we should be unsuccessful, we are exiled probably for life from our country." During dinner, two pretty looking girls with musical instruments entered the hall, and regaled our ears with singing some romances, among which were *Dunois le Troubadour* and *La Sentinelle*. They sang with much taste and feeling. I surmise this is not the only profession they exercise, if I might judge from the *doux yeux* they occasionally directed to some of the officers. These girls did not at least seem by their demeanour as if likely to incur the anathema of Rinaldo in the *Orlando Furioso*:

meritamente muoro Una crudele,

but rather more disposed to

dar vita all'amator fidele.[3]

Alost is a neat, clean town or large village, and the same description will serve for all the towns and villages in Brabant and Flanders, as they are built on the same plan. We arrived at Bruxelles late in the evening and put up at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*.

This morning, the General and myself went to pay our respects to the *Gran Capitano* of the *Holy League*, and we left our cards. He is, I hear, very confident of the result of the campaign, and no doubt he has for him the prayers of all the pious in England against those atheistical fellows the French; and these prayers will surely elicit a "host of angels" to come down to aid in the destruction of the Pandemonium of Paris where Satan's lieutenant sits enthroned. The reflecting people here are astonished that Napoleon does not begin the attack. The inhabitants of Belgium are in general, from all that I can hear or see, not at all pleased with the present order of things, and they much lament the being severed from France. The two people, the Belgians and Hollanders, do not seem to amalgamate; and the former, though they render ample justice to the moderation, good sense, and beneficent intentions of the present monarch, who is personally respected by every one, yet do not disguise their wish to be reunited to France and do not hesitate to avow their attachment to the Emperor Napoleon. This union does not please the Hollanders either, on other grounds. They complain that their interests have been sacrificed entirely to those of the house of Orange, and they say that from the readiness they displayed in shaking off the yoke of France, and the great weight they thereby threw into the scale, they were entitled to the restitution of all their colonies in Asia, Africa, and America. The colonies of the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon are what they most regret; for these colonies in particular furnished ample employment and the means of provision for the cadets of patrician families. If you tell them they have acquired the Belgic provinces as an indemnification, they answer: "So much the worse for us, for now the patronage of the colonial offices must be divided between us and the Belgians."

The preparations for the grand conflict about to take place are carried on with unabating activity; the conscription is rigorously enforced and every youth capable of bearing arms is enrolled. Almost all the officers of the Belgian army and a great proportion of the soldiery have served with the French and have been participators of their laurels; one cannot therefore suppose that they are actuated by any very devouring zeal against their former commander; nor have I found

amongst the shop-keepers or respectable people with whom I have conversed, and who have been falsely represented as having suffered much from the tyranny of Napoleon, any who dislike either his person or government, and certainly none either high or low express the cannibal wish that I heard some English country gentlemen and London merchants utter for the destruction of Paris and of the French people, nor would it be easy to find here men of the *humane* and *generous* sentiments professed by some of our aldermen and contractors when they welcomed with ferocious acclamations of joy and were ready to embrace the Baschkir or Cossack who told them that he had slaughtered so many French with his own hand; nor would the ladies here be so eager to kiss old Blucher as was the case in London.

This city is filled with British and Hanoverian troops. Their conduct is exemplary, nor is any complaint made against them. The Highland regiments are however the favourites of the Bruxellois, and the inhabitants give them the preference as lodgers. They are extremely well behaved (they say, when speaking of the Highlanders) and they cheerfully assist the different families on whom they are quartered in their household labour. This reflects a good deal of credit on the gallant sons of Caledonia. Their superior morality to those of the same class either in England or in Ireland must strike every observer, and must, in spite of all that the *Obscuranten* or *Chevaliers de l'Eteignoir* and others who wish to check the progress of the human mind may urge to the contrary, be mainly attributed to the general prevalence of education *a la portée de tout le monde*. Wherever the people are enlightened there is less crime; ignorance was never yet the safeguard of virtue. As for myself I honour and esteem the Scottish nation and I must say that I have found more liberal ideas and more sound philosophy among individuals of that nation than among those of any other, and it is a tribute I owe to them loudly to proclaim my sentiments; for though personal gratitude may seem to influence me a little on this subject, yet I should never think of putting forth my opinion in public, were it not founded on an impartial observation of the character of this enterprising and persevering people. A woman who had some Highlanders quartered in her house told me in speaking of them: "Monsieur, ce sont de si bonnes gens; ils sont doux comme des agneaux." "Ils n'en seront pas moins des lions au jour du combat," was my reply.

I have amused myself with visiting most of the remarkable objects here, but you must not expect from me a detail of what you will find in every description book. You wish to have my ideas on the subjects that most strike me

individually, and those you shall have; but it would be very absurd and presumptuous in me to attempt to give a *catalogue raisonné* of buildings and pictures and statues, or to set up as a connoisseur when I know nothing either of sculpture, of architecture or painting; nor am I desirous of imitating the young Englishman, who, in writing to his father from Italy, described so much in detail, and so scientifically, every production, or staple, peculiar to the cities which he happened to visit, that he wrote like a cheese-monger from Parma, like a silk mercer from Leghorn, like an olive and oil merchant from Lucca, like a picture dealer from Florence, and like an antiquarian from Rome.

BRUXELLES, May 10.

The *Hôtel d'Angleterre* where we are lodged is within four minutes walk from the finest part of the city, where the Parc and Royal Palace is situated. The Parc is not large, but is tastefully laid out in the Dutch style, and is the fashionable promenade for the *beau monde* of Bruxelles. The women, without being strikingly handsome, have much grace; their air, manner and dress are perfectly *à la française*. A good café and restaurant is in the centre of one of the sides, and the buildings on the quadrangle environing the Parc, which form the palace and other tenements are superb. The next place I went to see was the *Hôtel de Ville* and its tower of immense height. It is a fine Gothic building, but that which should be the central entrance is not directly in the centre of the edifice, so that one wing of it appears considerably larger than the other, which gives it an awkward and irregular appearance. On the Place or Square as we should call it, where the *Hôtel de Ville* stands, is held the fruit and vegetable market, and a finer one or more plentifully supplied I never beheld. This *Place* is interesting to the historian as being the spot where Counts Egmont and Hoorn suffered decapitation in the reign of Philip II of Spain, by order of the Duke of Alva, who witnessed the execution from a window of one of the houses. The conduct of these noblemen at the place of execution was so dignified that even the ferocious duke could not avoid wiping his eyes, hardened as his heart was by religious and political fanaticism; and though he held them in abhorrence as rebels and traitors a tear did fall for them down his iron cheek. How fortunate for the liberties of Holland that William the Taciturn did not also fall into the claws of that Moloch Philip! I next visited the museum and picture gallery, where I witnessed the annual exposition of the modern school of painting. The specimens I saw pleased me much, particularly because the subjects were well chosen from history and the mythology, which to me is far more agreeable than the subjects

of the paintings of the old Flemish school; but I am told often that I know nothing about painting, so I shall make no further remarks but content myself with sending you a catalogue, with the pictures marked therein which made most impression on me. With respect to the churches of Brussels those of Ste. Gudule and of the Capuchins are the finest and most remarkable. In the former is the Temptation of Adam by the Serpent, richly carved in wood in figures as large as life grouped round the pulpit.[4]

The *Place du Sablon* is very striking from the space it occupies, and on it is a fountain erected by Lord Bruce.[5] The fountains which are to be met with in various parts of the city are highly ornamental, and among them I must not omit to mention a singularly grotesque one which is held in great veneration by the lower orders of the Bruxellois and is by them regarded as a sort of Palladium to the city. It is the figure of a little boy who is at *peace*, according to the late Lord Melville's[6] pronunciation of the words, and who spouts out his water incessantly, reckless of decorum and putting modesty to the blush. What would our vice-hunters say to this? He is a Sabbath breaker in the bargain and continues his occupation on Sundays as well as other days and *in fine* he rejoices in the name of *Mannekenpis*.

The ramparts, or rather site of the ramparts (for the fortifications of Bruxelles no longer exist), form an agreeable promenade; but the favourite resort of all the world at Bruxelles in the afternoon is the *Attee verte*. Here all classes meet; here the rich display their equipages and horses; and the lower orders assemble at the innumerable *guinguettes* which are to be met with here, in order to play at bowls, dominoes, smoke and drink beer, of which there is an excellent sort called *Bitterman*. The avenues on each side of the carriage road are occupied by pedestrians, and on one side of the road is the canal, covered at all times with barges and boats decked with flags and streamers. At the cabarets are benches and tables in the open air under the trees; and here are to be seen the artisan, the bargeman and the peasant taking their afternoon *délassement*, and groups of men, women and children drinking beer and smoking. These groups reminded me much of those one sees so often in the old Flemish pictures, with this difference, that the old costume of the people is almost entirely left off. Female minstrels with guitars stroll about singing French romances and collecting contributions from this cheerful, laughter-loving people. The dark walk, as it is called, near the park is a favourite walk of the upper classes in the evening. There his Grace of Wellington is sometimes to be seen with a fair lady under his arm. He generally dresses in plain clothes, to the astonishment of all the foreign

officers. He is said to be as successful in the fields of Idalia as in those of Bellona, and the ladies whom he honours with his attentions suffer not a little in their reputations in the opinion of the *compères* and *commères* of Bruxelles.

I have only been twice to the theatre since I have been here. The *Salle de Spectacle* is indifferent, but they have an excellent company of comedians. The representations are in French. I saw the *Festin de Pierre* of Corneille exceedingly well performed. The actors who did the parts of Don Juan and Sganarelle were excellent, and the scene with M. Dimanche, wherein he demands payment of his bill, was admirably given. I have also seen the *Plaideurs* of Racine, a very favourite piece of mine; every actor played his part most correctly, and the scene between the Comtesse de Pimbeche and Chicaneau and L'Intimé wherein the latter, disguised as a *Bailli*, offers himself to be kicked by the former, was given in very superior style. The scene of the trial of the dog, with the orations of Petit Jean as *demandeur* and L'Intimé as *défenseur*, were played with good effect. I never recollect having witnessed a theatrical piece which afforded me greater amusement.

NAMUR, May 12.

We left Brussels yesterday afternoon, and having obtained passports to visit the military posts we went to Genappe, a small village half-way between Bruxelles and Namur, where we brought to for the night at a small but comfortable inn called *Le Roi d'Espagne*. Two battalions of the regiment Nassau-Usingen are quartered in Genappe. We arrived at Namur this morning at nine o'clock and put up at the *Hôtel d'Arenberg*. On the road we stopped at a peasant's house to drink coffee; and we were entertained by our hostess with complaints against the Prussians, who commit, as she said, all sorts of exactions on the peasantry on whom they are quartered. Not content with exacting three meals a day, when they were only entitled to two, and for which they are bound to give their rations, they sell these, and appropriate the money to their own use; then the demand for brandy and *schnapps* is increasing. But what can be expected from an army whose leader encourages them in all their excesses? Blucher by all accounts is a vandal and is actuated by a most vindictive spirit. The Prussians reproach the Belgians with being in the French interest; how can they expect it to be otherwise? They have prospered under French domination, and certainly the conduct of the Prussians is not calculated to inspire them with any love towards themselves nor veneration for the Sovereign who has such all-devouring allies. I

asked this woman why she did not complain to the officers. She answered! "Hélas, Monsieur, c'est inutile; on donne toujours la même réponse: '*Nichts verstehen*,'" for it appears when these complaints are made the Prussian officers pretend not to understand French.

Namur is now the head-quarters of Marshal Blucher, who is in the enjoyment of divers *noms de guerre*, such as "Marshall Vorwärts," "Der alte Teufel." On the high road, about two miles and a half before we reached Namur, we met with a party of Prussian lancers, who were returning from a foraging excursion. They were singing some warlike song or hymn, which was singularly impressive. It brought to my recollection the description of the Rhenish bands in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

Who as they move, in rugged verse
Songs of Teutonic feuds rehearse.

The Prussian cavalry seem to be composed of fine-looking young men, and I admire the genuine military simplicity of their dress, to which might be most aptly applied the words of Xenophon when describing the costume of the younger Cyrus: [Greek: *En tae Persikae stolae ouden ti hubrsmenae*][7] in substituting merely the word [Greek: *Prussikae*] for [Greek: *Persikae*]. One sees in it none of those absurd ornaments and meretricious foppery which give to our cavalry officers the appearance of Astley's men.[8]

The situation of Namur is exceedingly picturesque, particularly when viewed from the heights which tower above the town, whereon stood the citadel which was demolished by order of Joseph II, as were the fortifications of all the frontier fortresses. The present Belgian Government however mean to reconstruct them, and Namur in particular, the citadel of which, from the natural strength of its position, is too important a post to be neglected. The town itself is situated on the confluent of the Sambre and Meuse and lies in a valley completely commanded and protected by the citadel. The churches are splendid, and there is an appearance of opulence in the shops. The inhabitants, from its being a frontier town, are of course much alarmed at the approaching contest, for they will probably suffer from both parties. We heard at the inn and in the shops which we visited the same complaints against the Prussians. The country in the environs of this place is exceedingly diversified, and it presents the first mountain scenery we have yet met with. The banks of the Meuse hereabouts present either an abrupt precipice or coteaux covered with vines gently sloping to the water's

edge. Namur is distant thirty-four miles from Brussels, and there is water conveyance on the Meuse from here to Liége and Maastricht.

MONS, May 14.

We started yesterday morning at four o'clock from Namur. The whole road between Namur and Mons presents a fine, rich open country abounding in wheat, but not many trees. We stopped to breakfast at Fleurus, at an inn where there were some Prussian officers. One of them, a lieutenant in the 2nd West Prussian Regiment, had the kindness to conduct us to see the field of battle where the French under Jourdan defeated the Austrians in 1794. It is at a very short distance from the town; he explained the position of the two armies in a manner perfectly clear and satisfactory to us. The Prussian officers all seem very eager for the commencement of hostilities, and their only fear is now that all these mighty preparations will end in nothing; viz., either that the French people, alarmed at the magnitude of the preparations against them, will compel the Emperor Napoleon to abdicate, or that the Allies will grow cool and, under the influence of Austria, bring about a negotiation which may end in a recognition of the Imperial title and dynasty. They would compound for a defeat at first, provided the war were likely to be prolonged. In the meantime, reinforcements continue to arrive daily for their army. We hear but little news of the intentions or movements of the other Allies; it being forbidden to enter into political discussions, it is difficult to ascertain the true state of affairs.

We continued our journey through Charleroy and Binch to this place. At a small village between Binch and Mons we were stopped by a sentinel at a Prussian outpost and our passports demanded. Neither the sentinel, however, nor the sergeant, nor any of the soldiers present, could read or understand French, in which language the passport was drawn up; but the sergeant told me that the officers were in a house about a quarter of a mile distant and that he would conduct me thither, but that he himself could not presume to let us pass, from not knowing the tenor of our passport. I went accordingly with the sergeant to this house. There I found the officer commanding the piquet and several others sitting at table, carousing with beer and tobacco and nearly invisible from the clouds of smoke which pervaded the room. I explained to the officer who we were and requested him to put on the passport his *visa* in the German language, so that the non-commissioned officers at the various posts through which we might pass would be able to understand it and let us pass without hindrance. This

he did accordingly and we proceeded on our journey.

We arrived here in the evening and put up at the *Hôtel Royal*. We found at Charleroy, Binch and here, a number of people employed in repairing and reconstructing the fortifications. Men, women and boys are all put in requisition to accelerate this object, as it is the intention of the Belgian Government to put all the frontier fortresses in the most complete state of defence. On ascending one of the steeples this morning we had a fine view of the surrounding country and of the height of Genappe, which are close to Mons and memorable for the brilliant victory gained by Dumouriez over the Austrians in 1792. The landscape presents an undulating campaign country, gentle slopes and alternate plains covered with corn, as far as the eye can reach, and interspersed with villages and farmhouses. In Mons is a very large splendid shop or warehouse of millinery, perfumery, jewellery, etc. It is called *La Toilette de Vénus*, and is served by a very pretty girl, who, I have no doubt from her simpering look and eloquent eyes, would have no objection to be a sedulous priestess at the altar of the Goddess of Amathus. A battalion of Hollanders—a very fine body of men—marched into this place yesterday evening; the rest of the garrison is composed of Belgians, chiefly conscripts.

LEUZE, May 15.

Yesterday morning we left Mons and proceeded to Ath to breakfast. A multitude of people were employed there also at the fortifications. The garrison of Ath is composed of Hanoverians. Ath reminded me of the wars of King William III and my Uncle Toby's sieges.[9] There was so little remarkable to be seen at Ath that we proceeded to this place shortly after breakfast and arrived at one o'clock, it being only ten miles distance between Ath and Leuze. We took up our quarters with Major-General Adam, who commands the Light Brigade of General Sir H. Clinton's division. This brigade is quartered here and in the adjacent farmhouses. General Adam, though he has attained his rank at a very early age, is far more fitted for it than many of our older generals, some of whom (I speak from experience) have few ideas beyond the fixing of a button or lappel, or polishing a belt, and who place the whole *Ars recondita* of military discipline in pipe-clay, heel-ball and the goose step. Fortunately for this army, the Duke of Wellington has too much good sense to be a martinet and the good old times are gone by, thank God, when a soldier used to be sentenced to two or three hundred lashes for having a dirty belt or being without a *queue*. To the Duke of York also is

humanity much indebted for his endeavours to check the frequency of corporal punishment. The Duke of York, with all his zeal for the service, never loses sight of the comfort of the soldier and is indefatigable in his exertions to ameliorate his conditions. We had a pleasant dinner party at General Adam's, and at night I went to sleep at the house occupied by Captain C., one of the aides-de-camp of the General,[10] an active, intelligent officer who had formerly served in the marines, which service he had quitted in order to enter the regular army.

May 16.

Yesterday morning we paid a visit to Tournay, which is distant from Leuze about ten miles, and we breakfasted at the *Signe d'Or*. We then proceeded to pay our respects to the Commandant General V.[11] The garrison consists of Belgians. General V. had been some time in England as a prisoner of war. He was made prisoner, I think he said, at Batavia. He received us very politely, and not only gave us permission to visit the works of the citadel, but sent a sergeant to accompany us. The new citadel is building on the site of the old one, and, like it, is to be a regular pentagon. The fortifications of the city itself are not to be reconstructed; these of the citadel, which will be very strong, rendering them superfluous. The sergeant was a native of Würtemberg and had served in the army of his own country and in that of France in most of the campaigns under Napoleon. He was a fine old veteran, and very intelligent, for he explained to us the nature of the works with great perspicuity. With true Suabian dignity he refused a five franc piece which I offered him as a slight remuneration for the trouble he had taken, and as he seemed, I thought, rather offended at the offer, I felt myself bound to apologize. From the number of workmen employed in repairing the citadel, it will not be long before it is placed in a respectable state of defence. Tournay is a large handsome city and the spacious quais on the banks of the Scheld which runs through it add much to the neatness of its appearance. It is only ten miles distant from Lille, but all communication from France is stopped. We learned that some of the Hanoverians had been deserting. In return we met with a young French hussar who had come over to the Allies. He seemed to be an impudent sort of fellow, and said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, that the reason he deserted was that he had not been made an officer as he was promised, and he hoped that Louis XVIII would be more sensible of his merits than the Emperor Napoleon. We returned to Leuze to dinner in the afternoon. This morning we went to assist at a review of General Clinton's division, on a plain called *Le Paturage*, about seven miles distant from Leuze. The Light Brigade

and the Hanoverian Brigades form this division. The manoeuvres were performed with tolerable precision, but they were chiefly confined to advancing in line, retiring by alternate companies covered by light infantry and change of position on one of the flanks by *échelon*. The British troops were perfect; the Hanoverians not so, they being for the most part new levies. In one of the *échelon* movements, when the line was to be formed on the left company of the left battalion, a Hanoverian battalion, instead of preserving its parallelism, was making a terrible diversion to its right, when a thundering voice from the commander of the brigade to the commandant of the battalion: "*Mein Gott, Herr Major, wo gehn Sie hin?*" roused him from his reverie; when he must have perceived, had he wheeled up into line, the fearful interval he had left between his own and the next battalion on the left.

After the review had finished we repaired to the château of the Prince de Ligne, then occupied by Lieut.-General Sir H. Clinton, to partake of a breakfast given by him and his lady. On the breaking up of the breakfast party, General Wilson and myself remained at the château to dine with General Adam *al fresco* in the garden under the trees. The palace and garden of the Prince de Ligne are both very magnificent. The latter is of great extent, but too regular, too much in the Dutch taste to please me. Little or no furniture is in the palace; but there are some family pictures and a theatre fitted up in one of the halls for the purpose of private theatricals. In the garden is a monument erected by the late Prince de Ligne to one of his sons, Charles by name, who was killed in the Russian service at the siege of Ismail. The present prince is a minor and resides at Bruxelles.

GRAMMONT, May 18.

We left Leuze yesterday afternoon and arrived here at seven in the evening in order to be present at the cavalry review the next morning. We partook of an elegant supper given to us by our friend, Major Grant of the 18th Hussars, and we were much entertained and enlivened by the effusions of his brilliant genius and inexhaustible wit. The whole cavalry of the British army passed in review this morning before the Duke of Wellington, who was there with all his staff and received the salutes of all the corps like Godfrey, *con volto placido e composto*. It was a very brilliant spectacle. The Duke de Berri was present. I think I never beheld so ignoble and disagreeable a countenance as this prince possesses. I thought to myself that he had much better have stayed away from this review; for he must be insensible to all patriotism who could take pleasure in

contemplating a foreign force about to enter and ravage his own country. We learn that the Duchess d'Angoulême is to have a review of the *fidèles* very shortly. She is certainly much more warlike than the males of that family; this disposition is increased by her religious fanaticism. This renders her, of course, a most dangerous person to meddle with politics; but great allowances must be made for her feelings, which must naturally be embittered by the recollection of so much suffering during the Revolution and of the barbarous and inhuman treatment experienced by her father and mother.

I observed a peculiarity in this part of the country, viz., that there are villages lying close to each other in some of which French is spoken, in others Flemish; and that, with some few exceptions, the inhabitants of neighbouring villages are reciprocally unintelligible. General Wilson does not intend to return to Bruxelles. I shall accompany him as far as Gand and then return to Bruxelles to await the issue of the contest.

BRUXELLES, June 11.

I took leave of General Wilson at Gand on the 22nd of last month and immediately returned here, where I have been ever since. I have shifted my quarters to a less expensive hotel and am now lodged at the *Hôtel de la Paix*. We get an excellent dinner at the table d'hôte for one and a half francs, wine not included; this is paid for extra, and is generally at the price of three francs per bottle. This hotel is very neatly fitted up and is very near the *Hôtel de Ville*. At the table d'hôte I frequently meet Prussian officers who on coming in to visit Bruxelles put up here. We have just learned the proceedings of the *Champ de Mai* at Paris, by which it appears that Napoleon is solemnly recognized and confirmed as Emperor of the French. This intelligence sent a young Prussian officer, who sat next to me, in a transport of joy, for this makes the war certain. The Prussians seem determined to revenge themselves for the humiliation they suffered from the French during the time they occupied their country, and I sincerely pity by anticipation the fate of the French peasants upon whom these gentlemen may chance to be quartered. Terrible will be the first shock of battle, and it may be daily expected, and dreadful will be the consequences to the poor inhabitants of the seat of war. Cannot this war be avoided? I am not politician enough to foresee the consequences of allowing Napoleon to keep quiet and undisturbed possession of the throne of France; but the consequences of a defeat on the part of the Allies will be the loss of Belgium and the probable annihilation

of the British army; certainly the dissolution of the coalition, for the minor German powers, and very likely Austria also, would be induced to make a separate peace. We can clearly see that Napoleon has not now the power he formerly possessed and that the Republican party, into whose hands he has thrown himself, seem disposed not only to remain at peace, but to shackle him in every possible manner. It is evident, too, that his last success was owing to the dislike of the people to the Bourbons from their injudicious and treacherous conduct; and the threats and impossible language held by the priests and emigrants towards the holders of property paved the way for the success of his enterprise and enabled him to achieve a triumph unparalleled in history.

On the contrary, by forcing him to go to war, should he gain the first victory, Belgium will be re-united to France, all the resources of that country brought into the scale against the Allies; Napoleon will be more popular than ever, the Republican party will be put to silence, the enthusiasm of the army will rise beyond all restraint, and, in a word, Napoleon will be himself again. The other Allies can do little without the assistance of England, and our finances are by no means in a state to bear such intolerable drains.

As to the Prussians, on minute enquiry I do not find that they were so ill-treated by the French as is generally believed, and that, except the burden of having troops quartered on them (no small annoyance, I allow), they had not much reason to complain. The quartering of the troops on them and the payment of the war contributions was the necessary consequence of the occupation of their country by an enemy; but I have just been reading a German work, written by a native of Berlin, shortly after the entry of the French troops in that city after the battle of Jena in 1806. This work is entitled *Vertraute Briefe aus Berlin*, and in it the author distinctly declares that the discipline observed by the French troops during the occupation of Berlin was highly strict and praiseworthy, and that the few excesses that took place were committed by the troops of the Rhenish Confederation; and he adds that the inhabitants preferred having a French soldier quartered on them to a Westphalian, Bavarian or Würtembergher. Further, the troops that behaved with the greatest oppression and insolence towards the burghers were those belonging to a corps composed of native Prussians, raised for the service of Napoleon by the Prince of Isenburg.[12] In his recruiting address the prince invites the Prussian youth to enter into the service of the invincible Napoleon, and tells him that to the soldier of Napoleon everything is permitted. The regiment was soon fitted up and the soldiers began to put in practice in good earnest the theory of the *affiche*. They committed excesses of all

sorts; and one officer in particular behaved so brutally and infamously to a poor tailor on whom he was quartered, and to whom, before he entered the French service, he was under the greatest obligations, that General Hulin, the commandant of the place at Berlin during the French occupation, was obliged to cashier him publicly on the parade and to cause his epaulettes to be torn from his coat in order to mark the disgust and indignation that he and all the French officers felt at the base ingratitude of this man.

This work, "Vertraute Briefe" (confidential letters), contains much curious matter and very interesting anecdotes respecting the corruption, venality and depravation that prevailed in the Prussian Court and army previous to the war in 1806. Let this suffice to show that the Prussians have not so much reason to complain against the French as they pretend to have; besides, the conduct of the Prussian Government itself was so vacillating and contradictory that they had themselves only to blame for what they suffered. They should have supported Austria in 1805. But the fact is that the vanity and the *amour propre* of the Prussian military were so hurt at the humiliation they experienced at and after the battle of Jena that it was this that has embittered them so much against the French.

Let it not, however, be supposed for a moment that I seek to excuse or palliate the conduct of Napoleon towards Prussia. I have always thought it not only unjust but impolitic. Impolitic, because Prussia was, and ought always to be, the obvious and natural ally of France, and Napoleon, instead of endeavouring to crush that power, should have aggrandized her and made her the paramount power in Germany. It was in fact his obvious policy to cede Hanover in perpetuity to Prussia, and have rendered thereby the breach between the Houses of Brandenburg and Hanover irreparable and irreconcilable. This would have thrown Prussia necessarily into the arms of France, in whose system she must then have moved, and all British influence on the Continent would have been effectually put an end to. Another prime fault of Napoleon was that he did not crush and dismember Austria in 1809 as he had it in his power to do; and by so doing he would have merited and obtained the thanks and good will of all Germany for having overturned so despotic and light-fearing a Government. But he has paid dearly for these errors. Instead of destroying a despotic power (Austria), he chose rather to crush an enlightened and liberal nation, for such I esteem the Prussian nation, and I always separate the Prussian people from their Government. The latter fell, and fell unpitied, after one battle; but it has been almost miraculously restored by the unparalleled exertions and energies of the

burghers and people. May this be a lesson to the Government! and may the King of Prussia not prove ungrateful!

Troops continue to arrive here daily, and now that the ceremony of the *Champ de Mai* is over, we may expect that Napoleon will repair to his army and commence operations.

June 17.

Napoleon arrived at Maubeuge on the 18th and the grand conflict has begun. The Prussians were attacked on the 14th and 15th at Ligny and driven from their position.[13] They are said to have suffered immense loss and to be retreating with the utmost confusion. Our turn comes next. The thunder of the cannon was heard here distinctly the most part of yesterday and some part of our army must have been engaged. Our troops have all marched out of Bruxelles in the direction of the frontier. In the affair with the Prussians we learn that the Duke of Brunswick was killed and that Blucher narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

June 18.

The grand conflict has begun with us. It is now four o'clock p.m. The issue is not known. The roar of the cannon continues unabated. All is bustle, confusion and uncertainty in this city. Cars with wounded are coming in continually. The general opinion is that our army will be compelled to retreat to Antwerp, and it is even expected that the French will be in Bruxelles to-night. All the towns-people are on the ramparts listening to the sound of the cannon. This city has been in the greatest alarm and agitation since the 16th, when a violent cannonade was heard during the afternoon. From what I have been able to collect, the French attacked the Prussians on the 14th, and a desperate conflict took place on that day, and the whole of the 15th,[14] when the whole of the Prussian army at Ligny, Fleurus and Charleroy was totally defeated and driven from its position; a dislocation of our troops took place early in the morning of the 16th, and our advanced guard, consisting of the Highland Brigade and two Battalions of Nassau-Usingen, fell in with the advanced guard of the French Army commanded by Marshal Ney near Quatre-Bras, and made such a gallant defence against his corps d'armée as to keep it in check the whole day and enable itself to fall back in good order to its present position with the rest of the army, about ten miles in front of Bruxelles. Indeed, I am informed that nothing could exceed the admirable conduct of the

corps above mentioned. Yesterday we heard no cannonade, but this afternoon it has been unceasing and still continues. All the caricatures and satires against Napoleon have disappeared from the windows and stalls. The shops are all shut, the English families flying to Antwerp; and the proclamation of the Baron de Capellen[15] to the inhabitants, wherein he exhorts them to be tranquil and assures them that the Bureaux of Government have not yet quitted Bruxelles, only serves to increase the confusion and consternation. The inhabitants in general wish well to the arms of Napoleon, but they know that the retreat of the English Army must necessarily take place through their town; that our troops will perhaps endeavour to make a stand, and that the consequences will be terrible to the inhabitants, from the houses being liable to be burned or pillaged by friend or foe. All the baggage of our Army and all the military Bureaux have received orders to repair and are now on their march to Antwerp, and the road thither is so covered and blocked up by waggons that the retreat of our Army will be much impeded thereby. Probably my next letter may be dated from a French prison.

BRUXELLES, June 21.

Judge, my friend, of my astonishment and that of almost everybody in this city, at the news which was circulated here early on the morning of the 19th, and has been daily confirmed, viz., that the French Army had been completely defeated and was in full flight, leaving behind it 220 pieces of cannon and all its baggage, waggons and *munitions de guerre*. I have not been able to collect all the particulars, but you will no doubt hear enough of it, for I am sure it will be *said* or *sung* by all the partisans of the British ministry and all the Tories of the United Kingdom for months and years to come; for further details, therefore, I shall refer you to the Gazette. The following, however, you may consider as a tolerably fair précis of what took place. The attack began on the 18th about ten o'clock[16] and raged furiously along the whole line, but principally at Hougoumont, a large *Métairie* on the right of our position, which was occupied by our troops, and from which all the efforts of the enemy could not dislodge them. The slaughter was terrible in this quarter. From twelve o'clock till evening several desperate charges of cavalry and infantry were made on the rest of our line. Both sides fought with the utmost courage and obstinacy, and were prodigal of life in the extreme. But it is generally supposed that our army must have succumbed towards the evening had it not been for the arrival of Bulow's division of Prussians, followed closely by Blucher and the rest of the army,

which had rallied with uncommon celerity. These moved on the right flank of the French, and decided the fortune of the day by a charge which was seconded by a general charge from the whole of the English line on the centre and left of the French. Seeing themselves thus turned, a panic, it is said, spread among the young Guard of the French army, and a cry of "*Sauve qui peut! nous sommes trahis!*" spread like wildfire. The flight became universal; the old Guard alone remained, refused quarter and perished like Leonidas and his Spartans. The Prussian cavalry being fresh pursued the enemy all night, *l'épée dans les reins*, and it may be conceived from their previous disposition that they would not be very merciful to the vanquished. Indeed, on the 15th, it is said that the French were not very merciful to them. It was like the combat of Achilles and Hector.

No thought but rage and never ceasing strife
Till death extinguish rage and thought and life.

France will now call out to Napoleon as Augustus did to Varus, "Give me back my legions!" The loss on both sides was very great, but it must have been prodigious on the side of the French. The whole Allied Army is in full pursuit. Several friends and acquaintances of mine perished in this battle, viz., Lieut.-General Sir T. Picton, Colonel Sir H. Ellis and Colonel Morice.

June 22.

This morning I went to visit the field of battle, which is a little beyond the village of Waterloo, on the plateau of Mont St Jean; but on arrival there the sight was too horrible to behold. I felt sick in the stomach and was obliged to return. The multitude of carcasses, the heaps of wounded men with mangled limbs unable to move, and perishing from not having their wounds dressed or from hunger, as the Allies were, of course, obliged to take their surgeons and waggons with them, formed a spectacle I shall never forget. The wounded, both of the Allies and the French, remain in an equally deplorable state.

At Hougoumont, where there is an orchard, every tree is pierced with bullets. The barns are all burned down, and in the court-yard it is said they have been obliged to burn upwards of a thousand carcasses, an awful holocaust to the War-Demon.

As nothing is more distressing than the sight of human misery when we are unable to silence it, I returned as speedily as possible to Bruxelles with Cowper's lines in my head:

War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at.

I hope this battle will, at any rate, lead to a speedy peace.

June 28.

We have no other news from the Allied Army, except that they are moving

forward with all possible celerity in the direction of Paris. You may form a guess of the slaughter and of the misery that the wounded must have suffered, and the many that must have perished from hunger and thirst, when I tell you that all the carriages in Bruxelles, even elegant private equipages, landaulets, barouches and berlines, have been put in requisition to remove the wounded men from the field of battle to the hospitals, and that they are yet far from being all brought in. The medical practitioners of the city have been put in requisition, and are ordered to make domiciliary visits at every house (for each habitation has three or four soldiers in it) in order to dress the wounds of the patients. The Bruxellois, the women in particular, have testified the utmost humanity towards the poor sufferers. It was suggested by some humane person that they who went to see the field of battle from motives of curiosity would do well to take with them bread, wine and other refreshments to distribute among the wounded, and most people did so. For my part I shall not go a second time. Napoleon, it is said, narrowly escaped being taken. His carriage fell into the hands of the Allies, and was escorted in triumph into Bruxelles by a detachment of dragoons. So confident was Napoleon of success that printed proclamations were found in the carriage dated from "Our Imperial Palace at Laecken," announcing his victory and the liberation of Belgium from the insatiable coalition, and wherein he calls on the Belgians to re-unite with their old companions in arms in order to reap the fruits of their victory. This was certainly rather premature, and reminds me of an anecdote of a Spanish officer at the siege of Gibraltar, related by Drinkwater in his narrative of that siege.[17] When the British garrison made a sortie, they carried the advanced Spanish lines and destroyed all their preparations; the Spanish officer on guard at the outermost post was killed, but on the table of his guard room was found his guard report filled up and signed, stating that "nothing extraordinary had happened since guard-mounting."

Mr L. of Northumberland, having proposed to me to make a tour with him to Aix-la-Chapelle and the banks of the Rhine, I shall start with him in a day or two.

[1] Sir Wiltshire Wilson (1762-1842), Commander of the Royal Artillery in Ceylon, 1810-1815.—Ed.

[2] Pulci, *Morgante*, canto XVIII, ottava 114-115. The Giant Morgante meets the villain Margutte and asks him if he be a Christian or a Saracen. Margutte answers that he cares not, but only believes in boiled or in roasted capon:

Rispose allor Margutte: A dirtel tosto
Io non credo pio al nero ch'all' azzurro.
Ma nel cappone, o lessa, o vuogll arrosto....

[3] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, iv, 63, f.—ED.

[4] A work of H. Verbruggen of Antwerp (1677).—ED.

[5] Lord Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury, caused this fountain to be erected in 1751, as a token of gratitude to the town of Bruxelles where he had lived in exile.—E.D.

[6] Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville (1741-1811), elevated to the peerage in 1802.—ED.

[7] Xenophon, *Education of Cyrus*, II, 4, 4.—ED.

[8] Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge.—ED.

[9] Uncle Toby, in Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*.—ED.

[10] Lieutenant R.P. Campbell, aide-de-camp to Major-General Adam.—ED.

[11] In May, 1815, the officer commanding-in-chief at Tournai was General-Major A.C. Van Diermen.—ED.

[12] Karl Friedrich Ludwig Moritz, Fürst zu Ysenburg-Bierstein (1766-1820), took service with Austria (1784), with Prussia (1804), and later with Napoleon (1806), who commissioned him as brigadier-general. The shameless conduct of this officer is exposed by B. Poten, *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, vol. XLIV, p. 611.—ED.

[13] The battle at Ligny was fought on June 16.—ED.

[14] The facts and dates here given are of course inaccurate; but this proves that Major Frye wrote his text in the very midst of the crisis, and that his manuscript has not been tampered with.—ED.

[15] Baron van Capellen, a Dutch statesman, was governor-general of the Belgian provinces, residing at Bruxelles. He was afterwards governor-general of Dutch India. Born in 1778, he died in 1848. His memoirs have been published in

French by Baron Sirtema de Grovestins (1852), and contain an interesting passage on that momentous day, 18th June, 1815.—ED.

[16] Not before half past eleven.—ED.

[17] John Drinkwater, also called Bethune (1762-1844), published a well-known *History of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783*.—ED.

CHAPTER II

From Bruxelles to Liége—A priest's declamation against the French Revolution—Maastricht—Aix-la-Chapelle—Imperial relics—Napoleon regretted—Klingmann's "Faust"—A Tyrolese beauty—Cologne—Difficulties about a passport—The Cathedral—King-craft and priest-craft—The Rhine—Bonn and Godesberg—Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen"—The Seven Mountains—German women—Andernach—Ehrenbreitstein—German hatred against France—Coblentz—Intrigues of the Bourbon princes in Coblentz—Mayence—Bieberich—Conduct of the Allies towards Napoleon—Frankfort on the Mayn—An anecdote about Lord Stewart and Lafayette—German poetry—The question of Alsace and Lorraine—Return to Bruxelles—Napoleon's surrender.

LIÉGE, June 26.

Mr L. and myself started together in the diligence from Bruxelles at seven o'clock in the evening of the 24th inst. and arrived here yesterday morning at twelve o'clock. I experienced considerable difficulty in procuring a passport to quit Bruxelles, my name having been included in that of General Wilson, which he carried back with him to England. Our Ambassador was absent, and I was bandied about from bureau to bureau without success; so that I began at last to think that I should be necessitated to remain at Bruxelles all my life, when fortunately it occurred to Mr L. that he was intimately acquainted with the English Consul, and he kindly undertook to procure me one and succeeded. On arrival here we put up at the *Pommelette d'Or*. The price of a place in the diligence from Bruxelles to Liége is fifteen franks. We passed thro' Louvain, but too late to see anything. The country about Liége is extremely striking and picturesque; the river Meuse flows thro' the city, and the banks of the river outside the town are very *riants* and agreeable. Liége is a large, well-built city, but rather gloomy as to its appearance, and lies in a hollow completely surrounded by lofty hills. The remains of its ancient citadel stand on a height

which completely commands the city; on another height stands a monastery, a magnificent building. There are a great many coal-pits in the vicinity of Liége, and a great commerce of coals is carried on between this city and Holland by the *treckschuyte* on the Meuse. We visited the ancient Episcopal palace and the Churches. The Palace is completely dismantled. This city suffered much during the revolt of the Belgian provinces against the Emperor Joseph II, and having distinguished itself by the obstinacy of its defence, it was treated with great rigour by the Austrian Government. The fortifications were blown up, and nothing now remains on the site of the old citadel but a large barrack. I remained two whole hours on this height to contemplate the beauties of the expanse below. The banks of the river, which meanders much in these parts, and the numerous *maisons de campagne* with the public promenades and allées lined with trees, exhilarate the scene of the environs, for the city itself is dull enough. Several pretty villas are situated also on the heights, and were I to dwell here I should choose one of them and seldom descend into the valley and city below,

Where narrow cares and strife and envy dwell.

Liége, however sombre in its appearance, is a place of much opulence and commerce. A Belgian garrison does duty here. At the inn, after dinner, I fell into conversation with a Belgian priest, and as I was dressed in black he fancied I was one of the cloth, and he asked me if I were a Belgian, for that I spoke French with a Belgian accent; "Apparemment Monsieur est ecclésiastique?—Monsieur, je suis né Anglais et protestant." He then began to talk about and declaim against the French Revolution, for that is the doctrine now constantly dinned into the ears of all those who take orders; and he concluded by saying that things would never go on well in Europe until they restored to God the things they had taken from Him. I told him that I differed from him very much, for that the sale of the Church domains and of the lands and funds belonging to the suppressed ecclesiastical establishments had contributed much to the improvement of agriculture and to the comfort of the peasantry, whose situation was thereby much ameliorated; and that they were now in a state of affluence compared with what they were before the French Revolution. I added: "Enfin, Monsieur, Dieu n'a pas besoin des choses terrestres." On my saying this he did not chuse to continue the conversation, but calling for a bottle of wine drank it all himself with the zest of a Tartuffe. I believe that he was surprised to find that an Englishman should not coincide with his sentiments, for I observe all the adherents of the ancient régime of feudality and superstition have an idea that we are anxious for the re-establishment of all those abuses as they themselves are,

and it must be confessed that the conduct of our Government has been such as to authorize them fully in forming such conjectures, and that we shall be their staunch auxiliaries in endeavouring to arrest and retrograde the progress of the human mind. In fact, I soon perceived that my friend was not overloaded with wit and that he was one of those priests so well described by Metastasio:

Il di cui sapere
Sta nel nostro ignorar....

MAASTRICHT, 27th June.

This morning, after a promenade on the banks of the Meuse—for I am fond of rivers and woods (*flumina amo silvasque inglorius*)—we embarked on a *treckschuyt* and arrived here after a passage of four hours. The scenery on the banks of the Meuse all the way from Liége to Maastricht is highly diversified and extremely romantic; but here at Maastricht this ceases and the dull uniformity of the Dutch landscape begins. When on the ramparts of the city to the North and West an immense plain as far as the eye can reach presents itself to view; a few trees and sandhills form the only relief to the picture. The town itself is neat, clean and dull, like all Dutch towns. The fortifications are strong and well worth inspection. The most remarkable thing in the neighbourhood of Maastricht is the Montagne de St Pierre, which from having been much excavated for the purpose of procuring stone, forms a labyrinth of a most intricate nature. I advise every traveller to visit it, and if he has a classical imagination he may fancy himself in the labyrinth of Crete.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, 29th June.

We started in the morning of the 28th from Maastricht in the diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle and arrived here at twelve o'clock, putting up at Van Gülpen's Hotel, *Zum Pfälzischen Hofe* (à la Cour palatine), which I recommend as an excellent inn and the hosts as very good people. The price of our journey from Liége to Maastricht in the water-diligence was 2-1/2 franks, and from Maastricht to Aix-la-Chapelle by land was 7 franks the person. The road from Maastricht to this place is not very good, but the country at a short distance from Maastricht becomes picturesque, much diversified by hill and dale and well wooded. As the Meuse forms the boundary between the Belgic and Prussian territory, we enter the latter sooner after leaving Maastricht. I find my friend L. a most agreeable

travelling companion; travelling seems to be his passion, as it is mine; and fortune has so far favoured me in this particular, that my professional duties and private affairs have led me to visit the four quarters of the globe. After dinner, on the first day of our arrival here, we went to visit the *Hôtel de Ville*, before which stands on a pedestal in a bason an ancient bronze statue of Charlemagne. It has nothing to recommend it but its antiquity. The *Hôtel de Ville* is similar to other Gothic buildings used for the same purpose. In the great hall thereof there is a large picture representing the ambassadors of all the powers who assisted at the signing of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1742; and a full length portrait of the present King of Prussia, as master of the city, occupies the place where once stood that of Napoleon, its late lord. We next went to see the Cathedral and sat down on the throne on which the German Caesars used to be crowned. We viewed likewise the various costly articles of plate, the gifts of pious princes. The most remarkable things among them are several superb dresses of gold and silver embroidery, so thickly laid on that they are of exceeding weight. These dresses form part of the wardrobe of the Virgin Mary. Next to be seen is a case or chest of massy silver, adorned with innumerable precious stones of great value; which case contains the bones or ashes of Charlemagne. His right arm bone is however preserved separate in a glass case. The sword of this prince too, and the Imperial crown is to be seen here. The sacristan next proceeded to show to us the other relics, but having begun with the exhibition of a rag dipped in the sweat of Jesus Christ and a nail of the Holy Cross, we began to think we had seen enough and went away perfectly satisfied. There is no other monument in honour of Charlemagne, but a plain stone on the floor of the Church with the simple inscription "Carolo Magno." On going out of the city thro' one of the gates, and at a short distance from it, we ascended the mountain or rather hill called the Louisberg on which are built a Ridotto and Café, as also a Column erected in honour of Napoleon with a suitable inscription; the inscription is effaced and is about to be replaced by another in the German language in commemoration of the downfall of the *Tyrant*, as the Coalition are pleased to call him. This Tyrant is however extremely regretted by the inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle and not without reason, for he was a great benefactor to them and continually embellished the city, confirming and increasing its privileges. The inhabitants are not at all pleased with their new masters; for the behaviour of the Prussian military has been so insulting and overbearing towards the burghers and students that it is, I am told, a common exclamation among the latter, alluding to the Prussians having stiled themselves their deliverers: *De nostris liberatoribus, Domine, libera nos*. Indeed, I can evidently discern that they are not particularly pleased at the result of the battle of Waterloo.

In the evening I went to the theatre, which has the most inconvenient form imaginable, being a rectangle. As anti-Gallicanism is the order of the day, only German dramas are allowed to be performed and this night it was the tragedy of Faust, or Dr Faustus as we term him in England, not the Faust of Goethe, which is not meant for nor at all adapted to the stage, but a drama of that name written by Klingmann.[18] It is a strange wild piece, quite in the German style and full of horrors and diableries. In this piece the sublime and terrible border close on the ridiculous; for instance the Devil and Faust come to drink in a beer-schenk or ale-house. 'Tis true the Devil is incognito at the time and is called "der Fremde" or "the Stranger"; it is only towards the conclusion of the piece that he discovers himself to be Satan.... The actor who played the part of the Stranger had something in his physiognomy very terrific and awe-inspiring. In another scene, which to us would appear laughable and absurd, but which pleases a German audience, three women in masks come on the stage to meet Faust, in a churchyard, and on unmasking display three skeleton heads.

Poor Faust had stipulated to give his soul to the Devil for aiding him in the attainment of his desires; the Devil on his part agrees to allow him to commit four deadly sins before he shall call on him to fulfil his contract. Faust, in the sequel, kills his wife and his father-in-law. Satan then claims him. Faust pleads in arrest of judgement, that he has only committed two crimes out of the four for which he had agreed; and that there consequently remained two others for him to commit before he could be claimed. The Devil in rejoinder informs him that his wife was with child at the time he killed her, which constituted the third crime, and that the very act of making a contract with the Devil for his soul forms the fourth. Faust, overwhelmed with confusion, has not a word to say; and Satan seizing him by the hair of his head, carries him off in triumph. This piece is written in iambics of ten syllables and the versification appeared to me correct and harmonious, and the sentiments forcible and poetical; this fully compensated for the bizarrerie of the story itself, which, by the bye, with all the reproach thrown by the adherents of the classic taste on those of the romantic, is scarcely more *outré* than the introduction of Death ([Greek: *thanatos*]) as a dramatic personage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

There is at Aix-la-Chapelle at one of the hotels a Faro Bank; it is open like the gates of Hell *noctes atque dies* and gaming goes forward without intermission; this seems, indeed, to be the only occupation of the strangers who visit these baths. There is near this hotel a sort of Place or Quadrangle with arcades under which are shops and stalls. At one of these shops I met with the most beautiful

girl I ever beheld, a Tyrolese by birth and the daughter of a print-seller. She was from the Italian Tyrol; Roveredo, I think she said, was her birthplace. She united much grace and manner with her beauty, on account of which I could not avoid complimenting her in her native tongue, which she seemed pleased to hear. Her eyes and eyebrows brought to my recollection the description of those of Alcina:

Sotto due negri e sottilissimi archi,
Son due neri occhi, anzi, due chiari soli,
Pietosi a riguardare, a mover parchi,
Intorno a cui par che Amor scherzi e volí.[19]

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love.

—*Trans.* W.S. ROSE.

We then proceeded to look at the suburb of this city called Bortscheid, by far the finest part of the city and at some elevation above it. It commands an extensive view. We also visited the various bath establishments; the taste of the water had some resemblance to that of Harrogate, and is good in bilious, scrofulous and cutaneous complaints. On our return to the hotel we learned the news of the capitulation of Paris to the Allied powers. It is said to be purely a military convention by which the French army is to evacuate Paris and retire behind the Loire. There is no talk and no other intelligence about Napoleon, except that he had been compelled by the two Houses of Legislature to abdicate the throne. We are still in the dark as to the intentions of the Allies. I regret much that my friend and fellow traveller L. is obliged to return to Bruxelles and cannot accompany me to Cologne, to which place I am impatient to go and to pay my respects to old father Rhine, so renowned in history.

COLOGNE.

I left Aix-la-Chapelle on the morning of the 2nd of July and arrived at Cologne about six o'clock in the evening, putting up at the Inn *Zum heiligen Geist* (Holy Ghost), which is situated on the banks of the river. The price of the journey in

the diligence is 18 franks. On the road hither lies Juliers, a large and strongly fortified town surrounded by a marsh. It must be very important as a military post. The road after quitting Juliers runs for the most part thro' a forest, and has been much improved and enlarged by the French; before they improved it, it was almost impassable in wet weather. We met on the road several Prussian waggons and reinforcements on their march to Bruxelles. Two of my fellow travellers in the diligence were very intelligent young men belonging to respectable families in Cologne and were returning thither; they likewise complained much of the overbearing demeanour of the Prussian military towards the burghers.

Cologne is a large, but very dull looking city, as dull as Liége; it would seem as if all towns and cities under ecclesiastical domination were dull or rendered so by the prohibition of the most innocent amusements. The fortifications are out of repair; but the Prussian Government intend to make Cologne a place of great strength. The name of the village on the opposite of the river is Deutz, and in the time of the French occupation there was a *tête-de-pont*. The next morning I was obliged to appear before the police, and afterwards before the *Commandant de la Place*, in order to have my passport examined and *visé*. At the bureau of the police it was remarked to me that my passport was not *en règle*, the features of the bearer not being therein specified. I replied that it was not my fault; that it was given to me in that shape by the English Consul at Bruxelles and that it was not my province to give to the Consul any directions as to its form and tenor. The Commissary of Police then asked me what business I was about in travelling, and the following conversation took place: "Was haben Sie für Geschäfte?"—"Keine; ich reise nur um Vergnügen's Willen."—"Sonderbar!"—"Worin liegt das Sonderbare, dass man reist um ein schönes Land zu sehen?"[20]—He made no answer to this, but one of his coadjutors standing by him said in a loud whisper, "Ein Herumreiser," which means an adventurer or person who travels about for no good,—in a word, a suspicious character. I then said with the utmost calm and indifference: "Gentlemen, as soon as you shall have finished all your commentaries on the subject of my passport, pray be so good as to inform me what I am to do, whether I may go on to Mayence and Frankfort as is my intention, or return to Bruxelles." The Commissary, after a slight hesitation, signed the *visa* and I then carried it to the bureau of the Commandant, whose secretary signed it without hesitation, merely asking me if I were a military man.

In the afternoon I went to visit the Dome or Cathedral. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but singular enough the steeple is not yet finished. In this

Cathedral the most remarkable thing is the Chapel of the Three Kings, wherein is deposited a massy gold chest inlaid with precious stones of all sorts and of great value, containing the bones of the identical three Kings (it is said) who came from the East to worship the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. The Scriptures say it was three wise men or Magi. The legend however calls them Kings and gives them Gothic names. Let schoolmen and theologians reconcile this difference: *ce n'est point notre affaire*. To me it appears that when the German tribes embraced Christianity and enrolled themselves under the banner of St Peter, it was thought but fair to allow them to give vent to a little nationality and to blend their old traditions with the new-fangled doctrine, and no doubt the Sovereign Pontiffs thought that the people could never be made to believe too much; the same policy is practised by the Jesuit missionaries in China, where in order to flatter the national vanity and bend it to their purposes they represent Jesus Christ as being a great personal friend and correspondent of Confucius.

To return to these monarchs, wise men or Magi: their *sculls* are kept separate to the rest of the bones and each *scull* bears a crown of gold. But if you are fond of miracles, legends, and details of relics, come with me to the Church of St Ursula in this city, and see the proof positive of the miraculous legend of the eleven thousand Virgins who suffered martyrdom in this city, in the time of Attila; the bones of all of whom are carefully preserved here and adorn the interior walls of the Church in the guise of arms arranged in an armoury. Eleven thousand sculls, each bearing a golden or gilt crown, grin horribly on the spectator from the upper part of the interior walls of the church, where they are placed in a row. What a fine subject this would make for a ballad in the style of Bürger to suppose that on a particular night in the year, at the midnight hour when mortals in slumbers are bound, the bones all descending from the walls where they are arranged, forming themselves into bodies, clapping on their heads and dancing a skeleton dance round the Ghost of Attila! The people of Cologne, in the time of the ecclesiastical Electorate, had the reputation of being extremely superstitious, and no doubt there were many who implicitly believe this pious tale; indeed, who could refuse their assent to its authenticity, on beholding the proof positive in the sculls and bones?

I recollect that in the History of the Compère Mathiew[21] the Père Jean rates mightily the natives of Cologne for their bigotry and superstition and for the bad reception they gave to him and to his philosophy. That people are happier from a blind belief, as some pretend, appears to me extremely problematical. For my part, under no circumstances can I think bliss to consist in ignorance; nor have I

felt any particular discomfort in having learned at a very early age to put under my feet, as Lucretius expresses it, the *strepitum Acherontis avari*. On the contrary, it has made me a perfect cosmopolitan, extinguished all absurd national and religious prejudices, and rendered me at home wherever I travel; and I meet the Catholic, the Lutheran, the Moslem, the Jew, the Hindou and the Guebre as a brother. *Quo me cunque ferat tempestas, deferor hospes*. [22] Let me add one word more to obviate any misrepresentation of my sentiments from some malignant Pharisee, that tho' I am no friend to King-craft and Priest-craft, and cannot endure that religion should ever be blended with politics, yet I am a great admirer of the beautiful and consoling philosophy or theosophy of Jesus Christ which inculcates the equality of Mankind, and represents the Creator of the universe, the Author of all being, as the universal Father of the human race.

Cologne derives its name from *Colonia*, as it was a Roman Colony planted here to protect the left bank of the Rhine from the incursions of the German hordes. It is here that the grand and original manufactory of the far-famed *Eau de Cologne* is to be seen. The *Eau de Cologne* is a sovereign remedy for all kinds of disorders, and if the *affiches* of the proprietor, Jean-Marie Farina, be worthy of credit, he is as formidable a check to old Pluto as ever Aesculapius was. The sale of this water is immense.

On my return to the inn, I met with a Dutch clergyman who was travelling with his pupils, three very fine boys, the sons of a Dutch lady of rank. He was to conduct them to the University of Neuwied, on the right bank of the Rhine, in order to place them there for their education. The young men seem to have profited much from their studies. Their tutor seemed to be a well-informed man and of liberal ideas; he preferred speaking German to French, as he said he had not much facility in expressing himself in the latter language. He said if I were going his way he would be happy to have the pleasure of my company, to which I very willingly acceded, and we agreed to start the next morning early so as to arrive at Bonn to breakfast, and then to go on to Godesberg, where he proposed to remain a few days.

From the windows of our inn we have a fine view of the river, and I have not omitted doing homage to old Father Rhine by taking up some of his water in the hollow of my hand to drink. The Rhine of later years has been considered the guardian of Germany against the hostile incursions of the French, and Schiller represents this river as a Swiss vigilant on his post, yet in spite of his vigilance and fidelity unable to prevent his restless neighbour from forcing his safeguard.

The following are the lines of Schiller where the river speaks in a distich:

Treu wie dem Schwfeizer gebührt bewach'ich Germaniens Grenze,
Aber der Gallier hüpf't über den duldenden Strom.

In vain my stream I interpose
To guard Germania's realm from foes;
The nimble Gauls my cares deride
And often leap on t'other side.

GODESBERG, 4th July.

The distance from Cologne to Bonn is 18 miles and Godesberg is three miles further. We stopped to breakfast at Bonn and after breakfast made a promenade thro' the city. Bonn is a handsome, clean, well-built and cheerful looking city and the houses are good and solid.

The Electoral Palace is a superb building, but is not occupied and is falling rapidly to decay. From the terrace in the garden belonging to this Palace, which impends over the Rhine, you have a fine view of this noble river. This Palace was at one time made use of as a barrack by the French, and since the secularization of the Ecclesiastical Electorates it has not been thought worth while to embellish or even repair it. There is a Roman antiquity in this town called the *Altar of Victory*, erected on the Place St Remi, but remarkable for nothing but its antiquity; it seems to be a common Roman altar.[23] The road from Bonn to Godesberg is three miles in length and thro' a superb avenue of horse-chesnut trees; but before you arrive at Godesberg, there is on the left side of the road a curious specimen of Gothic architecture called *Hochkreutz*, very like Waltham cross in appearance, but much higher and in better preservation; it was erected by some feudal Baron to expiate a homicide. The castle of Godesberg is situated on an eminence and commands a fine prospect; it is now a mass of ruins and the walls only remain. It derives its name of Godesberg or Götzenberg from the circumstance of its having been formerly the site of a temple of Minerva built in the time of the Romans, and thence called Götzenberg by the Christians, *Götze* in German signifying an idol.

On the plain at the foot of the hill of Godesberg and at the distance of an eighth of a mile from the river, a shelving cornfield intervening, stand three large hotels and a ridotto, all striking edifices. To the south of these is situated a large wood.

These hotels are always full of company in the summer and autumn: they come here to drink the mineral waters, a species of Seltzer, the spring of which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the hotels. The hotel at which we put up bears the name of *Die schöne Aussicht* (la Belle Vue) and well does it deserve the name; for it commands a fine view of the reaches of the river, north and south. Directly on the opposite bank, abruptly rising, is the superb and magnificent chain of mountains called the *Sieben Gebirge* or Seven Mountains. On the summit of these mountains tower the remains of Gothic castles or keeps, still majestic, tho' in ruins, and frowning on the plains below; they bring to one's recollection the legends and chronicles of the Middle Ages. They bear terrible awe-inspiring names such as Drachenfels, Löwenberg; the highest of them is called Drachenfels or the Rock of Dragons and on it stood the Burg or Chateau of a Feudal Count or *Raubgraf*, who was the terror of the surrounding country, and has given rise to a very interesting romance called *The Knights of the Seven Mountains*. This feudal tyrant used to commit all sorts of depredations and descend into the plains below, in order to intercept the convoys of merchandize passing between Aix-la-Chapelle and Frankfort. It was to check these abuses and oppressions that was instituted the famous Secret Tribunal *Das heimliche Gericht*, the various Governments in Germany being then too weak to protect their subjects or to punish these depredations. This secret tribunal, from the summary punishments it inflicted, the mysterious obscurity in which it was enveloped, and the impossibility of escaping from its pursuit, became the terror of all Germany. They had agents and combinations everywhere, and exercised such a system of espionage as to give to their proceedings an appearance of supernatural agency. A simple accusation was sufficient for them to act upon, provided the accuser solemnly swore to the truth of it without reserve, and consented to undergo the same punishment as the accused was subjected to, in case the accusation should be false; till this solemnity was gone through, no pursuit was instituted against the offender. There was scarcely ever an instance of a false accusation, for it was well known that no power could screen the delator from the exemplary punishment that awaited him; and there were no means of escaping from the omniscience and omnipotence of the secret tribunal.

To return to Godesberg, it is a most beautiful spot and much agreeable society is here to be met with. The families of distinction of the environing country come here for the purpose of recreation and drinking the mineral waters. We sit down usually sixty to dinner, and I observe some very fine women among them. On Sunday there is a ball at the ridotto. The promenades in the environs are exceedingly romantic, and this place is the favourite resort of many new married

couples who come here to pass the honeymoon. The scenery of the surrounding country is so picturesque and beautiful as to require the pencil of an Ariosto or Wieland to do justice to it:

Ne se tutto cercato avessi il mondo
Vedria di questo un pin gen til paese.[24]

And, had he ranged the universal world,
Would not have seen a lovelier in his round.

—*Trans.* W.S. ROSE.

To the researches of the naturalist and mineralogist the Seven Mountains offer inexhaustible resources. The living and accommodation of the three hotels are very reasonable. For one and a half florins you have an excellent and plentiful dinner at the table d'hôte, including a bottle of Moselle wine and Seltzer water at discretion; by paying extra you can have the Rhine wines of different growths and crops and French wines of all sorts.

I am much pleased with the little I have seen of the German women. They appear to be extremely well educated. I observe many of them in their morning walks with a book in their hand either of poetry or a novel. Schiller is the favourite poet among them and Augustus Lafontaine the favourite novel writer. [25] He is a very agreeable author were he not so prolix; yet we English have no right to complain of this fault, since there is no novel in all Germany to compare in point of prolixity with *Clarissa*, *Sit Charles Grandison*, or *Tom Jones*. The great fault of Augustus Lafontaine is that of including in one novel the history of two or three generations. A beautiful and very interesting tale of his, however, is entirely free from this defect and is founded on a fact. It is called *Dankbarkeit und Liebe* (Gratitude and Love). There is more real pathos in this novelette than in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* of Rousseau.

EHRENBREITSTEIN, 8 July.

After a *sèjour* of three days at Godesberg, we left that delightful residence and proceeded to Neuwied to deposit the boys. We stopped, however, for an hour or two at Andernach, which is situated in a beautiful valley on the left bank. We viewed the remains of the palace of the Kings of Austrasia and the church where the body of the Emperor Valentinian is preserved embalmed.

Andernach is remarkable for being the exact spot where Julius Caesar first crossed the Rhine to make war on the German nations. Directly opposite Neuwied, which is on the right bank, stands close to the village of Weissenthurm the monument erected to the French General Hoche. We crossed over to Neuwied in a boat. Neuwied is a regular, well-built town, but rather of a sombre melancholy appearance and is only remarkable for its university. Science could not chuse a more tranquil abode. This University has been ameliorated lately by its present sovereign the King of Prussia. It was not the interest of Napoleon to favour any establishment on the right bank at the expence of those on the left, the former being out of his territory. At Neuwied I took leave of my agreeable fellow travellers, as they intended to remain there and I to go on to Ehrenbreitstein. An opportunity presented itself the same afternoon of which I profited. I met with an Austrian Captain of Infantry and his lady at the inn where I stopped who were going to Ehrenbreitstein in their *calèche*, and they were so kind as to offer me a place in it. I found them both extremely agreeable; both were from Austria proper. He had left the Austrian service some time ago and had since entered into the Russian service; from that he was lately transferred, together with the battalion to which he belonged, into the service of Prussia and placed on the retired list of the latter with a very small pension. He did not seem at all satisfied with this arrangement. He had served in several campaigns against the French in Germany, Italy and France, and was well conversant in French and Italian literature.

We stopped *en passant* at a *maison de plaisance* and superb English garden belonging to the Duke of Nassau-Weilburg. The house is in the style of a cottage *orné*, but very roomy and tastefully fitted up; but nothing can be more diversified and picturesque than the manner in which the garden is laid out. The ground being much broken favours this; and in one part of it is a ravine or valley so romantic and savage, that you would fancy yourself in Tinian or Juan Fernandez. We arrived late in the evening in the Thal Ehrenbreitstein, which lies at the foot of the gigantic hill fortress of that name, which frowns over it and seems as if it threatened to fall and crush it. My friends landed me at the inn *Zum weissen Pferd* (the White Horse), where there is most excellent accommodation. Just opposite Ehrenbreitstein, on the left bank, is Coblenz; a superb flying bridge, which passes in three minutes, keeps up the communication between the two towns.

Early the next morning, I ascended the stupendous rock of Ehrenbreitstein, which has a great resemblance to the hill forts in India, such as Gooty,

Nundydroog, etc. It is a place of immense natural strength, but the fortifications were destroyed by the French, who did not chuse to have so formidable a neighbour so close to their frontier, as the Rhine then was. The Prussian Government, however, to whom it now belongs, seem too fully aware of its importance not to reconstruct the fortifications with as little delay as possible. Ehrenbreitstein completely commands all the adjacent country and enfilades the embouchure of the Moselle which flows into the Rhine at Coblentz, where there is an elegant stone bridge across the Moselle. Troops without intermission continue to pass over the flying bridge bound to France, from the different German states, viz., Saxons, Hessians, Prussians, etc., so that one might apply to this scene Anna Comnena's expression relative to the Crusades, and say that all Germany is torn up from its foundation and precipitated upon France. I suppose no less than 70,000 men have passed within these few days. The German papers, particularly the *Rheinische Mercur*, continue to fulminate against France and the war yell resounds with as much fury as ever. From the number of troops that continue to pass it would seem as if the Allies did not mean to content themselves with the abdication of Napoleon, but will endeavour to dismember France. The Prussian officers seem to speak very confidently that Alsace and Lorraine will be severed from France and reunited to the Germanic body, to which, they say, every country ought to belong where the German language is spoken, and they are continually citing the words of an old song:

Wo ist das deutsche Vaterland?....
Wo man die deutsche Zunge spricht,
Da ist das deutsche Vaterland.[26]

In English: "Where is the country of the Germans? Where the German language is spoken, there is the country of the Germans!"

Coblentz is a clean handsome city, but there is nothing very remarkable in it except a fine and spacious "Place." But in the neighbourhood stands the *Chartreuse*, situated on an eminence commanding a fine view of the whole *Thalweg*. This *Chartreuse* is one English mile distant from the town and my friend the Austrian Captain had the goodness to conduct me thither. It is a fine large building, but is falling rapidly to decay, being appropriated to no purpose whatever. The country is beautiful in the environs of this place, and has repeatedly called forth the admiration and delight of all travellers. Near Coblentz is the monument erected to the French General Marceau, who fell gloriously

fighting for the cause of liberty, respected by friend and foe.

July 10th.

We had a large society this day at the table d'hôte. The conversation turned on the restoration of the Bourbons, which nobody at table seemed to desire. Several anecdotes were related of the conduct of the Bourbon princes and of the emigration, who held their court at Coblenz when they first emigrated; these anecdotes did not redound much to their honor or credit, and I remark that they are held in great disgust and abhorrence by the inhabitants of these towns, on account of their treacherous and unprincipled conduct. It was from here that "La Cour de Coblenz," as it was called, intrigued by turns with the Jacobins and the Brissotins and, by betraying the latter to the former, were in part the cause of the sanguinary measures adopted by Robespierre.[27] The object of this atrocious policy was that the French people would, by witnessing so many executions, become disgusted at the sanguinary tyranny of Robespierre and recall the Bourbons unconditionally; which, fortunately for France and thanks to the heroism and bravery of the republican armies, did not take place; for had the restoration taken place at that time, a dreadful reaction would have been encouraged and the cruelties of the reign of Terror surpassed. With the same view, emissaries were dispatched from the Court of Coblenz to the South of France in order, under the disguise of patriots, to preach up the most exaggerated corollaries to the theories of liberty and equality.

Among other things at Ehrenbreitstein is a superb pleasure barge belonging to the Dukes of Nassau for water excursions up and down the Rhine. A *coche d'eau* starts from here daily to Mayence and another to Cologne. The price is ten francs the person. The superb *chaussée* on the left bank of the Rhine, which extends all the way from Cologne to Mayence, was constructed by the direction of Napoleon. In the evening I went to the theatre at Coblenz, where Mozart's opera of Don Giovanni was represented. I recollected my old acquaintance "La ci darem la mano," which I had often heard in England.

MAYENCE, 12th July.

I embarked in the afternoon of the 11th in the *coche d'eau* bound to Mayence. Except an old "Schiffer," I was the only passenger on board, as few chuse to go up stream on account of the delay. I, however, being master of my own time, and

wishing to view the lovely scenery on the banks of the river, preferred this conveyance, and I was highly gratified. After Boppard, the bed of the river narrows much. High rocks on each bank hem in the stream and render it more rapid. Nothing can be more sublime and magnificent than the scenery; at every turn of the river you would suppose its course blocked up by rocks, perceiving no visible outlet. Remains of Gothic castles are to be seen on their summits at a short distance from each other, and where the banks are not abrupt and *escarpés* there are *coteaux* covered with vines down to the water's edge. The tolling of the bells at the different villages on the banks gives a most awful solemn religious sound, and the reverberation is prolonged by the high rocks, which seem to shut you out from the rest of the world. There are the walls nearly entire of two castles of the Middle Ages, the one called "Die Katze" (the cat); the other "Die Maus" (the Mouse); each has its tradition, for which and for many other interesting particulars I refer you to Klebe's and Schreiber's description of the banks of the Rhine.

We arrived early in the evening at St Goar, where we stopped and slept. St Goar is a fine old Gothic town, romantically situated, and is famous from having two whirlpools in its neighbourhood. It is completely commanded and protected by Rheinfels, an ancient hill fortress, but the fortification of which no longer exist. It requires half an hour's walk to ascend to the summit of Rheinfels, but the traveller is well repaid for the fatigue of the ascent by the fine view enjoyed from the top. I remained at Rheinfels nearly an hour. What a solemn stillness seems to pervade this part of the river, only interrupted by the occasional splash of the oar, and the tolling of the steeple bell! Bingen on the right bank is the next place of interest, and on an island in the centre of the river facing Bingen stand the ruins of a celebrated tower call'd the "Maüsethurm" (mouse tower), so named from the circumstance of Bishop Hatto having been devoured therein by rats according to the tradition. This was represented as a punishment from Heaven on the said bishop for his tyranny and oppression towards the poor; but the story was invented by the monks in order to vilify his memory, for it appears he was obnoxious to them on account of his attempts to enforce a rigid discipline among them and to check their licentiousness.

Bieberich, a superb palace belonging to the Dukes of Nassau on the right bank, next presents itself to view on your left ascending; to your right, at a short distance from Bieberich, you catch the first view of Mayence on the left bank, with its towers and steeples rising from the glade. We reached Mayence at 4 o'clock p.m., and I went to put up at the three Crowns (*Drei-Kronen*). The first

news I learned on arriving at Mayence was that Napoleon had surrendered himself to the Captain of an English frigate at Oléron; but though particulars are not given, Louis XVIII is said to be restored, which I am very sorry to hear. The Allies then have been guilty of the most scandalous infraction of their most solemn promise, since they declared that they made war on Napoleon alone and that they never meant to dictate to the French people the form of government they were to adopt. Napoleon having surrendered and Louis being restored, the war may be considered as ended for the present, unless the Allies should attempt to wrest any provinces from France, and in this case there is no saying what may happen. This has finally ended the career of Napoleon.

There is in Mayence a remarkably fine broad spacious street called "die grosse Bleiche" and in general the buildings are striking and solid, but too much crowded together as is the case in all ancient fortified cities. The Cathedral is well worth seeing and contains many things of value and costly relics. When one views the things of value in the churches here, at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Cologne, what a contradiction does it give to the calumnies spread against the French republicans that they plundered the churches of the towns they occupied! There is an agreeable promenade lined with trees on the banks of the river called *L'Allée du Rhin*. Mayence is strongly fortified and has besides a citadel (a pentagon) of great strength, which is separated from the town by an esplanade. The *Place du Marché* is striking and in the *Place Verte* I saw for the first time in my life the Austrian uniform, there being an Austrian garrison as well as troops belonging to the other Germanic states, such as Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Hessians, and troops of the Duchy of Berg. This City belongs to the Germanic Confederation and is to be always occupied by a mixed garrison. The Archduke Charles has his head-quarters here at present. I attended an inspection of a battalion of Berg troops on the *Place Verte*; they had a very military appearance and went thro' their manoeuvres with great precision. From the top of the steeple of the Church of Sanct Stephen you have a fine view of the whole Rheingau. Opposite to Mayence, on the right bank, communicating by an immensely long bridge of boats, is the small town and fort of Castel, which forms a sort of *tête-de-pont* to Mayence. The works of Castel take in flank and enfilade the embouchure of the river Mayn which flows into the Rhine. One of the redoubts of Castel is called the redoubt of Montebello, thus named after Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello.

The German papers continue their invectives against France. In one of them I read a patriotic song recommending the youth of Germany to go into France to

revenge themselves, to drink the wine and live at the cost of the inhabitants, and then is about to recommend their making love to the wives and daughters of the French, when a sudden flash of patriotism comes across him, and he says: "No! for that a German warrior makes love to German girls and German women only!" (*Und küsst nur Deutsche Mädchen.*) With regard to the women here, those that I have hitherto met with, and those I saw at Ehrenbreitstein, were exceedingly handsome, so that the German warriors, if love is their object, will do well to remain here, as they may go further and fare worse, for I understand the women of Lorraine and Champagne are not very striking for personal beauty. There were some good paintings in the picture gallery here and this and the fortifications are nearly all that need call forth the attention of a traveller who makes but a fleeting visit.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAYN, 14th July.

I arrived here the day before yesterday in the diligence from Mayence, the price of which is two and a half florins the person, and the distance twenty-five English miles; there is likewise a water conveyance by the Mayn for half the money. The road runs thro' the village of Hockheim, which in England gives the name of *Hock* to all the wines of Rhenish growth. The country is undulating in gentle declivities and vales and is highly cultivated in vines and corn. I put up here at the *Hotel Zum Schwan* (The Swan), which is a very large and spacious hotel and has excellent accommodation. There is a very excellent table d'hôte at one o'clock at this hotel, for which the price is one and a half florins the person, including a pint of Moselle wine and a *krug* or jar of Seltzer water. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon it is the fashion to come and drink old Rhine wine à l'*Anglaise*. That sort called *Rudesheimer* I recommend as delicious. There is also a very pleasant wine called the *Ingelheimer*, which is in fact the "red Hock." At one of these afternoon meetings a gentleman who had just returned from Paris related to us some anecdotes of what passed at the Conference between the French commissioners who were sent after the abdication of Napoleon, by the provisional government, to treat with the Allies; in which it appeared that the British commissioner, Lord S[tewart],[28] brother to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, made rather a simple figure by his want of historical knowledge or recollection. He began, it seems, in rather a bullying manner, in the presence of the commissioners, to declaim against what he called the perfidy and mutiny of the French army against their lawful Sovereign; when the venerable Lafayette, who was one of the commissioners and who is ever foremost when his country

has need of his assistance, remarked to him that the English revolution in 1688, which the English were accustomed always to stile glorious, and which he (Lafayette) stiled glorious also, was effectuated in a similar manner by the British army abandoning King James and ranging themselves under the standard of the Prince of Orange; that if it was a crime on the part of the French army to join Napoleon, their ancient leader who had led them so often to victory, it was a still greater crime on the part of the English army to go over to the Prince of Orange who was unknown to them and a foreigner in the bargain; and that therefore this blame of the French army, coming from the mouth of an Englishman, surprised him, the more so as the Duke of Marlborough, the boast and pride of the English, set the example of defection from his Sovereign, who had been his greatest benefactor. Lord S[tewart], who did not appear to be at all conscious of this part of our history, was staggered, a smile was visible on the countenances of all the foreign diplomatists assembled there, and Lord S[tewart], to hide his confusion, and with an ill-disguised anger, turned to Lafayette and said that the Allies would not treat until Napoleon should be delivered to them. "Je m'étonne, my lord, qu'en faisant une proposition si infâme et si deshonorante, vous vous plaisez de vous adresser au prisonnier d'Olmütz," was the dignified answer of that virtuous patriot and ever ardent veteran of liberty.[29]

The main street in Frankfort called the *Zeil* is very broad and spacious, and can boast of a number of splendid houses belonging to individuals, particularly the house of Schweitzer[30]; and on the Quai, on the banks of the Mayn, there is a noble range of buildings. The bridge across the Mayn is very fine and on the other side of the river is the suburb of Sachsenhansen, which is famous for being the head-quarters of the priestesses of the Venus vulgivaga who abound in this city. There are in Frankfort an immense number of Jews, who have a quarter of the city allotted to them. The gardens that environ the town are very tastefully laid out, and serve as the favourite promenade of the *beau monde* of Frankfort. The Cathedral will always be a place of interest as the temple wherein in later times the German Caesars were crowned and inaugurated. At the *Hôtel de Ville* called the *Römer*, which is an ugly Gothic building, but interesting from its being in this edifice that the Emperors were chosen, is to be seen the celebrated Golden Bull which is written on parchment in the Latin language with a golden seal attached to it. In the Hall where the Electors used to sit on the election of an Emperor of the Romans, are to be seen the portraits of several of the Emperors, and a very striking one in particular of the Emperor Joseph II, in full length, in his Imperial robes. There is no table d'hôte at the *Swan* for supper, but this meal is served up *à la carte*, which is very convenient for those who do not require

copious meals. At the same table with me at supper sat a very agreeable man with whom I entered into conversation. He was a Hessian and had served in a Hessian battalion in the English service during the American war. He was so kind as to procure me admission to the Casino at the Hotel Rumpf,[31] where there is a literary institution and where they receive newspapers, pamphlets and reviews in the German, French, English and Italian languages. In Frankfort there are several houses of individuals which merit the name of palaces, and there is a great display of opulence and industry in this city. In the environs there is abundance of *maisons de plaisance*. For commerce it is the most bustling city (inland) in all Germany, besides it being the seat of the present German Diet; and from here, as from a centre, diverge the high roads to all parts of the Empire.

I have been once at the theatre, which is very near the *Swan*. A German opera, the scene whereof was in India, was given. The scenery and decorations were good, appropriate, and the singing very fair. The theatre itself is dirty and gloomy. The German language appears to me to be better adapted to music than either the French or English. The number of dactylic terminations in the language give to it all the variety that the *sdrucchioli* give to the Italian. As to poetry, no language in the world suits itself better to all the vagaries and phantasies of the Muse, since it possesses so much natural rhythm and allows, like the Greek, the combination of compound words and a redundancy of epithets, and it is besides so flexible that it lends itself to all the ancient as well as the modern metres with complete success: indeed it is the only modern language that I know of which does so.

As for political opinions here, the Germans seem neither to wish nor to care about the restoration of the Bourbons; but they talk loudly of the necessity of tearing Alsace and Lorraine from France. In fact, they wish to put it out of the power of the French ever to invade Germany again; a thing however little to be hoped for. For the minor and weaker Germanic states have always hitherto (and will probably again at some future day) invoked the assistance of France against the greater and stronger. I observe that the Austrian Government is not at all popular here, and that its bad faith in financial matters is so notorious and has been so severely felt here, that a merchant told me, alluding to the bankruptcy of the Austrian Government on two occasions when there was no absolute necessity for the measure, that Frankfort had suffered more from the bad faith of the Austrian Government than from all the war contributions levied by the French.

BRUXELLES, 28th July.

On arrival at Coblenz we heard that Napoleon had surrendered himself unconditionally to Capt. Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. He never should have humiliated himself so far as to surrender himself to the British ministry. He owed to himself, to his brave fellow soldiers, to the French nation whose Sovereign he had been, not to take such a step, but rather die in the field like our Richard III, a glorious death which cast a lustre around his memory in spite of the darker shades of his character; or if he could not fall in the field, he should have died like Hannibal, rather than commit himself into the hands of a government in which generosity is by no means a distinguishing feature, and which on many occasions has shown a petty persecuting and vindictive spirit, and thus I have no hesitation in portraying the characteristics of our Tory party, which, unfortunately for the cause of liberty, rules with undivided sway over England. He will now end his days in captivity, for his destination appears to be already fixed, and St Helena is named as the intended residence; he will, I say, be exposed to all the taunts and persecutions that petty malice can suggest; and this with the most uncomfortable reflections: for had he been more considerate of the spirit of the age, he might have set all the Monarchs, Ultras and Oligarchs and their ministers at defiance. But he wished to ape Charlemagne and the Caesars and to establish an universal Empire: a thing totally impossible in our days and much to be deprecated were it possible.

Consigned to St Helena, Napoleon will furnish to posterity a proverb like that of Dionysius at Corinth. This banishment to St Helena will be very ungenerous and unjust on the part of the English Government, but I suppose their satellites and adherents will term it an act of clemency, and some *Church and Kingmen* would no doubt recommend hewing him in pieces, as Samuel did to Agag.

I stopped three days at Aix-la-Chapelle to drink the waters and then came straight to this place stopping half a day in Liège. I shall start for Paris in a couple of days, as the communication is now open and the public conveyances re-established. My passport is *visé* in the following terms: "Bon pour aller à Paris en suivant la route des armées alliées." I am quite impatient to visit that celebrated city.

[18] Philipp Klingmann (1762-1824) was better known as an actor than as an author.—ED.

[19] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, VII, 12, 1.—ED.

[20] "What business have you? None, I travel for amusement. Strange! What is there strange in travelling to see a fine country?"

[21] *Le Compère Mathieu*, a satirical novel by the Abbé Henri Joseph Dulaurens, published 1765 and sometimes (though wrongly) attributed to Voltaire. One of the prominent talkers in the dialogues is Père Jean de Domfront.—ED.

[22] Horace, *Epist.*, I, i, 15.—ED.

[23] This altar, inscribed *Deae Victoriae Sacrum (Corpus inscr. lat. XIII, 8252)*, was erected by the Roman fleet on the Rhine at the place now called *Altsburg* near Cologne and, after its discovery, taken to Bonn, where it was set up on the *Remigius-Platz* (now called *Roemer-Platz*) on Dec, 3, 1809. It is now in the Provincial Museum.—ED.

[24] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, vi, 20, 3.—ED.

[25] August Lafontaine (1758-1831), born in Brunswick of a family of French protestants, was the very prolific and now quite forgotten author of many novels and novelettes.—ED.

[26] From Ernst Moritz Arndt's (1779-1860) celebrated poem, *Des Deutschen Vaterland*.—ED.

[27] There seems to be much truth in this opinion, though the question of the intrigues of Louis XVIII with Robespierre is still shrouded in obscurity. Some pages of General Thiébault's memoirs might have cleared it up, but they have been torn out from the manuscript (*Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault*, vol. I, p. 273). Louis XVIII paid a pension to Robespierre's sister, Charlotte.—ED.

[28] Sir Charles Stewart, created Lord Stewart In 1814; he was a half-brother of Lord Castlereagh.—ED.

[29] The same story is given, with slight differences, by Lafayette himself (*Mémoires*, vol. V, p. 472-3; Paris and Leipzig, 1838). See also *Souvenirs historiques et parlementaires du Comte de Pontécoulant*, vol. III, p. 428 (Paris, 1863). Major Frye's narrative is by far the oldest and seems the most trustworthy.—ED.

[30] The house in question was built about 1780 by Nicolas de Pigage for the rich merchant, Franz von Schweizer; Pigage was the son of the architect of King Stanislas at Nancy. The Schweizer palace became later on the *Hôtel de Russie* and was demolished about 1890, the Imperial Post Office having been erected in its place. The Schweizer family is now extinct.—ED.

[31] A *Casinogesellschaft*, still in existence (1908), was founded at Frankfort in 1805, with the object of uniting the aristocratic elements of the city, admittance being freely allowed to distinguished strangers, in particular to the envoys of the *Bundestag*. The *Gesellschaft* or club occupied spacious rooms in the house of the once famous *tapissier* and decorator Major Rumpf, grandfather of the German sculptor of the same name. That building, situated at the corner of the *Rossmarkt*, was demolished about 1880.—ED.

CHAPTER III

From Bruxelles to Paris—Restoration of Louis XVIII—The officers of the allied armies—The Palais Royal—The Louvre—Protest of the author against the proposed despoiling of the French Museums—Unjust strictures against Napoleon's military policy—The *cant* about revolutionary robberies—The Grand Opera—Monuments in Paris—The Champs Elysées—Saint-Cloud—The Hôtel des Invalides—The Luxembourg—General Labédoyère—Priests and emigrants—Prussian Plunder—Handsome behaviour of the English officers—Reminiscences of Eton—Versailles.

PARIS, August 3rd.

Here I am in Paris. I left Bruxelles the 29th July, stopped one night at Mons and passing thro' Valenciennes, Péronne and St Quentin arrived here on the third day. The villages and towns on the road had been pretty well stripped of eatables by the Allied army, as well as by the French, so that we did not meet with the best fare. In every village the white flag was displayed by way of propitiating the clemency of the Allies and averting plunder.

August 7th.

I have put up at the *Hôtel de Cahors*, Rue de Richelieu, where I pay five francs per diem for a single room; such is the dearness of lodgings at this moment. It is well furnished, however, with sofas, commodes, mirrors and a handsome clock and is very spacious withal, there being an alcove for the bed. This situation is extremely convenient, being close to the Palais Royal, Rue St Honoré, Théâtre Français, Louvre and the Tuileries on one side, and to the Grand Opera, the Théâtre Feydeau, the Italian Opera and the Boulevards on the other. The National Library is not many yards distant from my hotel, and a few yards from that *en face* is the Grand Opera house or *Académie Royale de Musique*.

This city is filled with officers and travellers of all kinds who have followed the army. The House of Legislature of the Hundred Days,—as it is the fashion to style Napoleon's last reign—dissolved themselves on the demand of a million of francs as a war contribution made by Marshall Blucher. Louis XVIII has been hustled into Paris, and now occupies the throne of his ancestors under the protection of a million of foreign bayonets, and the *bannière des Lis* has replaced the tricolor on the castle of the Tuileries. A detachment of the British army occupies Montmartre, where the British flag is flying, and in the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne are encamped several brigades of English and Hanoverians. The Sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia are expected and then it is said that the fate of France will be decided. The Army of the Loire has at length made its submission to the King, after stipulating but in vain for the beloved tricolor. Report says it is to be immediately dissolved and a new army raised with more legitimate inclinations. Should the King accede to this, France will be completely disarmed and at the mercy of the Allies, and the King himself a state prisoner. The entrance into Paris, thro' the Faubourg St Denis, does not give to the stranger who arrives there for the first time a great idea of the magnificence of Paris; he should enter by the Avenue de Neuilly or by the Porte St Antoine, both of which are very striking and superb.

Now you must not expect that I shall or can give you a description of all the fine things that I have seen or am about to see, for they have been so often described before that it would be a perfect waste of time, and I can do better in referring you at once to the *Guide des Voyageurs à Paris*; so that I shall content myself with merely indicating these objects which make the most impression on me.

My first visit was, as you will have no doubt guessed, to the Palais Royal: there I breakfasted, there I dined, and there I passed the whole day without the least *ennui*. It is a world in itself. It swarms at present with officers of the Allied army. The variety of uniforms adds to the splendour and novelty of the scene. The restaurants and cafés are filled with them. The Palais Royal is certainly the temple of animal gratification, the paradise of gastronomes. The officers are indulging in all sorts of luxury, revelling in Champaign and Burgundy, in all the pleasures of the belly, as well as *in iis quae sub ventre sunt*. 'Twill be a famous harvest for the restaurateurs and for the Cyprians who parade up and down the Arcades, sure of a constant succession of suitors. In fact, whatever be the taste of a man, whether sensual or intellectual or both, he can gratify himself here without moving out of the precincts of the Palais Royal. Here are cafés, restaurants, shops of all kinds whose display of clocks, jewellery, stuffs, silks,

merchandize from all parts of the world, is most brilliant and dazzling; here you find reading-rooms where newspapers, reviews and pamphlets of all tongues, nations and languages are to be met with; here are museums of paintings, statues, plans in relief, cosmoramas; here are libraries, gaming houses, houses of fair reception; cellars where music, dancing and all kinds of orgies are carried on; exhibitions of all sorts, learned pigs, dancing dogs, military canary birds, hermaphrodites, giants, dwarf jugglers from Hindostan, catawbas from America, serpents from Java, and crocodiles from the Nile. Here, so Kotzebue has calculated, you may go through all the functions of life in one day and end it afterwards should you be so inclined. You may eat, drink, sleep, bathe, go to the *Cabinet d'aisance*, walk, read, make love, game and, should you be tired of life, you may buy powder and ball or opium to hasten your journey across Styx; or should you desire a more classic *exit*, you may die like Seneca opening your veins in a bath. Deep play goes forward day and night, and I verily believe there are some persons in Paris who never quit these precincts. The restaurants and cafés are most brilliantly fitted up. One, *Le Café des Mille Colonnes*, so called from the reflection of the columns in the mirrors with which the wainscoat is lined, boasts of a *limonadière* of great beauty. She is certainly a fine woman, dresses very well, as indeed most French women do, and has a remarkably fine turned arm which she takes care to display on all occasions. I do not, however, perceive much animation in her; she always appears the same, nor has she made any more impression on me—tho' I am of a very susceptible nature in this particular—than a fine statue or picture would do. There she sits on a throne and receives the homage and compliments of most of the visitors and the money of all, which seems to please her most, for she receives the compliments which are paid her with the utmost *sang-froid* and indifference, and the money she takes especial care to count. English troops, conjointly with the National Guard, do duty at the entrance of the Palais Royal from the Rue St Honoré; and it became necessary to have a strong guard to keep the peace, as frequent disputes take place between the young men of the Capital and the Prussian officers, against whom the French are singularly inveterate.

The French, when left to themselves, are very peaceable in their pleasures and the utmost public decorum is observed; their sobriety contributes much to this; but if there were in London an establishment similar to that of the Palais Royal, it would become a perfect pandemonium and would require an army to keep the peace. The French police keep a very sharp look-out on all political offences, but are more indulgent towards all moral ones, as long as public decorum is not infringed, and then it is severely punished. But they have none of that

ensoriousness or prying spirit in France which is so common in England to hunt out and criticise the private vices of their neighbours, which, in my opinion, does not proceed from any real regard for virtue, but from a fanatical, jealous, envious, and malignant spirit. Those vice-hunters never have the courage to attack a man of wealth and power; but a poor artisan or labourer, who buys a piece of meat after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, or a glass of spirits during church-time on Sunday, is termed a Sabbath-breaker and imprisoned without mercy.

In the Palais Royal the three most remarkable temples of dissipation are Very's for gastronomes, Robert's faro bank for gamesters, and the Café Montausier for those devoted to the fair sex. The Café Montausier is fitted up in the guise of a theatre where music, singing and theatrical pieces are given; you pay nothing for admission, but are expected to call for some refreshment. It is splendidly illuminated, and is the *Café par excellence*, frequented by those ladies who have made the opposite choice to that of Hercules, and who, taking into consideration the shortness and uncertainty of life, dedicate it entirely to pleasure, reflecting that

Laggiù nell' Inferno,
Nell' obbligo sempiterno,
In sempiterno orrore,
Non si parla d'amore.

Of course, this saloon is crowded with amateurs, and the Prussians and English are not the least ardent votaries of the Goddess of Paphos; many a vanquished victor sinks oppressed with wine and love on the breast of a Dalilah: this last comparison suggests itself to me from the immense quantity of hair worn by the Prussians, as if their strength, like that of Samson's, depended on their *chevelure*. There is a very pretty graceful girl who attends here and at the different restaurants and cafés with an assortment of bijouterie and other knick-knacks to sell. She is full of wit and repartee; but her answer to all those who attempt to squeeze her hand and make love to her is always: "*Achetez quelque chose*." Her name is Céline and she has a great flow of conversation on all subjects but that of love, which she invariably cuts short by "*Achetez quelque chose*."

10th August.

I have been to see the Museum of sculpture and painting in the Louvre, but what is to be seen there baffles all description:

Se tante lingue avessi e tante voci
Quanti occhi il cielo o quante arene il mare
Non basterian a dir le lodi immense.

The *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medici* and the *Laocoon* first claimed my attention, and engaged me for at least an hour and a half before I could direct my attention to the other masterpieces. I admire indeed the *Laocoon*, still more the *Venus*, but the *Apollo* certainly bears away the palm and I fully participate of all Winkelmann's enthusiasm for that celebrated statue. The *Venus* is a very beautiful woman, but the *Apollo* is a god. One is lost, and one's imagination is bewildered when one enters into the halls of sculpture of this unparalleled collection, amidst the statues of Gods, Demi-Gods, Heroes, Philosophers, Poets, Roman Emperors, Statesmen and all the illustrious worthies that adorned the Greek and Roman page. What subjects for contemplation! A chill of awe and veneration pervaded my whole frame when I first entered into that glorious temple of the Arts. I felt as I should were I admitted among supernatural beings, or as if I had "shuffled off this mortal coil" and were suddenly ushered into the presence of the illustrious tenants of another world; in fact, I felt as if Olympus and the whole Court of Immortals were open to my view. No! I cannot describe these things, I can only feel them; I throw down the pen and call upon expressive silence to muse their praise.

Of the Picture Gallery too what can I say that can possibly give you an idea of its variety and extent? Here are the finest works of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools, and you are as much embarrassed to single out the favourite object, as the Grand Signor would be, among six or seven hundred of the most beautiful women in the world, to make his choice. The only fault I find in this collection is that there were rather too many Scripture pieces, Crucifixions, Martyrdoms and allegorical pictures, and too few from historical or mythological subjects. Yet perhaps I am wrong in classing the Scripture pieces with Martyrdoms, Crucifixions, Grillings of Saints and Madonnas; there are very many beautiful episodes in the Scriptures which would furnish admirable subjects for painters. Why then have they chosen disgusting subjects such as Judith sawing off Holofernes' head, Siserah's head nailed to the bedpost, John the Baptist's on a trencher, etc.? But the pictures representing Martyrdoms are too revolting to the eye and should not be placed in this Museum.

It is reported that the Allies mean to strip this Museum [of sculpture and painting]. No! it cannot be, they never surely can be guilty of such an act of Vandalism and contemptible spite. I am aware that there is a great clamour amongst a certain description of English for restoring these statues and pictures to the countries from whence they came, and that it is the fashion to term the translation of them to Paris a revolutionary robbery; but let us bring these gentlemen to a calm reasoning on the subject.

The statues and paintings in question belonged either to Governments at war with France, or to individuals inhabiting those countries; now, with respect to individuals, I will venture to affirm, on the best authority, that the property of no individual was taken from him without an equivalent. Those who had statues and pictures of value and wished to sell them, received their full value from the French Government, but there was no force used on the occasion; in fact, many who were in want of money were rejoiced at the opportunity of selling, as they could never have otherwise disposed of those valuable articles to individuals at the same price that the French Government gave. I recollect a day or two ago being in conversation with a Milanese on this subject and others connected with the occupation of Italy by the French. I happened to mention that the conquest of Italy by the Republican armies must have been attended with confiscation of property; he assured me that no such thing as confiscation of property took place; that so far from being the losers by the French invasion and the establishment of their system, they had on the contrary been considerable gainers, for that the country flourished under their domination in a manner before unknown, and that one of the greatest advantages attendant on the occupation was the establishment of an equality of weight and measures, the decimal division of the coin, the introduction of an admirable code of laws free'd from all barbarisms—legal, political and theological—and intelligible to all classes, so that there was no occasion to cite old authors and go back for three or four hundred years to hunt out authorities and precedents for what men of sense could determine at once by following the dictates of their own judgment.

With respect to the statues and pictures belonging to the different governments of Italy, it must never be forgotten that these governments made war against the French Revolution either openly or insidiously, and did their utmost to aid the coalition to crush the infant liberties of France. Those who did not act openly did so covertly and indirectly; in short, from their tergiversations and intrigues, they had no claim whatever on the mercy of the conquerors, who treated them with a great deal of clemency. The destruction of these governments was loudly called

for by the people themselves, who looked on the French as their deliverers.

It will be admitted, I believe, that it is and has been the custom on the continent, in all wars, for all parties to levy war contributions on the conquered or occupied countries; but Buonaparte thought it more glorious for the French name to take works of art instead of money; and not a statue or picture was taken from the vanquished governments except by a solemn treaty of cession, or given in lieu of contributions at the option of the owners, and the Princes were very glad to give up their pictures and statues, which the most of them did not know how to appreciate, in lieu of money which they were all anxious to keep; and on these articles a fair value was fixed by competent judges. In this manner did the French become the possessors of these valuable objects of art, and in this manner was the noble Museum in Paris filled up, and surely nothing could be more generous and liberal than the use made of the Museum by the French Government; foreigners were indeed more favoured than the inhabitants themselves. To the inhabitants of Paris this Museum is open twice a week; but to foreigners on producing their passports, it is open every day in the week all the year round; artists of all nations are allowed, during a certain number of hours each day, to come to copy the statues and pictures which suit their taste; and stoves are lighted for their accommodation during winter, and all this gratis.— Now, before these objects of art were collected here, they were distributed, some in churches, and some in Government palaces. To see the first, required a specific introduction to the owner; to see the second, application to the attendants of the churches became necessary, and for both these you were required to pay fees to the servants and church-attendants, who are always impatient to take your fee and hurry you through the apartments or chapels, scarcely giving you time to examine anything. To be admitted into the Government palaces was a matter of favour, and here also fees were required. [32] Here in the Louvre there is no introduction required; no court to be paid to *major-domos*, no favour; it is open to all classes, high and low, without exception, and no money is allowed to be given.

But there are some people, in their ridiculous fury against the French Revolution, who would fain persuade us that before that epoch there was a golden age on the earth, that there were no acts of violence committed, no frauds practised, no property injured, no individuals ill-used; that every Prince governed like Numa; that every noble was a Bayard, and every priest like a primitive apostle. Why I need go no further than the Seven Years' war to show that in that war, during the height of European civilisation, and carried on between the most polished

nations in Europe, there were much more acts of violence and rapine carried on than ever were done by the French republicans. I by no means wish to excuse or even palliate the acts of ferocity which took place at that epoch of the French Revolution called the reign of Terror, which were executed by a people wrought up to frenzy by a recollection of their wrongs; and I know too well that many virtuous individuals fell victims to their indiscriminating fury; but I do believe and aver that much more clamour was made at the execution of a handful of corrupt courtiers, intriguing and profligate women of quality and worthless priests, than all the rest put together.

To return to the Seven Years' war (I may be permitted to take this retrospect, I hope, since it is the fashion, and those who differ with me in opinions go much farther back than I do), let the French royalists and emigrants recollect the confiscation of property and barbarity exercised by Marshall Richelieu in Hanover, where many families were reduced to beggary. They may not chuse to recollect this; but the Hanoverians do and they have not forgotten the *Pavillon de Hanovre*, so called by the wits of the time from its having been built by the Marshall with money arising from the spoils of Hanover; will they recollect also the harsh treatment inflicted on the burghers and citizens of a town in Germany, who were shut up in a room and kept without food or drink for nearly three days because they would not consent to fix a heavy and unwarrantable contribution on their fellow citizens; when these unhappy but virtuous men were only allowed to go out for the necessities of nature attended by sentries, and on the third day, when fainting with hunger, a little bread and water was given to them, with an assurance that in future they were not to expect such luxuries. Have they forgot the devastation committed in Berlin by the Austrians in the Seven Years' war, when they pillaged, burned or destroyed all the valuable property of the royal Palaces, the most valuable works of art, vases, statues of antiquity, the loss of which could never be replaced; when they lopped off the heads, arms and legs of the statues? Have they forgot the conduct of the belligerent powers at the siege of Dresden at the same epoch, when whole families, among whom were helpless old men and women with children at the breast, were compelled to leave Dresden in the middle of a most rigorous winter and were driven to take refuge in the fields where the most of them perished with hunger and cold; and where many individuals lost their reason and became insane from the treatment they received? Have they forgotten the merciless barbarities inflicted by the Russians in the same war on the inhabitants of the Prussian territory? their ripping up and burning men, women, and children? and the dreadful retaliation inflicted on them at the battle of Zorndorff, when the Prussians, exasperated at the idea of

those horrors so fresh in their memory, on being ordered to bury the Russian dead, threw the wounded men also belonging to that nation into the graves dug for the dead, to be thus buried alive, and hastily filled them up with earth, as if fearful that they might relent, did they give themselves time for reflection? These are not exaggerations; they are given by an author celebrated for his impartiality and deep research and who was an eye-witness of many of these proceedings; I mean Archenholz in his admirable history of the Seven Years' war.[33]

Then again in the war of American Independence (and here my countrymen must excuse me if I point out the acts of injustice committed by them, when acting in obedience to an unprincipled and arbitrary government and in a cause hostile to freedom), who does not recollect the private property wantonly destroyed and confiscated by the English? their employing the Indian tribes, those merciless savages of the forest, to scalp, etc., which called forth the indignation of a Chatham? and the grossly unjust pillage and confiscation of property which took place at St Eustatius by the commanders of a *religious and gracious King*?[34] Again, who does not recollect the gentle but deep reproof given by the American General Schuyler to the English General Burgoyne, when the latter was made prisoner by the Americans under Gates? General Schuyler's valuable house, barns, etc., had been burned by the express order of Burgoyne. Nevertheless, Schuyler received him with dignified politeness, magnanimously stifled the recollection of the injury he had received, and obtained for him a good quarter, merely remarking, "General, had my house and farms not been burned, I could have offered you a more comfortable abode." How Burgoyne must have felt this reproof! yet he was not by nature a harsh man, but he had the orders of his government to exercise severities; he was educated in Tory principles, and passive obedience is their motto.

Can one forget likewise even, in the late war, Nelson's conduct to Caraccioli at Naples, whom he caused to be hanged on board of an English ship of war, together with a number of other patriots, in violation of a solemn capitulation, by which it had been stipulated that they should be considered as prisoners of war and sent to France? Then again the wanton destruction of the Capitol and other public buildings at Washington not devoted to military purposes, which it is not usual to destroy or deface; and the valuable public library too which was burned? What excuse can be offered for this? Were the times of Omar returned? It is fair and allowed by the laws of war to blow up and destroy arsenals, magazines, containing warlike stores and engines of destruction, but to destroy

with Gothic barbarity buildings of great symmetry and beauty, and a library too —O fie!

Why I will defy any man to point out a single instance where the French republican armies or Napoleon ever injured or wantonly destroyed a single national edifice, a single work of art, a single book belonging to any other country! On the contrary, they invariably extended their protection to the Arts and Sciences. Why at Vienna, where there is, I understand, a most splendid museum, and many most valuable works of art and antiquity, tho' this city fell twice into their possession, they never destroyed or took away a single article; but, on the contrary, there, as well as in Berlin, they invited the inhabitants to form a civic guard for the protection of their property. As to the Vandalism shewn during the reign of Terror, and I by no means seek to palliate it, that was of short duration, it was madness, if you will, but it was disinterested—and other nations who talk a great deal about their superior morality would do well to look at home. They would there observe, in their own historic page, that the atrocities of the French Revolution have not only been equalled but surpassed perhaps by more dreadful scenes committed at Wexford in 1798, under the auspices of the Government then ruling Ireland and which the noble and virtuous ——[35] disdained to serve.

Excuse this long digression, but I feel it my duty to open the eyes of my countrymen and prevent them from supporting on all occasions the unjust acts of their Government, which reflect dishonour on a great and enlightened nation; which can boast, among its annals, of some of the most heroic, splendid, and disinterested characters that ever the world produced.

All that I need add on the subject of the statues and pictures is, that putting out of the question the justice or injustice of the restitution, it will be a great loss to England and to English artists in particular, should they be removed: many an artist can afford to make a trip to Paris, who would find it beyond his means to make a journey to Florence or Rome.

If these objects of art are to be taken away, it should be stipulated so in the treaty of peace; and then everybody would understand it. This would be putting it on the fairest footing. You then say to France: "You gained these things by conquest; you lose them by defeat"; but for God's sake let us have no more of that *cant* about revolutionary robberies!

PARIS, —

I went for the first time to the Grand Opera, or, as it is here called, the Académie Royale de Musique, which is in the Rue de Richelieu. *Armida* was the piece performed, the music by Glück. The decorations were splendid and the dancing beyond all praise. The scenes representing the garden of Armida and the nymphs dancing fully expressed in the mimic art those beautiful lines of Tasso:

Cogliam d'amor la rosa! amiamo or, quando
Esser si puote riamato amando! [36]

The effect of the dissolution of the palace and gardens by the waving of Armida's wand is astonishing; it appears completely to be the work of enchantment, from the rapidity of execution which follows the *potentissime parole*. The French recitative however does not please me. The serious opera is an exotic and does not seem to thrive on the soil of France. The language does not possess sufficient intonation to give effect to the recitative.

On the contrary, the comic operas are excellent; and here the national music and singing appear to great advantage. It never degenerates to the grotesque or absurd *buffo* of the Italians, but is always exquisitely graceful, simple, touching and natural.

Among the ballets, I have seen perhaps three of the best, viz., *Achille à Scyros*, *Flore et Zéphire* and *La folle par amour*. In the ballet of *Flore and Zéphire*, the dancers who did these two parts appeared more aerian than earthly. To use a phrase of Burke's, I never beheld so *beautiful a vision*. *Nina*, or *la folle par amour*, is a ballet from private life. The title sufficiently explains its purport; it is exquisitely touching and pathetic. O what a divine creature is Bigottini! what symmetry of form! what innate grace, what a captivating expression of countenance; and then the manner in which she did the mad scenes and her return to reason! Oh! I was moved even to tears. Never had any performance such an effect upon me. What a magnificent *tout ensemble* is the Grand Opera at Paris! Whenever I feel chagrined or melancholy I shall come here; I feel as if I were in a new world; the fiction appears reality; my senses are ravished, and I forget all my cares.

I have very little pleasure in visiting royal Palaces, unless they have been the residence of some transcendent, person like Napoleon or Frederick II of Prussia,

as the sight of splendid furniture and royal pomp affords me no gratification; and I would rather visit Washington's or Lafayette's farms in company with these distinguished men than dine with all the monarchs of Europe. After a hasty glance at the furniture of the Tuileries, what fixed my attention for a considerable time was "La Salle des Maréchaux," where are the portraits of all the modern French Marshalls. They are all full length portraits and are striking resemblances; some are in the Marshall's undress uniform and others in the full court costume which is very elegant, being the costume of the time of Francis I with the Spanish hat and plumes. I did not observe Ney's or Soult's portraits among them.

In front of the great square of the Tuileries where the troops exercise, stands the Arch of Triumph erected by Napoleon, commonly called *l'Arc du Carrousel*. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, but is far too small to tally with such a vast mass of buildings as the Palace and offices of the Tuileries. By the side of them it appears almost Lilliputian. It would have been better to have made it in the style of the triumphal arch of the Porte St Denis. On this arc of the Carrousel are *bas-reliefs* both outside and inside, representing various actions of Napoleon's life. He is always represented in the Roman costume, with the imperial laurel on his brows, with kings kneeling, and presenting the keys of conquered cities. On the outside are statues, large as life, in modern military costume, representing the different *armes* which compose the French army.[37] On the top of this Arc du Carrousel is an antique car of triumph, to which are harnessed the four bronze horses which were taken from the façade of the Church of San Marco in Venice. They are of beautiful workmanship and of great antiquity. What various and mighty revolutions have these horses witnessed! Cast in Corinth in the time of the glories of the Grecian commonwealths and removed by conquest to Rome, they witnessed the successive fall of the Grecian and Roman states; transferred to Constantinople in the time of Constantine, and from thence removed to Venice when Constantinople fell into the hands of the French and Venetians; transferred from thence to Paris in 1798, they have witnessed the successive falls of the Eastern and Western Empires, of the Republic of Venice and the Napoleonic dynasty and Empire. Report says they are to be restored to Venice; and who knows whether they may not be destined one day to return to their original country, Greece, under perhaps Russian auspices?

The Gardens of the Tuileries which lie at the back part of the palace are very spacious, well laid out in walks and lined with trees. Large basins inlaid with stone, fountains and statues add to the grandeur of these gardens; they extend

from the Tuileries as far as the Place Louis XV parallel to the Seine, and are separated by a wall and parapet and a beautiful cast iron railing from the Quai, and on the other side from the Rue de Rivoli, one of the new streets, and the best in Paris for pedestrians. On the side opposite the palace itself is the *Place Louis XV*, called in the time of the republic *Place de la Révolution*, and where the unfortunate Louis XVI suffered decapitation. The *Place Louis XV* is by far the most magnificent thing of the kind I have ever seen and far exceeds the handsomest of our squares in London. On one side of it is the *Hôtel du Garde Meuble*, a superb edifice. On the other the Quai, the river; and on the other side of the river is the *Palais du Corps législatif*, now the place where the Chamber of Deputies hold their sitting, and which has a magnificent façade. In front of this place are the Champs Elysées and avenue of Neuilly and behind the gardens and palace of the Tuileries.

My next visit was to the *Place Vendôme*, where stands the majestic column of the Grand Army. To me this column is the most striking thing of its kind that I have hitherto seen. It is of bronze and of the most beautiful workmanship, cast from the cannon taken from the Austrians in the war of 1805, and on it are figured in bas-relief the various battles and achievements, winding round and round from the base to the capital. It is constructed after the model of the Column of Trajan in Rome.

The next place I visited was the Chamber of Deputies. It is a fine building with a Doric façade and columns; it is peculiarly striking from its noble simplicity. On the façade are bas-reliefs representing actions in Napoleon's life. The flight of steps leading to the façade is very grand, and there are colossal figures representing Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and other legislative virtues. The Chamber itself where the Deputies hold their sittings is in the form of a Greek theatre; the arch of the semi-circle forms the gallery appropriated to the audience, and comprehends in its enclosure the seats of the deputies like the seats in a Greek theatre; on the chord of the semi-circle where the *proscenium* should be, is the tribune and President's seat. The whole is exceedingly elegant. The Orator whose turn it is to speak leaves his seat, ascends the tribune and faces the Deputies. The anti-rooms adjoining this Chamber are fitted up with long tables and fauteuils and are appropriated to the sittings of the various committees. These antichambers are hung round with pictures representing the victories of the French armies; but they are covered with green baize and carefully concealed from the public eye in order to stifle recollections and prevent comparisons.

PARIS, August.

I mounted on horseback and rode out to St Cloud to breakfast, passing through the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne and the little town of Passy, and returned by the Quai, as far as the bridge of Jéna, which I passed and went to visit the *Hôtel des Invalides*, *le Champ de Mars*, the *Pantheon* or Church of St Geneviève and the Palace of the Luxembourg. This was pretty good work for one day; and as you will expect some little account of my ideas thereon, I shall give you a *précis* of what most interested me.

In the Champs Elysées are quartered several English regiments who are encamped there, and this adds to the liveliness of the scene; our soldiers seem to enjoy themselves very much. They are in the midst of places of recreation of all kinds, such as guinguettes, tennis-courts, dancing salons and cafés, and besides these (places of Elysium for English soldiers), wine and brandy shops innumerable; our soldiers seem to agree very well with the inhabitants. In the Bois de Boulogne are Hanoverian troops as well as English. At Passy I stopped at the house occupied by my friend, Major C. of the 33rd Regt.,[38] who was to accompany me to St Cloud. St Cloud is an exceedingly neat pretty town, well and solidly built, and tolerably large. There are a great many good restaurants and cafes, as St Cloud with its Palace, promenades and gardens forms one of the most favourite resorts of the Parisians on Sundays and *jours de fête*. *Diners de société* and *noces et festins* are often made here; and there is both land and water conveyance during the whole day. There are two roads by land from Paris: the one on the Quai the whole way; the other through the Bois de Boulogne and Champs Elysées. The gardens of St Cloud are laid out something in the style of a *jardin anglais*, but mixed with the regular old fashioned garden; it abounds in lofty trees, beautiful sites and well arranged vistas commanding extensive views of Paris and the country environing. St Cloud was the favourite residence of Napoleon; and the furniture in the palace here shows him to be a man of the most refined taste. All is elegant and classic; there is nothing superfluous; the furniture is modern, but in strict imitation of the furniture of the ancients and chiefly in bronze. There are superb vases and candelabras in marble, magnificent clocks of various kinds, marble busts, and busts in bronze of great men, and bronze statues large as life holding lamps. The chairs and sofas too are in a classic taste, as are the beds and baths. We were informed here that Blucher, who passed one night here, tore with his spur the satin covering of one of the sofas and that he did it wilfully; but I never can believe that the old man would be so silly, and I rather think that this story is an invention of the keeper of the Palace,

or that if it was done, it was done by an accident merely. But the fact is that Blucher has a contempt for and hates the Parisians and likes to mortify them on all occasions; he threatens to do a number of things which he never seriously intends, merely for the sake of teasing them; and it must be owned that they deserve a little contempt from the want of *caractère* they showed on the entrance of the Allies. Be it as it may, Blucher is the *bête noire* of the Parisians and they are as much afraid of him as the children are of *Monsieur Croque-mitaine*.

We returned from St Cloud by the Quai, crossed the bridge of Jéna, galloped along the *Champs de Mars*, took a hasty glance at the *Hôtel des Invalides*, a magnificent edifice and which may be distinguished from all other buildings by its gilded cupola. It is a superb establishment in every respect, and is furnished with an excellent library. A great many old soldiers are to be seen in this library occupied in reading; they are very polite to all visitors, particularly to ladies. Nothing can better demonstrate the superior character, intelligence and deportment of the French soldiers over those of all other countries than the way in which they employ their time in literary pursuits, their dignified politeness to visitors and the intelligent answers they give to questions. I am afraid our British veterans, brave as they are in the field, occupy themselves, when laid up as invalids, more in destroying their bodies by spirituous liquors than in improving their minds by reading. The Chapel of this establishment where were displayed the banners and trophies taken at different epochs from the enemies of France, and which were much mutilated by the wars since the Revolution, is now stripped of all the ensigns of glory. They were all burned by the French themselves previous to the capitulation of Paris in 1814, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. An old soldier who was my guide related this with tears in his eyes, but suddenly checking himself said: "*Mais telle est l'histoire.*"

The only things now in this Chapel that interest the eye of the traveller are the monuments of Vauban and Turenne. Of the rest nought remains but the brilliant souvenirs.

Fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum!...[39]

I had a great deal of difficulty in inducing this old soldier to accept of three francs; I told him at last that, as he did not want it himself, to take it and give it to somebody that did. I then visited the rest of the establishment. There is a

whole range of rooms which contains models or plans in relief of all the fortresses of France; they are admirably and most minutely executed; not only the fortifications and public buildings, but the private houses, the gardens, orchards, meadows, mountains, hill and dale, bridges, trees, every feature of the ground in fine and of the surrounding country are given in miniature. In fact it gives you the same idea of the places themselves and of the environing country as if you were held up in the air over them to inspect them; or as if you viewed them from a balloon at the distance of 800 yards from the earth. The models of Strassburg, Lille and three or four others have been taken away by the Austrians and Prussians, but I have seen those of Calais, Dunkirk, Villefranche, Toulon, and Brest, and in fact almost every other French fortress. This is one of the most interesting sights in Paris, and for this we are certainly indebted to the occupation; for I question much if travellers were ever permitted to see these models until Paris fell into the hands of the Allies. Prussian sentries do duty at the doors; how grating this must be to the old invalids! Among the models I must not omit to mention a very curious one which represents the battle of Lodi. The town of Lodi, the bridge and river are admirably executed. The soldiers are represented by little figures about a quarter of an inch in height and cobwebs are disposed so as to represent the smoke of the firearms, Buonaparte and his staff are on horseback on one side of the bridge. There is also a very fine model of the *Hôtel des Invalides* itself.

From hence we went to the garden and palace of the Luxembourg. These gardens form the midday and afternoon promenade of that part of the city. In one wing of the Palace is the Chamber of Peers, elegantly fitted up and in some respect resembling a Greek theatre. The busts of Cicero, Brutus, Demosthenes, Phocion and other great men of antiquity adorn the niches of this chamber and on the grand *escalier* are the statues in natural size of Kleber, Dessaix, Caffarelli and other French generals. Report says that these statues will be removed.

In the picture gallery at the Luxembourg is a choice collection of pictures of the modern French school such as Guérin, David, etc. The subjects are extremely well chosen, being taken from the mythology or from ancient and modern history. I was too glad to find no crucifixions, martyrdoms, nor eternal Madonnas. I distinguished in particular the *Judgment of Brutus* and the *Serment des Horaces et des Curiaces*. Connoisseurs find the attitudes too stiff and talk to you of the Italian school; but I prefer these; yet I had better hold my tongue on this subject, for I am told I know nothing about painting.

Poor Labédoyère[40] is sentenced to be shot by the Court Martial which tried him, and the sentence will be carried immediately into execution. His fate excites universal sympathy, and I have seen many people shed tears when talking on this subject. He certainly ought to be protected by the 12th Article of the Capitulation. The French are very uneasy; the Allies have begun to strip the Louvre and there is no talk of what the terms of peace are to be, or what is the determination of the Allies. This is a dreadful state of uncertainty for the French people and may lead to a general insurrection. The Allies continue pouring troops into France and levying contributions. "*Vae victis*" seems their motto. France is now a disarmed nation, and no French uniform is to be seen except that of the National Guard and the "Garde Royale." France is at the mercy of her enemies and prostrate at their feet; a melancholy prospect for European liberty!

The Allies have parades and reviews two or three times a week and the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia constantly attend; Wellington is their showman. These crowned Heads like mightily playing at soldiers; I should think His Grace must be heartily tired of them. Massacres and persecutions of the Protestants have begun to take place in the South of France, and the priests are at work again threatening with excommunication and hell the purchasers and inheritors of emigrant estates and church lands. These priests and emigrants are incorrigible. Frequent quarrels take place almost every evening in the Palais Royal between the Prussian officers and the French, particularly some of the officers from the army of the Loire. I rather suspect these latter are the aggressors. The Prussians being gorged with plunder come there to eat, drink and amuse themselves and have as little stomach for fighting as the soldier of Lucullus had after having enriched himself; but the officers of the army of the Loire are, poor fellows, in a very different predicament; they have not even been paid what is due to them, and they, having none of those nice felicities (to use an expression of Charlotte Smith's)[41] which make life agreeable, are ready for any combat, to set their life on any cast, "to mend it, or to be rid of 't." The Prussians indulge in every sort of dissipation, which they are enabled to do by the plunder which they have accumulated, and of which they have formed, I understand, a *dépôt* at St Germain. They send these articles of plunder to town every day to be sold, and then divide the profits, which are sure to be spent in the Palais Royal, and other places of revel and debauchery.

They sometimes affect a fastidiousness of stomach which is quite laughable, and not at all peculiar to the Germans, who are in general blessed by nature with especial good appetites; and they spend so much money that the English officers

who have not had the advantages of plunder that these Prussians have had must appear by the side of them stingy and niggardly.

I was witness one day to a whimsical scene, which will serve to give you an idea of the airs of importance these gentlemen give themselves. I was one day at Versailles and after having visited the palace and gardens I entered the Salon of a restaurateur and called for a veal cutlet and *vin ordinaire*. There was a fat Prussian Major with two or three of his companions at one of the tables, who had been making copious libations to Bacchus in Burgundy and Champaign. He heard me call for *vin ordinaire*, and whether it was to show his own magnificence I know not, but he called out to the *cafetière*: "Madame, votre vin ordinaire est il buvable? car j'en veux donner a mon trompette, et s'il n'est pas bon, il n'en boira pas. Faites venir mon trompette." Now I dare say in his own country this Major would not have disdained even the "schwarze Bier" of Brandenburg.

Scarcely any quarrels, I believe, take place between the English and French, nor did I hear of any violent fracas but one. In this instance, the English officers concerned must have been sad, brutal, vulgar fellows. They, however, after behaving in a most gross insulting manner, were compelled by some Frenchmen not to eat but to drink their words, and that out of a vessel not usually employed in drinking. I shall not repeat the contemptible affair, but it furnished the subject of a caricature.

The English officers in general behave in a handsome and liberal manner, and their conduct was spoken of in high terms of encomium by very many of the French themselves. I regret however exceedingly that any of the British officers should have imbibed the low prejudices and vulgar hatred against the French, which certain people preach up in England to cover their own peculations and interested views. A young friend of mine, with whom I was one day talking on political subjects, said to me: "I cannot help agreeing with you in many things, but I am staggered when I think that your ideas and reasoning are so contrary to the ideas in which I have been brought up; so that I rather avoid entering at all on political questions."

I do not wonder at all at this, for I recollect when I was at school at Eton, the system was to drill into the heads of the boys strong aristocratic principles and hatred of Democracy and of the French in particular; we were ordered to write themes against the French Revolution and verses of triumph over their defeats,

with now and then a sly theme on the great advantage of hereditary nobility; in these verses God Almighty was to be represented as closely allied to the British Government and a *sleeping partner* of the Administration. One of the fellows of Eton College actually told the late Mr Adam Walker, the celebrated lecturer on natural and experimental philosophy, who was accustomed to give lectures annually to the Etonians, that his visits were no longer agreeable and would be dispensed with in future; as "Philosophy had done a great deal of harm and had caused the French Revolution."

With respect to my visit to Versailles, I was much struck with the vast size and magnificence of the buildings and with the ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of the grounds and the numerous groups of statues, grottos, aqueducts, fountains and ruins. Still it pleases me less than St Cloud, for I prefer the taste of the present day in gardening and the arrangement of ground, to the ponderous and tawdry taste of the time of Louis XIV, and I prefer St Cloud to Versailles, just as I should prefer a Grecian Nymph in the simple costume of Arcadia to a fine court lady rouged and dressed out with hoops, diamonds, and headdress of the tune of Queen Anne. Napoleon must have had an exquisite taste.

[32] Exceptions to this are, I understand, the Gallery at Florence, and the Museo Vaticano at Rome, which are both open to all and no fees allowed.

[33] Johann Wilhelm Archenholz (1743-1812), author of the *Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*, 1789.—ED.

[34] In February, 1781, before the declaration of war was generally known in the West Indies, Rodney's fleet surrounded the Dutch island of Eustatius, which had become a sort of entrepôt for supplying America with British goods; two hundred and fifty ships, together with several millions worth of merchandise, were seized and sold at a military auction. The plunder of Eustatius was bitterly commented upon in the British House of Commons.—Lee Richard Hildreth, *The History of the United States*, vol. III, p. 335.—ED.

[35] The name is in blank. Major Frye may have meant Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey (1762-1798), the squire of Wexford who deserted to the Irish rebels.—ED.

[36] Tasso, *Jerusalemme liberata*, canto XVI, ottava 15.—ED.

[37] For instance, a Cuirassier, a Dragoon, a Grenadier, a Tirailleur, an Artilleryman.

[38] Major G. Colclough, senior major of the 33rd Regt.—ED.

[39] Virgil, *Aen.*, II. 325.—ED.

[40] La Bédoyere (Charles Huchet, Comte de) distinguished himself in several of the Napoleonic wars, in particular at Ratisbonne and Borodino. Being a colonel at Grenoble, in March, 1815, he deserted to Napoleon's cause and was nominated by him general and *pair de France*. In July, 1815, he was arrested in Paris, tried for high treason and shot, August 19, in spite of Benj. Constant's efforts to save him.—ED.

[41] Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), author of *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle* (1788), *Celestina* (1792), *The Old Manor House* (1793), etc.—ED.

CHAPTER IV

From Paris to Bruxelles—Visiting the plains of Waterloo—The Duke de Berri at Lille—Beauvais—Return to Paris—Remarks on the French theatre—Talma—Mlle Duchesnois—Mlle Georges—French alexandrine verse—The Abbé Delille—The Opéra Comique.

I met with my brother-in-law and his nephew at Paris, and hearing from them that they had an intention of returning to England by the way of Bruxelles, with the idea of visiting the plains of Waterloo, I was induced to accompany them. We started on the 18th August, taking the exact route from Paris that was taken by Napoleon. Passed the first night at St Quentin; the second at a small village on the line between Mons and Charleroy in the Belgian territory. The next morning, after breakfasting at Nivelles, we proceeded to Quatre Bras and Mont St Jean. At the little cabaret called *à la belle Alliance* we met a host of Englishmen who had been to behold the field of battle; Lacoste, the peasant who was Napoleon's guide on the day of battle, was about to conduct them across the fields to Hougoumont. We followed them. The devastation of the place, every tree being pierced with bullets, and the whole premises being nearly burned to the ground, seemed to astonish their *weak minds*; one of them was not contented till he had measured the length and breadth of the garden and orchards.

Cuirasses, helmets, swords and various other spoils of war found on the spot, were offered for sale by some boys and eagerly bought up as relics. My brother-in-law made a purchase of a helmet, sword and cuirass, intending to hang it up in his hall. For my part I have seen, and can see no reason whatever to rejoice at this event. I fear it is pregnant with infinite mischief.

We arrived at Bruxelles on the afternoon of the 20th August and after visiting the Park, *Alée verte* and Palace of Laeken, we proceeded the next morning on our journey to Lille.

The Duke of Berri was at Lille and a grand *fête* was given in the evening to

celebrate the second restoration of the Bourbons. Fireworks were let off, the city was brilliantly illuminated and boys (hired of course) went about the streets singing the following refrain

À bas, à bas Napoléon!

Vivent, vivent les Bourbons!

A number of beautiful women elegantly attired paraded up and down the public promenades, which are exceedingly well and tastefully laid out. This city is built with great regularity, and the streets are broad, neat, and clean. It is by far the handsomest city I have ever seen either in France or Belgium. The *Hôtel de Ville* and the theatre both are on the *Grande Place* and are well worth seeing. Lille is renowned for its fortifications; I much wished to visit the citadel but I was not permitted. At dinner at the table d'hôte at the *Hôtel du Commerce*, I remarked a French officer declaiming violently against Napoleon; but I heard afterwards that he was the son of an Emigrant; the rest of the company did not seem to approve his discourse and shewed visible impatience at it.

Lille may be easily recognised at its approach from the immense quantity of wind-mills that are in the vicinity of this city, some of which are used for grinding of wheat and others for the expression of oil. A great deal of flax from whence the oil is made, grows in the country.

I left Lille on the morning of the 24th inst., with the courier for Amiens. From Amiens I took the diligence to Beauvais and on arrival there I put up under the hospitable roof of my friend Major G., of the 18th Light Dragoons, lately made Lt.-Colonel for his gallantry at Waterloo.[42] I did not want for amusement here, for the next day a *fête champêtre* was given just outside the walls of the town, and I admired the grace and tournure of the female peasantry and their good dancing. How much more creditable are these innocent and agreeable *fêtes* to the fairs and meetings in England, which are generally signalized in drunkenness! The next afternoon presented a novel sight to the inhabitants of Beauvais, it being a grand cricket match played between the officers of the 10th and 18th Dragoons. It was won by the latter, mainly owing to the superior play of Colonel G. of the 18th, who never touched a bat since he was at Burney's school. The Officers afterwards dined *al fresco* and many toasts accompanied by the huzzas were given, to the astonishment of the bystanders, who seemed to consider us as little better than barbarians. One of the officers wishing to pay a compliment to the inhabitants of Beauvais proposed the health of Louis XVIII, but they seemed

to take it coldly and not at all to be flattered by the compliment.

After five days very agreeable residence at Beauvais, I put myself in the diligence to return to Paris. During the journey an ardent political altercation arose between a young lady, who appeared to be a warm partisan of Napoleon, on the one side, and a Garde du Corps on the other. The lady was seconded by a young gentleman, of whom it was difficult to say, whether he sustained her argument from a dislike to the present order of things, or from a wish to ingratiate himself in her favour. The argument of the Garde du Corps was espoused, but soberly, by one of the passengers who was a mathematical professor at one of the Lyceums; he was not by any means an Ultra, but he supported the Bourbons, with moderate, gentlemanly and I therefore believe sincere attachment. This professor seemed a well informed sort of man; he told me that he was acquainted with Sir James M., formerly recorder at Bombay. On our arrival at the *Bureau des Messageries*, the whole company forgot their disputes and parted good friends; and the young man who was partisan of the young lady in the political dispute took care to inform himself of her abode in Paris.

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Remarks on the various dramatic performances which I witnessed at Paris, with opinions on the French theatre in general.

In my ideas of dramatic works I am neither rigidly classic nor romantic, and I think both styles may be good if properly managed and the interest well kept up; in a word I am pleased with all genres *hors le genre ennuyux*, [43] and tho' a great admirer of Shakespeare and Schiller, I am equally so of Voltaire, Racine and Corneille; I take equal delight in the pathos of the sentimental dramas of Kotzebue as in the admirable satire and *vis comica* of the unrivalled Molière, so that on my arrival at Paris I was not violently prejudiced either for or against the French stage, but rather pre-occupied, to use a gentler term, in its favour; and I have not been at all disappointed, for I think I can pronounce it with safety the first, perhaps the only stage in Europe.

I now mean to speak not of Operas, nor of Operas-comiques, nor of melodrames, nor of vaudevilles; all these have their respective merits; but when I speak of the French stage, I confine myself to the regular theatre of tragedy and comedy, of their classical pieces; in a word, to the dramatic performances usually given at

the *Théâtre Français*.

The first piece I saw performed was *Manlius*;^[44] but I was too far off from the stage to judge of the acting, and could do little more than catch the sounds. The parterre and the whole house was full. I was in the fourth tier of boxes, yet I could distinguish at intervals the finest and most prominent traits, of Talma's acting, particularly in that scene where he upbraids his friend with having betrayed him. This he gave with uncommon energy and effect. The plot of this piece is very similar to that of *Venice preserved*.^[45]

The next piece I saw represented was the *Avare* of Molière, which to me was one of the greatest dramatic treats I had ever witnessed. Every part was well supported. The next was *Athalie* of Racine. Here too I was highly gratified. Mlle Georges performed the part of Athalie and gave me the perfect ideal of the haughty Queen. Her narration of the dream was given with the happiest effect, and in her attempt to conceal her uneasiness and her affected contempt of the dream in these lines:

Un songe, me devois—je inquiéter d'un songe?

she seemed in reality to labour under all the anxiety and fatigue arising from it. That fine scene between Joad and Joas was well given, and the little girl who did the part of Joas performed with a good deal of spirit. The actor who played Joad recited in a most impressive manner the advice to the young prince terminating in these lines:

Vous souvenant, mon fils, que caché sous ce lin,
Comme eux vous fûtes pauvre et comme eux orphelin.

The interrogating scene between Athalie and Joad was given spiritedly, but the rather abrupt and uncourtierlike reply to the Queen's remark, "Ils sont deux puissans dieux"—"Lui seul est dieu, Madame, et le vôtre n'est rien"—excited a laugh and I fancy never fails to do so, every time the piece is performed.

Racine has several passages in his tragedies which perhaps have rather too much *naïveté* for the dignity of the cothurnus; for instance in the answer of Agamemnon to Achille in the tragedy of *Iphigénie*:

Puisque vous le savez, pourquoi le demander?

A poet of to-day would be quizzed for a line like the above, but who dare venture to point out any defect in an author of whom Voltaire has said and with justice too, that the only criticism to be made of him (Racine) would be to write under every page: "Admirable, harmonieux, sublime!"

The costume and the decorations at the *Théâtre français* are so strictly classical and appropriate in every respect, that it is to me a source of high delight to witness the representation of the favourite pieces of Racine, Corneille, Molière and Voltaire, which I have so often read with so much pleasure in the closet and no small quantity of which I have by heart.

The next piece I saw was the *Cinna* of Corneille; and here it was that I beheld Talma for the second time. I was of course highly pleased, tho' I was rather far off to hear very distinctly; this was, however, no very great loss, as I was perfectly well acquainted with the tragedy. Talma's gestures, his pause's, his natural mode of acting gave a great relief to the long declamation with which this tragedy abounds. When this tragedy was given it was during the time that poor Labédoyère's trial was going on, and the allusions to Augustus' clemency were eagerly seized and applauded. It was hoped that Louis XVIII would imitate Augustus. Vain hope!

I have seen *Phèdre*; the part of Phèdre by that admirable actress Mlle Duchesnois, who performs the part so naturally and with so much passion that we entirely forget the extreme plainness of the person. She acts with far more feeling and pathos than Mlle Georges. I shall never be able to forget Mlle Duchesnois in *Phèdre*. She gave me a full idea of the impassioned Queen, nor were it possible to depict with greater fidelity the "Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée," as in that beautiful speech of Phèdre to Oenone wherein she reveals her passion for Hippolyte and portrays the terrible struggle between duty and female delicacy on the one hand, and on the other a flame that could not be overcome, convinced as it were of the complete inutility of further efforts of resistance and invoking death as her only refuge. I was moved even to tears. I am so great an admirer of the whole of this speech beginning "Mon mal vient de plus loin" etc., and ending "Un reste de chaleur tout prêt à s'exhaler," that I think in it Racine has not only united the excellencies of Euripides, Sappho and Theocritus in describing the passion of love, but has far surpassed them all; that speech is certainly the masterpiece of French versification and scarcely inferior to it is that beautiful and ingenuous confession of love by Hippolyte to Aricie. What an admirable *pendant* to the love of Phèdre! In Hippolyte you behold the

innocence, simplicity and ingenuousness of a first and pure attachment: in Phèdre the *embrasement*, the ungovernable delirium of a criminal passion.

I have seen Mlle Duchesnois again in the *Méropé* of Voltaire and admire her more and more. This is an admirable play. The dialogue is so spirited; the agitation of maternal tenderness, and the occasional bursts of feelings impossible to be restrained, render this play one of the most interesting perhaps on the French stage, and Mlle Duchesnois gave with the happiest effect her part in those two scenes; the first wherein she supposes Egisthe to be the person who has killed her son; in the other where having discovered the reality of his person, she is obliged to dissemble the discovery, but on Egisthe being about to be sacrificed she exclaims "Barbare, c'est mon fils!" The part of Egisthe was given by a young actor who made his appearance at this theatre for the first time, and he executed his part with complete success (Firmin, I think, was his name). Lafond did the part of Polyphonte and did it well. At this tragedy many allusions were caught hold of by the audience according as they were Bourbonically or Napoleonically inclined; at that part of Polyphonte's speech wherein he says:

Le premier qui fut Roi fut un soldat heureux.
Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'ayeux.

Thunders of applause proceeded from those who applied it to Napoleon. At the line:

Est il d'autre parti que celui de nos rois?

a loud shout and clapping proceeded from the Royalists; but I fancy if hands had been shown these last would have been in a sad minority. I have often amused myself with comparing the *Méropé* of Voltaire with that of Maffei and am puzzled to which to give the preference. Maffei has made Polyphonte a more odious and perhaps on that account a more theatrical character, while Voltaire's Polyphonte is more in real life. In the play of Voltaire he is a rough brutal soldier, void of delicacy of feeling and not very scrupulous, but not that praeternatural deep designing villain that he is represented in the piece of Maffei. In fact Maffei's Polyphonte appears too *outré*; but then on the stage may not a little exaggeration be allowed, just as statues which are destined to be placed in the open air or on columns appear with greater effect when larger than the natural size? Alfieri seems to have given the preference to the *Méropé* of Voltaire.

I have seen Talma a second time in the part of Nero in the *Britannicus* of Racine; Mlle Georges played the part of Agrippina. Talma was Nero from head to foot; his very entry on the stage gave an idea of the fiery and impatient character of the tyrant, and in the scene between him and his mother Agrippina nothing could be better delineated. The forced calm of Agrippina, while reproaching her son with his ingratitude, and the impatience of Nero to get rid of such an importunate mistress, were given in a style impossible to be surpassed. Talma's dumb show during this scene was a masterpiece of the mimic art. If Talma gives such effects to his rôles in a French drama, where he is shackled by rules, how much greater would he give on the English or German stages in a tragedy of Shakespeare or Schiller!

Blank verse is certainly better adapted to tragedy than rhymed alexandrines, but then the French language does not admit of blank verse, and to write tragedies in prose, unless they be tragedies in modern life, would deprive them of all charm; but after all I find the harmonious pomp and to use a phrase of Pope's "The long majestic march and energy divine" of the French alexandrine, very pleasing to the ear. I am sure that the French poets deserve a great deal of credit for producing such masterpieces of versification from a language, which, however elegant, is the least poetical in Europe; which allows little or no inversion, scarce any poetic license, no *enjambement*, compels a fixed caesura; has in horror the hiatus; and in fine is subject to the most rigorous rules, which can on no account be infringed; which rejects hyperbole; which is measured by syllables, the pronunciation of which is not felt in prose; compels the alternative termination of a masculine or feminine rhyme; and with all this requires more perhaps than any other language that cacophony be sedulously avoided. Such are the difficulties a French poet has to struggle with; he must unite the most harmonious sound with the finest thought. In Italian very often the natural harmony of the language and the music of the sound conceal the poverty of the thought; besides Italian poetry has innumerable licenses which make it easy to figure in the Tuscan Parnassus, and where anyone who can string together *rime* or *versi sciolti* is dignified with the appellation of a poet; whereas from French poetry, a mediocrity is and must be of necessity banished. Neither is it sufficient for an author to have sublime ideas; these must be filed and pruned. Inspiration can make a poet of a German, an Italian or an Englishman, because he may revel in unbounded license of metre and language, but in French poetry inspiration is by no means sufficient; severe study and constant practise are as indispensable as poetic verve to constitute a French poet. The French poets are sensible of this and on this account they prefer imitating the ancients, polishing their rough

marble and fitting it to the national taste, to striking out a new path.

The Abbé Delille, the best poet of our day that France has produced, has gone further; he had read and admired the best English poets such as Milton, Pope, Collins and Goldsmith, and has not disdained to imitate them; yet he has imitated them with such elegance and judgment that he has left nothing to regret on the part of those of his countrymen who are not acquainted with English, and he has rendered their beauties with such a force that a foreigner Versed in both languages who did not previously know which was the original, and which the translation, might take up passages in Pope, Thomson, Collins and Goldsmith and read parallel passages in Delille and be extremely puzzled to distinguish the original: for none of the beauties are lost in these imitations. And yet, in preferring to imitate, it must not be inferred that he was deficient in original thoughts.

To return to the theatre, I have seen Mlle Mars in the *rôle* of Henriette in the *Femmes Savantes* of Molière. Oh! how admirable she is! She realizes completely the conception of a graceful and elegant Frenchwoman of the first society. She does not act; she is at home as it were in her own salon, smiling at the silly pretensions of her sister and at the ridiculous pedantry of Trissotin; her refusing the kiss because she does not understand Greek was given with the greatest *naïveté*. In a word Mlle Mars reigns unrivalled as the first comic actress in Europe.

I have seen too, *Les Plaideurs* of Racine and *Les fourberies de Scapin* of Molière, both exceedingly well given; particularly the scene in the latter wherein it is announced to G ronte that his son had fallen into the hands of a Turkish corsair, and his answer "Que diable allait-il faire dans la gal re?"

I have seen also *Andromaque*, *Iphig nie* and *Za re*. Mlle Volnais did the part of Andromaque; but the monotonous plaintiveness of her voice, which never changes, wearies me. In *Iphig nie* I was more gratified; for Mlle Georges did the part of Clytemnestre, and her sister, a young girl of seventeen, made her d but in the part of Iphig nie with great effect. The two sisters supported each other wonderfully well, and Lafond did Agamemnon very respectably.

Mlle Georges the younger, having succeeded in *Iphig nie*, appeared in the part of *Za re*, a bold attempt, and tho' she did it well and with much grace, yet it was evidently too arduous a task for her. The whole onus of this affecting piece rests

on the *rôle* of Zaïre. In the part where *naïveté* was required she succeeded perfectly and her burst: "Mais Orosmane m'aime et j'ai tout oublié" was most happy; but she was too faint and betrayed too little emotion in portraying the struggle between her love for Orosmane and the unsubdued symptoms of attachment to her father and brother and to the religion of her ancestors. In short, where much passion and pathos was required, there she proved unequal to the task; but she has evidently all the qualities and dispositions towards becoming a good actress, and with more study and practise I have no doubt that three or four years hence, she will be fully equal to the difficult task of giving effect to and portraying to life, the exquisitely touching and highly interesting *rôle* of Zaïre. She was not called for to appear on the stage after the termination of the performance, tho' frequently applauded during it. The actor who did the part of Orosmane, in that scene wherein he discovers he has killed Zaïre unjustly, gave a groan which had an unhappy effect; it was such an awkward one, that it made all the audience laugh; no people catch ridicule so soon as the French.

What I principally admire on the French stage is that the actors are always perfect in their parts and all the characters are well sustained; the performance never flags for a moment; and I have experienced infinitely more pleasure in beholding the dramas of Racine and Voltaire than those of Shakespeare, and for this reason that, on our stage, for one good actor you have the many who are exceedingly bad and who do not comprehend their author: you feel consequently a *hiatus valde deflendus* when the principal actor or actress are not on the stage. I have been delighted to see Kemble, and Mrs Siddons and Miss O'Neil, and while they were on the stage I was all eyes and ears; but the other actors were always so inferior that the contrast was too obvious and it only served to make more conspicuous the flagging of interest that pervades the tragedies of Shakespeare, *Macbeth* alone perhaps excepted. I speak only of Shakespeare's faults as a dramaturgus and they are rather the faults of his age than his own; for in everything else I think him the greatest literary genius that the world ever produced, and I place him far above any poet, ancient or modern; yet in allowing all this, I do not at all wonder that his dramatic pieces do not in general please foreigners and that they are disgusted with the low buffoonery, interruption of interest and want of arrangement that ought of necessity to constitute a drama; for I feel the same objections myself when reading Shakespeare, and often lose patience; but then when I come to some sublime passage, I become wrapt up in it alone and totally forget the piece itself. In order to inspire a foreigner with admiration for Shakespeare, I would not give him his plays to read entire, but I would present him with a *recueil* of the most beautiful passages of that great

poet; and I am sure he would be so delighted with them that he would readily join in the "All Hail" that the British nation awards him. Thus you may perceive the distinction I make between the creative genius who designs, and the artist who fills up the canvas; between the Poet and the Dramaturgus. I am probably singular in my taste as an Englishman, when I tell you that I prefer Shakespeare for the closet and Racine or Voltaire or Corneille for the stage: and with regard to English tragedies, I prefer as an acting drama Home's *Douglas*[46] to any of Shakespeare's, *Macbeth* alone excepted; and for this plain reason that the interest in *Douglas* never flags, nor is diverted.

In giving my mite of admiration to the French stage, I am fully aware of its faults, of the long declamation and the *fade galanterie* that prevailed before Voltaire made the grand reform in that particular: and on this account I prefer Voltaire as a tragedian to Racine and Corneille. The *Phédre* and *Athalie* of Racine are certainly masterpieces, and little inferior to them are *Iphigénie*, *Andromaque* and *Britannicus*, but in the others I think he must be pronounced inferior to Voltaire; as a proof of my argument I need only cite *Zaïre*, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, *Sémiramis*, *l'Orphelin de la Chine*, *Brutus*. Voltaire has, I think, united in his dramatic writings the beauties of Corneille, Racine and Crébillon and has avoided their faults; this however is not, I believe, the opinion of the French in general, but I follow my own judgment in affairs of taste, and if anything pleases me I wait not to ascertain whether the "master hath said so."

It shows a delicate attention on the part of the directors of the *Théâtre Français*, now that so many foreigners of all nations are here, to cause to be represented every night the masterpieces of the French classical dramatic authors, since these are pieces that every foreigner of education has read and admired; and he would much rather go to see acted a play with which he was thoroughly acquainted than a new piece of one which he has not read; for as the recitation is extremely rapid it would not be so easy for him to seize and follow it without previous reading.

Of Molière I had already seen the *Avare*, the *Femmes savantes* and the *Fourberies de Scapin*. Since these I have seen the *Tartuffe* and *George Dandin* both inimitably performed; how I enjoyed the scene of the *Pauvre homme!* in the *Tartuffe* and the lecture given to George Dandin by M. and Mme de Sotenville wherein they recount the virtues and merits of their respective ancestors. Of Molière indeed there is but one opinion throughout Europe; in the comic line he bears away the palm unrivalled and here I fully agree with the "general."

I must not quit the subject of French theatricals without speaking of the *Opéra comique* at the *Théâtre Faydeau*. It is to the sort of light pieces that are given here, that the French music is peculiarly appropriate, and it is here that you seize and feel the beauty and melody of the national music; these little *chansons*, *romances* and *ariettas* are so pleasing to the ear that they imprint themselves durably on the memory, which is no equivocal proof of their merit. I cannot say as much for the tragic singing in the *Opéra seria* at the Grand French Opera, which to my ear sounds a perfect psalmody. There is but one language in the

world for tragic recitative and that is Italian. On the other hand, in the *genre* of the *Opéra comique*, the French stage is far superior to the Italian. In the French comedy everything is graceful and natural; the Italians cannot catch this happy medium, so that their comedies and comic operas are mostly *outré*, and degenerate into downright farce and buffoonery.

[42] Major James Grant, of the 18th Light Dragoons, was made a Brevet Lieutenant Colonel on 18th June, 1815.—ED.

[43] A phrase in prose, often quoted as a verse, from Voltaire's preface to the *Enfant Prodigue*: *Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*.—ED.

[44] A tragedy often acted by Talma, the work of Antoine d'Aubigny de Lafosse (1653-1708).—ED.

[45] Thomas Otway's once celebrated tragedy, 1682.—ED.

[46] *The Tragedy of Douglas*, by John Home (1722-1808).—ED.

CHAPTER V

From Paris to Milan through Dijon, Chalon-sur-Saône, Lyons, Geneva and the Simplon—Auxerre—Dijon—Napoleon at Chalon-sur-Saône—The army of the Loire—Mâcon—French *grisettes*—Lyons—Monuments and theatricals—Geneva—Character and opinions of the Genevois—Voltaire's chateau at Ferney—The chevalier Zadera—From Geneva to Milan—Crossing the Simplon—Arona—The theatres in Milan—Rossini—Monuments in Milan—Art encouraged by the French—Mr Eustace's bigotry—Return to Switzerland—Clarens and Vevey—Lausanne—Society in Lausanne—Return to Paris—The Louvre stripped—Death of Marshal Ney.

I left Paris on the 17th Sept., in the diligence of Auxerre, The company was as follows: a young Genevois who had served in the National Guard at Paris, and had been wounded in a skirmish against the Prussians near that city; a young Irish Templar; a fat citizen of Dijon and an equally fat woman going to Dole. We arrived the following day at 11 o'clock at Auxerre, a town situated on the banks of the Seine. Water conveyance may be had from Paris to Auxerre, price 12 francs the person: the price in the diligence is 28 francs. We had during our journey much political conversation; the Bourbons and the English government were the objects of attack, and neither my friend the barrister nor myself felt the least inclined to take up their cause. The Genevois had with him Fouché's exposé of the state of the nation, wherein he complains bitterly of the conduct of the Allies. All France is now disarmed and no troops are to be seen but those in foreign uniform. The face of the country between Paris and Auxerre is not peculiarly striking; but the soil appears fertile and the road excellent. After breakfast we started from Auxerre and stopped to sup and sleep the same night at Avallon. At Semur, which we passed on the following day, there is a one arched bridge of great boldness across the river Armançon. We arrived in the evening at Dijon. The country between Auxerre and Dijon is very undulating in gentle hill and dale, but for the want of trees and inclosures it has a bleak appearance. As you leave Avallon and approach Dijon, the hills covered with vines indicate your

arrival in a wine country. I put up at the *Chapeau rouge* at Dijon and remained there one day, in order to visit the *Chartreuse* which is at a short distance from the town and commands an extensive view. It was devastated during the Revolution. The view from it is fine and extensive and that is all that is worth notice. The country about it is rich and cultivated, and the following lines of Ariosto might serve for its description:

Culte pianure e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe e prati molli.[47]

'Mid cultivated plain, delicious hill,
Moist meadow, shady bank, and crystal rill.

—*Trans.* W.S. ROSE.

The city of Dijon is large, handsome and well built. It has an appearance of industry, comfort and airiness. There are several mustard manufactories in this town. A dinner was given yesterday by the municipality to the National Guard, and an immense quantity of mustard was devoured on the occasion in honor of the staple manufactory of Dijon. From Dijon I put myself in the diligence to go to Chalon and after stopping two hours at Beaune, arrived at Chalon at 5 o'clock p.m. The country between Dijon and Chalon is flat, but cultivated like a garden. It is likewise the wine country *par excellence*. I do not know a wine more agreeable to palate than the wine of Beaune.

At Chalon I put up at the *Hôtel du Parc*. Chalon is beautifully situated on the banks of the Saône. The Quai is well constructed and forms an agreeable promenade. There is an Austrian garrison in Chalon. The hostess of the inn told me that Napoleon stopped at her house on his way from Lyons to Paris, when he returned from Elba, and she related to me with great eagerness many anecdotes of that extraordinary man: she said that such was the *empressement* on the part of the inhabitants to see him, and embrace him by way of testifying their affection, that the Emperor was obliged to say: "Mais vous m'étouffez, mes enfans!" In fact, had the army remained neutral, the peasantry alone would have carried the Emperor on their shoulders to Paris. It is quite absurd to say that a faction did this and that it was effectuated merely by the disaffection of the Army. The Army did its duty in the noblest manner, for it is the duty of every army to support the national cause and the voice of the people, and by no means to become the blind tools of the Prince; for it is absurd, as it is degrading to

humanity, it is impious to consider the Prince as the proprietor of the country and the master of the people; he is, or ought to be, the principal magistrate, the principal soldier paid by the people, like any other magistrate or soldier, and like them liable to be cashiered for misconduct or breach of faith. This is not a very fashionable doctrine nowadays, and there is danger of it being forgotten altogether in the rage for what is falsely termed legitimacy; it becomes therefore the bounden duty of every friend of freedom to din this unfashionable doctrine into the ears of Princes and unceasingly to exclaim to them and to their ministers:

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere gentes.[48]

In their conduct on this occasion the French soldiers proved themselves far more constitutional than those of any other army in Europe; let despots, priests and weak-headed Tories say what they please to the contrary.

I embarked the following morning at 12 o'clock in the *coche d'eau* for Lyons. There was a very numerous and motley company on board: there were three bourgeois belonging to Lyons returning thither from Paris; a quiet good-humoured sort of woman not remarkable either for her beauty nor vivacity; a young Spaniard, an adherent of King Joseph Napoleon, very taciturn and wrapped up in his cloak tho' the weather was exceeding hot; he seemed to do nothing else but smoke *cigarros* and drink wine, of which he emptied three or four bottles in a very short time—a young Piedmontese officer, disbanded from the army of the Loire, who no sooner sat down on deck than he began to chaunt Filicaja's beautiful sonnet, "*Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte*," etc.—a merchant of Lyons who had been some time in England, and spoke English well—a Lyonnese Major of Infantry, also of the army of the Loire, who had served in Egypt in the 32nd Demi-brigade; three Austrian officers of Artillery with their servants. A large barge which followed and was towed by the *coche d'eau* was filled with Austrian soldiers, and on the banks of the river were a number of soldiers of the Army of the Loire returning to their families and homes.

The peaceable demeanour and honourable conduct of this army is worthy of admiration, and can never be sufficiently praised: not a single act of brigandage has taken place. The Austrian officers expressed to me their astonishment at this, and said they doubted whether any other army in Europe, disbanded and under the same circumstances, would behave so well. I told them the French soldier was a free-man and a citizen and drawn from a respectable class of people,

which was not the case in most other countries. Yes, these gallant fellows who had been calumniated by furious Ultras, by the base ministerial prints of England, and the venal satellites of Toryism, who had been represented as brigands or as infuriated Jacobins with red caps and poignards, these men, in spite, of the contumely and insult they met with from servile prefects, and from those who never dared to face them in the field, are a model of good conduct and they preserve the utmost subordination, tho' disbanded: they respect scrupulously the property of the inhabitants and pay for everything. Mr. L., the young Irish barrister, told me at Dijon that he left his purse by mistake in a shop there in which were 20 napoleons in gold, when a soldier of the army of the Loire, who happened to be in the shop, perceived it and came running after him with it, but refused to accept of anything, tho' much pressed by Mr. L., who wished to reward him handsomely for his disinterested conduct. Yes, the French soldier is a fine fellow. I have served against them in Holland and in Egypt and I will never flinch from rendering justice to their exemplary conduct and lofty valour. No! it is not the French soldiery who can be accused of plundering and exaction, but what brought the French name in disrepute was the conduct of certain *prefects* and *administrators* in Germany who were promoted to these posts for no other reason than because they were of the old *noblesse* or returned *Emigrants*, whom Napoleon favoured in preference to the Republicans whom he feared. These emigrants repaid his favours with the basest ingratitude; after being guilty of the grossest and most infamous *concussions* on the inhabitants of those parts of Germany where their jurisdiction extended, they had the hypocrisy after the restoration to declaim against the oppression of the *Usurper's* government and its system: but Napoleon richly deserved to meet with this ingratitude for employing such unprincipled fellows. I believe he was never aware of the villany they carried on, or they would have met with his severest displeasure in being removed from office, as was the case with Wirion at Verdun.[49]

I do not find that the French soldiers with whom I have conversed are so much attached to the person of the Emperor as I was led to believe; but they are attached to their country and liberty; and in serving him, they conceived they were serving the man *par excellence* of the People.

The French army too was beloved by the people, instead of being dreaded by them as the armies of most other European nations are. In short, whenever I met with and held conversation with soldiers of this army, I was always tempted to address them in the words of Elvira to Pizarro when she seeks to console him for his defeat:

Yet think another morning shall arise,
Nor fear the future, nor lament the past.[50]

The French Major was very much inclined to take up a quarrel with an Austrian officer, on my account, but I dissuaded him. The cause was as follows. A young Austrian boy, servant to one of the officers of Artillery, had entered the *coche d'eau* at Chalon, some minutes before his master, and began to avail himself of the right of conquest by taking possession of the totality of one of the cabins and endeavouring to exclude the other passengers; among other things he was going to thrust my portmanteau out of its place. I called to him to let it alone, when the French Major stepped forward and said that if he dared to touch any of the baggage belonging to the passengers, he would punish him on the spot and his master also, for that he longed to measure swords with those "Jean F—— d'Autrichiens." Fearful of a serious quarrel between them and being unwilling that any dispute should occur on my account, I requested the Major not to meddle with the business, for that I was sure the Austrian officer would check the impertinence of his servant when he came on board; and that if he did not, I was perfectly able and willing to defend my own cause. The Austrian officers came on board a few minutes after, when I addressed them in German, and explained to them the behaviour of the boy; they scolded him severely for his impertinence to us and threatened him with the *Schlag*, should it occur again. The rest of the journey passed without any incident. I found that my friend the Major had served in the French army in Egypt in the division Lanusse in the battle of the 21st March, 1801, (30 Ventose) and that consequently we were opposed to each other in that battle, as I was then serving as a Lieutenant in the Queen's Regiment, commanded by that excellent and amiable officer the Earl of D[alhouses] in General Doyle's brigade.

The voyage on the Saône presents some pleasing and picturesque points of view; the *coteaux* on the banks of the river are covered with vines. We arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening to sup and sleep at Mâcon and put up at the *Hôtel des Sauvages*. We had a most sumptuous repast, fish, flesh, fowls, game, fruit and wine in profusion, for all which, including our beds, we had only to pay 2-1/2 francs the person.

There is a spacious Quai at Mâcon, which always adds to the beauty of a city, and there are some fine buildings, public and private. I need not enlarge on the excellence of the Mâcon wine. The country girls we observed on the banks of the river as we floated along, and the *grisettes* of the town who were

promenading on the Quai when we arrived, wore a peculiarly elegant *costume* and their headdress appeared to me to be something Asiatic.

The voyage on the subsequent day was more agreeable than the preceding one. The country between Mâcon and Lyons is much more beautiful and diversified than that which we have hitherto seen and resembles much the picturesque scenery of the West-Indian landscape. One part between Mâcon and Trévoux resembles exactly the island of Montserrat.

Within two miles of Trévoux we were hailed by some *grisettes* belonging to the inns at that place, in order to invite us to dine at their respective inns. There was one girl exceedingly beautiful whose name was Sophie, daughter of the proprietor of the *Hôtel des Sauvages* at Trévoux. She, by her grace and coquetry, obtained the most recruits and when we disembarked from the boat, she led us in triumph to her hotel. From her beauty and graceful manner, Sophie, in a country where so much homage is paid to beauty, must be a most valuable acquisition to the interests of the inn, and tho' she smiles on all, she takes care not to make herself cheap, and like Corisca in the *Pastor Fido* she holds out hopes which she does not at all intend to gratify. After passing by the superb scenery on the banks of the river (which increases in interest as you approach Lyons), the *Isle Barbe* and *la Tour de la belle Allemande*, we arrived at Lyons at 5 p.m. and debarked on the *Quai de la Saône*. A *fiacre* took me up and deposited me safe at the *Hôtel du Nord* situated on the *Place St Claire* and not many yards distant of the *Quai du Rhône*.

LYONS, 26th Sept.

Lyons is situated on a tongue of land at the junction of the Saône and Rhône, and there is a fine bridge on the spot where the streams unite, called *le pont du Confluent*, which joins the extremity of the tongue of land with the right bank of the Saône. There is besides a large bridge across the Rhône, higher up, before it joins the Saône, leading in a right line from the *Hôtel de Ville*; and two other bridges across the Saône. The *Quai du Rhône* is by far the finest and most agreeable part of the city. It is spacious, well paved, aligned with trees, and boasts the finest edifices public and private in the whole city; it is the favourite promenade of the *beaux* and *belles* of Lyons. The sight of the broad and majestic Rhône itself is a grand object, and on a fine day the prospect is augmented by the distant view of the fleecy head of Mont Blanc. On this Quai and within a 100

yards of the bridge on the Rhône are the justly celebrated *bains du Rhône*, fitted up in a style of elegance even superior to those called *les Bains Vigier* on the Seine at Paris. The grand Hospital is also on the Quai; the facade is beautiful; its architecture is of the Ionic order and the building itself as well as its interior economy has frequently elicited the admiration of travellers. Among the Places in this city the finest is that of Bellecour.

The scenery is extremely diversified in the environs of Lyons, and in the city there is great appearance of wealth and splendour. Lyons flourished greatly during the time of the continental blockade, as it was the central dépôt of the commerce between France and Italy. Napoleon is much respected and regretted here, and with reason, as he was a great benefactor to this city. The Lyonnese are too frank, too open in their sentiments and too grateful not to render justice to his great talents and good qualities, while they blame and deplore his ambition. In fact an experience of a few days and some acquaintance I made here has given me a very favourable impression of the inhabitants of this city. The men are frank in their manners, polite, well informed, and free from all frivolity. The women are in general handsome, well shaped, and have much grace and are exceedingly well educated; they seem totally free from the *Petite-mâitressism* of the Parisian women, and both sexes seem to possess a good deal of what the French term *caractère*. Had the Parisians resembled the Lyonnese, Paris would never have fallen twice into the hands of the enemy, nor would the Lyonnese women have welcomed the entry of the invaders into their city with waving handkerchiefs, etc. These qualities of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the cheapness of all the comforts and luxuries of life, would make Lyons one of the most agreeable places of residence to a foreigner of liberal sentiments and principles.

Cloth and silk are the staple manufactures of Lyons, particularly the latter; I accompanied my friend Mr M—— to see his fabrique of silk which is of considerable extent and importance, and everything appeared to me, as far as one totally ignorant of the business and its process could judge, admirably regulated and rapid in its execution. The *tournure* of the *grisettes* of Lyons is very striking and they possess completely the *grata protervitas*, the *vultus nimium lubricus aspici* which Horace so much admires in Glycera.

I visited both the theatres here, viz.: the *Grand Théâtre*, situated near the *Hôtel de Ville*, and the smaller one called the *Théâtre des Célestins*. At the former was some good dancing, and at the latter I was engaged in a conversation which I

cannot forbear citing as it will serve to show the dislike the people have to the feudal system and the dread they have of its re-establishment, tho' they can know nothing about it except by tradition. The piece performed was called *Le petit Poucet* (Tom Thumb and the Ogre); but I missed my old acquaintance the Ogre and his seven-league boots of Mother Goose, and found that in this melodrama he was transformed into a tyrannical and capricious *Seigneur Féodal*. There was a very pretty young lady about 16 years of age accompanied by her father in the same box with me, and I observed to her, "Où est donc l'Ogre? il paraît que l'on en a fait un Seigneur féodal." "Oui, monsieur (she replied), et avec raison, car ils étaient bien les Ogres de ce temps là." I entered into a long conversation with my fair neighbour and found her well informed and well educated, with great good sense and knowledge of the world far beyond her years. She told me that she had begun to study English and that her father was a miniature painter. I took leave of her not without feeling much affected and my heart not a little "percosso dall' amoroso strale."

I must not forget to mention that there is a most spacious and magnificent building on the *Quai du Rhône* to the North of the bridge, which serves as a café and ridotto or assembly room for balls, etc. I am afraid to say how many feet it has in length; but it is the most superb establishment of the kind I have ever met with.

Fortunately for the city of Lyons, the famous decree of Robespierre for its destruction, and the column with the inscription, "Lyon a porté les armes contre la liberté; Lyon n'est plus," which was to occupy its place, was never put in execution and tho' this city suffered much from revolutionary vandalism yet it soon recovered and has flourished ever since in a manner unheard of at any former period. No people are more sensible than the Lyonnese of the great benefits produced by the Revolution, and no people more deprecate a return to the *ancien régime*.

Oct. 2nd, GENEVA.

I started in the diligence for Geneva on the 28th Sept. and found it exceedingly cold on ascending the mountain called the *Cerdon*; the scenery is savage and wild, and the road in many parts is on the brink of precipices. We stopped at Nantua for supper and partook of some excellent trout. There is a large lake near the town, and 'tis here that the Swiss landscape begins. Commanding a narrow

pass stands the fort of L'Ecluse. The Austrians lost a great many men in attempting to force it. From this place you have a noble view of the Alps and Mont-Blanc towering above them. As this was the first time I beheld these celebrated mountains I was transported with delight and my mind was filled with a thousand classical and historical recollections! The scenery, the whole way from Fort l'Ecluse to Geneva, is most magnificent and uncommonly varied. Mountain and valley, winter and summer, on the same territory. Descending, the city of Geneva opens gradually; you behold the lake Lemman and the Rhône issuing from it. We entered the city, which is fortified, and after crossing the double bridge across the Rhône, we arrived at the *Hôtel de l'Eau de Genève* at 12 o'clock. The most striking thing in the city of Geneva to the traveller's eye as he enters it, is the view of the arcades on each side of the street, excellent for pedestrians and for protection against sun and rain, but which give a heavy and gloomy appearance to the city. An immense number of watch-makers is another distinguishing feature in this city. The first thing shewn to me by my *valet de place* was the house where Jean Jacques Rousseau was born; I then desired him to shew me the spot where that barbarian Calvin caused to be burnt the unhappy Servetus for not having the same religious opinions as himself.

The most agreeable promenades of the city are on the bastions and ramparts, a place called *La Treille* and a garden or park of small extent called *Plain Palais*. In this park stands on a column the bust of J.J. Rousseau. This park was the scene of a great deal of bloodshed in 1791 on account of political disputes between the aristocratic and democratic parties, or rather between the admirers and imitators of the French Revolution and those who dreaded such innovations. This affair excited so much horror, and the recollection of it operated so powerfully on the imagination of the inhabitants, that the place became entirely abandoned as a public promenade, and avoided as a polluted spot for many years. Very likely however a sort of lustration has taken place; an oration was pronounced and the place again declared worthy of contributing to the recreation of the inhabitants. It is now become the favourite promenade of the citizens of Geneva, tho' there are still some who cannot get over their old prejudices and never set their foot in it. There is likewise a pleasant walk as far as the town of Carrouge in Savoy, which town has been lately ceded by the King of Sardinia to the republic of Geneva. In Geneva the sentiments of the inhabitants do not seem to be favourable either to the French Revolution, or to Napoleon. Their political ideas accord very much with those professed by the government party in England, and they make a great parade of them just now, as a means of courting the favour of England and of the Allied Sovereigns. The government here have

shewn a great disposition to second the views of the Allied Powers in persecuting those Frenchmen who have been proscribed by the Bourbon government.

This state lost its independence during the revolutionary wars and was incorporated with France. As the citizens were suspected of being more favourable to the English than suited the policy of the French government of that time, they were viewed with a jealous eye and I believe some individuals were harshly treated; but what most vexed and displeased them was the enforcement of the conscription among them, for the Genevois do not like compulsion; they are besides more pacific than war-like and tho' like the Dutch they have displayed great valour where their interest is at stake, yet Mercury is a deity far more in veneration among them than Bellona. The natural talent of this people is great, and it has been favoured and developed by the freedom of their institutions; and this republic has produced too many eminent men for that talent to be called in question; they seem to have decided talents and dispositions for financial operations. A Genevois has the aptitude of great application united to a very discerning, natural genius, and he generally succeeds in everything he undertakes. Literature is much cultivated here, and the females, who are in general handsome and graceful, excel not only in the various feminine accomplishments, such as music, dancing and drawing, but they carry their researches into the higher branches of literature and science and acquire with great facility foreign languages. It is true that you now and then meet with a little pedantry on the part of the young men and some of the young women are *tant soit feu précieuses*; and you may guess from their conversation, which is sometimes forced, that the person who speaks has been learning his discourse by heart from some book in the morning, with the intention of sporting it as a natural conversation in the evening. In short, one does not meet with that *abandon* in society that is to be met with in Paris; you must measure your words well to shine in a Genevese society. This, however, is a very pardonable sort of coxcombry; and tho' it appear sometimes pedantic, and occasionally laughable, yet it tends to encourage learning and science, and compels the young men to read in order to shine and captivate the fair.

The Genevese women make excellent wives and mothers; and many strangers, struck with their beauty and talent, as well as with the *agréments* of the country in general, marry at Geneva and settle themselves there for life. It is observed that the Genevoises are so attached to their country that on forming a matrimonial connection with foreigners, they always stipulate that they shall not

be removed from it. On the dismemberment of the Empire of Napoleon, Geneva was *agregé* to the Helvetic Confederation, as an independent Canton of which there are now twenty-two. Three, viz. Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel, are French in language and manners. One, the Tessino, is Italian, and the remaining eighteen are all German. It is a great advantage to Geneva to belong to the Helvetic Confederacy, as formerly, when she was an isolated independent state, she was in continual dread of being swallowed up by one or other of her two powerful neighbours, France and the King of Sardinia, and only existed by their forbearance and mutual jealousy.

I walked out one morning to Ferney in order to visit the chateau of Voltaire and to do homage to the memory of that great man, the benefactor of the human race. It was he who gave the mortal blow to superstition and to the power of the clergy. It is the fashion for priests, Ultras and Tories to rail against him, but I judge him by his works and the effect of his works. His memory is held in reverence by the inhabitants of Ferney as their father and benefactor. He spent his whole fortune in acts of the most disinterested charity; he saved entire families from ruin and portioned off many a young woman who was deprived of the gifts of fortune and enabled them to form happy matrimonial connections; in short, doing good seems to have been one of the most ardent passions of his soul. In three memorable instances he shewed his hatred of cruelty and injustice, and unmasked triumphantly ecclesiastical imposture and fanaticism. He has been reproached with vanity, but surely that may be pardoned in a man who received the homage of the whole literary world, who was considered as an oracle, and whose every sentence was recorded; whose talent was so universal, that he excelled in every branch of literature that he undertook.

Ferney, which was only a miserable village when Voltaire first took up his residence there, is now a large flourishing and opulent town.

I found Voltaire's Chateau occupied by a fat heavy Swiss Officer who was on duty there, Ferney being at this moment occupied by the troops of the Swiss confederation. He was at breakfast, but on my stating to him that I was come to see the apartments of Voltaire he directed the housekeeper to shew them to me. On the left hand side after ascending a flight of steps, before you come into the Château, is a Chapel built by Voltaire with this simple inscription: "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" In the apartment usually occupied by him for the purpose of composition, are preserved his chair, table, inkstand and bed as sacred relics; and in the Salon are to be seen the portraits of several public characters, his

contemporaries, and which were constantly appended there in his life time. Among these portraits I distinguished those of Frederick the Great of Prussia, Catherine II of Russia, Lekain, Diderot, Alembert, Franklin, Helvetius, Marmontel and Washington, besides many others. There is nothing remarkable either in the Château, or in the gardens appertaining to it; but as it stands on an elevation, it commands a fine view, which is so well described in that ode which begins:

Ô maison d'Aristippe, ô jardins d'Epicure!

I returned to Geneva and dined with my friend M. Picot the banker, who presented me to his brother's family, which I found a very amiable one, and I was particularly delighted with his father, a fine venerable old man, who is a pastor of the Church of Geneva and a great admirer of our poets Thomson and Milton.

I have made acquaintance at the *Ecu de Genève* with a very gallant and accomplished officer, the Chevalier Zadera, a Pole by birth and a Colonel in the French army.[51] He had been on the staff of the Prince d'Eckmühl at Hamburg and had served previously in St Domingo, in Germany and in Italy. He had just quitted the French service, having a great repugnance to serve under the Bourbon dynasty, and he is about to go to Italy on private business. He seems a very well informed man and well versed in French, Italian and German literature. He also understands well to read and write English and speaks it, but not at all fluently. He acquired his English in the United States of America, whither he went when he escaped from the horrors of St Domingo. By the Americans he was received with open arms and unbounded hospitality as the compatriot of Pulaski who fell gloriously fighting in their cause, the cause of liberty, at the battle of Savannah. He was liberally supplied with money by several individuals without the smallest expectation or chance of repayment at the time, and was forwarded in this manner from town to town and from state to state throughout the whole Union; so that the tour he made and the time he passed in that land of liberty, he reckons as far the most agreeable epoch of his life. One evening at the *Ecu de Genève* I found Zadera in altercation on political subjects with two French Ultras who had been emigrants, a Genevois and a Bernois, both anti-liberal. This was fearful odds for poor Zadera to be alone against four *acharnés*. I sat down and espoused his cause and we maintained our argument gloriously. The dispute began on the occasion of Zadera condemning the harshness shewn by the government of Geneva towards the *Conventionnels*

and others who were banished from France on the second restoration of Louis XVIII by a vote of the *Chambre introuvable* in refusing them an asylum in the Republic and compelling them to depart immediately in a very contumelious manner. I said it was inconsistent and unworthy of the Genevese who called themselves republicans to persecute or join in the persecution of the republicans of France in order to please foreign despots. The others then began to be very violent with me. I replied, "Messieurs, vous avez beau parler; les Genevois sont de très bons cambistes et les meilleurs banquiers de l'Europe, mais il ne sont pas bons républicains."

Geneva has been so often described by tourists that I shall not attempt any description except to remark that there are several good Cabinets and collections of pictures belonging to individuals. There is a magnificent public library. The manufactures are those of watches and models of the Alps which are exceedingly ingenious. There are no theatrical amusements here; and during divine service on Sunday the gates of the city are shut, and neither ingress nor egress permitted; fortunately their liturgy (the Calvinistic) is at least one hour shorter than the Anglican. Balls and concerts take place here very often and the young Genevois of both sexes are generally proficient in music. They amuse themselves too in summer with the "tir de l'arc" in common with all the Swiss Cantons.

October 3rd.

I have been in doubt whether I should go to Lausanne, return to Paris or extend my journey into Italy; but I have at length decided for the latter, as Zadera, who intends to start immediately for Milan, has offered me a place in his carriage à *frais communs*. I found him so agreeable a man and possessing sentiments so analogous to my own that I eagerly embraced the offer, and we are to cross the Simplon, so that I shall behold a travel over that magnificent *chausée* made by Napoleon's orders, which I have so much desired to see and which everybody tells me is a most stupendous work and exceeding anything ever made by the Romans. As the Chevalier has served in Italy and was much *répandu* in society there, I could not possibly have a pleasanter companion. He has with him Dante and Alfieri, and I have Gessner's *Idylls* and my constant travelling companion Ariosto, so that we shall have no loss for conversation, for when our native wits are exhausted, a page or two from any of the above authors will suggest innumerable ideas, anecdotes, and subjects of discourse.

MILAN, 10th Oct.

We started from Geneva at seven in the morning of the 4th October, and in half an hour entered the Savoyard territory, of which *douaniers* with blue cockades (the cockade of the King of Sardinia) gave us intimation. The road is on the South side of the lake Lemman. In Evian and Thonon, the two first villages we passed thro', we do not find that *aisance*, comfort and cleanliness that is perceivable on the other side of the lake, in the delightful Canton de Vaud. The double yoke of priestcraft and military despotism presses hard upon the unhappy Savoyard and wrings from him his hard-earned pittance, while no people are better off than the Vaudois; yet the Savoyards are to the full as deserving of liberty as the Swiss. The Savoyard possesses honesty, fidelity and industry in a superior degree, and these qualities he seldom or ever loses, even when exposed to the temptations of a great metropolis like Paris, to which they are compelled to emigrate, as their own country is too poor to furnish the means of subsistence to all its population. When in Paris and other large cities, the Savoyards contrive, by the most indefatigable industry and incredible frugality, to return to their native village after a certain lapse of time, with a little fortune that is amply sufficient for their comfort. The poorest Savoyard in Paris never fails to remit something for the support of his parents. Both Voltaire and Rousseau have rendered justice to the good qualities of this honest people. It is a thousand pities that this country (Savoy) is not either incorporated with France, or made to form part of the Helvetic confederacy.

On passing by La Meillerie we were reminded of "La nouvelle Héloïse" and the words of St Preux: "Le rocher est escarpé: l'eau est profonde et je suis au désespoir." On the opposite side of the lake is to be seen the little white town of Clarens, the supposed residence of the divine Julie. A little beyond St Gingolph, which lies at the eastern extremity of the lake, we quit Savoy and enter into the Valais, which now forms, a component part of the Helvetic confederacy. German is the language spoken in the Valais. As the high road into Italy passes thro' the whole length of this Canton, Napoleon caused it to be separated from the Helvetic union and to form a Republic apart, with the ulterior view and which he afterwards carried into execution of annexing it to the French Empire. The Valais forms a long and exceedingly narrow valley, thro' the whole length of which the Rhône flows and falls into the lake Lemman at St Gingolph. The breadth of this valley in its widest part is not more probably than 1,000 yards, and in most places considerably narrower, and it is enclosed on each side, or rather walled up by the immense mountains of the higher Alps which rise here very abruptly and

seem to shut out this valley from the rest of the world. The high road runs nearly parallel to the course of the Rhône and is sometimes on one side of the river and sometimes on the other, communicating by bridges; from the sinuosity of the road and the different points of view presented by the salient and re-entering angles, of the mountains the scenery is extremely picturesque, grand and striking, and as sometimes no outlet presents itself to view, you do not perceive how you are ever to get out of this valley but by a stratagem similar to that of Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds. At St Maurice is a remarkable one-arched bridge built by the Romans. We stopped at Martigny to pass the night; within one mile of Martigny and before arriving at it, we perceived the celebrated waterfall called the *Pissevache*; and the appellation, though coarse, is perfectly applicable. From Martigny a bridle road branches off which leads across the Grand St Bernard to Aoste. The next morning we arrived at Sion, called in the language of the country Sitten, the metropolis of the Valais; it is a neat-looking and tolerably large town, and which from its position might be made a most formidable military post, as there is a steep hill close to it which rises abruptly from the centre of the valley, and commands an extensive view east and west. Works erected on this height would enfilade the whole road either way and totally obstruct the approach of an enemy. There is besides a large castle on the southern *paroi* of mountains which hem in this valley, which would expose to a most galling fire and take in flank completely those who should attempt to force the passage whether coming from St Maurice or Brieg. We stopped two hours at Sion to mend a wheel and this gave me time to ascend the mountain on which the castle stands. There were several masons and workmen employed in the construction of a church which they are erecting at the request and entire expense of His Sardinian Majesty. I could not ascertain what were the reasons that induced the King to build a church in a foreign territory. I did not observe either on the road or in any of the village thro' which we passed any striking specimen of Valaisan female beauty; but I often remarked the prominent bosom that Rousseau describes as frequent among them. We met with several *crétins* or idiots, all of whom had *goitres* in a greater or less degree. These *souls of God without sin*, as the *crétins* are called, are very merry souls; they always appear to be laughing. They seem to have adopted and united three systems of philosophy: they are Diogenes as to independence and neglect of decency and cleanliness; Democriti as to their disposition to laugh perpetually; and Aristippi inasmuch as they seem to be perfectly contented with their state. They are in general fat and well fed, for the poorest inhabitants give them something. They have a good deal of cunning, and many curious anecdotes are related of them which shews that they are endowed with a sort of sagacity resembling the instinct of animals. I

recollect one myself mentioned by Zimmermann in his Essay on Solitude, of a crétin who was accustomed to imitate with his voice the sound of the village clock whenever it struck the hours and quarters; one day, by some accident, the clock stopped; yet the cretin went through the chimes of the hours and quarters with the same regularity as the clock would have done had it been going.

We arrived at night at the village of Brieg at the foot of the Simplon and put up at a very comfortable inn. Brieg and Glisse are two small villages lying within a quarter of a mile distance from each other. The direct road runs thro' Brieg and is a great advantage to this town; while Glisse lost this benefit from the opposition shewn by its inhabitants to the annexation of the Valais to the French Empire. They now deeply regret this refusal as few travellers chuse to stop at Glisse.

Passage of the Simplon.

Chi mi darà la voce e le parole
Convenienti a sì nobil soggetto?[52]

Who will vouchsafe me voice that shall ascend
As high as I would raise my noble theme?

—Trans. W.S. ROSE.

How shall I describe the Simplon and the impressions that magnificent piece of work, the *chaussée* across it, made on my mind? On arrival at the village of the Simplon, which lies at nearly the greatest elevation off the road and is more than half-way across, I wrote in my enthusiasm for the author of this gigantic work, the following lines:

O viaggiator, se avessi tu veduto
Quel monte, pria che fosse il cammin fatto,
Leveresti le mani, e stupefatto
Diresti, "chi l'avrebbe mai creduto?
Son come quel d'Alcide i tuoi miracoli!
Vincesti, Napoleon', più grandi ostacoli!"

Imagine a fine road or causeway broad enough for three carriages to go abreast, cut in the flanks of the mountains, winding along their contours, sometimes zigzag on the flank of one ravine, and sometimes turning off nearly at right angles to the flank of another; separated from each other by precipices of

tremendous depth, and communicating by one-arched bridges of surprising boldness; besides stone bridges at each re-entering angle, to let pass off the water which flows from the innumerable cascades, which fall from the summits of the mountains. Ice and snow eternal on the various *pics* or *aiguilles* (as the summits are here called) which tower above your head, and yet in the midst of these *belles horreurs* the road is so well constructed, so smooth, and the slope so gentle that when there are fogs, which often happen here and prevent you from beholding the surrounding scenery, you would suppose you were travelling on a plain the whole time. Balustrades are affixed on the sides of the most abrupt precipices and buttresses also in order to secure the exterior part of the *chaussée*. On the whole length of the *chaussée* on the exterior side are conical stones of four feet in height at ten paces distant from each other, in order to mark the road in case of its being covered with snow. There are besides *maisons de refuge* or cottages, at a distance of one league from each other, wherein are stationed persons to give assistance and food to travellers, or passengers who may be detained by the snow storms. There is always in these cabins a plentiful supply of biscuit, cheese, salt and smoked meats, wine, brandy and fire-wood. In those parts of the road where the sides of the ravines are not sloping enough to admit of the road being cut along them, subterraneous galleries have been pierced through the rock, some of fifty, some of a hundred and more yards in length, and nearly as broad as the rest of the road. In a word it appears to me the grandest work imagined or made by man, and when combined with its extreme utility, far surpasses what is related of the Seven Wonders of the world. There are fifty-two bridges throughout the whole of this route, which begins at the distance of three miles from Geneva, skirts the southern shore of the lake, runs thro' the whole Valais, traverses the Simplon and issuing from the gorges of the mountains at Domo d'Ossola terminates at Rho in the Milanese. From Brieg to the toll-house, the highest part of the road, the distance is about 18 miles. It made me dreadfully giddy to look down the various precipices; and what adds to the vertigo one feels is the deafening noise of the various waterfalls. As the road is cut zigzag, in many parts, you appear to preserve nearly the same distance from Brieg after three hours' march, as after half an hour only, since you have that village continually under your eyes, nor do you lose sight of it till near the toll-house. Brieg appears when viewed from various points of the road like the card-houses of children, the Valais like a slip of green baize, and the Rhône like a very narrow light blue ribband; and when at Brieg before you ascend you look up at the toll-house, you would suppose it impossible for any human being to arrive at such a height without the help of a balloon. It reminded me of the castle of the enchanter in the *Orlando Furioso*, who keeps Ruggiero confined and who rides

on the Hippogriff.

The village of the Simplon is a mile beyond the toll-house, descending. We stopped there for two hours to dine. A snow storm had fallen and the weather was exceedingly cold; the mountain air had sharpened our appetite, but we could get nothing but fish and eggs as it was a *jour maigre*, and the Valaisans are rigid observers of the ordinances of the Catholic church. We however, on assuring the landlord that we were *militaires*, prevailed on him to let us have some ham and sausages. German is the language here. The road from the toll-house to Domo d'Ossola (the first town at the foot of the mountain on the Italian side) is a descent, but the slope is as gentle as on the rest of the road. Fifteen miles beyond the village of the Simplon stands the village of Isella, which is the frontier town of the King of Sardinia, and where there is a rigorous *douane*, and ten miles further is Domo d'Ossola, where we arrived at seven in the evening. Between Isella and Domo d'Ossola the scenery becomes more and more romantic, varying at every step, cataracts falling on all sides, and three more galleries to pass. Domo d'Ossola appears a large and neat clean town, and we put up at a very good inn. At Isella begins the Italian language, or rather Piedmontese.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey till we reached Fariolo, which is on the northern extremity of the *Lago Maggiore*. The road from Domo d'Ossola thro' the villages of Ornavasso and Vagogna is thro' a fertile and picturesque valley, or rather gorge, of the mountain, narrow at first, but which gradually widens as you approach to the lake. The river Toso runs nearly in a parallel direction with the road. The air is much milder than in Switzerland, and you soon perceive the change of climate from its temperature, as well as from the appearance of the vines and mulberry trees and Indian corn called in this country *grano turco*.

At Fariolo, after breakfast, my friend Zadera took leave of me and embarked his carriage on the lake in order to proceed to Lugano; and I who was bound to Milan, having hired a cabriolet, proceeded to Arona, after stopping one hour to refresh the horses at Belgirate. The whole road from Fariolo to Arona is on the bank of the *Lago Maggiore*, and nothing can be more neat than the appearance of all these little towns which are solidly and handsomely built in the Italian taste.

Before I arrived at Arona, and at a distance of two miles from it, I stopped in order to ascend a height at a distance of one-eighth of a mile from the road to

view the celebrated colossal statue in bronze of St Charles Borromaeus, which may be seen at a great distance. It is seventy cubits high, situated on a pedestal of twenty feet, to ascend which requires a ladder. You then enter between his legs, or rather the folds of his gown, and ascend a sort of staircase till you reach his head. There is something so striking in the appearance of this black gigantic figure when viewed from afar, and still more when you are at the foot of it, that you would suppose yourself living in the time of fairies and enchanters, and it strongly reminded me of the Arabian Nights, as if the statue were the work of some Génie or Peri; or as if it were some rebel Genius transformed into black marble by Solomon the great Prophet. I am not very well acquainted with the life and adventures of this Saint, but he was of the Borromean family, who are the most opulent proprietors of the Milanese. Every tract of land, palace, castle, farm in the environs of Arona seem to belong to them. If you ask whose estate is that? whose villa is that? whose castle is that? the answer is, to the Count Borromeo, who seems to be as universal a proprietor here as *Nong-tong-paw* at Paris or *Monsieur Kaniferstane* at Amsterdam.[53] Arona is a large, straggling but solidly built town, and presents nothing worth notice.

We proceeded on our journey the next morning. Shortly after leaving Arona, the road diverges from the lake and traverses a thick wood until it reaches the banks of the Tessino; on the other bank of which, communicating by means of a flying bridge, stands the town of Sesto Calende. The Tessino divides and forms the boundary between the Sardinian and Austrian territory, and Sesto Calende is the frontier of His Imperial, Royal and Apostolic Majesty. After a rigorous search of my portmanteau at the *Douane*, and exhibiting my passport, I was allowed to proceed on my journey to Milan.

At Rho, where I stopped to dine, stands a remarkably ancient tree said to have been planted in the time of Augustus. The country presents a perfect plain, highly cultivated, all the way from Sesto to Milan. The *chaussée* is broad and admirably well kept up and lined on both sides with poplars. The roads in Lombardy are certainly the finest in Europe. I entered Milan by the gate which leads direct to the esplanade between the citadel and the city, and drove to the *Pension Suisse*, which is in a street close to the Cathedral and Ducal palace.

MILAN, 12 October.

I am just returned from the *Teatro della Scala*, renowned for its immense size: it

certainly is the most stupendous theatre I ever beheld and even surpassed the expectation I had formed of it, so much so that I remained for some minutes lost in astonishment. I was much struck with the magnificence of the scenery and decorations. An *Opera* and *Ballo* are given every night, and the same are repeated for a month, when they are replaced by new ones. The boxes are all hired by the year by the different noble and opulent families, and in the *Parterre* the price is only thirty soldi or sous, about fifteen pence English, for which you are fully as well regaled as at the *Grand Opéra* at Paris for three and a half francs and far better than at the Italian theatre in London for half a guinea. The opera I saw represented is called *L'Italiana in Algieri*, opera buffa, by Rossini.

The *Ballo* was one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever beheld. The scenery and decorations are of the first class and superior even to those of the *Grand Opéra* at Paris. The *Ballo* was called *Il Cavaliere del Tempio*. The story is taken from an occurrence that formed an episode in the history of the Crusades and which has already furnished to Walter Scott the subject of a very pleasing ballad entitled the *Fire-King*, or *Count Albert and Fair Rosalie*. Battles of foot and horse with real horses, Christians and Moslems, dancing, incantations, excellent and very appropriate music leave nothing to be desired to the ravished spectator. In the *Ballo* all is done in pantomime and the acting is perfect. The Italians seem to inherit from their ancestors the faculty of representing by dumb show the emotions of the mind as well as the gestures of the body, and in this they excel all other modern nations. The dancing is not quite so good as what one sees at the Paris theatre, and besides that sort of dancing they are very fond in Italy of grotesque dances which appear to me to be mere *tours de force*. But the decorations are magnificent, and the cost must be great.

It was a fine moonlight night on my return from the *Scala*, which gave a very pleasing effect to the *Duomo* or Cathedral as I passed by it. The innumerable *aiguilles* or spires of the most exquisite and delicate workmanship, tapering and terminating in points all newly whitened, gave such an appearance of airiness and lightness to this beautiful building that it looked more visionary than substantial, and as if a strong puff of wind would blow it away. The next morning I went to visit the Cathedral in detail. It stands in the place called *Piazza del Duomo*. On this *piazza* stands also the Ducal Palace; the principal cafés and the most splendid shops are in the same *piazza*, which forms the morning lounge of Milan. Parallel to one side of the *Duomo* runs the *Corsia de' Servi*, the widest and most fashionable street in Milan, the resort of the *beau monde* in the evening, and leading directly out to the *Porta Orientale*. The

Cathedral appears to me certainly the most striking Gothic edifice I ever beheld. It is as large as the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, and the architecture of the interior is very massive. There is little internal ornament, however, except the tomb or mausoleum of St Charles Borromeo, round which is a magnificent railing; there are also the statues of this Saint and of St Ambrogio. There are several well-executed bas-reliefs on the outside of the Church, from Scripture subjects, and the view from any of the balconies of the spires is very extensive. On the North the Alps, covered with snow and appearing to rise abruptly within a very short horizon, tho' their distance from Milan is at least sixty or seventy miles; and on all the other sides a vast and well-cultivated plain as far as the eye can reach, thickly studded with towns and villages, and the immense city of Milan nine miles in circumference at your feet. The streets in general in Milan are well paved; there is a line of trottoir on each side of the street equi-distant from the line of houses; so that these trottoirs seem to be made for the carriage wheels to roll on, and not for the foot passengers, who must keep within the space that lies between the trottoirs and line of houses. With the exception of the *Piazza del Duomo* there is scarcely anything that can be called a *piazza* in all Milan, unless irregular and small open places may be dignified with that name; the houses and buildings are extremely solid in their construction and handsome in their appearance. A canal runs thro' the city and leads to Pavia; on this canal are stone bridges of a very solid construction. The shops in Milan are well stored with merchandize, and make a very brilliant display. The finest street, without doubt, is the *Corsia de' Servi*. In the part of it that lies parallel to the Cathedral, it is about as broad as the *Rue St Honoré* at Paris; but two hundred yards beyond it, it suddenly widens and is then broader than Portland Place the whole way to the *Porta Orientale*. On the left hand of this street, on proceeding from the Cathedral to the *Porta Orientale*, is a beautiful and extensive garden; an ornamental iron railing separates it from the street. From the number of fine trees here there is so much shade therefrom that it forms a very agreeable promenade during the heat of the day. On the right hand side of the *Corsia de' Servi*, proceeding from the Cathedral, are the finest buildings (houses of individuals) in Milan, among which I particularly distinguished a superb palace built in the best Grecian taste with a colonnaded portico, surmounted by eight columns. Just outside the *Porta Orientale* is the *Corso*, with a fine spacious road with *Allées* on each side lined with trees. The *Corso* forms the evening drive and *promenade à cheval* of the *beau monde*. I have seen nowhere, except in Hyde Park, such a brilliant show of equipages as on the *Corso* of Milan. I observe that the women display a great *luxe de parure* at this promenade.

The women here appear to me in general handsome, and report says not at all cruel. They have quite a *fureur* for dress and ornaments, hi the adapting of which, however, they have not so much taste as the French women have. The Milanese women do not understand the *simplicité recherchée* in their attire, and are too fond of glaring colours. The Milanese women are accused of being too fond of wine, and a calculation has been made that two bottles *per diem* are drank by each female in Milan; but, supposing this calculation were true, let not the English be startled, for the wine of this, country is exceedingly light, lighter indeed than the weakest Burgundy wine; indeed, I conceive that two bottles of Lombard wine are scarce equivalent in strength to four wine glasses of Port wine. The Lombards for this reason never drink water with their wine; and indeed it is not necessary, for I am afraid that all the wine drank in Milan is already baptised before it leaves the hands of the vendor, except that reserved for the priesthood; such, at any rate, was the case before the French Revolution, and no doubt the wine sellers would oppose the abolition of so *ancient* and *sacred* a custom. The Milanese are a gay people, hospitable and fond of pleasure: they are more addicted to the pleasures of the table than the other people of Italy, and dinner parties are in consequence much more frequent here than in other Italian towns. The women here are said to be much better educated than in the rest of Italy, for Napoleon took great pains to promote and encourage female instruction, well knowing that to be the best means of regenerating a country.

The dialect spoken in the Milanese has a harsh nasal accent, to my ear peculiarly disagreeable. Pure Italian or Tuscan is little spoken here, and that only to foreigners. French, on the contrary, is spoken a good deal; but the Milanese, male and female, among one another, speak invariably the *patois* of the country, which has more analogy to the French than to the Italian, but without the grace or euphony of either.

I have visited likewise the *Zecca*, or Mint, where I observed the whole process of coining. They still continue to coin here Napoleons of gold and silver, with the date of 1814, and they coin likewise crowns or dollars with Maria Theresa's head, with the date of the last year of her reign. The double Napoleon of forty *franchi* of the Kingdom of Italy is a beautiful coin; on the run are the words, *Dio protegge l'Italia*. It may not be unnecessary to remark that in Italy by the word *Napoleone*, as a coin, is meant the five franc piece with the head of Napoleon, and a twenty franc gold piece is called *Napoleone d'oro*.

At the *Zecca* I was shown some gold, silver and bronze medals, struck in

commemoration of the formation of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, under the sceptre of Austria. They bear the following inscription, which, if I recollect aright, is from Horace:

Redeunt in aurum
Tempora priscum,[54]

but this golden age is considered by the Italians as a very leaden one; and it seems to bear as much analogy to the golden age, as the base Austrian copper coin, daubed over with silver, and made to pass for fifteen and thirty soldi, has to the real gold and silver *Napoleoni*, which by the way are said to be fast disappearing; they are sent to Vienna, and Milan will probably be in time blessed with a similar paper currency to that of Vienna.

Napoleon seems to be as much regretted by the Milanese as the Austrian Government is abhorred; in fact, everybody speaks with horror and disgust of the *aspro boreal scettro* and of the *aquila che mangia doppio*, an allusion taken from the arms of Austria, the double-headed Eagle.

I have visited the ancient Ducal, now the Royal, Palace; it is a spacious building, chaste in its external appearance, but its interior very magnificent; its chiefest treasures are the various costly columns and pilasters of marble and of *jaune antique* which are to be met with. The *salle de danse* is peculiarly elegant, and in one of the apartments is a fine painting on the plafond representing Jupiter hurling thunderbolts on the Giants. Jupiter bears the head of Napoleon. Good God! how this man was spoiled by adulation!

The staircase of the Palace is superb, and the furniture is of the most elegant description, being faithfully and classically modelled after the antique Roman and Grecian. After visiting the Ambrosian library (by the way, it is quite absurd to visit a library unless you employ whole days to inspect the various editions), I went to the Hospital, which is a stupendous building, and makes up 8,000 beds. The arrangement of this hospital merits the greatest praise. I then peeped into several churches, and I verily believe my conductor would have made me visit every church in Milan, if I had not lost all patience, and cried out: *perche sempre chiese? sempre chiese? andiamo a vedere altra cosa*. He conducted me then to the citadel, or rather place where the citadel stood, and which now forms a vast barrack for the Austrian troops. We then went to visit the *Teatro Olimpico*, which was built by Napoleon. It is built in the style of the Roman amphitheatres, but

much more of an oval form than the Roman amphitheatres were in general; that is to say, the transverse axis is much longer in proportion to the conjugate diameter than is the case in the Roman amphitheatres, and it is by no means so high. In the time of Napoleon, games were executed in this circus in imitation of the games of the ancients, for Napoleon had a great hankering to ape the Roman Caesars in everything. There were, for instance, gymnastic exercises, races on foot, horse races, chariot races like those of the Romans, combats of wild beasts, and as water can be introduced into the arena, there were sometimes exhibited *naumachiae* or naval fights. These exhibitions were extremely frequent at Milan during the vice-regency of Prince Eugène Napoleon; during this Government, indeed, Milan flourished in the highest degree of opulence and splendour and profited much by being one of the principal depôts of the inland trade between France and Italy, during the continental blockade, besides enjoying the advantage of being the seat of Government during the existence of the *Regno d'Italia*. Even now, tho' groaning under the leaden sceptre of Austria, it is one of the most lively and splendid cities I ever beheld; and I made this remark to a Milanese. He answered with a deep sigh: "Ah! Monsieur, si vous aviez été ici dans le temps du Prince Eugène! Mais aujourd'hui nous sommes ruinés."

My next visit was to the *Porta del Sempione*, which is at a short distance from the amphitheatre, and which, were it finished, would be the finest thing of the kind in Europe; it was designed, and would have been completed by Napoleon, had he remained on the throne. Figures representing France, Italy, Fortitude and Wisdom adorn the façade and there are several bas-reliefs, among which is one representing Napoleon receiving the keys of Milan after the battle of Marengo. All is yet unfinished; columns, pedestals, friezes, capitals and various other architectural ornaments, besides several unhewn blocks of marble, lie on the ground; and probably this magnificent design will never be completed for no other reason than because it was imagined by Napoleon and might recall his glories. Verily, Legitimacy is childishly spiteful!

Yesterday morning I went to see an Italian comedy represented at the *Teatro Re*. The piece was *l'Ajo nell'imbarazzo*—a very droll and humorous piece—but it was not well acted, from the simple circumstance of the actors not having their parts by heart, and the illusion of the stage is destroyed by hearing the prompter's voice full as loud as that of the actors, who follow his promptings something in the same way that the clerk follows the clergyman in that prayer of the Anglican liturgy which says "we have erred and strayed from our ways like lost sheep." An Italian audience is certainly very indulgent and good-natured, as they never

hiss, however miserable the performance.

But in speaking of theatrical performances, no person should leave Milan without going to see the *Teatro Girolamo*, which is one of the "curiosities" of the place, peculiar to Milan, and more frequented, perhaps, than any other. This is a puppet theatre, but puppets so well contrived and so well worked as to make the spectacle well worth the attention of the traveller. It is the *Nec plus ultra of Marionettism*, in which Signer Girolamo, the proprietor, has made a revolution, which will form an epoch in the annals of puppetry; having driven from the stage entirely the *graziosissima maschera d'Arlecchino*, who used to be the hero of all the pieces represented by the puppets and substituted himself, or rather a puppet bearing his name, in the place of Harlequin, as the principal *farceur* of the performance. He has contrived to make the puppet Girolamo a little like himself, but so much caricatured and so monstrously ugly a likeness that the bare sight of it raises immediate laughter. The theatre itself is small, being something under the size of our old Haymarket little theatre, but is very neatly and tastefully fitted up. The puppets are about half of the natural size of man, and Girolamo, aided by one or two others, works them and gives them gesture, by means of strings, which are, however, so well contrived as to be scarcely visible; and Girolamo himself speaks for all, as, besides being a ventriloquist, he has a most astonishing faculty of varying his voice, and adapting it to the *rôle* of each puppet, so that the illusion is complete. The scenery and decorations are excellent. Sometimes he gives operas as well as dramas, and there is always a *ballo*, with transformation of one figure into another, which forms part of the performance. These transformations are really very curious and extremely well executed. Almost all the pieces acted on the theatre are of Girolamo's own composition, and he sometimes chooses a classical or mythological subject, in which the puppet Girolamo is sure to be introduced and charged with all the wit of the piece. He speaks invariably with the accent and *patois* of the country, and his jokes never fail to keep the audience in a roar of laughter; his mode of speech and slang phrases form an absurd contrast to the other figures, who speak in pure Italian and pompous *versi sciolti*. For instance, the piece I saw represented was the story of Alcestis and was entitled *La scesa d'Ercole nell Inferno*, to redeem the wife of Admetus. Hercules, before he commences this undertaking, wishes to hire a valet for the journey, has an interview with Girolamo, and engages him. Hercules speaks in blank verse and in a phrase, full of *sesquipedalia verba*, demands his country and lineage. Girolamo replies in the Piedmontese dialect and with a strong nasal accent: "*De mi pais, de Piemong.*" Girolamo, however, though he professes to be as brave as Mars himself has a great repugnance to

accompanying his master to the shades below, or to the "*casa del diavolo*," as he calls it; and while Hercules fights with Cerberus, he shakes and trembles all over, as he does likewise when he meets *Madonna Morte*.

All this is very absurd and ridiculous, but it is impossible not to laugh and be amused at it. An anecdote is related of the *flesh and blood* Girolamo, that he had a very pretty wife, who took it into her head one day to elope with a French officer; and that to revenge himself he dramatized the event and produced it on his own theatre under the title of *Colombina scampata coll'uffiziale*, having filled the piece with severe satire and sarcastic remarks against women in general and Colombina in particular.

The atelier of the famous artist in mosaic Rafaelli is well worth inspecting; and here I had an opportunity of beholding a copy in mosaic and nearly finished of the celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci representing the *Caena Domini*. What a useful as well as admirable art is the mosaic to perpetuate the paintings of the greatest masters! I recollected on beholding this work that Eustace, in his *Tour thro' Italy*,^[55] relates with a pious horror that the French soldiers used the original picture as a target to practise at with ball cartridge, and that Christ's head was singled out as the mark. This absurd tale, which had not the least shadow of truth in it, has, it appears, gained some credit among weak-minded people; and I therefore beg leave to contradict it in the most formal manner. It was Buonaparte who, the moment the picture was discovered, ordered it to be put in mosaic. No! the French were the protectors and encouragers, and by no means the destroyers of the works of art; and this ridiculous story of the picture being used as a target was probably invented by the priesthood, who seemed to have taken great delight in imposing on poor Eustace's credulity. To me it seems that such a story could only have been invented by a monk, and believed and repeated by an old woman or a bigot. The priests and French emigrants have invented and spread the most shameful and improbable calumnies against the French republicans and against Napoleon, and that credulous gull John Bull has been silly enough to give full credence to all these tales, and stand staring with his eyes and mouth open at the recital, while a vulgar jobbing ministry (as Cobbet would say) *picked his pockets*.

Quite of a piece with this is the said Mr Eustace's bigotry, in not chusing to call Lombardy by its usual appellation "Lombardy," and affectedly terming it "the plain of the Po." Why so, will be asked? Why because Mr Eustace hates the ancient Lombards, and holds them very nearly in as much horror as he does the

modern French; because, as he says, they were the enemies of the Church and made war on and despoiled the Holy See. The fact is that the Lombard princes were the most enlightened of all the monarchs of their time; they were the first who began to resist the encroachments of the clergy and to shake off that abject submission to the Holy See which was the characteristic of the age. The Lombards were a fine gallant race of men and not so bigoted as the other nations of Europe. Where has there ever reigned a better and more enlightened and more just and humane prince than Theodoric?[56] But Theodoric was an Arian, hence Mr Eustace's aversion, for he, with the most servile devotion, rejects, condemns and anathematizes whatever the Church rejects, condemns and anathematizes. For myself I look on the extinction of the Lombard power by Charlemagne to have been a great calamity; had it lasted, the reformation and deliverance of Europe from Papal and ecclesiastical tyranny would have happened probably three hundred years sooner and the Inquisition never have been planted in Spain. I have made this digression from a love of justice and from a wish to vindicate the French Republic and Napoleon from one at least of the many unjust aspersions cast on them. I feel it also my duty to state on every occasion that I, belonging to an army sent to Egypt in order to expel them from that country, have been an eyewitness of the good and beneficial reforms and improvements that the French made in Egypt during a period of only three years. They did more for the good of that country in this short period, than we have done for India in fifty years.

Being obliged to be in London on the 24th December I took leave of the agreeable city of Milan with much regret on the 19th of October and engaged a place in a Swiss *voiture* going to Lausanne. My fellow travellers were two Brunswick officers in the service of the Princess of Wales, who were returning to their native country; and a Hungarian and his son settled in Domo d'Ossola. Nothing occurred till we arrived at Arona, where we were detained a whole day, in consequence of some informality in the passport of the two Germans, viz., that of its not having been *visé* by the Sardinian Chargé d'Affaires at Milan.

During our detention at Arona, I fell in with a young Frenchman who was going to Milan in company of some Swiss friends. The Swiss were permitted to proceed, but the other was not, for no other reason than because he was a Frenchman; so that he took a place in our carriage in order to return to Switzerland. I found him a very agreeable companion, for tho' much chagrined and vexed at this harsh and ungenerous treatment on the part of the Piedmontese authorities, he soon recovered his good humour, and contributed much to the pleasure of our journey. The Germans came back to Arona very late at night, and during the rest of the journey gave vent to their feelings with many an execration such as *verfluchter Spitzbube*, *Hundsfott*, on the heads of the inexorable police officers of Arona. The next day, on passing by Belgirate, we took a boat to visit the Borromean islands, and afterwards returned to rejoin our carriage at Fariolo. The first of these islands that we visited was the *Isola Bella*, where there is a large and splendid villa, belonging to the Borromean family. The rooms are of excellent and solid structure, and there are some good family pictures. The furniture is ancient, but costly. The *rez de chaussée* or lower part of the house, which is completely *à fleur d'eau* with the lake, is tastefully paved, and the walls decorated with a mosaic of shells. One would imagine it the abode of a sea nymph. I thought of Calypso and Galatea. There are in these apartments *à fleur d'eau* two or three exquisite statues.

LAUSANNE, 11th November.

I have been now nearly three weeks at Lausanne and am much pleased both with the inhabitants, who are extremely affable and well-informed, and with the beautiful sites that environ this city, the capital of the Canton de Vaud. The sentiments of the Vaudois, with the exception of a few absurd families among the *noblesse*, who from ignorance or prejudice are sticklers for the old times, are

highly liberal; and as they acquired their freedom and emancipated themselves from the yoke of the Bernois, thro' the means of the French Revolution, they are grateful to that nation and receive with hospitality those who are proscribed by the present French Government; their behaviour thus forming a noble contrast to the servility of the Genevese. The Government of the Canton de Vaud is wholly democratic and is composed of a Landamman and grand and petty council, all *bourgeois*, or of the most intelligent among the agricultural class, who know the interests of their country right well, and are not likely to betray them, as the *noblesse* are but too often induced to do, for the sake of some foolish ribband, rank, or title. The *noblesse* are in a manner self-exiled (so they say) from all participation in the legislative and executive power; for they have too much *morgue* to endure to share the government with those whom they regard as *roturiers*; but the real state of the case is that the people will not elect them, and the people are perfectly in the right, for at the glorious epoch when, without bloodshed, the burghers and plebeians upset the despotism of Bern, the conduct of the *noblesse* was very equivocal. La Harpe was the leader of this beneficial Revolution, for which, however, the public mind was fully prepared and disposed; and La Harpe was a virtuous, ardent and incorruptible patriot.

This canton had been for a long period of years in a state of vassalage to that of Bern; all the posts and offices of Government were filled by Bernois and the Vaudois were excluded from all share in the government, and from all public employments of consequence. When the Sun of Revolution, after gloriously rising in America, had shone in splendour on France, and had successfully dissipated the mists of tyranny, feudality, priestcraft and prejudice, it was natural that those states which had languished for so many years in a humiliating situation should begin to look about them and enquire into the origin of all the shackles and restraints imposed on them; and no doubt the Vaudois soon discovered that it was an anomaly in politics as well as in reason that two states of such different origin, the one being a Latin and the other a Teutonic people, with language, customs, and manners so different, should be blended together in a system in which all the advantages were on the side of Bern, and nought but vassalage on the part of Vaud. A chief was alone wanting to give the impulse; he was soon found; the business was settled in forty-eight hours; and by the mediation of the French Government, Vaud was declared and acknowledged an independent state and for ever released from the dominion of Bern. The federative constitution was then abolished throughout the union, and a general Government, called the Helvetic Republic, substituted in its place; but this constitution not suiting the genius and habits of the people, nor the locality of the

country, was not of long duration; troubles broke out and insurrections, which were fomented and encouraged by the adherents of the old régime. But Napoleon, by a wise and salutary mediation, stepped in between them, and prevented the effusion of blood, by restoring the old confederation, modified by a variety of ameliorations. In the act of mediation, Napoleon contented himself with separating the Valais entirely from the confederation, and shortly after annexing it to France, on account of the high road into Italy across the Simplon running thro' that territory, and which it became of the utmost importance to him to be master of. The new Helvetic Confederation was inviolably respected and protected by Napoleon; for never after the act of mediation did any French troops enter in the Canton de Vaud, or any part of the Union to pass into Italy. They always moved on the Savoy side of the Lake to enter into the Valais. This act of mediation saved probably a good deal of bloodshed and in a very short time gave such general satisfaction, and was in every respect so useful and beneficial to the Helvetic Union, that in spite of the intrigues of the Senate of Bern, who have never been able to digest the loss of Vaud, the Allied Powers in the year 1814 solemnly guaranteed the Helvetic Confederation as established by the Act of Mediation, merely restoring the Valais to its independence and aggregating it as an independent Canton to the general Union. Geneva, on its being severed from the French Empire, and recovering its independence, solicited the Helvetic Union to be admitted as a member and component part of that Confederacy; which was agreed to, and it was and remains aggregated to it also.

In 1815, on the return of Napoleon from Elba and on the renewal of the war, the Bern Government made a most barefaced attempt to regain possession of the Canton de Vaud; to this they were no doubt secretly encouraged by the Allies, and principally it is said by the British Government, the most dangerous, artful and determined enemy of all liberty; but this project was completely foiled, by the penetration, energy and firmness of the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud and of its Government in particular. The central Government of the Union was at that time held at Bern and it was agreed upon in the Diet that Switzerland should remain perfectly neutral during the approaching conflict; an army of observation of 80,000 men was voted and levied to enforce this neutrality, but the command of it was given to De Watteville, who had been a colonel in the English service, and was a determined enemy of the French Revolution and of everything connected with or arising out of it. On the approach of the Austrian army, De Watteville, instead of defending the frontier and repelling the invasion, disbanded his army and allowed the Austrians to enter. No doubt he was

encouraged, if not positively ordered to do this, by the Government of Bern, many members of which are supposed to have received bribes from the British Government to render the decreed neutrality null and void. At the same moment that this army was disbanded, the directoral Canton (Bern) caused to be intimated to the Canton de Vaud that it was the wish and intention of the High Allies to replace Switzerland in the exact state it was in, previous to the French Revolution; and that, in consequence, two Commissioners would be sent from Bern to Lausanne, to take charge of the Bureaux, Archives and *insignia* of Government, etc., and to act as a provisional Government under the direction of Bern. The Landamman and the grand and petty council at Lausanne, on learning this intelligence, immediately saw thro' the scheme that was planned to deprive them of their independence; they, therefore, passed a decree, threatening to arrest and punish as conspirators the Commissioners, should they dare to set their foot in the Canton, and declaring such of their countrymen who should aid or abet this scheme, or deliver up a single document to the Commissioners, traitors and rebels; they likewise called on the whole Canton to arm in defence of its independence and proclaimed at the same time that should this plan be attempted to be carried into execution, they would join their forces to those of Napoleon and thus endanger the position of the Allies. They took their measures accordingly; the whole Canton Sew to arms; the Bernois and the Allies were alarmed and consultations held; the Count de Bubna, the Austrian General, being consulted, thought the attempt so hazardous and so pregnant with mischief that he had the good sense to recommend to the Allied Powers and to the Canton of Bern to desist from their project and not to make or propose any alteration in the Helvetic Constitution, as guaranteed in 1814. His advice was of great weight and was adopted, and thus the Vaudois by their firmness preserved their independence. They met with great support likewise on this trying occasion from General La Harpe, preceptor to the Emperor of Russia, and a relation to the gentleman of the same name who was so instrumental in the emancipation of Vaud. La Harpe, who enjoyed the confidence of his pupil, exerted himself greatly in procuring his good offices in favour of the Vaudois his countrymen, and this was no small weight in the scale.

Lausanne is an irregularly built city, and not very agreeable to pedestrians, for its continual steep ascents and descents make it extremely fatiguing, and there is a part of the town to which you ascend by a flight of stairs; the houses in Lausanne have been humorously enough compared to musical notes. The country in the environs is beautiful beyond description and has at all times elicited the admiration of travellers. There is an agreeable promenade just outside the town,

on the left hand side of the road which leads to Geneva, called *Montbenon*, which is the fashionable promenade and commands a fine view of the lake. On the left hand side is a Casino and garden used for the *tir de l'arc*, of which the Vaudois, in common with the other Helvetic people, are extremely fond. On the right hand side of the road is a deep ravine planted in the style of an English garden, with serpentine gravel walks, and on the other side of the ravine stands the upper part of the city, the Cathedral, *Hôtel de Ville*, and the *Chateau du Bailli*, which is the seat of Government. From the terrace of the Cathedral you enjoy a fine view, but a still finer and far more comprehensive one is from the Signal house, or *Belvédère* near the forest of Sauvabelin (*Silva Bellonae* in Pagan times)[57]. In this wood fairs, dances and other public festivals are held, and it is the favourite spot for parties of pleasure to dine *al fresco*; it is a pity, however, that the edifice called the *Belvédère* was not conceived in a better taste; it has an uncouth and barbarous appearance.

Lausanne is situated about a quarter of a mile (in a right line) from the lake, and you descend continually in going from the city to the Lake Lemman by a good carriage road, until you arrive on the borders of the lake, where stands a neat little town called Ouchy, or as it is sometimes termed *le port de Lausanne*. There is a good quai and pier. The passage across the lake from Ouchy to the Savoy side requires four hours with oars.

I have made several pleasant acquaintances here, viz., M. Pidon the Landamman, a litterato of the first order; Genl La Harpe, the tutor of the Emperor of Russia; but the most agreeable of all is the Baron de F[alkenskiöld], an old gentleman of whose talents, merits and delightful disposition I cannot speak too highly. He has the most liberal and enlightened views and opinions, and is extremely well versed in English, French and German literature. He is a Dane by birth and was exiled early in life from his own country, on account of an accusation of being implicated in the affair of Struensee; and it is generally supposed that he was one of Queen Matilda's favoured lovers, which supposition is not improbable, as in his youth, to judge from his present dignified and majestic appearance, he must have been an uncommonly handsome man. He has lived ever since at Lausanne, and tho' near seventy-four years of age and tormented with the gout, he never loses his cheerfulness, and passes his time mostly with his books. He gives dinner parties two or three times a week, which are exceedingly pleasant, and one is sure to meet there a small, but well informed society of natives and foreigners. Most German travellers of rank and literary attainments, who pass thro' Lausanne, bring letters of introduction and recommendation to the Baron

and are sure to meet with the utmost hospitality and attention.

The women of the Canton de Vaud are in general very handsome, well shaped and graceful; literature, music, dancing and drawing are cultivated by them with success; and among the men, tho' one does not meet perhaps with quite as much instruction as at Geneva (I mean that it is not so general), yet no pedantry whatever prevails as in Geneva. At Lausanne they have sincere and solid republican principles and they do not pay that servile court to the English that the Genevese do; nor have they as yet adopted the phrase "*Dieu me damne*."

PARIS, Dec. 5th.

I returned to Paris by Geneva and crossing the Jura chain of mountains passed thro' Dole, Auxonne and Dijon. At Geneva, where I stopped three days, I met, at a musical party given by M. Picot the banker, the celebrated cantatrice Grassini, who looked as beautiful as ever, and sung in the most fascinating style several airs, particularly "*Quelle pupille tenere*" in the opera of the *Orazj e Curiazi*. To my taste her style of singing is far preferable to that of Catalani; there is much more pathos and feeling in the singing of Grassini; it is completely and truly the "*cantar che nell'anima si sente*." Catalani is very powerful, wonderful, if you will, in execution; but she does not touch my heart as Grassini does.

On my return to Paris from Geneva I found that the conditions of peace had been made public. They are certainly hard, not so much on account of the cession of territory, which is trifling, as on account of the vast sums of money that France is obliged to pay, and the still more galling condition of having to pay and feed at her expense an army of occupation of 150,000 men, of the Allied troops, for a term of three or five years, and to cede during that period several important fortresses. The inhabitants of Paris look very gloomy and nobody seems to think that the peace will last half as long. Prussia and Austria strove hard to wrest Alsace and German Lorraine from France; hosts of German publicists had accompanied their armies into France and had written pamphlet upon pamphlet to prove that mountains and not rivers were the proper boundaries of nations and that wherever the German language prevails, the country ought to belong to the Germanic body. Ergo, the Vosges mountains were the natural boundaries of France, and Alsace and German Lorraine should revert to Germany. Russia and England, however, opposed this, and insisted that these two provinces should remain with France; but I have no doubt that the first movements that may occur

in France (and they will perhaps be secretly encouraged) will serve as a pretext for the Allies to separate these countries definitively from France.

The Louvre has been stripped of the principal statues and pictures which have been sent back to the places from whence they were taken, to the great mortification of the Parisians, most of whom would have consented to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and half of France to boot on condition of keeping the statues and pictures. The English Bureaux are preparing to leave Paris and the troops will soon follow; a new French army is organizing and several Swiss battalions are raised. It is generally supposed that by the end of December France, with the exception of the fortresses and districts to be occupied by the Allied Powers, will be freed from the pressure of foreign troops.

The Chamber of Peers is occupied with the trial of Marshall Ney, the Conseil de Guerre, which was ordered to assemble for that purpose having declared itself incompetent. The friends of Ney advised him to claim the protection of the 12th Article of the Capitulation of Paris, and Madame Ney, it is said, applied both to the Duke of Wellington and to the Emperor of Russia; both ungenerously refused; to the former Nature has not given a heart with much sensibility, and the latter bears a petty spite against Ney on account of his title, *Prince de la Moskowa*. It is pretty generally anticipated that poor Ney will be condemned and executed; for tho' at the representation of *Cinna* a few nights ago, at the Théâtre Français, the allusions to clemency were loudly caught hold of and applauded by the audience, yet I suspect Louis XVIII is by no means of a relenting nature, and that he is as little inclined to pardon political trespasses as his ancestor Louis IX was disposed to pardon those against religion; for, according to Gibbon, his recommendation to his followers was: "*Si quelqu'un parle contre la foi chrétienne dans votre présence, donnez lui l'épée ventre-dedans.*"

December 18th.

I met with an emigrant this day at the Palais Royal who was acquainted with my family in London. It was the Vicomte de B*****ye.[58] He had resided some time in England and also in Switzerland. He is an amiable man, but a most incorrigible Ultra. He displayed at once the ideas that prevail among the Ultras, which must render them eternally at variance with the mass of the French nation. In speaking of the state of France, he said: "*Je n'ai jamais cessé et jamais je ne cesserai de regarder comme voleurs tous les acquéreurs des biens des émigrés.*"

Il faudroit, pour le bonheur de la France, qu'elle fût placés dans le même état ou elle était avant la Révolution." He would not listen to my reasons against the possibility of effecting such a plan, even were the plan just and reasonable in itself. I told him that for the emigrants to expect to get back their property was just as absurd as for the descendants of those Saxon families in England, whose ancestors were dispossessed of their estates by William the Conqueror, to think of regaining them, and to call upon the Duke of Northumberland, for instance, as a descendant of a Norman invader, to give up his property as unjustly acquired by his progenitors. We did not hold long converse after this; his ideas and mine diverged too much from each other.

The English are very much out of favour with the emigrants, as well on account of the stripping of the Louvre as on account of not having shot all the *libéraux*. They had the folly to believe that the Allied troops would merely make war for the emigrants' interests, and after having put to death a considerable quantity of those who should be designated as rebels and Jacobins by them (the emigrants), would replace France in the exact position she was in 1789, and then depart.

Poor Marshall Ney's fate is decided. He was sentenced to death, and the sentence was carried into execution not on the *Place de Grenelle* as was given out, but in the gardens of Luxemburgh at a very early hour. He met his fate with great firmness and composure. I leave Paris to-morrow for London.

[47] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, VI, 20, 7.

[48] Virgil, *Aen.*, VI, 620 (*temnere divos*).—ED.

[49] Louis Wirion (1764-1810), an officer of *gendarmerie*, commander-general of the *place* de Verdun since 1804, was accused in 1808 of having extorted money from certain English prisoners quartered in Verdun (Estwick, Morshead, Garland, etc.). Wirion shot himself before the end of the long proceedings, which do not seem to have established his guilt, but had reduced him to misery and despair.—ED.

[50] Richard Brinsley Sheridan's (1751-1816) *Pizarro*, produced at Drury Lane in 1799.—ED.

[51] Three brothers Zadera, all born in Warsaw, served in the Imperial army.—ED.

[52] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso* III, 2, i.—ED.

[53] These words mean, or are supposed to mean, in French and in Dutch: "I don't understand" (*je n'entends pas*).—ED.

[54] Horace, *Carm.*, IV, 2,39.—ED.

[55] John Chetwode Eustace (1762-1815), author of *A Tour through Italy* (2 vol., London, 1813), the eighth edition of which appeared in 1841.—ED.

[56] Theodoric was a Goth, not a Lombard.—ED.

[57] Of course, *Silva Beleni*.—ED.

[58] Perhaps Clement François Philippe de Laâge Bellefaye, mentioned in the *Souvenirs* of Baron de Frénilly, p. 94. His large estates had been confiscated in the Revolution.—ED.

AFTER WATERLOO

PART II

CHAPTER VI

MARCH-JUNE, 1816

Ball at Cambray, attended by the Duke of Wellington—An Adventure between Saint Quentin and Compiègne—Paris revisited—Colonel Wardle and Mrs Wallis—Society in Paris—The Sourds-Muets—The Cemetery of Père La Chaise—Apathy of the French people—The priests—Marriage of the Duke de Berri.

March, 1816.

This time I varied my route to Paris, by passing thro' St Omer, Douay and Cambray. At Cambray I was present at a ball given by the municipality. The Duke of Wellington was there. He had in his hand an extraordinary sort of hat which had something of a shape of a folding cocked hat, with divers red crosses and figures on it, so that it resembled a conjurer's cap. I understand it is a hat given to his Grace by magnanimous Alexander; St Nicholas perhaps commissioned the Emperor to present it to Wellington, for his Grace is entitled to the eternal gratitude of the different Saints, as well as of the different sovereigns, for having maintained them respectively in their celestial and terrestrial dominions; and it is to be hoped, after his death, that the latter will celebrate for him a brilliant apotheosis, and the former be as complaisant to him and make room for him in the Empyreum as Virgil requests the Scorpion to do for Augustus:

...Ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpios, et coeli jusiâ plus parts reliquit.[59]

I met with an adventure in my journey from St Quentin to Compiègne, which, had it happened a hundred years ago in France, would have alarmed me much for my personal safety. It was as follows. I had taken my place at St Quentin to

go to Paris; but all the diligences being filled, the *bureau* expedited a *calèche* to convey me as far as Compiègne, there to meet the Paris diligence at nine the next morning. It was a very dark cold night, and snowed very hard.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, half way between St Quentin and Compiègne, the axle tree of the carriage broke; we were at least two miles from any village one way and three the other; but a lone house was close to the spot where the accident happened. We had, therefore, the choice of going forward or backward, the postillion and myself helping the carriage on with our hands, or to take refuge at the lone house till dawn of day. I preferred the latter; we knocked several times at the door of the lone house, but the owner refused to admit us, saying that he was sure we were *gens de mauvaise vie*, and that he would shoot us if we did not go away. The postillion and I then determined on retrograding two miles, the distance of the nearest village, and remaining there till morning. We arrived there with no small difficulty and labour, for it snowed very fast and heavily, and it required a good deal of bodily exertion to push on the carriage. Arrived at the village, we knocked at the door of a small cottage, the owner of which sold some brandy. He received me very civilly, gave me some eggs and bacon for supper, and a very fair bed.

The next morning, after having the axle tree repaired, we proceeded on our journey to Compiègne. I suffered much from the cold during this adventure, and did not sleep well, having fallen into a train of thought which prevented me from so doing; and I could not help bringing to my recollection the adventure of Raymond in the forest near Strassburg, in the romance of *The Monk*. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the rest of the journey; but this adventure obliged me to remain one day at Compiègne to wait for the next diligence.

PARIS, April 8th, 1816.

I delivered my letters to the Wardle family and am very much pleased with them. I meet a very agreeable society at their house. Col Wardle is quite a republican and very rigid in his principles.[60] His daughter is a young lady of first rate talents and has already distinguished herself by some poetical compositions. I met at their house Mrs Wallis, the sister of Sir R. Wilson.[61] She is an enthusiastic Napoleonist, and wears at times a tricolored scarf and a gold chain with a medal of Napoleon's head attached to it; this head she sometimes, to amuse herself, compels the old emigrants she meets with in society to kiss. The

trial of her brother is now going on for aiding and abetting the escape of Lavalette. I sincerely hope he will escape any severity of punishment, but I more fear the effects of Tory vengeance against him in England, in the shape of depriving him of his commission, than I do the sentence of any French court. Yet tho' I wish him well, I cannot help feeling the remains of a little grudge against him for his calumny against Napoleon in accusing him of poisoning the sick of his own army before the walls of St Jean d'Acre. I have always vindicated the character of Napoleon from this most unjust and unfounded aspersion, because having been in Egypt with Abercrombie's army and having had daily intercourse with Belliard's division of the French army, after the capitulation of Cairo, and during our joint march on the left bank of the Nile to Rosetta, I knew that there was not a syllable of truth in the story. Mrs Wallis, however, tells me that her brother has expressed deep regret that he ever gave credence and currency to such a report; and that he acknowledges that he was himself deceived. But he did Napoleon an irreparable injury, and his work on the Egyptian campaign contributed in a very great degree to excite the hatred of the English people against Napoleon, as well as to flatter the passions and prejudices of the Tories.

In the affair however of Lavalette Wilson has nobly retrieved his character and obliterated all recollection of his former error. It is amazing the popularity he and his two gallant associates have acquired in France by this generous and chevaleresque enterprise.

I meet at Col Wardle's a very pleasant French society: conversation, music and singing fill up the evening.

April 15th.

I have been presented to a very agreeable lady, Madame Esther Fournier, who holds a *conversazione* at her house in the Rue St Honoré every Wednesday evening. Here there is either a concert, a ball or private theatricals; while in a separate room play goes forward and *crebs*, a game of dice similar to hazard, is the fashionable game. Refreshments are handed round and at twelve o'clock the company break up. Mme Fournier is a lady of very distinguished talent and always acts a principal rôle herself in the dramatic performances given at her private theatricals.

I have become acquainted too with a very pleasant family, M. and Mme

Vanderberg, who are the proprietors of a large house and magnificent garden in the Faubourg du Roule. M. Vanderberg is a man of very large fortune.[62] He has three daughters, handsome and highly accomplished, and one son; one of them was married to General R——, but is since divorced; the second is married to a young colonel of Hussars, and the third is still unmarried; but being very young, handsome, accomplished and rich, there will be no lack of suitors whenever she is disposed to accept the connubial chain. I have dined several times with this family. There is an excellent table. The choicest old wines are handed about during dinner, and afterwards we adjourn to another room to take coffee and liqueurs.

If there is no evening party, the company retire, some for the theatre, some for other houses, where they have to pass the evening; if the family remain at home you have the option of retiring or remaining with them, and the evening is filled up with music or *petits jeux*. I meet with several agreeable and distinguished people at this house, among whom are M. Anglas, Mme Duthon from the Canton de Vaud, a lady of great vivacity and talent, and General Guilleminot and his lady. Col. Paulet, who married M. Vanderberg's second daughter, was on the staff of General Guilleminot at the battle of Waterloo and suffered much from a fever and ague that he caught on the night bivouacs.

I have attended a séance of the Institution of the *Sourds-Muets* founded by the famous Abbé de l'Epée, and continued with equal success by his successor the Abbé S[icard],[63] who delivered the lecture and exhibited the talent and proficiency of his pupils. The eldest pupil, Massieu, himself deaf and dumb, is an extraordinary genius and he may be said in some measure to direct all the others. Massieu, who has a very interesting and even handsome countenance, and manners extremely prepossessing, conducts the examination of the pupils by means of signs, and writing on a slate or paper; and it is wonderful to observe the progress made by these interesting young persons, who have been so harshly treated by Nature. The definitions they give of substances and qualities are so just and happy; and in their situation, definition is everything, for they cannot learn by rote, as other boys often do, who, in the study of philology, acquire only words and not things or meanings. The deaf and dumb persons, on the contrary, acquire at once by this method of instruction the philosophy of grammar; and then it is far from being the dry study that many people suppose. A German princess who was present exclaimed in a transport of admiration at some of the specimens of definitions and inferences given by the pupils; " Oh! I wish that I were born deaf and dumb, were it only to learn grammar properly!" Sir Sidney

Smith was present at this lecture and seemed inclined to make himself a little too conspicuous. For instance, before the examination began, he seated himself close by the Abbé S[icard] and pulling a paper out of his pocket said that he had found it on the ground on his way hither; and that it was part of a leaf from an edition of Cicero which contained a sentence so applicable to the character and talents of his friend the Abbé, that he requested permission to read it aloud and translate it into French for the benefit of those who did not understand Latin. He then read the sentence. The Abbé, not to be out-done in compliments, then rose and made a most flaming speech in eulogium of his friend "the heroic defender of St John d'Acre" and pointed him out to the audience as the first person who had foiled the arms of the "Usurper."

Now this word "Usurper" applied to Napoleon did not at all please the audience, and it shewed a great deal of servility on the part of the Abbé to insult fallen greatness, and in the person too of a man who had rendered such vast services to science. In fact this episode was received coldly, and somewhat impatiently by the audience; and many thought it was a thing *got up* between the Admiral and the Abbé to flatter each other's vanity; indeed my friend Mrs Wallis, next to whom I was placed, and who does not at all agree with the gallant Admiral in politics, intimated this in a whisper, loud enough to be heard by all the audience and added: "Such a humbug is enough to make one sick." Sir Sidney Smith heard all this and seemed a good deal abashed and disconcerted; he, however, had the good sense to say nothing, and the examination began.

PARIS, May 5th.

I formed a party with some friends to visit the cemetery of Père la Chaise. We remarked in particular the places where poor Labédoyère and Marshal Ney are buried. There is no tombstone on the former, but some shrubs have been planted, and a black wooden cross fixed to denote the spot where he lies.

To Marshal Ney there is a stone sepulchre with this inscription: "*Cy-gît le Maréchal Ney, Prince de la Moskowa.*" This cemetery is most beautifully laid out. The multitude of tombs, the variety of inscriptions in prose and verse, some of which are very affecting, the yews, the willows, all render this a delightful spot for contemplation; it commands an extensive view of Paris and the surrounding country. Foreigners of distinction who die in Paris are generally buried here; but it would require a volume to describe to you in detail this

interesting cemetery. I think the practice of strewing flowers over the grave is very touching and classic; it reminded me of the description of Marcellus's death in Virgil:

... Manibus date lilia plenis.

We however strewed over the tombs of Labédoyère and Ney not lilies, but violets, for my friend Mrs W[allis], who was of our party, has a great aversion to the lily.

We have just heard of Didier's capture and execution at Grenoble.[64] There are continual reports of insurrections and plots, but it is now well known that the most of them are *got up* by the Ultras to entrap the unwary. The French people seem sunk in apathy and to wish for peace at any rate; nothing but the most extreme provocation will induce them to take up arms; but then, if they once do so, woe to the *Chambre Introuvable*, as the present Chamber of Deputies is called; certainly such a set of venal, merciless and ignorant bigots and blockheads never were collected in any assembly. There have occurred several scandalous scenes at Nîmes and other places. The Protestants are openly insulted and threatened, and the government is either too weak to prevent it, or, as is supposed, secretly encourages those excesses. In fact in Paris there are two polices; the one, that of the Government, the other, and by far the most troublesome, that of *Monsieur*[65] and the violent Ultra party, or as they are collectively called the *Pavilion Marsan*. [66] The priests are at work everywhere trumping up old legends, forging communications from the Holy Ghost, receiving letters dropped from heaven by Jesus Christ, and all this is done with the idea of working on fanatical minds, to induce them to commit acts of outrage and violence on those whom the priests designate as enemies to the faith, and on weak ones, with the idea of frightening them into restoring the lands and property which they have purchased or inherited and which formerly belonged to emigrants or to the Church.

A lady of my acquaintance (to give you an idea of the arts of these holy hypocrites) sent for a priest to confess and to receive absolution, not from any faith in the efficacy of the business, but merely from a desire of conforming to the ceremonies of the national worship. The priest arrived, but began by apologizing to her that he was sorry he could not administer to her the sacrament of absolution; she, surprized, asked the reason; he answered that it was because her uncle had purchased Church lands, which she inherited, and that unless she

could resolve to restore them to the church, he could not think of giving her absolution. The lady was at a loss whether to be indignant at his impudence or to laugh outright at his folly. She however assumed a becoming gravity and *sang-froid*, and told him that he was very much mistaken if he thought he had got hold of a simpleton or a bigot in her; that she had sent for him merely with the idea of conforming to the national worship, and not with the most remote persuasion of the necessity or efficacy of his or any other priest's absolution; she added: "Your conduct has opened my eyes as to the views of all your cloth; I see you are incurable. I shall never send for any of you again; and be assured this anecdote shall not be forgotten. You may retire." The priest, abashed and mortified in finding himself mistaken in his supposed prey, stammered an excuse and retired.

I intend to remain at Paris until after the marriage ceremony of the Duke and Duchess of Berri, and I shall then proceed to Lausanne. It is expected there will be some disturbance on the occasion of this marriage.

I have witnessed an execution by the guillotine on the Place de Grève near the *Hôtel de Ville*. The criminal was guilty of a burglary and murder. It is the only execution (except political ones) that has taken place at Paris for the last six months, whereas in England they are strung up by dozens every fortnight. Independent of there being far less crimes committed in France than in England, the French code punishes but few offences with death.

Why is not the sanguinary English criminal code with death in every line—why is it not reformed, I say? 'Twould be well if our legislators, instead of their puerile and frothy declamations against revolutionary principles and the ambition of Napoleon, would occupy themselves seriously with this subject. But then the lawyers would all oppose the simplification of our Code. They find by experience that a complicated one, obstructed by customs, statutes and acts of Parliament, difficult to be correctly interpreted, and frequently at variance with each other, is a much more profitable thing, a much wider and more lucrative field for the exercise of their profession, than the simplicity of the Code Napoléon; and they would die of rage and despair at the thought of anybody not a lawyer being able to interpret the laws himself. Now as our country gentlemen and members of Parliament are always much inclined to take lawyer's advice, and are besides fully persuaded and convinced that there are no abuses whatever in England and that everything is as it should be, there is no hope of any amelioration in this particular. All reasoning and argument is lost on such political optimists.

The punishment of the guillotine certainly appears to be the most humane mode of terminating the existence of a man that could possibly be invented. The apparatus is preserved in the *Hôtel de Ville*, and is never exposed to view or erected on the place of execution, till about an hour before the execution itself takes place. At the hour appointed the criminal is brought to the scaffold, fastened to the board, placed at right angles with the fatal instrument, the head protruding thro' the groove, which embraces the neck; the executioner pulls a cord, the axe descends and the head of the criminal falls into a basket. The whole ceremony of the execution does not take three minutes when the criminal once arrives at the foot of the guillotine. There is none of that horrible struggling that takes place in the operation of hanging.

June 21st, 1816.

The ceremony of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Berri passed off quietly enough. Several people, it is true, were arrested for seditious expressions, but no tumult occurred. A great apprehension seemed to prevail lest something should occur, but the gendarmerie and police were so vigilant that all projects, had there been any, would have proved abortive.

[59] Virgil, *Georg.*, I, 35.—ED.

[60] Colonel Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle was the celebrated exposé of the scandal in 1808-9, when the mistress of the Duke of York was found to be trafficking in Commissions. He had retired from active service in 1802, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Financial reasons obliged him, after 1815, to live on the Continent; he died in Florence, 1833.—ED.

[61] Sir Robert Thomas Wilson (1779-1849), author of *The History of the British Expedition to Egypt*, 1802; a French translation of that work elicited a protest from Napoleon.—ED.

[62] Vanderberg had made a fortune as a contractor to the French army; he is mentioned in Ida Saint Elme's *Mémoires d'une contemporaine* and elsewhere.—ED.

[63] Abbé Sicard (Rooh Ambroise) was director of the Institution of Sourds-Muets from 1790 to 1797 and from 1800 to 1822.—ED.

[64] Paul Didier (1758-1816) took part in a Bonapartist conspiracy at Lyons in 1816, raised an insurrection in the Isère and fled to Piedmont, whence he was surrendered to the French authorities, condemned to death and executed at Grenoble.—ED.

[65] The King's brother, afterwards Charles X.—ED.

[66] The N.E. pavilion of the Tuileries.—ED.

CHAPTER VII

Journey from Paris to Lausanne—Besançon—French refugees in Lausanne—François Lamarque—General Espinassy—Bordas—Gautier—Michau—

M. de Laharpe—Mlle Michaud—Levade, a Protestant minister—Chambéry—Aix—

Details about M. de Boigne's career in India—English Toryism and intolerance—Valley of Maurienne—Passage across Mont Cenis and arrival at Suza—Turin.

LAUSANNE, July 8th.

Departing from Paris on the 24th June, 1816, I varied my journey into Switzerland this time, for instead of travelling thro' Lyons or Dole, I took the route of Besançon, Pontarlier, Jougne and Orbe. The country between Dijon and Besançon is a rich and fertile plain. At Besançon the mountainous country begins; it is a strong fortress, and the last considerable town of the French frontier. It lies in a very picturesque situation, being nearly environed by the Doubs, which meanders under its walls, and by very lofty mountains; on the other side of the Doubs stands the citadel, its chief strength. The town of Besançon is exceedingly handsome and well built, and there are several agreeable promenades, two of which I must particularize, viz., the promenade de Chamarre and the garden of the Palace of Granvelle. There are besides several Roman antiquities and the remains of a large amphitheatre. I amused myself very well for a couple of days at Besançon, and met with some agreeable society at the *Hôtel de France* where I lodged. I left Besançon at eight in the morning of the 30th June, and arrived at Pontarlier at six the same evening. Pontarlier is a dreary, melancholy looking place, consisting of a very long street and several offsets of streets, situated in the midst of mountains, eternally covered with snow. Winter reigns here during nine months of the year. At Pontarlier the whole

garrison were under arms, when I arrived, to pay the last duties to a most respectable and respected officer, whose death was occasioned by falling into the river, while at the *necessary*, by the under board giving way. This officer had served in almost all the campaigns of Napoleon and had greatly distinguished himself. What a cruel death for a warrior who had been in fifty battles! That death should have shunned him in the field of battle, to make him fall in a manner at once inglorious and ridiculous! yet such is destiny. Pyrrhus fell by a tile flung from a house by an old woman, and I am acquainted with a gallant captain in the British Navy who lost his leg by amputation, having broken it (oh horror!) by a fall from the top of a stage coach.

I left Pontarlier on the 2d July, and arrived at Lausanne the same evening at five o'clock. On my return to Lausanne I had the pleasure to form an acquaintance with several eminent Frenchmen proscribed and banished from France, on account of having voted the death of Louis XVI, as members of the National Convention, which tried him, and for having voted, after the return of Napoleon from Elba, the *Acte additionnel*, which excluded the Bourbons for ever from the throne of France, Among them are, 1st, Monsieur Lamarque, who was one of the commissioners sent by the Convention to arrest Dumouriez, but being seized by him, and delivered over to the Austrians, he passed some time in captivity and was at length released, by being exchanged with some others against the Duchess d'Angoulême.[67] He is a very able man and seems to have far more political talent than any of the other *Conventionnels* who are here. On Napoleon's return from Elba he voted for him, but made strong objections against the formation of a peerage, which he said was perfectly useless in France, and pregnant with mischief to boot, as it would only serve as an *appui* to despotism. He wrote a pamphlet with some excellent remarks on this, subject. He therein points out the evils of an hereditary Chamber, and of a privileged aristocracy, who have nothing to expect from the people, but all from the Prince; and in its stead he proposes an additional elective Chamber, something on the plan of the Senate in America, but he decidedly reprobates an hereditary peerage.

The next is General Espinassy, a very good classical scholar and a most upright and amiable man.[68] In his vote he was solely influenced by strong but consciencious republican principles; he resides here with his wife and two sons; he was considered as one of the best engineer officers in France and he opposed the nomination of Napoleon to the Imperial dignity in 1804.

Another, M. Bordas,[69] opposed Napoleon's assumption of the Consulship on the 18th Brumaire, and was proscribed by him for a short time, but afterwards amnestied and received into favour. He gave his vote for Napoleon on the *Champ de Mai* in 1815, but accompanied this vote by a bold speech towards Napoleon wherein he found fault with his former despotic practises, and reminded him of the solemnity of his promise to govern in future paternally and nationally, as became the sovereign of a free people. M. Bordas is a very cheerful, lively, companionable man and tho' seventy years of age, he has an uncommon share of vivacity, with something of the *ci-devant jeune homme* about him, and He is pleased to be considered still as a man à *bonnes fortunes*.

The next to him is M. Gauthier, who had been a lawyer, and held a considerable post as a magistrate in the time of the Republic and under the Empire.[70] He possesses a good deal of talent, close logical reasoning, and has determined public principle.

The next, M. Michaud, had been also an advocate, and is possessor of considerable property in the department of the Doubs;[71] he is a most rigid unbending republican, something in the style of Verrina in Schiller's *Fiesco*; he opposed the assumption of the supreme power by Buonaparte on the 18th Brumaire; he voted against the Consulship for life, as well as against the assumption of the Imperial dignity. He is a very good classical scholar. He is a widower and has with him here Mlle Elisa, his only daughter, who follows her father's fortunes. She is a very amiable and accomplished young lady; she has a thorough knowledge of music and of painting in oils, and is classically versed in the Italian language. I soon became acquainted with the whole of these illustrious exiles, and I find great delight and instruction from their conversation; and this is a great relief to me, for the life one leads in a Swiss town is rather monotonous.

LAUSANNE.

I dine very often with my neighbour the Baron de Falkenskioeld, and at his house I became acquainted with M. de Laharpe, who was preceptor to the present Emperor of Russia. He is a native of this Canton, and has returned here to pass the remainder of his life. He is married to a very amiable Russian lady, and having acquired a pretty good fortune in Russia, he lives here very happily and comfortably; but notwithstanding this, he is often tempted to visit Paris,

Milan and other great cities, and when there, sighs to return to his native mountains.

As the Ultras of France bear a great hatred towards the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud, on account of the asylum given and sympathy shown to the *proscrits*, they have been at the pains of tramping up and printing a pretended petition from the inhabitants of the department of the Doubs, praying that the French Government would endeavor to obtain the removal of these *proscrits* from the Canton de Vaud, and stating that the said Canton was the *foyer* of Jacobinical principles, and the place where Napoleon's return from Elba was planned and accelerated, and thro' which the conveyance of intelligence backwards and forwards was conducted. I have no doubt that in this petition more is meant than meets the ear; that the Oligarchs of Bern, as well as the Ultras of France, have a share in it, and that it may be considered not so much as an attempt to compel the Canton to refuse asylum to these exiles, as to excite the Great Powers to enforce the abolition of the independence of Vaud, and to replace it under the dominion and authority of the Canton of Bern.

Everybody here, however, sees thro' the drift of this petition, and many persons whose names are put down as having signed it, have written to their friends at Lausanne, to declare not only that they never signed such a petition, but their entire ignorance even of the agitation of the question till they saw the petition itself in print. The French government, however, has not ventured to act any further upon it, than to make a pompous display of the royalist zeal and *bon esprit* that pervades the Department of the Doubs.

I see a good deal of Mlle Michaud. I find her conversation extremely agreeable. She had lent to me an Italian work by Verri entitled *Le notti Romane al sepolcro di Stipione*. She is a very rigid Catholic, having been educated by a priest of very strict ideas. Her devotion however does not render her less cheerful or less amiable. She having expressed a wish to hear the Protestant church service, I offered to accompany her and we went together one Sunday to the Cathedral Church at Lausanne. But it unfortunately happened that on that day a sermon was preached which must have given a great deal of pain to her filial feelings. Mr Levade, the minister, took it into his head to give a political sermon, in which, after a great deal of commonplace abuse of Voltaire, Rousseau and the French Revolution, and very fulsome adulation towards the English government (a subject which was brought in by the head and shoulders), of that *island* (as he termed it) *surrounded by the Ocean*, he lavished a great deal of still more

fulsome adulation on the Bourbons; and then most wantonly and unnecessarily began a furious declamation against the *régicides* as he termed them, who had taken refuge in the Canton, and intimated pretty plainly how pleasing it would be to God Almighty that they should be expelled from it. This intolerant discourse, more worthy of a raving Jesuit than of a Protestant minister, was deservedly scouted by the inhabitants of Lausanne; but this did not hinder poor Mlle Michaud from being much affected at the opprobrious tirade directed against a set of men, among whom her father bore a conspicuous part, and who acted from patriotic motives. I must not omit to state that in this discourse M. Levade interwove some hyperbolical compliments towards the young Prince of Sweden, who attended the service that morning. He told him that the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him, and that Providence had him under his especial care.

Now the following is the character of M. Levade.[72] He is a time-serving, meddling priest, and a most flagrant adulator of the powers that be. He thinks that by declaiming against the French Revolution, and against Voltaire and Rousseau, that he will get into favor with the great people who pass thro' Lausanne, with the French and English Government adherents, and with the great Tory families of England. No considerable personage ever passes through Lausanne, but Mr Levade is the first to make him a visit; and no rich or noble English family arrives with whom he does not ingratiate himself, and he is not sparing of his adulations. This mode of procedure has been a very profitable concern to him, as he has received a vast number of presents, and several valuable legacies, besides securing a number of pupils among the English families, that come or that have been here. He is in short a thorough parasite and time server, in every sense of the word. This adulation of the Bourbon family in his sermon, besides the meanness of it, was highly misplaced, coming from the mouth of a Protestant minister, and somebody exclaimed on leaving the Church: "*Que doit-on penser d'un ministre protestant du Canton de Vaud, qui prodigue des louanges à une famille qui a été l'ennemie acharnée de l'Elise réformée, et qui a persécuté les protestants d'une manière si atroce?*" But Mr Levade (tho' to the honor of the clergymen of the Canton de Vaud he is singular among *them*), yet he has many persons who perfectly resemble him among the members of the Church of England, and who are as eager to support despotism and to crush liberty as any disciple of Loyola or any Janissary of the Grand Signor. The other Protestant ministers of this Canton were highly indignant at this sermon; in fact, it was the first time in this city that the House of God had been profaned by the introduction of political subjects into a religious discourse. This sermon was the common topic of conversation for many days after.

CHAMBÉRY, 2d August.

I left Lausanne for Geneva on 28 July. I stopped at Nyon to pay a visit to Mme Duthon, with whom I became acquainted at Paris. I dined with her and passed a most agreeable day. Her talents are of the first order, and she is as great an enthusiast for the German language and literature as myself, besides being well versed in Italian. She had a female relation with her. We took a boat after dinner to navigate the lake, and we visited the Château and domains of Joseph Napoleon. The next day I proceeded to Geneva.

I determined on making the journey into Italy this time by Mont-Cenis, and to make it on foot as far as the foot of Mont-Cenis on the Italian side, intending to profit of the opportunity of the first conveyance I should meet with at Suza to proceed to Turin. I accordingly forwarded my portmanteau to Turin to the care of a banker there, and sallied forth from Geneva at six o'clock on the morning of 1st August.

I stopped to dine at Frangy and reached Romilly at seven in the evening. There is nothing worthy of remark at Romilly. The next morning I stopped at Aix to breakfast, and visited the bath establishment. The scenery is picturesque on this route, and the whole road from Aix to Chambéry is aligned with remarkably fine large trees. At three in the afternoon I arrived at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy. It is a large handsome city, situated in a fruitful valley, with a great many gardens and orchards surrounding it. There is a strong garrison here. Among the many *maisons de plaisance* in the environs of this city, the most distinguishable is the villa of General De Boigne, who has passed the greatest part of his life in India, in the service of Scindiah, one of the Mahratta chiefs;[73] and it was by De Boigne's assistance that Scindiah, from being a petty chief, with not more than three or four hundred horse, became the founder of a powerful kingdom, comprized chiefly of the provinces of the Ganges and Jumna, torn from the Mogol Empire, whose Sovereign fell into the hands of Scindiah. Scindiah caused the Mogol Emperor's eyes to be put out, and kept him as a state prisoner in Delhi, till the year 1805, when on the Mahrattas engaging in war with the English, Scindiah was defeated by Lake and lost the greater part of his conquests. De Boigne had quitted India in 1796, long before this rupture took place, and at that time Scindiah had a fine regular army of thirty battalions of 1,000 men, each disciplined, armed and equipped in the European manner. He had likewise sixty squadrons of regular cavalry and a formidable train of artillery. At Chambéry I met with two French *voyageurs de commerce*, who with

that positiveness, which is often the national characteristic, insisted that De Boigne owed his riches and fortune to his treachery, in having betrayed and sold Tippoo Saib to the English, when he was in Tippoo's service; and I find this is the current report all over Savoy.

Now it is an accusation totally devoid of foundation, as I shall presently show; and I took this opportunity of vindicating the reputation of De Boigne, by simply stating that De Boigne could never have betrayed Tippoo, since he was never in his service; 2dly, that he had, when in the service of Scindiah, fought against Tippoo, when the Mahrattas coalesced with the English against that Prince in 1792; and that had it not been for the assistance given by the Mahrattas to the English (a most impolitic coalition on the part of the Mahrattas, as it turned out afterwards), Tippoo would not have been compelled to conclude so humiliating a treaty of peace; 3dly, that De Boigne had quitted India in 1796, three years before the second war and death of Tippoo in 1799. I stated, too, that I was perfectly well acquainted with these particulars of De Boigne's career, from having served six years in India, and from having been personally acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Lucius Ferdinand Smith, who was the ultimate friend of De Boigne and his lieutenant general in the service of Scindiah; I added that I could not conceive how so unjust and unfounded an aspersion on De Boigne's character could find currency.

I hope that what I said will be effectual towards doing away this injurious report; but very probably it will not, for when the vulgar once imbibe an opinion, it is difficult to eradicate it from their minds, and they are not at all obliged to the person who endeavors to undeceive them, so that General De Boigne's treachery and sale of Tippoo to the English will be handed down to posterity among the Savoyards, as a fact of which it will be as little permitted to doubt as of the treachery of Judas.

CHAMBÉRY, August 3d.

At the *table d'hôte* this day I nearly lost all patience on hearing an elderly English gentleman extolling the English Ministry to the skies, and abusing the army of the Loire, calling them rebels and traitors. I stood up in defence of these gallant men, and stated that the French Army in the time of the Republic and of the Empire were the most constitutional of all the European armies, since they were taken from and identified with the people; and that it was this brotherly

feeling for their fellow citizens that induced them to join the standards of Napoleon, on his return from Elba; that they only followed the voice of the nation; that all France was indignant at the tergiversation and breach of faith on the part of the restored Government, in a variety of instances; and that, had Napoleon and the army been out of the question, the Bourbons would not have failed to be upset, from the indignation their measures had excited among the people. He then said that the Army of the Loire was a most dangerous body of men, and that that was the reason why the Allies insisted on their being disbanded. I replied that this was the highest compliment he could pay them, and the greatest feather in their cap, since it went to prove, that as long as this Army was in existence, neither the crowned despots, nor the Ultras thought themselves safe; and that they could not venture to pursue their anti-national projects, which were all directed towards depriving the French people of all they had gained by the Revolution and bringing them back to the *blessings* of the ancient *régime*. He could say nothing in reply, but that he feared I had Jacobin principles, to which I made rejoinder: "If these be Jacobin principles, I glory in them." Some Sardinian officers, who were present, seemed to enjoy my argument, tho' they said nothing; and one took me aside, when we quitted the table, and said he rejoiced to see me take the old man in hand, as he disgusted them every day by his tirades against the liberal party, and by his fulsome adulations of the British Government. The old gentleman held forth likewise in a long speech respecting the finances of England, in praise of the sinking fund, and when it was suggested to him that England from the immense national debt must one day become bankrupt: "*Non, Monsieur,*" (he said), "*la Caisse d'Amortissement empêchera cela.*" In fine, the *Caisse d'Amortissement* was to work miracles. I replied that the principle of the *Caisse d'Amortissement* was good, provided a constant and consistent economy were practised; but that at present and during the whole time from its establishment, it had been a mockery on the understanding of the Nation, when we reflected on the profligate expenditure of public money, occasioned by the ruinous, unjust and liberticide wars, which were entered into and fomented by the British Government. Indeed, I said it was like the conduct of a man who possessing an income of 200£ per annum, should set apart, in a box as a *Caisse d'épargne*, 20£ annually, and at the same time continue a style of living, the annual expence of which would so far exceed his income, as to oblige him to borrow 7 or 800£ every year. The old gentleman was all amort at this comparison, which must be obvious to every one. Nothing shows in a more glaring light the blind and superstitious reverence paid to great names; for because this sinking fund was proposed by Pitt, all his adherents extol it to the skies, without analysing it, and give him besides the credit of an invention to

which he had no right whatever.

ST JEAN DE MAURIENNE.

I started from Chambéry on the morning of the fourth of August, and stopped at Montmélian to breakfast. Here begins the valley of Maurienne, and as this valley, along which the road is cut, is extremely narrow, being hemmed in on each side by the High Alps, Montmélian, which stands on an eminence in the centre of the valley (the road running thro' the town), must be a post of the utmost importance towards the defence of this pass. It was a fortified place of great consideration in the former wars, and if the fortifications were repaired and improved, it might be made almost impregnable, as it would enfilade the road on each side. From the above-mentioned features of the ground, the valley narrowing more and more as you proceed, from the high mountains that align it and from its sinuosities, it follows that at every angle or curve caused by these sinuosities, you appear as if you were shut out from all the rest of the world and could proceed no further. The river Isère runs thro' and parallel with this valley. It rises in the mountains of Savoy and falls into the Rhône in Dauphiné. I passed the night at Aiguebelle.

From Aiguebelle to St Jean de Maurienne is twelve leagues, and I found myself so tired with walking, and my legs from being swelled gave me so much pain, that I determined to give up the *gloriole* of making the whole journey on foot as I intended and to remain here for two days to repose and then profit by the first conveyance that might pass to conduct me to Turin.

From Aiguebelle the valley becomes still more narrow, and there is a continual ascent, tho' it is so gentle as scarcely to be perceptible. Every spot of ground in this valley, which will admit of cultivation, is put to profit by the industry of the inhabitants. Here one sees beans, indian corn, and even wines; for the heat is very great indeed in summer and autumn, owing to the rays of the sun being concentrated, as it were, into a focus, in this narrow valley, and were the bed of the Isère to be deepened, or were it less liable to overflow, from the melting of the snow in spring and summer, much land, which is now a marsh, might be applied to agricultural purposes. The inhabitants of this valley regret very much the separation of Savoy from France, as during the time that Duchy was annexed to the French Empire, each peasant possessing an ass could earn three franks per diem in transporting merchandise across Mont-Cenis. St Jean de Maurienne is a

neat little town. I put up at the same inn, and slept in the same bedroom which was occupied by poor Didier who was put to death at Grenoble for having raised the standard of liberty. He was surprized here in bed by the *Carabiniere Reali* of the Sardinian government, those satellites of despotism; and according to the barbarous principles laid down by the crowned heads, delivered over to the French authorities. I observed a great many *crétins* in this valley.

SUZA, 10th August.

On the morning of the 8th August two *vetturini* passed by the inn at St Jean de Maurienne, and I engaged a place in one of them, as far as Turin. We arrived at the village of Modena in the evening. The landscape is much the same as what we have hitherto passed, but the climate is considerably colder, from the land being more elevated. Hitherto I had suffered much inconvenience from the heat. The next morning we reached Lans-le-Bourg, the last town of Savoy lying at the foot of Mount Cenis.

After breakfast we began the ascent of Mont Cenis, and I made the whole way from Lans-le-Bourg to the *Hospice* of Mont Cenis, that is, the whole ascent, a distance of twenty-five Italian miles, on foot. This *chaussée* is another wonderful piece of work of Napoleon; a broad carriage road, wide enough for three carriages to go abreast, and cut zig-zag with so gentle a slope as to allow a heavy French diligence to pass, with the utmost ease, across a mountain where it was formerly thought impossible a wheel could ever run. This *chaussée* is passable at all seasons of the year; the mountain is not so high as that of the Simplon and is less liable to impediments from the snow; the obstacles from nature are less, and you can descend in a sledge from the *Hospice* by gliding down the side of the cone, and thus descending in nine or ten minutes, whereas the ascent requires four hours' time. From Lans-le-Bourg to the *Hospice* on Mont-Cenis the road is on the flank of an immense mountain and you have no ravines to cross; the road is cut zig-zag on the flank of the mountain and forms a considerable number of very acute angles, as it is made with so gentle a slope that you scarcely feel the difficulty of the ascent. These repeated zig-zags and acute angles formed by the road, and the very slight slope given to the ascent, make the different branches appear to be almost parallel to each other, and it is a very curious and novel sight when a number of carriages are travelling together on this road to see them with their horses' heads turned different ways, yet all following the same course, just like ships on different tacks beating against the wind to arrive at the same port, a

comparison that could not fail immediately to occur to a sailor. There is scarcely ever any detention on this road from the fall of snow, as there are a considerable number of persons employed to *deblay* it as soon as it falls; but here, as well as on the Simplon, there are *maisons de refuge* at a short distance from each other. We stopped for two hours at the inn at Mont-Cenis, which is about one hundred yards from the *Hospice*. It was a remarkable fine day, and I enjoyed my walk very much. The mountain air was keen and bracing and particularly delightful after being shut up for some many days in the close valley. We had some excellent trout for dinner. At Mont-Cenis, near the *Hospice*, is a large lake which is frozen during eight months of the year. Here reigns eternal winter and the mountains are covered with snows that never melt. From Mont-Cenis to Suza the descent is very grand and striking, and the scenery resembles that of the Simplon; there are more obstacles of nature than on the former part of the road, and here ravines are connected by the means of bridges, and there are subterraneous galleries to pass thro. Several *chutes d'eau* are here observable; one of them I cannot avoid mentioning, as being very magnificent. It is formed by the Cenischia[74] which divides Savoy from Piedmont and runs into the Dora at Suza. We were highly gratified at the sight of the sublime scenery on all sides, and at the magnificent *chaussée*, and we all (I mean the passengers in the two coaches and myself) did homage to the mighty genius who conceived and caused to be executed such a stupendous work. We arrived at Suza at six o'clock p.m.

TURIN, 18th August.

Suza is a tolerably large town and has a neat appearance. It is commanded and defended by the fort of Brunetti, now dismantled, but which is to be repaired according to the treaty of 1815. It will then be a very important post and completely barr the pass of Suza. The road from Suza to Rivoli is thro' a valley widening at every step; at Rivoli you *débouche* at once from the gorge of the mountain into a boundless plain. The road is then on a magnificent *chaussée* the whole way to Turin, and every vegetable production announces a change of climate to those coming from Savoy. Here are fields of wheat, indian corn, mulberry and elm trees and vines hung in festoons from tree to tree, which give a most picturesque appearance to the landscape, and, together with the country houses, serve as a relief to the boundless plain. The *chaussée* is lined with trees on each side the whole way from Rivoli to Turin; I observed among carriages of all sorts small cars, like those used by children, drawn by dogs. These cars

contain one person each. They are frequent in this part of the country, and such a conveyance is called a *cagnolino*. The Convent of St Michael, situated on an immense height to the right of the road between Suza and Rivoli, is a very striking object. The mountain forms a single cone and it appears impossible to reach the summit except on the back of a Hippogriff:

E ben appar che d'animal ch'abbia ale
Sia questa stanza nido o tana propria.[75]

The castle seemed the very neat and lair
Of animal, supplied with plume and quill.

—Trans. W.S. ROSE.

TURIN, 14 August.

Turin is a large, extremely fine and regular city, with all the streets built at right angles. The shops are very brilliant; the two *Places*, the *Piazza del Castello* and the *Piazza di San Carlo*, are very spacious and striking, and there are arcades on each side of the quadrangle formed by them. The *Contrada del Po* (for in Turin the streets are called *Contrade*) leads down to the Po, and is one of the best streets in Turin. Over the Po is a superb bridge built by Napoleon. In the centre of the *Piazza del Castello* stands the Royal Palace, and on one side of the *Piazza* the Grand Opera house. The streets in Turin are kept clean by sluices. The favorite promenades are, during the day, under the arcades of the *Piazza del Castello* and those of the *Contrada del Po*; and in the evening round the ramparts of the city, or rather on the site where the ramparts stood. The French, on blowing up the ramparts, laid out the space occupied by them in walks aligned by trees. The fortifications of the citadel were likewise destroyed.

In the Cathedral Church here the most remarkable thing is the *Chapelle du Saint Suaire* (holy winding sheet). It is of a circular form, is inlaid with black marble and admits scarce any light; so that it has more the appearance of a Mausoleum than of a Chapel. It reminded me of the *Palace of Tears* in the Arabian Nights.

In the environs of Turin, the most remarkable buildings are a villa belonging to the King called *La Venezia*, and the *Superga*, a magnificent church built on an eminence, five miles distant from Turin. In the Royal Palace, on the *Piazza del Castello*, there is some superb furniture, but the exterior is simple enough. The

country environing Turin forms a plain with gentle undulations, increasing in elevation towards the Alps, which are forty miles distant, and is so stocked with villas, gardens and orchards as to form a very agreeable landscape. From the steeple of the *Superga* the view is very fine.

In the University of Turin is a very good *Cabinet d'Histoire naturelle*, containing a great variety of beasts, birds and fishes stuffed and preserved; there is also a Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, and various imitations in wax of anatomical dissections. Among the antiquities, of which there is a most valuable collection, are two very remarkable ones: the one a beautiful bronze shield, found in the Po, called the shield of Marius; it represents, in figures in bas-relief, the history of the Jugurthine war.[76] This shield is of the most exquisite workmanship. The other is a table of the most beautiful black marble incrustated and inlaid with figures and hieroglyphics of silver. It is called the *Table of Isis*, was brought from Egypt and is supposed to be of the most remote antiquity. It is always kept polished. Among the many valuable pieces of sculpture to be met with here is a most lovely Cupid in Parian marble. He is represented sleeping on a lion's skin. It is the most beautiful piece of sculpture I have ever seen next to the Apollo Belvédère and the Venus dei Medici; it appears alive, and as if the least noise would awake it.[77]

Turin used to be in the olden time one of the most brilliant Courts and cities in Europe, and the most abounding in splendid equipages; now very few are to be seen. When Piedmont was torn from the domination of the House of Savoy and annexed to France, Turin, ceasing to be the capital of a Kingdom, necessarily decayed in splendor, nor did its being made the *Chef lieu* of a *Préfecture* of the French Empire make amends for what it once was. The Restoration arrived, but has not been able to reanimate it; an air of dullness pervades the whole city. Obscurantism and anti-liberal ideas are the order of the day.

I witnessed a military review at which the King of Sardinia assisted. The troops made a very brilliant appearance and manoeuvred well. His Majesty has a very good seat on horseback and a distinguished military air. He is a man of honor tho' he has rather too high notions of the royal dignity and authority, and is too much of a bigot in religion; but his word can be depended on, a great point in a King; there are so many of them that break theirs and falsify all their promises. He will not hear of a constitution, and endeavors to abolish or discountenance all that has been effected during his absence. The priests are caressed and restored to their privileges, so that the inhabitants of Piedmont are exposed to a double despotism, a military and a sacerdotal one; the last is ten times more ruinous and fatal to liberty and improvement than the former.

I have put up in Turin in the *Pension Suisse*, where for seven franks per diem I have breakfast, dinner, supper and a princely bed room. The houses are in general lofty, spacious and on a grand scale.

[67] Francois Lamarque, born 1756, a member of the Convention, ambassador in Sweden, prefect of the Tarn and member of the Cour de Cassation (1804). He was exiled in 1816.—ED.

[68] Major Frye (who wrote the name Despinassy) certainly means Antoine-Joseph Marie Espinassy de Fontanelle's (1787-1829), who was a member of the Convention, voted the King's death and served in the Republican army of the Alps. In 1816, he was banished and went to Lausanne, where he died 1829.—ED.

[69] Pardoux Bordas (1748-1842) was a member of the Convention. Though he had not voted the death of Louis XVI, he was banished from France in 1816 and did not return there before 1828.—ED.

[70] Antoine Francis Gauthier des Orcières (1752-1838) was elected to the Etats Généraux in 1789, and, in 1792, to the Convention, where he voted the death of Louis XVI. Later on, he was member of the Conseil des Anoiens, juge au tribunal de la Seine and conseiller à la cour impériale de Paris (1815). Banished in 1816, he returned to France in 1828.

[71] Jean Baptists Michaud, a member of the Directoire du département du Doubs, and a member of the National Convention, voted the death of Louis XVI and against the proposed appeal to the people.—ED.

[72] Jean Daniel Paul Etienne Levade (1750-1834), Protestant minister first in England, then in Amsterdam, finally minister at Lausanne and professor of theology at the *Académie* of the same town.—ED.

[73] Countess de Boigne, in her interesting *Memoirs* (of which there is an English translation) abstained from describing her husband's career in India; this lends additional interest to the information collected by Major Frye,—ED.

[74] The manuscript has *Sennar*, a name quite unknown at Suza.—ED.

[75] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, iv, 13, 5.—ED.

[76] This shield, now at the *Armoria Reale*, is not antique, but is ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini.—ED.

[77] This statue of Cupid is not antique, and has been recently ascribed to Michelangelo (Knapp, *Michelangelo*, p. 155.)—ED.

CHAPTER VIII

Journey from Turin to Bologna—Asti—Schiller and Alfieri—Italian *cuisíne*—The *vetturini*—Marengo—Piacenza—The Trebbia—Parma—The Empress Maria Louisa—Modena—Bologna—The University—The Marescalchi Gallery—Character of the Bolognese.

August —— 1816

'Twas on a fine morning the 16th August that I took my departure from Turin with a *vetturino* bound to Bologna. I agreed to pay him sixty francs for my place in the coach, supper and bed. When this stipulation for supper and bed is included in the price fixed for your place with the *vetturino*, you are said to be *spesato*, and then you have nothing extra to pay for but your breakfast. There were two other travellers in the *vettura*, both Frenchmen; the one about forty years of age was a Captain of cavalry *en retraite*, married to a Hungarian lady and settled at Florence, to which place he was returning; the other, a young man of very agreeable manners, settled likewise at Florence, as chief of a manufactory there, returning from Lyons, his native city, whither he had been to see his relations. I never in my life met with two characters so diametrically opposite. The Captain was quite a *bourru* in his manners, yet he had a sort of dry, sarcastic, satirical humour that was very diverting to those who escaped his lash. Whether he really felt the sentiments he professed, or whether he assumed them for the purpose of chiming in with the times, I cannot say, but he said he rejoiced at the fall of Napoleon. My other companion, however, expressed great regret as his downfall, not so much from a regard for the person of Napoleon, as for the concomitant degradation and conquest of his country, and he spoke of the affairs of France with a great deal of feeling and patriotism.

The Captain seemed to have little or no feeling for anybody but himself; indeed, he laughed at all sentiment and said he did not believe in virtue or disinterestedness. When, among other topics of conversation, the loss the French

Army sustained at Waterloo was brought on the *tapis*, he said, "*Eh bien! qu'importe? dans une seule nuit à Paris on en fabriquera assez pour les remplacer!*" A similar sentiment has been attributed to the great Condé.[78] We had a variety of amusing arguments and disputes on the road; the Captain railed at merchants, and said that he did not believe that honor or virtue existed among mercantile people (no compliment, by the bye, to the young fabricant, who bore it, however, with great good humour, contenting himself with now and then giving a few slaps at the military for their rapacity, which mercantile people on the Continent have now and then felt, before the French Revolution, as well as after). The whole road from Turin to Alexandria della Paglia is a fine broad *chaussée*. The first day's journey brought us to Asti. A rich plain on each side of the road, the horizon on our right bounded by the Appennines, on our left by the Alps, both diverging, formed the landscape. Asti is an ancient, well and solidly built city, but rather gloomy in its appearance. It is remarkable for being the birthplace of Vittorio Alfieri, the celebrated tragic poet, who has excelled all other dramatic poets in the general *dénouement* of his pieces, except, perhaps, Voltaire alone. I do not speak of Alfieri so much as a poet as a *dramaturgus*. I may be mistaken, and it is, perhaps, presumptuous in me to attempt to judge, but it has always appeared to me that Voltaire and Alfieri have managed dramatic effect and the intrigue and catastrophe of their tragedies better than any other authors. Shakespeare, God as he is in genius, is in this particular very deficient. Schiller, too, the greatest modern poetic genius perhaps and the Shakespeare of Germany, has here failed also, and nothing can be more correct than the estimate of Alfieri made by Forsyth[79] when, after speaking of his defects, he says: "Yet where lives the tragic poet equal to Alfieri? Schiller (then living also) may perhaps excel him in those peals of terror which flash thro' his gloomy and tempestuous scene, but he is far inferior in the mechanism of his drama."

To return to my first day's journey from Turin. It was a very long day's work, and we did not arrive at Asti till very late, after having performed the last hour, half in the dark, on a road which is by no means in good repute. The character of the lower class of Piedmontese is not good. They are ferocious, vindictive and great marauders. They make excellent soldiers during war and they not unfrequently, on being disbanded after peace, by way of keeping their hand in practise and of having the image of war before their eyes, ease the traveller of his coin and sometimes of his life. Our conversation partook of these reminiscences, and during the latter part of our journey turned entirely on bandits "force and guile," so that we were quite rejoiced at seeing the smoke and light of the town of Asti and hearing the dogs bark, which reminded me of Ariosto's lines:

Non molto va che dalle vie supreme
De' tetti uscir vede il vapor del fuoco
Sente cani abbajar, muggire armento,
Viene alla villa, e piglia alloggiamenti.[80]

Nor far the warrior had pursued his best,
Ere, eddying from a roof, he saw the smoke,
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

—*Trans.* W.S. ROSE.

We met on alighting at the door of a large spacious inn, two ladies who had very much the appearance of the two damsels at the inn where Don Quixote alighted and received his order of knighthood; but, in spite of their amorous glances and a decided leer of invitation, I had like Sacripante's steed more need of "*riposo e d'esca che di nuova giostra*." The usual Italian supper was put before us, and very good it was, viz., *Imprimis*: A *minestra* (soup), generally made of beef or veal with vermicelli or macaroni in it and its never failing accompaniment in Italy, grated Parmesan cheese. Then a *lesso* (bouilli) of beef, veal or mutton, or all three; next an *umido* (fricassée) of cocks' combs and livers, a favourite Italian dish; then a *frittura* of chickens' livers, fish or vegetables fried. Then an *umido* or ragout of veal, fish with sauce; and lastly, an *arrosto* (roast) of fowls, veal, game, or all three. The *arrosto* is generally very dry and done to cinders almost. Vegetables are served up With the *umidi*, but plain boiled, leaving it optional to you to use melted butter or oil with them. A salad is a constant concomitant of the *arrosto*. A desert or fruit concludes the repast. Wine is drank at discretion. The wine of Lombardy is light and not ill flavored; it is far weaker than any wine I know of, but it has an excellent quality, that of facilitating digestion. A cup of strong coffee is generally made for you in the morning, for which you pay three or four *soldi* (sous), and in giving five or six *soldi* to the waiter, all your expenses are paid supposing you are *spesato*, i.e., that the *vetturino* pays for your supper and bed; if not, your charges are left to the conscience of the aubergiste, which in Italy is in general of prodigious width. I therefore advise every traveller who goes with a *vetturino* to be a *spesato*, otherwise he will have to pay four or five times as much and not be a whit better regaled. The *vetturini* generally pay from three to three and a half francs for the supper and bed of their passengers. As the *vetturini* invariably make a halt of an hour and half or two hours at mid-day in some town or village, this halt enables you to take your *déjeuner à la*

fourchette, which you pay for yourself, unless you stipulate for the payment of that also with the *vetturino* by paying something more, say one a half franc per diem for that. In this part, and indeed in the whole of the north of Italy not a female servant is to be seen at the inns and men make the beds. It is otherwise, I understand, in Tuscany.

The whole appearance of the country from Asti to Alexandria presents an immense plain extremely fertile, but the crops of corn being off the ground, the landscape would not be pleasing to the eye, were it not relieved by the frequency of mulberry trees and the vines hung in festoons from tree to tree. The villages and farmhouses on this road are extremely solid and well built. We arrived at Alexandria about twelve o'clock, and after breakfast I hired a horse to visit the field of battle of Marengo, which is in the neighbourhood of this city, Marengo itself being a village five miles distant from Alexandria. Arrived on the plain, I was conducted to the spot where the first Consul stood at the time that he perceived the approach of Desaix's division. I figured to myself the first Consul on his white charger, halting his army, then in some confusion, riding along the line exposed to a heavy fire from the Austrians, who cannonaded the whole length of the line; aides-de-camp and orderlies falling around him, himself calm and collected, "spying 'vantage," and observing that the Austrian deployment was too extended, and their centre thereby weakened, suddenly profiting of this circumstance to order Desaix's division to advance and lead the charge which decided the victory on that memorable day, which, according to Mascheroni:

splende
Nell' abisso de' secoli, qual Sole.

The whole field of battle is an extensive plain, with but few trees, and to use Campbell's lines:

every turf beneath the feet
Marks out a soldier's sepulchre.

The Column, erected to commemorate this glorious victory, has been thrown down by order of the Austrian government—a poor piece of puerile spite, but worthy of legitimacy. Alexandria is, or rather *was*, for the fortifications no longer exist, more remarkable for being an important military post than for the beauty of the city itself. There is, however, a fine and spacious *Place*, which serves as a parade for the garrison, and being planted with trees by the French when they

held it, forms an agreeable promenade. The fortifications were blown up by the Austrians before the place was given over to the Sardinian authorities, a flagrant breach of faith and contract, since by the treaty of 1814 they were bound to give up all the fortified places that were restored or ceded to the King of Sardinia in the same state in which they were found when the French evacuated them, and the Austrians took possession provisorily. The French regarding (and with reason) this fortress as the key of Lombardy always kept the fortifications in good repair and well provided with cannon. But the Austrian government, knowing itself to be unpopular in Italy and trembling for the safety of her dominions, being always fearful that the Piedmontese Government might one day be induced to favour an insurrectionary or national movement in the north of Italy, determined, finding that it could not keep the fortress for itself, which it strove hard to do under divers pretexts, to render it of as little use as they possibly could do to the King of Sardinia; so they blew up the fortifications and carried off the cannon, leaving the King without a single fortified place in the whole of his Italian dominions to defend himself, in case of attack, against an Austrian invasion.

On the morning of the 15th August we passed thro' Tortona, now no longer a fortress of consequence. All this country may be considered as classic ground, immortalized by the campaigns of Napoleon, when commander in chief of the army of the French Republic in Italy, a far greater and more illustrious *rôle* than when he assumed the Imperial bauble and condescended to mix with the vulgar herd of Kings.

We arrived at Voghera to breakfast and at Casteggio at night. The country is much the same as that which we have already passed thro', being a plain, with a rich alluvial soil, mulberry trees and a number of solidly built stone farmhouses. The next morning at eleven o'clock we arrived at Piacenza on the Po, and were detained a quarter of an hour at the *Douane* of Her Majesty the Archduchess, as Maria Louisa, the present Duchess of Parma, is stiled, we being now arrived in her dominions. We drove to the *Hôtel di San Marco*, which is close to the *Piazza Grande*, and alighted there. On the Piazza stands the *Hôtel de Ville*, and in front of it are two equestrian statues in bronze of the Princes Farnesi; the statues, however, of the riders appear much too small in proportion with the horses, and they resemble two little boys mounted on Lincolnshire carthorses.

I did not visit the churches and palaces in this city from not having time and, besides, I did not feel myself inclined or *bound* (as some travellers think

themselves) to visit every church and every town in Italy. I really believe the *ciceroni* think that we *Ultramontani* live in mud hovels in our own country, and that we have never seen a stone edifice, till our arrival in Italy, for every town house which is not a shop is termed a *palazzo*, and they would conduct you to see all of them if you would be guided by them. I had an opportunity, during the two hours we halted here, of walking over the greater part of the city, after a hasty breakfast. Piacenza is a large handsome city; among the females that I saw in the streets the Spanish costume seems very prevalent, no doubt from being so long governed by a Spanish family.

On leaving Piacenza we passed thro' a rich meadow country and met with an immense quantity of cattle grazing. The road is a fine broad *chaussée* considerably elevated above the level of the fields and is lined with poplars. Where this land is not in pasture, cornfields and mulberry trees, with vines in festoons, vary the landscape, which is additionally enlivened by frequent *maisons de plaisance* and excellently built farmhouses. We passed thro' Firenzuola, a long well-built village, or rather *bourg*, and we brought to the night at Borgo San Donino. At this place I found the first bad inn I have met with in Italy, that is, the house, tho' large, was so out of repair as to be almost a *masure*; we however met with tolerably good fare for supper. We fell in with a traveller at Borgo San Donino, who related to us an account of an extraordinary robbery that had been committed a few months before near this place, in which the *then* host was implicated, or rather was the author and planner of the robbery. It happened as follows. A Swiss merchant, one of those men who cannot keep their own counsel, a *bavard* in short, was travelling from Milan to Bologna with his cabriolet, horse and a large portmanteau. He put up at this inn. At supper he entered into conversation with mine host, and asked if there was any danger of robbers on the road, for that he should be sorry (he said) to fall into their hands, inasmuch as he had with him in his portmanteau 24,000 francs in gold and several valuable articles of jewellery. Mine host assured him that there was not the slightest danger. The merchant went to bed, directing that he should be awakened at daybreak in order to proceed on his journey. Mine host, however, took care to have him called full an hour and half before daybreak, assuring him that light would soon dawn. The merchant set out, but he had hardly journeyed two miles when a shot from behind a hedge by the road side brought his horse to the ground. Four men in masks rushed up, seized him and bound him to a tree; they then rifled his portmanteau, took out his money and jewels and wished him good morning.

Before we arrived at Borgo San Donino we crossed the Trebbia, one of the many tributary streams of the Po, and which is famous for two celebrated battles, one in ancient, the other in modern tunes (and probably many others which I do not recollect); but here it was that Hannibal gained his second victory over the Romans; and here, in 1799, the Russians under Souvoroff defeated the French under Macdonald after an obstinate and sanguinary conflict; but they could not prevent Macdonald from effecting his junction with Massena, to hinder which was Souvoroff's object. In fact, in this country, to what reflections doth every spot of ground we pass, over, give rise! Every field, every river has been the theatre of some battle or other memorable event either in ancient or modern times.

Quis gurges aut quae flumina lugubris Ignara belli?[81]

We started from Borgo San Donino next morning; about ten miles further on the right hand side of the road stands an ancient Gothic fortress called Castel Guelfo. Between this place and Parma there is a very troublesome river to pass called the Taro, which at times is nearly dry and at other times, so deep as to render it hazardous for a carriage to pass, and it is at all times requisite to send on a man to ford and sound it before a carriage passes. This river fills a variety of separate beds, as it meanders very much, and it extends to such a breadth in its *débordements*, as to render it impossible to construct a bridge long enough to be of any use.

This, however, being the dry season, we passed it without difficulty. Two or three other streams on this route, *seguaci del Po*, are crossed in the same manner.

The road to Parma, after passing the Taro, lies nearly in a right line and is bordered with poplars. If I am not mistaken, it was somewhere in this neighbourhood that the Carthaginians under Hannibal suffered a great loss in elephants, who died from cold, being incamped during the winter. I am told there is not a colder country in Europe than Lombardy during the winter season, which arises no doubt from its vicinity to the Alps.

Opulence seems to prevail in all the villages in the vicinity of Parma, and an immense quantity of cattle is seen grazing in the meadows on each side of the road. The female peasantry wear the Spanish costume and are remarkably well dressed.

We arrived at Parma at twelve o'clock and stopped there three hours.

PARMA.

After a hasty breakfast, Mr G— and myself sallied forth to see what was possible during the time we stopped in this city, leaving the Captain, who refused to accompany us, to smoke his pipe. This city is very large and there is a very fine *Piazza*. The streets are broad, the buildings handsome and imposing, and there is a general appearance of opulence. We first proceeded to visit the celebrated amphitheatre, called *l'Amfiteatro Farnese* in honour of the former sovereigns of the Duchy. It is a vast building and unites the conveniences both of the ancient and modern theatres. It has a roof like a modern theatre, and the seats in the *parterre* are arranged like the seats in an ancient Greek theatre. Above this are what we should call boxes, and above them again what we usually term a gallery. A vast and deep arena lies between the *parterre* and the orchestra and fills up the space between the audience and the *proscenium*. It is admirably adapted both for spectators and hearers; when a tragedy, comedy or opera is acted, a scaffolding is erected and seats placed in the arena. At other times the arena is made use of for equestrian exercises and chariot races in the style of the ancients, combats with wild beasts, etc., or it may be filled with water for the representation of naval fights (*naumachia*); in this case you have a vast oval lake between the spectators and the stage. It is a great pity that this superb and interesting building is not kept in good repair; the fact is it is seldom or ever made use of except on very particular occasions: it is almost useless in a place like Parma, "so fallen from its high estate," but were such an amphitheatre in Paris, London, or any great city, it might be used for all kinds of *spectacles* and amusements. A small theatre from the design of Bernino stands close to this amphitheatre, and is built in a light tasteful manner. If fresh painted and lighted up it would make a very brilliant appearance. This may be considered as the Court theatre. At a short distance from the theatres is the Museum of Parma, in which there is a well chosen gallery of pictures. Among the most striking pictures of the old school is without doubt that of St Jerôme by Correggio; but I was full as much, dare I be so heretical as to say more pleased, with the productions of the modern school of Parma. A distribution of prizes had lately been made by the Empress Maria Louisa, and there were many paintings, models of sculpture and architectural designs, that did infinite credit to the young artists. I remarked one painting in particular which is worthy of a Fuseli. It represented the battle of the river God Scamander with Achilles. The subjects of most of the

paintings I saw here were taken from the mythology or from ancient and modern history; and this is perhaps the reason that they pleased me more than those of the ancient masters. Why in the name of the [Greek: to kalon] did these painters confine themselves so much to Madonnas, Crucifixions, and Martyrdoms, when their own poets, Ariosto and Tasso, present so many subjects infinitely more pleasing? Then, again, in many of these crucifixions and martyrdoms, the gross anachronisms, such as introducing monks and soldiers with match-locks and women in Gothic costume at the crucifixion, totally destroy the seriousness and interest of the subject by annihilating all illusion and exciting risibility.

Parma will ever be renowned in history as the birthplace of Caius Cassius, the Mend and colleague of Brutus.

The Empress Maria Louisa lives here in the Ducal Palace, which is a spacious but ornamental edifice. She lives, 'tis said, without any ostentation. Out of her own states, her presence in Italy would be attended with unpleasant consequences to the powers that be, on account of the attachment borne to Napoleon by all classes of society; and it is on this account that on her last visit to Bologna she received an intimation from the papal authorities to quit the Roman territory in twenty-four hours. We next passed thro' St Hilario and Reggio and brought to the evening at the village of Rubbiera. At St Hilario is the entrance into the Duke of Modena's territory, and here we underwent again & an examination of trunks, as we did both on entering and leaving the territory of Maria Louisa.

Reggio is a large walled city, but I had only time to visit the Cathedral and to remark therein a fine picture of the Virgin and the Chapel called "Capella della Morte." Reggio pretends to the honour of having given birth to the Divine Ariosto:

Quel grande che cantò l'armi e gli amorl,

as Guarini describes him, I believe. The face of the country from Parma to Reggio is exactly the same as what we have passed thro' already.

The next day (20 August) we passed thro' Modena, where we stopped to breakfast and refresh horses. It is a large and handsome city, the Ducal Palace is striking and in the Cathedral is presented the famous bucket which gave rise to the poem of Tassoni called *La Secchia rapita*. An air of opulence and grandeur

seems to prevail in Modena.

At Samoggia we entered the Papal territory and again underwent a search of trunks. Within three miles of Bologna a number of villas and several tanneries, which send forth a most intolerable odour, announce the approach to that celebrated and venerable city. On the left hand side, before entering the town, is a superb portico with arcades, about one and a half miles in length, which leads from the city to the church of San Luca. On the right are the Appennines, towering gradually above you. Bologna lies at the foot of these mountains on the eastern side and here the plain ends for those who are bound to Florence, which lies on the western side of the vast ridge which divides Italy. We arrived at Bologna at half-past seven in the evening, and here we intend to repose a day or two; I shall then cross the Appennines for the first time in my life. A reinforcement of mules or oxen is required for every carriage; from the ascent the whole way you can travel, I understand, very little quicker *en poste* than with a *vetturino*. We are lodged at Bologna in a very comfortable inn called *Locanda d'Inghilterra*.

BOLOGNA, 22d August.

The great popularity of Bologna, which is a very large and handsomely built city, lies in the colonnaded porticos and arcades on each side of the streets throughout the whole city. These arcades are mightily convenient against sun and rain, and contradict the assertion of Rousseau, who asserted that England was the only country in the world where the safety of foot passengers is consulted, whereas here in Bologna not only are *trottoirs* broader than those of London in general, but you are effectually protected against sun and rain, and are not obliged to carry an umbrella about with you perpetually as in London. This arcade system, is, however, rather a take off from the beauty of the city, and gives it a gloomy heavy appearance, which is not diminished by the sight of friars and mendicants with which this place swarms, and announce to you that you are in the holy land. At Bologna it is necessary to have a sharp eye on your baggage, on account of the crowds of ragged *fainéans* that surround your carriage while it is unloading.

The first thing that the *ciceroni* generally take you to see in Italy are the churches, and mine would not probably have spared me one, but I was more anxious to see the University. I however allowed him to lead me into two of the principal churches, viz., the *Duomo* or Cathedral, and the church of San

Petronio, both magnificent Gothic temples and worth the attention of the traveller. On the *Piazza del Gigante* is a fine bronze statue of Neptune. The *Piazza* takes its name from this statue, as at one time in Italy, after the introduction of Christianity and when the ancient mythology was totally forgotten, the statues of the Gods were called Giants or named after Devils and their prototypes believed to be such.

In the Museum at the University is an admirable collection of fossils, minerals, and machines in every branch of science. There are some excellent pictures also; the University of Bologna was, you know, at all times famous and its celebrity, is not at all diminished, for I believe Bologna boasts more scientific men, and particularly in the sciences *positives*, than any other city in Italy.

In the *Palazzo pubblico* (*Hôtel de Ville*) is a Christ and a Samson by Guido Reni; but what pleased me most in the way of painting was the collection in the gallery of Count Marescalchi. The Count has been at great pains to form it and has shown great taste and discernment. It is a small but unique collection. Here is to be seen a head of Christ, the colouring of which is so brilliant as to illuminate the room in which it is appended, when the shutters are closed, and in the absence of all other light except what appears thro' the crevices of the window shutters. This head, however, does not seem characteristic of Christ; it wants the gravity, the soft melancholy and unassuming meekness of the *great Reformer*: in short, from the vivid fire of the eyes and the too great self-complacency of the countenance, it gave me rather the idea

Del biondo Dio che in Tessalia si adorá.

I passed two hours in this cabinet. I next repaired to the centre of the city with the intention of ascending one at least of the two square towers or *campanili* which stand close together, one of which is *strait*, the other a leaning one. *Garisendi* is the name of the leaning tower, and it forms a parallelipipedon of 140 feet in height and about twenty feet in breath and length. It leans so much as to form an angle of seventy-five degrees with the ground on which it stands. The other tower, the strait one, is called *Asinelli* and is a parallelipipedon of 310 feet in height and about twenty-five feet in length and breadth. I ascended the leaning tower, but I found the fatigue so great that I was scarcely repaid by the fine view of the surrounding country, which presents on one side an immense plain covered with towns, villages and villas, and on the other the Appennines towering one above another. When on the top of *Garisendi*, *Asinelli* appears to

be four times higher than its neighbour, and the bare aspect of its enormous height deterred me from even making the attempt of ascending it. When viewed or rather looked down upon from *Garisendi*, Bologna, from its being of an elliptical form and surrounded by a wall and from having these two enormous towers in the centre, resembles a boat with masts.

From the great celebrity of its University and the eminent men it has produced, Bologna is considered as the most literary city of Italy. Galvani was born in Bologna and studied at this University, and among the modern prodigies is a young lady who is professor of Greek and who is by all accounts the most amiable *Bas bleu* that ever existed.[82] The Bolognese are a remarkably fine, intelligent and robust race of people, and are renowned for their republican spirit, and the energy with which they at all times resisted the encroachments of the Holy See. Bologna was at one time a Republic, and on their coins is the word *Libertas*. The Bolognese never liked the Papal government and were much exasperated at returning under the domination of the Holy Father. In the time of Napoleon, Bologna formed part of the *Regno d'Italia* and partook of all its advantages. Napoleon is much regretted by them; and so impatiently did the inhabitants bear the change, on the dismemberment of the kingdom of Italy, and their transfer to the pontifical sceptre, that on Murat's entry in their city in 1815 the students and other young men of the town flew to arms and in a few hours organised three battalions. Had the other cities shown equal energy and republican spirit, the revolution would have been completed and Italy free; but the fact is that the Italians in general, tho' discontented, had no very high opinion of Murat's talents as a political character, and he besides *committed* a great fault in not entering Rome on his march and revolutionising it. Murat, like most men, was ruined by half-measures. The last time that Maria Louisa was here the people surrounded the inn where she resided and hailed her with cries of *Viva l'Imperatrice!* The Pope's legate in consequence intimated to her the expediency of her immediate departure from the city, with a request that she would not repeat her visit. Bologna is considered by the Ultras, *Obscuranten*, and *Éteignoirs* as the focus and headquarters of Carbonarism.

In the evening I visited the theatre built by Bibbiena and had the pleasure of hearing for the first time an Italian tragedy, which, however, are now rarely represented and scarcely ever well acted. This night's performance formed an exception and was satisfactory. The piece was *Romeo and Giulietta*. The actress who did the part of Giulietta performed it with great effect, particularly in the tomb scene. In this scene she reminded me forcibly of our own excellent actress,

Miss O'Neill. This was the only part of the play that had any resemblance to the tragedy of Shakespeare. All the rest was on the French model. I saw a number of beautiful women in the boxes. The Bolognese women are remarkable for their fine complexions; those that I saw were much inclined to *embonpoint*.

[79] And also to Napoleon, after the battle at Eylau.—ED.

[80] Joseph Forsyth (1763-1815), author of *Remarks on antiquities, arts and letters in Italy*, London, 1813.—ED.

[81] Horace, *Carm.*, II, I, 33.—ED.

[82] The young woman in question was Clotilda Tambroni (1768-1818). She taught Greek at the University of Bologna and was in correspondence with the great French scholar Anse de Villoison.—ED.

CHAPTER IX

Journey across the Appennines to Florence—Tuscan idioms and customs—Monuments and galleries at Florence—The Cascino—Churches—Theatres—Popularity of the Grand Duke—Napoleon's downfall not regretted—Academies in Florence.

FLORENCE, 26th August.

The moment you leave Bologna to go to Florence you enter the gorges of the Appennines, and after journeying seven miles, begin to ascend the ridge. The ascent begins at Pianoro. Among these mountains the scenery is wild and romantic, and tho' not so grandiose and sublime as that of the Alps, is nevertheless extremely picturesque. One meets occasionally with the ruins of old castles on some of the heights, and I was strongly reminded, at the sight of these antique edifices, of the mysteries of Udolpho and the times of the Condottieri. The silence that reigns here is only interrupted by the noise of the waterfall and the occasional scream of the eagle. The wild abrupt transition of landscape would suggest the idea of haunting places for robbers, yet one seldom or never hears of any, on this road. In Tuscany there is, I understand, so much industry and morality, that a robbery is a thing unknown; but in his Holiness's dominions, from the idleness and poverty that prevails, they are said to be frequent. Why it does not occur in these mountains, in that part of them, at least, which belongs to the Papal Government, I am at a loss to conceive.

Here the chesnut and olive trees salute the Ultramontane traveller for the first time. The olive tree, tho' a most useful, is not an ornamental one, as it resembles a willow or osier in its trunk and in the colour of its leaves. The chesnut tree is a glorious plant for an indolent people, since it furnishes food without labour, as the Xaca or Jack fruit tree does to the Cingalese in Ceylon. On one of the heights between Pianoro and Lojano you have in very clear weather a view of both the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas. We brought to the night at Scarica l'Asino and the

next morning early we entered the Tuscan territory at Pietra Mala, where there is a *Douane* and consequently an examination of trunks. At one o'clock we arrived at an inn called *Le Maschere*, about fifteen miles distance from Florence; it is a large mansion and being situated on an eminence commands an extensive view. One becomes soon aware of being in the Tuscan territory from the number of cultivated spots to be seen in this part of the Appennines: for such is the industry of the inhabitants that they do wonders on their naturally sterile soil. One sees a number of farms. Every spot of ground is in cultivation, between *Le Maschere* and Florence in particular; these spots of ground, gardens, orchards and villas forming a striking and pleasing contrast with the wild and dreary scenery of the Appennines. Another thing that indicates one's arrival among the Tuscans is their aspiration of the letter *c* before *a*, *o* and *u*, which is at first extremely puzzling to a foreigner accustomed only to the Roman pronunciation. For instance, instead of *camera*, *cotto*, *curvo*, they pronounce these words *hamera*, *hotto*, and *hurvo* with an exceeding strong aspiration of the *h*. It is the same too with the *ch* which they aspirate, *ex gr.* instead of *pochino*, *chiave*, they say *pohino*, *hiave*. The language however which is spoken is the most classical and pure Italian and except the above mentioned aspiration it is delightful to the ear; peculiarly so to those who come from the north of Italy, and have only hitherto heard the unpleasing nasal twang of the Milanese and the exceeding uncouth barbarous dialect of Bologna. Another striking peculiarity is the smart appearance of the Tuscan peasantry. They are a remarkably handsome race of men; the females unite with their natural beauty a grace and elegance that one is quite astonished to find among peasants. They express themselves in the most correct and classical language and they have a great deal of repartee. As the peasantry of Tuscany enjoy a greater share of *aisance* than falls to the lot of those of any other country, and as the females dress with taste and take great pains to appear smart on all occasions, they resemble rather the shepherdesses on the Opera stage or those of the fabled Arcadia than anything in real life. The females too are remarkably industrious and will work like horses all the week to gain wherewithal to appear smart on holidays. Their dress is very becoming, and they wear sometimes jewellery to a large amount on their persons; a very common ornament among them is a collar of gold around their necks. Their usual head-dress is either a white straw hat, or a black round beaver hat, with black ostrich feathers. I prefer the straw hat; it is more tasteful than the round hat which always seems to me too masculine for a woman. At the inn at *Le Maschere* we were waited on by three smart females. The whole road from *Le Maschere* to Florence is very beautiful and diversified. Vineyards, gardens, farm houses and villas thicken as one approaches and when arrived within three miles of

Florence, which lies in a basin surrounded by mountains, one is quite bewildered at the sight of the quantity of beautiful villas and *maisons de plaisance* in every direction.

Every thing indicates life, industry and comfort in this charming country. We stopped at a villa belonging to the Grand Duke called *Il Pratolino*, seven miles distant from Florence. Here is to be seen the famous statue representing the genius of the Appennines. The Villa is unfurnished and out of repair and the garden and grounds are neglected: it is a great pity, for it is a fine building and in a beautiful position. The celebrated Bianca Capello, a Venetian by birth, and mistress of Francesco II de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, used to reside here.

FLORENCE, 27th August.

I am extremely well pleased with my accommodations at the hotel where I am lodged. Mme Hembert, the proprietor, was once *femme de chambre* to the Empress Joséphine; she is an excellent woman and a very attentive hostess, and I recommend her hotel to all those travellers who visit Florence and do not care to incur the expence of Schneider's. There is an excellent and well served *table d'hôte* at two o'clock, wine at discretion, for which, and for my bedroom, I pay seven *paoli* per day. This hotel has the advantage of being in a very central situation. It is close to the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, the post-office, the *Palazzo Vecchio*, the Bureaux of Government, the celebrated Gallery of Sculpture and Painting and to the Arno. It is only 300 yards from the *Piazza del Duomo*, where the Cathedral stands, and 600 yards from the principal theatre *Della Pergola* on the one side; while on the other side, after crossing the *Ponte Vecchio*, stands the *Palazzo Pitti*, the residence of the Grand Duke, at a distance of seven or 800 yards.

The *Piazza del Gran Duca* is very striking to the eye of the northern traveller; the statues of the Gods in white marble in the open air would make him fancy himself in Athens in the olden time. The following statues in bronze and white marble are to be seen on this *Piazza*. In bronze are: a statue of Perseus by Cellini; Judith with the head of Holofernes by Donatello; David and Goliath; Samson. In white marble are the following beautiful statues: a group representing Hercules and Cacus; another representing a Roman carrying off a Sabine woman. The Hercules, who is in the act of strangling Cacus, rests on one leg. Nearly in the centre of the *Piazza*, opposite to the post office and in front of

the *Palazzo Vecchio*, is the principal ornament of the *Piazza*, which consists of a group representing Neptune in his car or conch (or shell) drawn by sea-horses and accompanied by Tritons. The statue of Neptune is of colossal size, the whole group is in marble and the conch of Egyptian granite. This group forms a fountain. There is likewise on this *Piazza* an immense equestrian statue in bronze of Cosmo the First by John of Bologna. The *Palazzo Vecchio* is a large Gothic building by Arnulpho and has a very lofty square tower or *campanile*.

The Gallery of Florence being so close to my abode demanded next my attention. The building in which this invaluable Museum is preserved forms three sides of a parallelogram, two long ones and one short one, of which the side towards the south of the quai of the Arno is the short one.

On the north is an open space communicating with the *Piazza del Gran Duca*. The Gallery occupies the whole first floor of this vast building. The *rez de chaussée* is occupied, on the west side, by the bureaux of Government, and on the south and east sides by shopkeepers, in whose shops is always to be seen a brilliant display of merchandize. As there are arcades on the three sides of this parallelogram, they form the favorite meridian promenade of the *belles* and *beaux* of Florence, particularly on Sundays and holidays, after coming out of Church. I ascended the steps from a door on the east side of the building, to visit the Gallery.

The quantity and variety of objects of art, of the greatest value, baffle all description, and it would require months and years to attempt an analysis of all it contains. I shall therefore content myself with pointing out those objects which imprinted themselves the most forcibly on my imagination and recollection. In a chamber on the left hand of one wing of the Gallery stands the Venus de' Medici, sent back last year from France. In the same chamber with her are the following statues: the extremely beautiful *Apollino*; the spotted Faun; the *Rémouleur* or figure which is in the act of whetting a sickle. All these were in Paris, and are now restored to this Gallery. In this chamber two pictures struck me in particular: the one the Venus of Titian, a most voluptuous figure; the other a portrait of the mistress of Rafaello, called "*La Fornarina*," from her being a baker's daughter.

Returning to the Gallery I was quite bewildered at the immense number of statues, pictures, sarcophagi, busts, altars, etc. Among the pieces of sculpture those that most caught my attention were: the *Venus genetrix* (which I had seen

before at Paris); the *Venus victrix*; the *Venus Anadyomene*; Hercules and Nessus, a superb groupe; a young Bacchus; and an exquisitely chiselled group representing Pan teaching Olympus to play the syrinx, tho' the attitude of the former is rather indecorous from not being in a very quiescent state; a fine statue of Leda with the swan; a Mercury, both worthy of great attention. I remarked also in particular a statue of Marsyas attached to a tree and flayed. It is of a pale reddish marble, and tho' I perfectly agree with Forsyth, that colored marble is not at all adapted to statuary, yet in this instance it gives a wonderful effect and is strikingly suitable, as the slight reddish colour gives a full idea of the flesh after the skin is torn off. It makes one shudder to look at it. In one of the halls are the statues of Niobe and her daughters, a beautiful group. Then there is the celebrated copy of the group of the Laocoon by Bandinelli, which none but the most perfect and skilful connoisseur could distinguish from the original. But it is totally impossible for me to describe the immense variety of paintings, historical, portrait and landscape; the statues single or in groups; the sarcophagi, altars, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, bronzes, medals, vases, baths, candelabra, cameos, Etruscan and Egyptian idols with which this admirable Museum is filled. In a line on each side of the Gallery near the ceiling is a succession of portraits in chronological order of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, the Germanic Emperors, the Kings of France, of England, of Spain, of Portugal, of the Popes and of the Ottoman Emperors. Among the antiquities I particularly noticed a large steel mirror and a Roman Eagle in bronze of the 24th Legion.

Having passed full four hours in this Museum, I descended the steps, crossed the Arno and repaired to the building in which is preserved the *Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle*. In this Museum what is most remarkable are the imitations in wax of the whole anatomy of the human body. It is the first collection of its kind; indeed it is unique in Europe. These imitations are kept in glass cases and are so true and so perfectly correct as to leave nothing to desire to the student in anatomy. These imitations in wax not only include all the details of anatomy, but also the progress of generation, gestation, and of almost every malady to which the human body is liable. They are of a frightful exactitude. There are likewise in this Museum imitations in wax of various plants and shrubs exotic as well as indigenous and the collection of stuffed birds, beasts and fishes and that of insects, mineralogy and conchology scarcely yields to the collection at the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Neither here nor at the Florentine gallery are fees allowed to be taken; on the contrary a strict prohibition of them is posted up in the French, Italian, German and English languages.

On the *Ponte Vecchio* on each side are jewellers' shops, who sell besides jewellery, cameos and works in mosaic. The Quais on each side of the Arno are very broad and spacious and form agreeable promenades in the winter season. The buildings on the banks of the Arno are magnificent. The streets of Florence have this peculiarity that they are all paved with large flag stones, which makes them mightily pleasant for pedestrians, but dangerous at times for horses who are apt to slip. Most of the houses in Florence have walls of prodigious thickness; one would suppose each house was meant to be a fortress in case of necessity.

FLORENCE, 29th August.

On the other side of the Arno, a little beyond the *Cabinet Physique* and Museum of Natural History stands the *Palazzo Pitti*, the residence of the Grand Duke. It is a vast building and has a large and choice collection of pictures; but its finest ornament in my opinion is the statue of Venus by Canova, which to me at least appears to equal the Medicean Venus in beauty and in grace. The magnificent and spacious garden belonging to the Palace is called the garden of Boboli. These gardens form the grand promenade of the Florentines on Sundays and holidays. The alleys are well shaded by trees, which effectually protect the promenaders from the rays of the sun. There are a great many statues in this garden, but the most striking is a group which lies nearly in the centre of the garden. It is environed by a large circular basin or lake lined with stone and planted with orange trees on the whole circumference. In the centre of the lake is a rock and on this rock is a colossal statue in white marble of Neptune in his car. The car is in the shape of a marine conch and serves as a basin and fountain at the same time. There are several other fountains and *jets d'eau*, among which is a group representing Adam and Eve and the statue of a man pouring out water from a vase which he has on his shoulder.

The *Corso* or grand evening promenade for carriages and equestrians is on a place called the Cascino, pronounced by the Florentines *Hascino*. The Cascino consists of pleasure grounds on the banks of the Arno outside the town, laid out in roads, alleys and walks for carriages, equestrians and pedestrians. There is a very brilliant display of carriages every evening. There are *restaurants* on the Cascino and supper parties are often formed here. This place is often the scene of curious adventures. Cicisbeism is universal at Florence, tho' far from being always criminal, as is generally supposed by foreigners. I find the Florentine

women very graceful and many very handsome; but in point of beauty the female peasantry far exceed the *noblesse* and burghers. All of them however dress with taste. The handsomest woman in Florence is the wife of an apothecary who lives in the *Piazza del Duomo* and she has a host of admirers.

On the promenade *lungo l'Arno* near the Cascino is a fountain with a statue of Pegasus, with an inscription in Italian verse purporting that Pegasus having stopped there one day to refresh himself at this fountain, found the place so pleasant that he remained there ever since. This is a poetic nation *par excellence*. *Affiches* are announced in sonnets and other metres; and tho' in other countries the votaries of the Muses are but too apt to neglect the ordinary and vulgar concerns of life, yet here it by no means diminishes industry, and the nine Ladies are on the best possible terms with Mr Mercury.

I shall not attempt a description of the various *palazzi* and churches of Florence, tho' I have visited, thanks to the zeal and importunity of my *cicerone*, nearly all, except to remark that no one church in Florence, the Cathedral and Baptistery on the *Piazza del Duomo* excepted, has its façade finished, and they will remain probably for ever unfinished, as the completion of them would cost very large sums of money, and the restored Government, however anxious to resuscitate the *ancient faith*, are not inclined to make large disbursements from their own resources for that purpose. I wish however they would finish the façade of two of these churches, viz., that of *Santa Maria Novella* and that of *Santa Croce*. *Santa Maria Novella* stands in the Piazza of that name which is very large. It is a beautiful edifice, and can boast in the interior of it several columns and pilasters of *jaune antique* and of white marble. But they have a most barbarous custom in Florence of covering these columns with red cloth on *jours de Fête*, which spoils the elegant simplicity of the columns and makes the church itself resemble a *théâtre des Marionnettes*. But the Italians are dreadfully fond of gaudy colours. In the church of *Santa Croce* what most engaged my attention was the monument erected to Vittorio Alfieri, sculptured by Canova. It is a most beautiful piece of sculpture. A figure of Italy crowned with turrets seems fully sensible of the great loss she has sustained in one who was so ardent a patriot, as well as an excellent tragic poet. This monument was erected at the expence of the Countess of Albany (Queen of England, had *legitimacy* always prevailed, or been as much in fashion as it now is) as a mark of esteem and affection towards one who was so tenderly attached to her, and of whom in his writings Alfieri speaks with the endearing and affectionate appellation of *mia Donna*. The beautiful sonnet to her, which accompanies the dedication of his tragedy of

Mirra, well deserves the monument; there is so much feeling in it that I cannot retrain from transcribing it:

Vergognando talor, che ancor si taccia,
Donna, per me l'almo tuo nome in fronte
Di queste omai glà troppe a te ben conte
Tragedie, ond'io di folle avrommi taccia;

Or vo' qual d'esse meno a te dispiaccia
Di te fregiar; benchè di tutte il fonte
Tu sola fosti, e'l viver mio non conte
Se non dal Di, ch'al viver tuo si allaccia.

Della figlia di Ciniro infelice
L'orrendo a un tempo ed innocente amore
Sempre da' tuoi begli occhi il planto elice;

Prova emmi questo, ch'al mio dubbio core
Tacitamente imperiosa dice,
Ch'io di *Mirra* consacri a te il dolore.

In this sanctuary (church of the *Santa Croce*) are likewise the tombs and monuments of other great men which Italy has produced. There is the monument erected to Galileo which represents the earth turning round the sun with the emphatic words: *Eppur si muove*. Here too repose the ashes of Machiavelli and Michel Angelo. This church is in fact the Westminster Abbey of Florence.

To go from the *Piazza del gran Duca* to the *Piazza del Duomo*, where stands the Cathedral, you have only to pass thro' a long narrow street or rather alley (for it is impervious to carriages) with shops on each side and always filled with people going to or returning from the Duomo. This Cathedral is of immense size. The architecture is singular from its being a mixture of the Gothic and Greek. It appears the most ponderous load that ever was laid on the shoulders of poor mother earth. There is nothing light in its structure to relieve the massiveness of the building, and in this respect it forms a striking contrast to the Cathedral of Milan which appears the work of Sylphs. The outside of this Duomo of Florence is decorated and incrustated with black and white marble, which increases the massiveness of its appearance. The steeple or Campanile stands by itself, altogether separate from the Cathedral, and this is the case with most of the

Churches in Italy that are not of pure Gothic architecture. This *Campanile* is curiously inlaid and incrustated on its outside with red, white and black marble. The Baptistry is another building on the same *Piazza*. It is in the same stile of building as the Duomo, but incloses much less space, and was formerly a separate church, called the church of St John the Baptist. The immense bronze doors or rather gates, both of the Duomo and Battisterio, attracted my peculiar notice. On them are figured bas-reliefs of exquisite and admirable workmanship, representing Scripture histories. It was the symmetry and perfection of these gates that induced Michel Angelo to call them in a fit of enthusiasm *The Gates of Paradise*. At the door of the Battisterio are the columns in red granite, which once adorned the gates of the city at Pisa, and were carried off by the Florentines in one of their wars. Chains are fastened round these columns, as a memorial of the conquest. The cupolas both of the Duomo and Battisterio are octangular. There is a stone seat on the *Piazza del Duomo* where they pretend that Dante used occasionally to sit; hence it is called to this day *Il Sasso di Dante*.

You will now no doubt expect me to give some account of the theatres. At the *Pergola*, which is a large and splendid theatre, I have seen two operas; the one, *L'Italiana in Algieri*, which I saw before at Milan last year; the other, the *Barbieri di Seviglia* by Rossini, which afforded to my ears the most delightful musical feast they ever enjoyed. The cavatina *Una voce poco fa* gave me inconceivable delight. The *Ballo* was of a very splendid description and from a subject taken from the Oriental history entitled *Macbet Sultan of Delhi*. How the Mogul Sultan came to have the name of Macbet I know not. On the *plafond* of the *Pergola* is an allegorical painting representing the restored Kings of Europe replaced on their thrones by Valor and Justice. The decorations at this theatre are not quite so splendid as those of the *Scala* at Milan, but living horses and military evolutions seem to be annexed to every historical *Ballo*. Horses indeed appear to be an indispensable ingredient in the *Balli* in the large cities of Italy.

In the *Teatro Cocomera*, comedies are performed, and very generally those of the inexhaustible Goldoni. I saw the *Bugiardo* very fairly performed at this theatre. The story is nearly the same as that of our piece, *The Liar*, which is I believe imitated from *Le Menteur* of Corneille. The actor who did the Liar was a very good one. The actresses screamed too much and were rather coarse. Another night at the theatre I saw a piece call'd *Il furioso*, a *comédie larmoyante* which was interesting and well given; but the voice of the prompter was occasionally too loud. Tragedies are very seldom played; the language of Alfieri could never, I will not say be given with effect, but even conceived by the

modern actors. It would be like a tragedy of Sophocles performed by boys at school. There is another reason too why these tragedies are not given; they abound too much in republican and patriotic sentiments to be grateful to the ears of the Princes who reign in Italy, all of whom being of foreign extraction and unshackled by constitutions, come under the denomination of those beings called by Greeks [Greek: Turannoi], I use this word in its Greek sense. Of the Tuscan Government it is but justice to say that from the days of Leopold to the present day it was and is a mild, just and paternal government, more so perhaps than any in Europe; and the only one that can any way reconcile one altogether to those lines of Pope:

For forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.[83]

In the time of Leopold the factious nobility were kept in check, and the industrious classes, mercantile and agricultural, encouraged. The peasantry were, and are, the most affluent in Europe; and this is no small incitement to the industry that prevails. On the elevation of Leopold to the throne of the Caesars, the present Grand Duke succeeded in Tuscany; and he followed the same system that Leopold did, and was equally beloved by his subjects. Tuscany was the only country in Italy that did not desire a change at the period of the French conquest, and the only state wherein the French were not hailed as deliverers. The Tuscans exhibited a very honorable spirit on the occasion of Buonaparte's visit to the Grand Duke in 1797. They went together to the Theatre della Pergola, and on their entering into the Grand Ducal box, the Grand Duke was hailed with cries of *Viva il Nostro Sovrano*: now this proof of attachment at a period when Buonaparte was all-mighty in Italy, when the Grand Duke was but an inferior personage, at a time too when it was doubtful whether or not he would be dethroned, and in the very presence of the mighty conqueror, reflects great honor and credit on the Tuscan character. Buonaparte was much struck at this proof of disinterested attachment on the part of the Florentines towards their Sovereign, and told the Grand Duke very ingenuously that he had received orders to revolutionize the country, from the French Directory; but that as he perceived the people were so happy, and the Prince so beloved, he could not and would not attempt to make any change.

The applause given to the Grand Duke at this critical period is so much the more creditable to the Florentines as they in general receive their Prince, on his presenting himself at the theatre, with no other ceremonial than rising once and

bowing. There is no fulsome *God save the King* repeated even to nausea, as at the English theatres. In fact none of the Italians pay that servile adulation to their Sovereigns that the French and English do.

The changes projected in Italy at the treaty of Lunéville by Napoleon then first Consul, and his further views on Italy, induced him at length to eject an Austrian Prince from the sovereignty of a country which he intended to annex to the French Empire. The Grand Duke was indemnified with a principality in Germany, where he remained until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814; subsequent arrangements again restored him to the sway of the land he loved so well, and he returned to Florence as if he had only been absent on a tour, finding scarcely any change in the laws and customs and habits of the country; for tho' Tuscany was first erected into a Kingdom by the title of Etruria, and afterwards annexed to the French Empire, the institutions and laws laid down by Leopold and followed strictly by his successor were preserved; very little innovation took place, and the few innovations that were effected were decided ameliorations; for the Emperor Napoleon had too much tact not to preserve and protect the good he found, tho' he abolished all old abuses. The improvements introduced by the French have been preserved and confirmed by the Grand Duke on his return, for he is a man of too much good sense, and has too much love of justice, to think of abolishing the good that has been done, merely because it was done by the French. Tuscany has now a respectable military force of 8,000 men well armed, clothed and equipped in the French manner.

Tuscany is the only part of Italy where the downfall of Napoleon was not regretted; the inhabitants of Leghorn indeed rejoiced at it, for the commerce of Tuscany being chiefly maritime, Leghorn suffered a good deal from the continental system. Leghorn in fact decayed in the same proportion that Milan and other inland cities rose into opulence.

The character of the Tuscan people is so amiable and pacific that crime is very rare indeed. Murder is almost unknown and the punishment of death is banished from the penal code. Where the government is good, the people are or soon become good. I know of no country in the world more agreeable for a foreigner to settle in than Tuscany.

I omitted to remark that in the street called *Borgo d'Ognissanti* is a large house or *palazzo* which belonged to Amerigo Vespucci. His bust is to be seen in the Florentine Gallery. It is curious to remark the different appellations given to the

word *street* in the different cities of Italy. In Milan a street is called *vico* and in Turin, *contrada*; in Florence *strada* and in Rome, I understand, *via*.

FLORENCE, 1st Sept.

I shall start in a day or two for Rome, being very impatient to behold the Eternal City, a plan which I have had in view from my earliest days and which I have not been able hitherto to effect; for like the Abbé Delille I had sworn to visit the sacred spot where so many illustrious men had spoke and acted, and to do homage in person to their Manes. I was always a great admirer of the "*Popolo Re*."

In Florence there are a great many literary societies such as the *Infuocati*, *Immobili*, and the far renowned *La Crusca*.

Frequent *Academies*, for so a sitting of a literary society in Italy is termed, are held in Florence. There are likewise two Casinos, one for the nobility and the other for the merchants and burghers; the wives and daughters of the members attend occasionally; and cards, music and dancing are the amusements. Florence abounds in artists in alabaster whose workmanship is beautiful. They make models in alabaster of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture and architecture, on any scale you chuse: they fabricate busts too and vases in alabaster. The vases made in imitation of the ancient Greek vases are magnificent, and some of them are of immense size. Foreigners generally chuse to have their busts taken; for almost all foreigners who arrive here are or pretend to be smitten with an ardent love for the fine arts, and every one wishes to take with him models of the fine things he has seen in Italy, on his return to his native country. Here are English travellers who at home would scarcely be able to distinguish the finest piece of ancient sculpture—the Mercury, for instance, in the Florentine Gallery, from a Mercury in a citizen's garden at Highgate—who here affect to be in extacies at the sight of the Venus, Apollino, &c., and they are fond of retailing on all occasions the terms of art and connoisseurship they have learned by rote, in the use of which they make sometimes ridiculous mistakes. For instance I heard an Englishman one day holding forth on the merits of the *Vierge quisouse*, as he called it. I could not for some time divine what he meant by the word *quisouse*, but after some explanation I found that he meant the celebrated painting of the *Vierge qui coud*, or *Vierge couseuse*, as it is sometimes called, which latter word he had transformed into *quisouse*. This affectation, however, of passion for the

belle arti, tho' sometimes open to ridicule, is very useful. It generates taste, encourages artists, and is surely a more innocent as well as more rational mode of spending money and passing time than in encouraging pugilism or in racing, coach driving and cock fighting.

[83] Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. III, 303-4.—ED.

CHAPTER X

Journey from Florence to Rome—Sienna—Radicofani—Bolsena—Montefiascone wine—Viterbo—Baccano—The Roman Campagna—The papal *douane*—Monuments and Museums in Rome—Intolerance of the Catholic Christians—The Tiber and the bridges—Character of the Romans—The *Palassi* and *Ville*—Canova's atelier—Theatricals—An execution in Rome.

September——, 1816.

I made an agreement with a *vetturino* to take me to Rome for three *louis d'or* and to be *spesato*. In the carriage were two other passengers, viz., a Neapolitan lady, the wife of a Colonel in the Neapolitan service, and a young Roman, the son of the *Barigello* or *Capo degli Sbirri* at Rome. We issued from the *Porta Romana* at 6 o'clock a.m. the 3d September.

The road winds thro' a valley, and has a gentle ascent nearly the whole way to Poggibonsi, where we brought to the first night. The soil hereabouts is far from fertile, but every inch of it is put to profit. The olive tree is very frequent and several farms and villages are to be met with. The next day we arrived at 12 o'clock at Sienna. The approach to Sienna is announced by a quantity of olive trees. The situation of this city being on an elevation, makes it cold and bleak. We remained here three hours, so that I had time to visit some of the places worthy of remark in this venerable city, which is handsome and very solidly built, but has rather a sombre appearance. The *Piazza Grande* lies in a bottom to which you descend from the environing streets. It is in the shape of a mussel shell and of very large size. The Cathedral is Gothic and is a very majestic and venerable building. Inside it is of black and yellow marble. The pavement of this church contains Scripture histories in mosaic. A library is annexed to the church. The librarian pointed out to me 80 folio volumes of church music with illuminated plates; likewise an ancient piece of sculpture much mutilated, viz., a group of the three Graces. In one of the chapels of this Cathedral are eight

columns of *verd-antique*. I observed a monument of the Piccolomini family who belong to this city; one of which family figured a good deal in the Thirty Years' War in Germany. I saw several women in the Cathedral and at the windows of the houses. The greater part of them were handsome. The Italian language is spoken here in its greatest purity; it is the pure Tuscan dialect without the Tuscan aspiration. The Siennese language is in fact the identical *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*.

We arrived the same evening at Buon Convento, an old dismal dirty-looking town formerly fortified; but the country in the environs is pleasing enough. The inn here is very bad. On the road between Sienna and this place I observed a number of mulberry trees.

The next morning, the 5th Sept., we arrived at Radicofani or rather at an inn or post house facing Radicofani. This is a very ancient city, and from its being on an eminence it has an imposing appearance. Above it towers an immense conical shaped mountain, evidently a volcano in former times. In fact, the whole country hereabouts is volcanic, which is plainly seen from the immense masses of calcined stones, the exhalations of sulphur and the dreary wild appearance of the country, where scarce a tree is to be seen. I never in my life saw so many calcined rocks and stones of great magnitude heaped together as at Radicofani. It gave the idea as if it were the identical field of battle between Jupiter and the Titans, and as if the masses of rock that everywhere meet the eye had been hurled at the Empyreum by the Titans and had fallen back on the spot from whence they were torn up. It is indeed very probable that this volcano which vomited forth rocks and stones in a very remote age, gave rise to the Fable of the war between Jupiter and the Giants; just as the volcanos in Sicily and Stromboli gave rise to the story of the Cyclops with one eye (the crater) in their forehead. But the mountain of Radicofani must have been a volcano anterior even to Aetna; it presents the image of an ancient world destroyed by fire.

At Ponte Centino the next morning we took our leave of

La patria bella Di vaghe Donne e di dolce favella;

in plain prose, we left the Tuscan territory, and re-entered the dominions of His Holiness. After being detained half an hour at the *Douane*, we proceeded to Acquapendente to breakfast. The country between Radicofani and Acquapendente is dreary, thinly populated, little cultivated, and volcanic steams

of sulphur assail the nostrils. Before we arrived at Acquapendente we had a troublesome river to cross, which at times is nearly dry, and at other times the water comes down in torrents from the surrounding mountains and precipices, so as to render its passage extremely dangerous. It is always necessary previous to the passage of a carriage, to send on a man to ford and sound it, from its meandering and forming different beds crossed seven times, twice less than Styx *novies interfusa*, and it is a very slow operation from the number of rocks and quicksands; so that, should the torrent come down while you are in the act of crossing, you and your whole equipage would be swept away by the stream and drowned or dashed to pieces. Travellers going to and returning from Rome are frequently detained for a day or two at Ponte Centino or Acquapendente during the rainy season; for immediately after heavy rains, there is always a great risk and it is better to halt for several hours to allow the waters to pass off. The extent of ground that this river covers by its meandering and forming so many beds nearly parallel to each other renders it impossible to construct a bridge long enough; and it would be always liable to be swept away by the torrent. Nobody ever thinks of crossing the river in the dark. There having no rain fallen for several days we passed it without difficulty.

Within a mile of Acquapendente the landscape varies and the approach to this town is exceedingly picturesque. Acquapendente is situated on a lofty eminence from which several magnificent cascades descend into the ravine below and which give the name to the town. There are a great number of trees about this town and they afford a great relief to the eye of the traveller after so many hours' journey thro' volcanic wastes. The town of Acquapendente is very ancient; it is very large, but ill-paved and dirty; the best buildings in it are, however, modern. The inhabitants appear lazy and dirty. On entering into conversation with some soldiers belonging to the Papal army, who were stationed at this place, I found that most of them had served under Napoleon. They spoke of him with tears of affection in their eyes, and I pleased them much by reciprocating their opinions of that great man. To speak well of Napoleon is the surest passport to civility and good treatment on the part of the soldiers and *douaniers*.

In the evening we arrived at Bolsena, the ancient Volsinium, a city of the Volscians. It is an ancient looking town, not very clean, and inhabited by indolent people. It is situated on the banks of a large lake, on which there are three small islands. It is very aguish and unhealthy, and the inhabitants appear sickly, with marvellous sallow complexions. The inn where we put up was a pretty good one, and as this lake abounds in fish, we had some excellent trout

and pike for supper; among other dishes there was one that was very gratifying to me, an old East and West Indian; and that was the *Peveroni* or large red and green peppers or capsicums fried in oil. Some excellent Orvieto wine crowned our repast, and helped to restore us from our fatigues.

On leaving Bolsena the next morning, the 7th, and within a very short distance from that town we entered a thick and venerable forest, thro' which the road runs for several miles. Fine old trees of immense height covered with foliage and thickly studded together give to this forest an awful and romantic appearance. It is quite a *lucus opaca ingens*. This forest has been held sacred since the earliest times and is even now held in such superstitious veneration by the people that they do not allow it to be cut. The Dryads and Hamadryads have no doubt long ago taken their flight, but the wood, from its length and opaqueness, inspired me with some apprehension lest it might be the abode of some modern votaries of Mercury, people having confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, and the *appropriative faculty* too strongly developed in their organization, and I expected every moment to hear a shot and the terrible cry of *ferma*; but we met with no accident nor did we fall in with a living soul. On issuing from this forest we perceived on an eminence before us, at a short distance, the town of Montefiascone. We stopped there as almost all travellers do to taste the famous Montefiascone wine or *Est* wine, as it is frequently called. This wine is fine flavored, *pétillant* and wonderfully exhilarating. It is renowned for having occasioned the death of a German prelate in the sixteenth century, who was travelling in Italy and who was remarkably fond of good wine. The story is as follows. He was accustomed to send on his servant to the different towns thro' which he was to pass with directions, to taste and report on the quality of the different wines to be found there, and if they were good to mark the word *Est* on the casks from which he tasted them. The servant, on arrival at Montefiascone, was highly pleased with the flavour of the wine, of which there were three casks at the inn where they put up. He accordingly wrote the word *Est* on each of the casks. The Bishop arrived soon after and took such a liking to this wine that he died in a few days of a fever brought on by continual intoxication. He was buried in one of the churches at Montefiascone and the monks of the Convent there, themselves *bons-vivans*, determined to give him a suitable epitaph. They accordingly caused to be engraved on his tomb the following Latin inscription commemorative of the event: *Est, Est, Est, propter nimium Est, Dominus Episcopus mortuus EST*. From the above circumstance this wine is called *Vino d'Est*, and it affords no small revenue to the proprietor of the *cabaret* on the road side who sells it.

We arrived at Viterbo to breakfast and at Ronciglione in the evening. Viterbo is a large and handsome city and contains several striking buildings. It is paved with lava and contains a great variety of fountains. There is some appearance of commerce and industry in this town and there are several *maisons de plaisance* in the neighbourhood. From Viterbo, thro' Monterosi, to Ronciglione the road lies over a mountain of steep ascent; here and there are patches of forest. There is not a house to be seen on this route and from there being a good deal of wood, and no appearance of cultivation, one fancies oneself rather in the wilds of a new country like America, than in so old a one as Italy.

Ronciglione is an old rubbishing town half in ruins and contains no one thing remarkable.

The next morning at four o'clock we started from Ronciglione and reached Baccano to breakfast.

Baccano contains only two buildings; but they are both very large and roomy; the one is the inn, and the other serves as a barrack for the Military. There is always a strong military detachment here for the security of the road against robbers, who occasionally infest this neighbourhood. The inn is of immense size. Travellers, who arrive here late, would do well to halt here the whole night, as not only the road is dangerous on account of robbers, but because if they arrive at Rome after five o'clock p.m., they cannot release their baggage and carriage from the Custom house till next day. Every carriage public or private that arrives in Rome is bound, unless a special permission to the contrary be obtained from the Government, to drive direct to the Custom house (*Dogana*). In the like manner, on travelling from Rome to Florence, people generally prefer to start from Rome at twelve o'clock and bring to the night at Baccano, so as to avoid the bad inn at Ronciglione and sleep in preference at Viterbo. I here speak only of those who travel by short stages as the *vetturini* do.

Ariosto has given a celebrity to this wretched place Baccano in his poem of the *Orlando Furioso*, in the story of Giocondo in the 28th Canto, as being the identical place where Fausto, the brother of Giocondo, remained to await the return of his brother from Rome, to which place he had gone back, when half way between Baccano and Rome, to fetch the *monile* which he had left behind him, and found his wife not *alone* and *dying with grief* as he apprehended, but *sotto la coltre* with a servant of the family.

The country between Baccano and Rome is as unpleasing and even worse than that between the former place and Ronciglione. It is hilly, but not a tree, nor a house, nor a sign of cultivation to be seen except the two or three wretched hovels at La Storta. There is nothing at all that announces the approach to a capital city; and in addition to the dismal landscape there is a sight still more dismal that salutes the eye of the traveller at intervals of two or three miles and which does not tend to inspire pleasing ideas; and this is the sight of arms and legs of malefactors and murderers suspended on large poles on the road side; for it is the custom here to cut off the arms and legs of murderers after decapitation, and to suspend them *in terrorem* on poles, erected on the very spot where they committed the murder. The sight of these limbs dangling in the wind is not a very comfortable one towards the close of the evening.

We left the *Sepolero di Nerone*, an ancient tomb so called, on the right of our road and half a mile beyond it crossed the Tiber at the *Ponte Molle* (*Pons Milvius*), where there is a gate, bridge and military post. From this post to the *Porta del Popolo*, the entrance into the city for those coming from the North, the distance is one mile; there is a white wall on each side of the road the whole way, and some farm houses and villas. Near the *Ponte Molle* is the field of battle where Maxentius was defeated by Constantine.

We entered the *Porta del Popolo*, crossed the *Piazza* of the same name, where three streets present themselves to view. In the centre is the street called the *Corso*, running in a direct line from the *Porta* across the *Piazza*. We drove along the *Corso* till we arrived at a *Piazza* on our right hand, which *Piazza* is called *della Colonna* from the Column of Antoninus, which stands on it. We then crossed the *Piazza* which is very large and soon reached the *Dogana* or Custom house, formerly the temple of Antoninus Pius, where vile modern walls are built to fill up the intervals between eleven columns of Grecian marble. Here our baggage underwent a rigorous research; this rigour is not so much directed against the fraudulent introduction of contraband or duty-bearing merchandise, as against *books*, which undergo a severe scrutiny. Against Voltaire and Rousseau implacable war is waged, and their works are immediately confiscated. Other authors too are sometimes examined, to see whether they contain anything against Mother Church. As the people employed in inspecting books are not much versed in any literature or language but their own, except perhaps a little French, it is not easy for them to find out the contents of books in other languages. I had Schiller's works with me, a volume of which one of the *douaniers* took up and looked at; on seeing the Gothic letter he seemed as much

astonished as if he had got hold of a book of *Cabbala* or *Magic*. He detained the whole work, but it was sent to me the next day, on my declaring that there was nothing damnable or heretical in it; for there was no person belonging to the department who could read German. When the *douaniers* proceeded to the examination of the books belonging to one of my fellow travellers, the Neapolitan lady, she expressed great repugnance to the procedure; the *douaniers* however insisted and, behold! there were several *livres galants* with plates somewhat *lubriques*, the discovery of which excited blushes on her part and considerable laughter on the part of the bystanders. These books, however, not being contraband, were immediately returned to her, as was an edition of Baffo, belonging to my other fellow traveller, returned to him. Now this Baffo was a Venetian poet and his works are the most profligate that ever were penned or imagined by mortal man. Martial and Petronius Arbiter must hide their diminished heads before Baffo. The owner of this book chose to read out loud, quite unsolicited, several *choice* sonnets of this poet for our edification during the journey; and this branch of literature seemed to be the only one with which he was acquainted.

When the examination was over I took leave of my fellow travellers, and repaired to the *German Hôtel* in the *Via de' Condotti*, where I engaged an apartment, and sat down to dinner at an excellent *table d'hôte* at five o'clock. There was a profusion of everything, particularly of fish and game. Mulletts and wild boar are constant dishes at a Roman table. The mulletts at Rome are small but delicious, and this was a fish highly prized by the ancient Romans. Game of all kinds is very cheap here, from the abundance of it that is to be met with in wild uninhabited wastes of Latium and in the Pontine marshes. Every peasant is a sportsman and goes constantly armed with fire-arms, not only to kill game, but to defend himself against robbers, who infest the environs of Rome, and who sometimes carry their audacity so far as to push their *reconnaissances* close to the very walls of the city. At the *German Hôtel* the price of the dinner at *table d'hôte*, including wine at discretion, is six *paoli*, about three franks. I pay for an excellent room about three *paoli* per diem and my breakfast at a neighbouring *Caffé* costs me one *paolo*. A *paolo* is worth about five pence English. There are ten *paoli* to a *scudo Romano* and ten *bafocchi* to a *paolo*, The *bafocco* is a copper coin.

ROME, 12th Sept.

A great number of Germans dine at the *table d'hôte* of Franz's hotel. Among them I distinguished one day a very intelligent Bavarian Jew. I proposed to him a walk to the Coliseum the following morning, as independent of the benefit I derived from his conversation I was curious to see whether it was true or not that the Jews always avoided walking under the Arch of Titus, which was erected in commemoration of the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans under Titus, in the reign of Vespasian. On stepping out of the *Hôtel Allemand*, the first thing that met my eye was the identical beggar described by Kotzebue in his travels in Italy, and he gives the very same answer now as then to those who give him nothing, viz., *Pazienza*.

We crossed the *Piazza di Spagna*, ascended the superb flight of steps of the *Trinità de' Monti*, where there is a French church called the Church of St Louis: near it is the *Villa Medici*, which is the seat of the French Academy of the fine arts at Rome. We then filed along the *Strada Felice* till we arrived at the church of *Santa Maria maggiore*, a superb edifice, the third church in Rome in celebrity, and the second in magnificence. An immense Egyptian Obelisk stands before it. We then, turning a little to the right, made the best of our way to the Coliseum where we remained nearly two hours. I had figured to myself the grandest ideas of this stupendous building, but the aspect of it far exceeded the sketch even of my imagination. In Egypt I have seen the Pyramids, but even these vast masses did not make such an impression on me as the Coliseum has done. I am so unequal to the task of description that I shall not attempt it; I will give you however its dimensions which my friend the Jew measured. It is an ellipse of which the transverse axis is 580 feet in length and its conjugate diameter 480; but it is not so much the length and breadth as the solidity of this building that strikes the traveller with astonishment. The arcaded passage or gallery (on the *rez de chaussée* between the interior and the exterior wall), which has a vaulted roof over which the seats are built, is broad enough to admit three carriages abreast: and the walls on each side of this gallery are at least twenty feet thick. What a magnificent spectacle it must have been in the time of the ancient Romans, when it was ornamented, gilded, and full of spectators, of which it could contain, it is said, 86,000! The Coliseum has been despoiled by various Popes and Cardinals to furnish stone and marble to build their palaces; otherwise, so solid is the building, Time alone would never suffice to destroy it. At present strict orders are given and sentries are posted to prevent all further dilapidations, and buttresses have been made to prop up those parts which had given way. What a pity it is that the Arena has not been left empty, instead of being fitted up with tawdry niches and images representing the different stations

of the Crucifixion! In the centre is an immense Cross, which whoever kisses is entitled to one hundred days indulgence. To what reflections the sight of this vast edifice leads! What combats of gladiators and wild beasts! What blood has been spilled! Was it not here that the tyrannical and cowardly Domitian ordered Ulpian Glabrio, of consular dignity, to descend into the arena and fight with a lion? The Christian writers mention that many of their sect suffered martyrdom here by being compelled to fight with wild beasts; but even this was not half so bad as the conduct of the Christians, when they obtained possession of political power and dominion, in burning alive poor Jews, Moors and heretics some centuries afterwards. Indeed the cruelty of the Pagans was much exaggerated by the above writers and were it even true to its full extent, their severity was far more excusable than that of the Christians in later times, for the efforts of the Christian sect in the times of Paganism were unceasingly directed towards the destruction of the whole fabric of polytheism, on which was based the entire, social and political order of the Empire; and they thus brought on themselves perhaps merited persecution, by their own intolerance; whereas, when they got the upper hand, they showed no mercy to those of a different religion, and Orthodoxy has wallowed successively in the blood of Arians, Jews, Moors and Protestants.

How many a poor Jew or Moor in Spain and Portugal has been burned alive for no other reason than

Pour n'avoir point quitté la foi de leurs ancêtres.

No, no; no sect or religion was ever so persecuting as the Catholic Christians! The Polytheists of all times, both ancient and modern, were tolerant to all religions and so far from striving to make proselytes, often adopted the ceremonies of other worships in addition to their own; witness the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans of old, and the Hindoos and Chinese of the present day. The Jews, ferocious and prejudiced as they were, never persecuted other nations on the ground of religion, and if they held these nations in abhorrence as idolaters, and considered themselves alone as the holy people, the people of God (Yahoudi), they never dreamed of making converts. The Mussulmans tho' they hold it as a sacred precept of their religion to endeavour to make converts to Islam, do not use violent means and only compel those of a different faith to pay a higher tribute. At any rate, they never have or do put people to death merely for the difference of religious opinions. Such were the reflections I made on walking about the Arena of this colossal edifice so worthy of the *popolo Re*.

On leaving the Coliseum the first thing that meets the eye is the Arch of Constantine, under which the Roman triumphal and ovationary processions moved towards the Capitol. The Arch of Constantine stands just outside the Coliseum. It is of immense size and extremely well preserved. The ground on which it stands being much filled up and only half of the Arch appearing, the rest remaining buried in the earth, it was judged adviseable to excavate all around it in order to come to the pedestal; so that now there is a walled enclosure all around it and into this enclosure it is a descent of at least eighteen feet from the ground outside. Several statues of captive Kings and bas-reliefs representing the victories of Constantine adorn the facade of this triumphal arch. The inscriptions are perfect, and the letters were formerly filled up with bronze; but these have been taken out at the repeated sackings that poor Rome has undergone from friend and foe. At a short distance from the Arch of Constantine is the Arch of Titus, under which we moved along on our road towards the Capitol and my friend the Jew was too much of a cosmopolite to feel the smallest repugnance at walking under the Arch. Our conversation then turned on the absurd hatred and prejudice that existed between Christians and Jews; he was very liberal on this subject and in speaking of Jesus Christ he said: "Jesus Christ was a Jew and a real philosopher and was therefore persecuted, for his philosophy interfered too much with, and tended to shake the political fabric of the Jewish constitution and to subvert our old customs and usages: for this reason he was put to death. I seek not to defend or palliate the injustice of the act or the barbarity with which he was treated; but our nation did surely no more than any other nation ancient or modern has done or would still do against reformers and innovators."

The Arch of Titus is completely defaced outside, but in the interior of the Arch, on each side, is a bas relief: the one representing Vespasian's triumph over the Jews, and the Emperor himself in a car drawn by six horses; the other represents the soldiers and followers of the triumph, bearing the spoils of the conquered nation, and among them the famous candlesticks that adorned the temple of Jerusalem are very conspicuous. These figures are in tolerable preservation, only that the Emperor has lost his head and one of the soldiers has absconded.

On issuing from the Arch of Titus we found ourselves in the Forum, now the *Campo Vaccino*: so that cattle now low where statesmen and orators harangued, and lazy priests in procession tread on the sacred dust of heroes.

Où des prêtres heureux foulent d'un pied tranquille
Les tombeaux des Catons et les cendres d'Emile.

So sings Voltaire, I believe, or if they are not his lines, they are the Abbé Delille's.[84]

The imagination is quite bewildered here from the variety of ancient monuments that meet the eye in every direction. What vast souvenirs crowd all at once on the mind! Look all around! the *Via Sacra*, the Arch of Severus, and the Capitol in front; on one side of you, the temple of Peace, that of Faustina and that of the Sun and Moon: on the other the remaining three columns of the temple of Jupiter Stator; the three also of the temple of Jupiter Tonans; the eight columns of the temple of Concord; and the solitary column of Phocas. At a short distance the temple of Castor and Pollux and that of Romulus and Remus, which is a round building of great antiquity, whose rusticity forms a striking contrast with the elegance of the colonnaded temples, and which was evidently built before the conquest of Greece by the Romans and the consequent introduction of the fine arts and of the Grecian orders of architecture.

You may wish to know my sensations on traversing this sacred ground. The *Via Sacra* recalled to me Horace meeting the *bavard* who addresses him: *Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?*[85] I then thought of the Sabine rape; of Brutus' speech over the body of Lucretia; then I almost fancied I could see the spot where stood the butcher's shop, from whence Virginius snatched the knife to immolate his daughter at the shrine of Honor; next the shade of Regulus flitted before my imagination, refusing to be exchanged; then I figured to myself Cicero thundering against Catiline; or the same with delicate irony ridiculing the ultra-rigor of the Stoics, so as to force even the gravity of Cato to relax into a smile; then the grand, the heroic act of Marcus Brutus in immolating the great Caesar at the altar of liberty. All these recollections and ideas crowded on my imagination without regard to order or chronology, and I remained for some time in a state of the most profound reverie, from which I was only roused by my friend the Jew reminding me that we had a quantity of other things to see.

The first object that engaged my attention on being roused from my reverie, was the Arch of Severus at the foot of the Capitol which towers above it. Excavations have been made around this Arch (for otherwise only half of it could be seen) and a stone wall built around the excavated ground in the same manner as at the Arch of Constantine. Round several of the columns of the temples I have above enumerated, excavations have been also made; otherwise the lower half of them would remain buried in the earth and give to the monuments the appearance of a city which had been half swallowed up by an earthquake. By dint of digging

round the column of Phocas, the ancient paved road which led to the Capitol has been discovered and is now open to view. This ancient road is at least thirty feet below the surface of the present road and the ground about it. This shows how the ground must have been filled up by the destruction of buildings at the different sackings of Rome and the consequent accumulation of rubbish. The French when they were here began these excavations and the Duchess of Devonshire continues them.[86] It is useful in every way; it employs a number of poor people and may be the means of discovering some valuable remains of antiquity and objects of art. At any rate it is highly gratifying to have discovered the identical road to the Capitol on which so many Consuls, Dictators and Emperors moved in triumph, and so many captive Kings wept in chains.

We then ascended the steps that lead to the modern Capitol and mounted on the *Campanile* of the same, from whence there is a superb panoramic view of Rome. On descending from the *Campanile*, we visited the Tarpeian rock, which is now of inconsiderable height, the ground about it and heaps of rubbish having filled up the abyss below. We then entered the court yard of the Capitol. The Capitol and building annexed to it form three sides of a rectangle, the centre or *corps de logis* lying North and South, and the wings East and West, the whole inclosing a court yard open on the South side of the rectangle, from whence you descend into the street on the plain below, by a most magnificent escalier or flight of steps. Of the Capitol, the *corps de logis* or central building to which the *Campanile* belongs, is reserved for the occupation and habitation of the *Senator Romano*, a civil magistrate, corresponding something to the mayor in France or *Oberbürgermeister* in the German towns, and who is chosen from among the nobility and nominated by the Pope. The wings contain the *Museum Capitolinum* of painting and sculpture. There is a great deal to call forth the admiration of the traveller in the court yard of the Capitol. The most prominent object is the famous bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which cannot fail to rivet the attention of the least enthusiastic spectator. I observed at each angle of the façade of the Capitol a colossal statue of a captive King in a Phrygian dress; but still more striking than these are the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux leading horses, which stand a little in front of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and nearer the *escalier*, the one on the right the other on the left. Two lions in basalt on each side of the *escalier* are very striking objects, and the *escalier* itself is the most superb thing of the kind perhaps in the world. This *escalier* and the Marcus Aurelius, unique also in its kind, are both the workmanship of Michael Angelo.[87] We descended this *escalier* and then fronted it to take a view of the Capitol from the bottom; but the statue of Marcus Aurelius is so prominent and

so grand that it absorbed all my attention.

After dinner I walked a little in the gardens on the Pincian hill, and then visited some friends belonging to the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture, who were so good as to shew me their productions, and also a copy of the superb folio edition of Denon's work on Egypt which to me, who had been in that country, was highly gratifying. Oh! what a pity that the French could not keep that country! What a paradise they would have made of it! As it is (and to their credit be it said) they did more good for the country during three years only, than we have done for our possessions in India for fifty years.

ROME, 15th Sept.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, I repaired to the Pantheon, now called *Santa Maria della Rotonda*, and appropriated to the Catholic worship. It is easily recognizable by its rotundity and by the simple grandeur of its façade and portico. The bronze has been taken out of the letters of the inscription. This beautiful specimen of ancient architecture is situated in a small *piazza* or square called *Piazza della Rotonda*, where a market of poultry, game, and vegetables is held. There are only now three or four steps on the *escalier* to ascend, in order to enter into the portico; but as it is known that according to the descriptions of the Pantheon in ancient times there was an immense flight of steps to ascend, it is an additional proof how much the ground on which modern Rome stands has been filled up, and consequently it is evident that the greater part of this flight of steps remains still buried in the earth.

If I was so struck with the appearance of this interesting edifice outside, how much more so should I have been on seeing the inside, were not the niches, where formerly stood the statues of the Gods, filled with tawdry dolls representing the Virgin Mary and *he* and *she* saints. The columns and pilasters in the interior of this temple are beautiful, all of *jaune antique* and one entire stone each. How much better would it have been to replace the statues of the *Dii Majorum Gentium* which occupied the niches, by statues in marble of the Apostles, instead of the dolls dressed in tawdry colors, and the frippery gilding of the altars on which they stand, which disfigure this noble building. The Pantheon was built by Agrippa as the inscription shews. In the interior are sixteen columns of *jaune antique*. The bronze that formerly ornamented this temple was made use of to fabricate the baldachin of St Peter's. Of late years it

has been the fashion to erect monuments affixed to the walls of the interior of the Pantheon to the memory of the great men and heroes of poetry, painting, sculpture and music who were natives of Italy, or for foreigners, celebrated for their excellence in those arts, who have died in Rome. Here are for instance, tablets to the memory of Metastasio, Rafael Mengs, Sacchini, Poussin, Winckelmann; the Phidias of modern days, the illustrious Canova, has recommended the placing in the Pantheon of the busts in marble of all the great men who have flourished in Italy, as the most appropriate ornament to this temple. He himself with a princely liberality has made a present to it of the busts of Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, Alfieri, Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Metastasio and various other worthies. These busts are all the production either of Canova himself, or made by his pupils under his direction; they are not the least remarkable ornament of the place. In the centre of the *Piazza della Rotonda* stands an obelisk brought from Egypt, which belonged to a temple sacred to Isis in that country.

I next repaired to the *Piazza di Navona*, a large and spacious square, where there is a superb fountain representing a vast rock with four colossal figures, one of which reclines at the foot of the rock, at each angle of the pedestal that supports it, and it is surmounted by an Obelisk which was brought from Egypt and was found in the gardens of Sallust. The four colossal figures represent the four river Gods of the four great rivers in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, viz., the Danube, the Ganges, the Nile, and the Plata. The statue of the Nile has his head half-concealed by a cloak, emblematical of the source of that river not being discovered. In the *Piazza* are frequently held fairs, shews of wild beasts, theatrical exhibitions and sometimes combats of wild beasts.

I crossed the Tiber on my way to St Peter's at the *Ponte di Sant' Angelo*; directly on the other side of the river stands the castle of that name, an immense edifice formerly the *Moles Adriana* or Mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian. It is of a circular form and is a remarkably striking object. From here there is a spacious street as broad as Portland place, which leads to the magnificent *Piazza*, where stands the Metropolitan Church of the Christian world, the pride of Christendom, the triumph of modern architecture, flanked on each side by a semi-circular colonnaded portico, which constitutes one of its greatest beauties and distinguishes it from all the other temples in the world. On the *Piazza*, considerably in front of this wonderful edifice and nearly in the centre, stands an immense Egyptian Obelisk, and at a short distance on each side of the Obelisk two magnificent fountains which spout water to a great height and which

contribute greatly to the ornament of the *Piazza*.

Now you must not expect me to give you a description of this glorious temple. I never in my life possessed descriptive powers, even for objects of no great importance: how then could I attempt to delineate the innumerable beauties of this edifice? Yet, vast as it is, the proportions of the façade are so correct, that they, together with the semi-circular colonnaded portico, serve to diminish its apparent size and to render its mass less imposing, but perhaps more beautiful. On this account it appears at first sight of less size than the Church of St Paul's in London. The beauty of the architecture, viz., of the façade and of the colonnaded portico would require days to examine and admire. What shall I say then of the wonders of the interior, crowded and charged as it is with the finest pieces of sculpture, columns of the most beautiful *verd antique* and of *jaune antique*; the masterpieces of painting copied in mosaic; the precious, stones and marbles of all sorts that adorn the variety of magnificent chapels and altars; the immense baldachin with its twisted columns of bronze (the spoils of the Pantheon and of the temple of Jerusalem); the profusion of gilding and ornament of all sorts and where in spite of this profusion there seems *rien de trop*. At first entrance the eye is so dazzled with the magnificent *tout ensemble* as to be incapable for a long time of examining any thing in detail. Each chapel abounds in the choicest marbles and precious stones: in a word it would seem as if the whole wealth of the Earth were concentrated here. Without impiety or exaggeration, I felt on entering this majestic temple for the first time just as I conceive a resuscitated mortal would feel on being ushered into the scene of the glories of Heaven. The masterpieces of painting are here perpetuated in mosaic, and so correctly and beautifully done, that unless you approach exceedingly close indeed, it is impossible to distinguish them from paintings. What an useful as well as ornamental art is the mosaic! There are a great variety of confessionals where penitents and pilgrims may confess, each in his own tongue, for there is a confessional for the use of almost every native tongue and language in the Catholic world. The cupola! What an astonishing sight when you look up at it from below! How can I better describe it than by relating the anecdote of Michel Angelo its constructor, who when some one made a remark on the impossibility of making a finer Cupola than that of the Pantheon, burst out into the following exclamation: "Do you think so? Then I will throw it in the air," and he fulfilled his word; for the cupola of St Peter's is exactly of the size of that of the Pantheon, tho' at such an elevation as to give it only the appearance of one fourth of its real size, or even less. The sublimity of the design can only be equalled by the boldness and success of its execution. Till it was done, it was thought by

every artist impossible to be done. What an extraordinary genius was this Michel Angelo! Ariosto has not at all exaggerated in his praise when he speaks of him in punning on his name:

Michel più che mortal, Angel divino.[88]

Michael, less man than Angel and divine.

—Trans, W.S. ROSE.

Among the various splendid marble monuments with which this temple abounds is one erected to the memory of Pope Rezzonico, constructed by Canova and reckoned one of his masterpieces. The Pope is represented in his canonicals. Behind and above him is a colossal statue of Religion with a cross in one hand and rays in form of spikes issuing from her head. I do not like these spikes. On the dexter side of this monument, is a beautiful male youthful figure representing a funereal genius with an inverted torch. The signal delicacy, beauty and symmetry of this statue forms a striking contrast with the figure of an immense lion sleeping on the sinister side; and this lion is an irrefragable proof that Canova excels in the delineation of the terrible as well as the beautiful, for it is admirably executed.

At another monument is a superb female figure of colossal size representing Truth. It was formerly naked, but they have contrived to execute in coloured marble a vestment to cover her loins and veil her secret beauties. The reason of which is, that this beautiful statue made such an impression once upon a traveller (some say he was an Englishman, others a Spaniard) that it inspired him with a sort of Pygmalionic passion which he attempted to gratify one night; he was discovered in the attempt, and since that time, to prevent further scandal or attempts of the sort and to conceal from profane eyes the charms of the too alluring Goddess, this colored marble vestment was imagined and executed. This story is borrowed from Lucian.[89]

There is also here a fine statue of Pope Gregory XIII and a magnificent bas-relief, the subject of which is the reform of the calendar by that Pope. Here too is a monument to Christina Queen of Sweden, and a bas-relief representing her abjuration of the Lutheran Faith.

But why should I attempt to detail all these monuments, while it would require folios for the purpose; let me rather introduce you to the hero and tutelary saint

of this sanctuary. St Peter, a superb bronze statue something above the usual size of men, is seated on a curule chair in the nave of the church on the right hand side as you approach the baldachin. He holds in his hands the keys of Heaven. He receives the adoration of all the faithful who enter into this temple, and this adoration is performed by kissing his foot which, from the repeated kissings, is become of a bright polish and is visibly wearing away. The statue was formerly a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, but on the grand revolution among the inhabitants of Olympus and the downfall of Jupiter, it was broken to pieces, melted down and fabricated into an image of St Peter, so that this statue has lost little of its former sovereignty and still rules Heaven and Earth if not with regal, with at least vice-regal power, tho' under a different name.

In the Sistine Chapel is the celebrated painting al fresco of the day of Judgment by Michel Angelo, an awful subject and nobly and awefully executed.

In the porch under the façade of St Peter's are two marble statues on horseback, one at each end of the porch: they represent Constantine the Great and Charlemagne, the two great benefactors of the holy Catholic Church; the one, in fact, its founder, the other its preserver.

As the Palace of the Vatican stands close to the Church of St Peter's and communicates with it by an *escalier*, I ascended the *escalier* in order to behold and examine the famous Museum of the Vatican, the first in the world, and unique for the vast treasures of the fine arts that it contains; treasures which the united wealth of all Europe and India to boot could not purchase at their just price. Here in fact it may be said are preserved the riches and plunder of the whole world, which was stripped of all its valuables by those illustrious brigands the ancient Romans. And mark in this point the good fortune of Rome; instead of losing them again as other nations have lost their trophies, Superstition came to her aid and caused them to be respected and preserved, 'till an enlightened age arose which guided by Philosophy, Humanity and Science will for ever preserve them secure against all attacks of barbarians in a sanctuary so worthy of them.

Museum Vaticanum[90]

A superb flight of steps leads into a hall of immense length filled on each side with statues, busts, sarcophagi, altars, urns, vases and candelabra, all monuments of antiquity and of the most exquisite workmanship. The walls on each side of

this hall are inlaid with tablets bearing inscriptions in Greek, Latin and Etruscan. One is quite bewildered amongst such a profusion of Gods, Semi-Gods, Heroes. I must single out a few of the most remarkable for their workmanship. Here is a group representing the sacrifice of Mithras. On ascending a few steps at the other end of this hall, in a small octangular room, are the statue of Meleager; the famous Torso; the tomb of Scipio with bas-reliefs. On leaving the chamber you come into an octangular gallery, issuing from which are four circular chambers; each chamber contains a masterpiece of art. In one is the Apollo Belvedere, in another the Laocoon (both safely arrived from Paris); in the third Antinous; in the fourth the Perseus of Canova, with Medusa's head and his famous group of the two pugilists. Descriptions of the three first would be superfluous— for of them

Mills altri han detto e con via miglior plettro,

and even with respect to the Perseus of Canova, I shall content myself with remarking that the sculptor had evidently the Apollo Belvedere in his ideal, and if he has not quite equalled that celebrated statue, it is because it is impossible; but he certainly has given the nearest possible approximation to its excellence.

In another hall and just at its entrance are the statues of Menander and Posidippus in a sitting posture, one on either side. In this hall are innumerable fine statues, but the further end of it, fronting you as you enter, is a statue which at once engages and rivets your undivided attention; it at once induces you to approach and to take no notice of the statues on the right and left of the hall. And how should it be otherwise, since it is the identical statue of the father of the Gods and men, the famous Jupiter Capitolinus which adorned the Capitol in ancient Rome. He is sitting on a throne with a sceptre in one hand and the thunderbolts in the other, at his feet an eagle. It is a glorious statue and in every respect characteristic; such grandeur, such majesty in the countenance! It is impossible not to feel awe and reverence on beholding it. It was on contemplating this venerable statue that an Englishman who was at Rome some sixty years ago, stood wrapt for a time in silent veneration; then suddenly breaking silence he made a profound obeisance before the statue and exclaimed: "Recollect, O father of the Gods and men, that I have paid my homage to you in your adversity and do not forget me, should you ever raise your head above water again!"

In the hall of the Muses are the statues of the tuneful Nine which were found

underground among the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli.

In the centre of a circular chamber of vast dimensions, is an enormous circular basin of porphyry, of forty-one feet in diameter. A superb mosaic adorns the floor of the centre of this chamber, and is inclosed. Appropriate ornaments to this immense chamber are the colossal statues of the *Dii majorum Gentium*. Here are Juno, Minerva, Cybele, Jupiter, Serapis, Mars, Ceres, and others.

In another hall are two enormous Egyptian Gods in yellow granite; two superb sarcophagi in red marble and two immense Sphinxes in granite. In another chamber is an antique car drawn by two horses: the near one is modern, the off one ancient. The wheels of this car are modern; both car and horses are of exquisite workmanship. Several fine statues adorn this chamber, among which the most remarkable are a Phocion, a Paris, an Antinous, and a Triton carrying off a Nereid.

I must not omit to mention that in one of the halls is the famous group of the Nile, represented by an enormous colossal River God, surrounded by fourteen children playing with young crocodiles. Opposite to this group is another equally celebrated, viz., the colossal statue of the Tiber, with the she-wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus by his side. The mosaic pavements in this Museum surpass in richness any in the world. In one of the halls, among the works of modern times, are two beautiful marble tables richly inlaid with all sorts of stones of value, with bas-reliefs on them; the one representing the visit of the Emperor Joseph II, and the other that of Gustavus III of Sweden to Rome, and their reception by the Pope.

One of the halls of sculpture is appropriated to the figures of animals of all kinds, from the lion and eagle down to the rat and crawfish in marbles of all colors, and of all sizes; the best executed among them appeared to me a group representing a greyhound bitch giving suck to her young. As for the valuable cameos, coins, medals, and smaller remnants of antiquity in this Museum, they are innumerable.

With regard to the paintings that belong to this Museum, there is only a small, collection but it is unique. Here is the Transfiguration and some other masterpieces of Raffaello.

In the *Stanze di Raffaello* (so they are called) are several large fresco paintings,

viz., one representing the battle of Maxentius and Constantine; another, the school of Athens and Socrates sitting among the other philosophers; a third representing a fire; besides others.

In one of these *stanze* is a work in tapestry representing Jesus Christ bursting forth from the sepulchre, but he has a visage far too rubicund and wanting in dignity; he looks like a person flushed with wine issuing from a tavern; in the countenance there is depicted (so it appears to me) a vulgar, not a dignified triumph.

The Palace of the Vatican is of immense size and is said to cover as much ground as the city of Turin; and I am inclined to think that there is not a great deal of exaggeration in this statement, for the vista along the corridors and galleries appears to be endless. The Library of the Vatican is of course very extensive and of immense value; but the books, as well as the manuscripts, are kept in presses which are locked, and it is rather awkward to be continually applying to the *custode* to take out and put back a book.

The Museum of the Vatican is open twice a week to the public, viz. Thursdays and Sundays; but foreigners, on shewing their passports, may obtain admission at any time.

ROME, 17th Sept.

My next visit was to the Capitol in order to inspect the *Museum Capitolinum*. This time I ascended the magnificent *escalier* of Michel Angelo, having the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in front. On arriving at the courtyard, I entered the building on my left (which is on the right of the façade). Under the colonnaded portico of this wing are the statues of Caesar and Augustus; here too is the naval column of the consul Duilius, in commemoration of the first naval victory gained over the Carthaginians; also a colossal statue of the Rhine called Marforio. In one of the halls two large statues of the Egyptian Goddess Isis and various other Egyptian divinities. In this Museum among other things is an altar representing Claudia drawing to the land the Ship of Cybele; a magnificent sarcophagus with a bas relief on its side representing the progress of life; Amalthea giving suck to Jupiter; the God Anubis found among the ruins of Adrian's palace at Tivoli. On ascending the staircase, I observed on the right hand fixed in the wall a tablet with a plan of ancient Rome carved on it. In one

of the halls above stairs the most remarkable statue is that of the dying gladiator (brought back from Paris); this is certainly a noble piece of sculpture; the bodily pain and mental anguish are singularly well expressed in the countenance; a superb bronze statue of Hercules; a Centaur in black marble; a Faun in *rosso antico*; a group of Cupid and Psyche; a Venus in Parian marble rather larger than the common size. One of the halls in this museum contains the busts of all the philosophers; another those of all the Roman emperors; there is also a colossal statue of Pyrrhus; a superb Agrippina and the celebrated mosaic of the four pigeons. In enumerating the above I have only to observe that they only constitute a thousandth part of what is to be seen here. After passing three hours in this wing of the building, I went over across the courtyard to the other wing. Under the portico of this wing the following are the most remarkable among the statues: a Roman *triumphans*, two Phrygian kings in black marble. In one of the rooms above stairs is a very remarkable piece of antiquity, viz., the bronze wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus, which was found in the temple of Romulus and which was struck by lightning during the consulate of Julius: the marks made by the lightning are quite distinct. There is in this wing a small but excellent collection of paintings, and a great variety of statues, busts, sarcophagi, candelabra, and antiquities of all sorts.

The front part, or *corps de logis* of the Capitol is called *Il Palazzo del Senato conservatore*, and is the residence of the *Senator Romano* who is chosen by the Pope. By the bye, I understand this dignity is generally given to a foreigner, the Pontiffs being, rather jealous of the Roman nobility.

This wing of the Capitol employed me two hours; but I must visit this Museum as well as that of the Vatican often again; for it would require months and years to examine them duly.

ROME, 18th Sept.

On this side of the river which is called *Transtevere*, I had an opportunity of observing the inhabitants, who are called *Transteverini*, the most of whom pretend to be the descendants of the ancient Romans, unmixed with any foreign blood. They certainly have very much of that physiognomy that is attributed to the ancient Romans, for they are a tall, very robust race of men having something of a ferocious dignity in their countenance which, however, is full of expression, and the aquiline nose is a prominent feature among them. They are

exceedingly jealous of their women, whom they keep within doors as much as they can, and if a stranger on passing by their doors should chance to observe their wives or daughters who may be standing there and should stop to admire them (for many of them have an air of antique beauty and majesty of countenance which is remarkably striking), they will instantly order the females to retire, with an air of asperity.

Whether they really be the pure descendants of the ancient Romans is difficult to say: but it is by no means improbable, since even to this day they intermarry solely with one another, and refuse to give their daughters in marriage to foreigners or to those of mixed blood.

Instances have been known of these families, who are for the most part very poor, refusing the most advantageous offers of marriage made to their daughters by rich foreign merchants and artists, on the ground merely that the suitors were not *Romani* but *Barbari*.

As for the *bourgeoisie* of Rome in general, they *have been* for some centuries back and *are* a very mixed race, composed of all the nations of Europe. Most of the foreign artists who come here to study the fine arts, viz., Belgians, Dutch, German, French, English, Swedes, Danes, Poles and Russians, as well as those from other parts of Italy, struck with the beauty of the women, and pleased with the tranquility and agreeable society that prevails in this metropolis, and the total freedom from all *gêne* and etiquette, marry Roman women and fix here for life: so that among this class you meet with more foreign names than Roman; and it is this sort of colonisation which keeps up the population of Rome, which would otherwise greatly decrease as well from the celibacy of the number that become priests, as from the malaria that prevails in and about the city in July and August.

ROME, 19th Sept.

I have been employed for the last two days in visiting some of the churches, *palazzi* and villas of modern Rome; but the number is so prodigious and there are such a variety of things to be seen in each that I shall only make mention of a few; indeed there are many that I have not seen and probably shall not have time to see. As sacred things should precede profane, let us begin with the churches.

The first that claims the attention of the traveller after St Peter's, is the church of St John Lateran which is the oldest church in Christendom, and was the

metropolitan of Rome and of the Christian world before the building of St Peter's. It lies very nearly in a right line with the *Piazza di Spagna*, and on a prolonged line, forming an obtuse angle with the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which, as I first visited, I shall first describe and afterwards resume what I have to remark on the subject of St John Lateran.

Santa Maria Maggiore is the third church in importance, but the second in magnificence in Rome. Before its façade stands a single column of granite of the Corinthian order. The façade of this church is beautiful but it would be far better without the *campanile*, which I think always disfigures a church of Grecian architecture; besides it is not in the centre of the building. The church is richly adorned with mosaics and its several chapels are admirable from the execution of their architecture and sculpture and the value of the different rich marbles and precious stones with which the monuments therein are made and incrustated. Among these Chapels are those of Sixtus V, Paul V. The grand altar is of porphyry. But the most striking beauty of this church and which eclipses all its other ornaments, are the forty columns of beautiful Grecian marble on each side of the nave. The ceiling, too, is superb and richly gilt; the gilding must have cost an immense sum and was done, it is said, with the first gold that was brought from America. Nothing can be more rich than this plafond. The above forty columns belonged formerly to the temple of Juno Lucina. It is singular that the ceremony of the *accouchement* of the Virgin and the birth of Christ should be performed here. On the 24th December this pantomime is regularly acted, and crowds of all sorts of people attend, particularly women. At the moment that the Virgin is supposed to be delivered a salvo of artillery announces the good tidings. This is singular, I say, when one recollects the peculiar attributes of Juno Lucina and the assistance she was supposed to give to persons in the same situation.

You cannot expect me to detail to you all the riches in precious stones and gifts of pious princes that adorn the several chapels of this and other churches; but they appear to contain every stone and jewel mentioned in the Arabian Nights as being to be found in the cave where Aladdin was left by the magician; and it must be allowed that the Popes have been remarkably adroit inchanters in conjuring to Rome all the riches of the Earth.

The church of St John Lateran is larger and more striking as to its exterior and as to its architecture than that of Santa Maria Maggiore, but it is not so charged with ornament and there is scarce any gilding. There is a simple elegance about

it that I think far more pleasing than the magnificence of Santa Maria.

St John Lateran contains several beautiful pieces of sculpture in white marble, rather larger than the usual size of man, of the twelve Apostles, six on one side of the nave and six on the other; and above them are bas-reliefs, also in marble, representing the various scenes from the history of the Old and New Testament. These twelve statues are admirably well executed and they give to this temple an air of simple grandeur. In this church are very few paintings on mosaics, but little gilding and no superfluous ornaments. Sculpture is, in my opinion, far more appropriate to a place of worship than paintings or dazzling ornaments. Another very striking beauty of this noble and venerable temple are the columns it contains some of which are in granite and others of the most beautiful *verd-antique*. There are besides two superb Corinthian columns of bronze which adorn one of the altars. Among the chapels of this Cathedral is one belonging to the Corsini family, which is probably the richest in Europe, and contains more precious stones and marbles than any other. Yet as this and the other chapels are in recesses and separated from the aisles of the church by large bronze gates, you cannot see their contents till you enter the said chapels; and thus your attention is not diverted by them from the contemplation of the simple grandeur of the columns and statues which adorn the body of the temple.

The bronze columns above mentioned were taken from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. On one side in front of the church of St John Lateran stands an immense Egyptian Obelisk 115 feet in height, brought from Egypt to Rome in the time of Constantine.

I think the placing of these Obelisks in front of the façade of the most remarkable edifices is an excellent arrangement, as they are never-failing landmarks to distinguish from afar off the edifices to which they belong. This Obelisk was found in the *Circus Maximus*, from which it was removed and placed on this spot by Sixtus V. A large Orphan establishment is close to this church; and close to it also the *Battisterio* of Constantine, which rests on forty-eight columns of porphyry, said to be the finest in Europe. Another church in the vicinity contains *La Scala Santa* or holy staircase of marble which, according to the tradition, adorned Pontius Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, and on which identical staircase Jesus Christ ascended to be interrogated by Pilate. The tradition further says that it was transported to Rome by Angels. This staircase has twenty-eight steps, and no one is allowed to mount it except on his knees. Nobody ever descends it, but there are two other *escaliers* parallel to it, one on

the right hand, the other on the left, by which you descend in the usual manner. Not being aware of this ceremony, I, on entering the edifice, began to ascend the *escalier* which was nearest to me, which proved to be the *Scala Santa*, for no sooner had I begun to ascend it as I would any other flight of steps than two or three voices screamed out: "*Signore! O signore! a ginocchia; o'è la scala santa!*" I asked what was meant and was then told the whole story, and that it was necessary to mount this staircase on one's knees or not at all. This I did not think worth the trouble, being quite contented with beholding it. The marble of this staircase is much worn by the number of devout people who ascend it in this manner, and this ceremony, aided by a *quantum suff* of faith is no doubt of great efficacy.

The fourth church in estimation, and I believe the next ancient in Rome to St John Lateran, is the church of *San Paolo fuor della mura*, so called from its being situated outside the gates of the city. It is of immense size, but out of repair and neglected. The most striking object of its architectural contents are the 120 columns of Parian marble which support its nave.

St Pietro in Vincoli is chiefly remarkable for its being built near the dungeon where, according to the tradition, St Peter was confined and from whence he was released by Angels; its chief ornament is the colossal statue of Moses. Somewhere close to this place are shewn the ruins of the Mamertine prison where Jugurtha was incarcerated and died.

There are in Rome about three hundred other churches, all of which can boast of very interesting and valuable contents. One in particular called the Portuguese Church is uncommonly beautiful tho' small; another, that of St Ignazio, or the Jesuits' church, is vast and imposing, and very fine singing is occasionally to be heard there.

ROME, 21st Sept.

The Palace occupied by the Pope is that of the Quirinal, standing on the Quirinal Hill, which is commonly called *Monte Cavallo* from the statues of the two *Hippodamoi* or tamers of horses, thought to be meant for Castor and Pollux which stand on this hill; this group is surmounted by an Egyptian obelisk. These statues are said to be the work of Phidias; but there is a terrible disproportion between the men and the horses they are leading; they give you the idea of

Brobdignagians leading Shetland ponies. The Quirinal palace is every way magnificent and worthy of the Sovereign Pontiff; there are large grounds annexed to it; it stands nearly in the centre of Rome and from this palace are dated the Papal edicts. The Pope resides here during the whole year, with the exception of three or four months in the hot season, when he repairs to Castel Gandolfo near la Riccia.

Of the fountains the grandest and most striking is that of Trevi, which lies at the foot of Quirinal Hill. Here is a magnificent group in marble of Neptune, in his car in the shape of a mussel-shell drawn by Sea-horses and surrounded by Nymphs and Tritons. An immense basin of white marble, as large as a moderate sized pond, receives the water which gushes from the nostrils of the Sea-horses and from the mouths of the Tritons. There is a very good and just remark made on the subject of this group by Stolberg, viz. the attention of Neptune seems too much directed towards one of his horses, a piece of minutiae more worthy of a charioteer endeavouring to turn a difficult corner, than of the God who at a word could control the winds and tranquillize the Ocean.

The fountain Terminus, so called from its vicinity to the Thermes of Diocletian, is the next remarkable fountain. Here is a colossal statue of Moses striking the rock and causing the water to gush forth. The grandeur and majesty of this statue would be more striking but for the incongruity of the arcades on each side of the rock, and the two lions in black basalt who spout water. Moses and the rock would have been sufficient. Simplicity is, in my opinion, the soul of architecture, and where is there in all history a subject more peculiarly adapted to a fountain than this part of the history of Moses?

The Fountain Paolina is a fountain that springs from under a beautiful arcade, but there are no statues nor bas-reliefs. It is a plain neat fountain and the water is esteemed the best in Rome. This fountain is situated on the Janiculus Hill, from which you have perhaps the best view of Rome; as it re-unites more than any other position, at one *coup d'oeil*, both the modern and débris of the ancient city, without the view of the one interfering with or being intercepted by the other. From here you can distinguish ruins of triumphal arches, broken columns, aqueducts, etc., as far as the eye can reach. It demonstrates what an immense extent of ground ancient Rome must have covered. Near the fountain is the church where St Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom with his head downwards.

The Column of Trajan is near the fountain Trevi, and it stands in an inclosure, the pavement of which is seven feet lower than the *piazza* on which it stands. The inclosure is walled round. Had not this excavation been made, one third of the column (lower part) would not be seen. The *Piazza*, on which this column stands is called *Il foro Trajano*. The column represents Trajan's triumphs over the Daci, Quadi and Marcomanni, and is the model from whence Napoleon's column of the Grand Army in the *Place Vendôme* at Paris is taken. A statue of St Peter stands on this column.

The Column of Antoninus stands on the *Piazza Colonna*; on it are sculptured the victories gained by that Emperor. Round this column it has not been necessary to make excavations. On this column stands the statue of St Paul.

Amongst the immense variety of edifices and ruins of edifices which most interest the antiquarian are the Thermes of Diocletian. Here are four different semi-circular halls, two of which were destined for philosophers, one for poets and one for orators; baths; a building for tennis or rackets; three open courts, one for the exercise of the discus, one for athletes and one for hurling the javelin. Of this vast building part is now a manufactory, and the hall of the wrestlers is a Carthusian church.

I have now, I believe, visited most, if not all that is to be seen in Rome. I have visited the Pyramid of Cestius, the tomb of Metella, I have consulted, the nymph Egeria, smelled at the *Cloaca Maxima*; in fine, I have given in to all the *singeries* of *pedantry* and *virtù* with as much ardour as Martinus Scriblerus himself would have done. But it yet remains for me to speak of the most interesting exhibition that modern Rome can boast, and of the most interesting person in it and in all Italy, and that is the atelier of Canova and Canova himself, the greatest sculptor, perhaps, either of ancient or modern times, except the mighty unknown who conceived and executed the Apollo of the Vatican.

In the atelier of Canova the most remarkable statues I observed are: a group of Hector and Ajax of colossal size, not quite finished; a Centaur, also colossal; a Hebe; two Ballerine or dancing girls, one of which rivetted my attention most particularly. She is reclining against a tree with her cheek *appuyéd* on one hand; one of her feet is uplifted and laid along the other leg as if she were reposing from a dance. The extreme beauty of the leg and foot, the pulpiness of the arms, the expressive sweetness of the face, and the resemblance of the marble to wax in point of mellowness, gives to this beautiful statue the appearance of a living

female *brunette*. It was a long time before I could withdraw my eyes from that lovely statue.

The next object that engaged my attention was a group representing a Nymph reclining on a couch *semi-supine*, and a Cupid at her feet. The luxurious contour of the form of this Nymph is beyond expression and reminded me of the description of Olympia:

Le parti che solea coprir la stola
Fur di tanta eccellenza, ch'anteporse
A quante n'avea il mondo potean forse.[91]

Parts which are wont to be concealed by gown
Are such, as haply should be placed before
Whate'er this ample world contains in store.

—Trans. W.S. ROSE

This group is destined for the Prince Regent of England. Another beautiful group represents the three Graces; this is intended for the Duke of Bedford. Were it given to me to chuse for myself among all the statues in the atelier of Canova, I should chuse these three, viz., the Ballerina, the Nymph reclining, and this group of the Graces.

Canova certainly is inimitable in depicting feminine beauty, grace and delicacy. Among the other statues in this atelier the most prominent are: a statue of the Princess Leopoldina Esterhazy in the attitude of drawing on a tablet with this inscription:

Anch'io voglio tentar l'arte del bello.

This lady is, it seems, a great proficient in painting.

Here too are the moulds of the different statues made by Canova, the statues themselves having been finished long ago and disposed of; viz., of the Empress Maria Louisa of France; of the mother of Napoleon (*Madame Mère* as she is always called) in the costume and attitude of Agrippina; of a colossal statue of Napoleon (the statue itself is, I believe, in the possession of Wellington.[92]) Here too is the bust of Canova by Canova himself, besides a great variety of bas-reliefs and busts of individuals, models of monuments, etc.

And now, my friend, I have given you a *précis* not of all that I have seen, but of what has most interested me and made on my mind impressions that can never be effaced. I trust entirely to my memory, for I made no notes on the spot. Many of the things I have seen too much in a hurry to form accurate ideas and judgment thereon; most of what we see here is shewn to us like the figures in a *lanterna magica*, for in the various *palazzi* and villas the servants who exhibit them hurry you from room to room, impatient to receive your fee and to get rid of you. I am about to depart for Naples. On my return to Rome I shall not think of revisiting the greater number of the *palazzi*, villas and churches; but there are some things I shall very frequently revisit and these are the two Museums of the Vatican and of the Capitol, St Peter's, the Coliseum and antiquities in its neighbourhood, the Pantheon, and last but not least the atelier of the incomparable Canova.

You may perhaps be unwilling to let me depart from Rome without some information as to theatricals. With regard to these, Rome must hang down her head, for the pettiest town in all the rest of Italy or France is better provided with this sort of amusement than Rome. There is a theatre called *Teatro della Valle*, where there is a very indifferent set of actors, and this is the only theatre which is open throughout the year. Comedies only and farces are given. The theatres Aliberti and Argentino are open during the Carnival only. Operas are given at the Argentino, and masquerades at the Aliberti. But in fact the lovers of Operas and of the Drama must not come to Rome for gratification. It is not considered conformable to the dignity and sanctity of an ecclesiastical government to patronize them; and it is not the custom or etiquette for the Pope, Cardinals or higher Clergy ever to visit them. The consequence is that no performer of any consideration or talent is engaged to sing at Rome, except one or two by chance at the time of the Carnival. In amends for this you have a good deal of music at the houses of individuals who hold *conversazioni* or assemblies; in which society would flag very much but for the music, which prevents many a yawn, and which is useful and indispensable in Italy to make the evening pass, as cards are in England.

I intend to stop several days here on my return from Naples, for which place I shall start the day after to-morrow having engaged a place in a *vettura* for two and half *louis d'or* and to be *spesato*. I am not to be deterred from my journey by the many stories of robberies and assassinations which are said to occur so frequently on that road.

By the bye, talking of robberies and murders, a man was executed the day before yesterday on the *Piazza del Popolo* for a triple murder. I saw the guillotine, which is now the usual mode of punishment, fixed on the centre of the *Piazza* and the criminal escorted there by a body of troops; but I did not stop to witness the decapitation, having no taste for that sort of *pleasuring*. This man richly deserved his punishment.

[84] These lines are from Voltaire's *Henriade*, a poem which no Frenchman reads nowadays, but that Major Frye could quote from memory. The correct reading of the first verse is: *Des prêtres fortunés*, etc. (*Henriade*, canto iv. ed. Kehl, vol. x, p. 97.)—ED.

[85] Horace, *Sat.*, 1, 9, 4.—ED.

[86] Lady Elizabeth Hervey, second wife of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire (1809); died March, 1824.—ED.

[87] A singular slip of the pen; Frye must have known that the equestrian statue is a Roman work—ED.

[88] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xxxiii, 2, 4.—ED.

[89] See Lucian, *Imag.*, iv; *Amores*, xv, xvi.—ED.

[90] Major Frye's description is incorrect in many particulars, on which it seemed unnecessary to draw attention.—ED.

[91] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, XI, 67, 6.

[92] That colossal marble statue was given to the Duke of Wellington by Louis XVIII, and is still to be seen in London, at Apsley House.—ED.

CHAPTER XI

From Rome to Naples—Albano—Velletri—The Marshes—Terracina—Mola di Gaeta—Capua—The streets of Naples—Monuments and Museums—Visit to Pompeii and ascent to Vesuvius—Dangerous ventures—Puzzuoli and Baiae—Theatres at Naples—Pulcinello—Return to Rome—Tivoli.

I started from Rome on the 26th September; in the same *vettura* I found an intelligent young Frenchman of the name of R—— D——, a magistrate in Corsica, who was travelling in Italy for his amusement. There were besides a Roman lawyer and not a very bright one by the bye; and a fat woman who was going to Naples to visit her lover, a Captain in the Austrian service, a large body of Austrian troops being still at Naples. We issued from Rome by the *Porta Latina* and reached Albano (the ancient Alba) sixteen miles distant at twelve o'clock. We reposed there two hours which gave me an opportunity of visiting the *Villa Doria* where there are magnificent gardens. These gardens form the promenade of the families who come to Albano to pass the heat of the summer and to avoid the effect of the exhalations of the marshy country about Rome.

As Albano is situated on an eminence, you have a fine view of the whole plain of Latium and Rome in perspective. The country of Latium however is flat, dreary and monotonous; it affords pasture to an immense quantity of black cattle, such as buffaloes, etc.

Just outside of Albano, on the route to Naples, is a curious ancient monument called *Il sepolcro degli Orazj e Curiazj*. It is built of brick, is extremely solid, of singular appearance, from its being a square monument, flanked at each angle by a tower in the shape of a cone. It is of an uncouth rustic appearance and must certainly have been built before

Grecia capia ferum victorem cepit et artes Intulit agresti Latio.....[93]

and I see no reason against its being the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii,

particularly as it stands so near Alba where the battle was fought; but be this as it may there is nothing like faith in matters of antiquity; the sceptic can have little pleasure.

The country on leaving Albano becomes diversified, woody and picturesque. Near Gensano is the beautiful lake of Nemi, and it is the spot feigned by the poets as the scene of the amours of Mars and Rhea Silvia. Near Gensano also is the country residence of the Sovereign Pontiffs called Castel Gandolfo. La Riccia, the next place we passed thro', is the ancient Aricia, mentioned in Horace's journey to Brundisium. We arrived in the evening at Velletri.

Velletri is a large town or rather city situated on a mountain, to which you ascend by a winding road skirting a beautiful forest. From the terrace of one of the *Palazzi* here, you have a superb view of all the plain below as far as the rock of Circe, comprehending the Pontine marshes. There are several very fine buildings at Velletri, and it is remarkable as being the birthplace of Augustus Caesar. There is a spacious *Piazza* too on which stands a bronze statue of Pope Urban VIII. Velletri is twenty-eight miles from Rome.

The next morning, the 27th, we started early so as to arrive by six o'clock in the evening at Terracina. At Cisterna is a post-house and at Torre tre Ponti is a convent, a beautiful building, but now delapidated and neglected. Near it is a wretched inn, where however you are always sure to find plenty of game to eat. Here begin the Pontine marshes and the famous Appian road which runs in a right line for twenty-five miles across the marshes. It was repaired and perfectly reconstructed by Pius VI, and from him it bears its present appellation of *Linea Pia*. This convent and church were also constructed by Pius VI with a view to facilitate the draining and cultivating of the marshes by affording shelter to the workmen. The *Linea Pia* is a very fine *chaussée* considerably raised above the level of the marsh, well paved, lined with trees and a canal sunk on one side to carry off the waters. The Pontine marshes extend all the way from Torre tre Ponti to Terracina. On the left hand side, on travelling from Rome to Naples, you have two miles or thereabouts of plain bounded by lofty mountains; on the right a vast marshy plain bounded by the sea at a distance of seven or eight miles. Nothing can be more monotonous than this strait road twenty-five miles in length, and the same landscape the whole way. The air is extremely damp, aguish and unhealthy. Those who travel late in the evening or early in the morning are recommended not to let down the glasses of the carriage, in order to avoid inhaling the pestilential miasma from the marshes, which even the canal has not been able to

drain sufficiently.

No one can find amusement in this desolate region but the sportsman; and he may live in continual enjoyment, and slay wild ducks and snipes in abundance; a number of buffaloes are to be seen grazing on the marshes. They are not to be met with to the North of Rome. They resemble entirely the buffaloes of Egypt and India, being black, and they are very terrific looking animals to the northern traveller, who beholds them here for the first time.

These marshes supply Rome abundantly with waterfowl and other game of all kinds. Every *vetturino* who is returning to Rome, on passing by, buys a quantity, for a mere trifle, from the peasantry, who employ themselves much *à la chasse*, and he is certain to sell them again at Rome for three or four times the price he paid, and even then it appears marvellous cheap to an Englishman, accustomed as he is to pay a high price for game in his own country.

We arrived a little before six at Terracina, which is on the banks of the Mediterranean and may be distinguished at a great distance by its white buildings. The chain of mountains on the left of our road hither form a sort of arch to the chord of the *linea Pia* and terminates one end of the arch by meeting the *linea Pia* at Terracina, which forms what the sailors call a bluff point. Terracina stands on the situation of the ancient Anxur and the description of it by Horace in his Brundusian journey;

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur[94]

is perfectly applicable even now. It is a handsome looking city and is the last town in the Pope's territory: part of it is situated on the mountain and part on the plain at its foot close to the sea.

The fine white buildings on the heights, the temple of Jupiter Anxurus (of which the façade and many columns remain entire) towering above them, the orange trees and the sea, afford a view doubly pleasing and grateful to the traveller after the dreary landscape of the Pontine Marshes. There is but one inn at Terracina but that is a very large one; there is, however, but very indifferent fare and bad attendance. The innkeeper is a sad over-reaching rascal, who fleeces in the most unmerciful manner the traveller who is not *spesato*. He is obliged to furnish those who are *spesati* with supper and lodging at the *vetturino's* price; but he always grumbles at it, gives the worst supper he can and bestows it as if he were

giving alms. As the road between Terracina and Fondi (the first Neapolitan town) is said to be at times infested by robbers, few travellers care to start till broad daylight. We did so accordingly the following morning. On arriving at a place called the *Epitafio*, from there being an ancient tomb there, we took leave of the last Roman post. At one mile and half beyond the *Epitafio* is the first Neapolitan post at a place called *Torre de' Confini*, where we were detained half an hour to have our passports examined and our portmanteaus searched. Three miles beyond this post is the miserable and dirty town of Fondi, wherein our baggage again underwent a strict search. On leaving Terracina the road strikes inland and has mountains covered with wood to the right and to the left, nor do we behold the sea again till just before we arrive at Mola di Gaeta, which is an exceeding long straggling town on its banks; several fishing vessels lie here and it is here that part of the Bay of Naples begins to open. The country from Terracina to Fondi is uncultivated and very mountainous; between Fondi and Mola di Gaeta it is pretty well cultivated; Itri, thro' which we passed, is a long, dirty, wretched looking village.

The next day at twelve o'clock we arrived and stopped to dine at St Agatha, a miserable village, with a very bad tho' spacious inn the half of which is unroofed. We arrived at Capua the same evening having passed the rivers Garigliano and Volturno, and leaving the Falernian Hills on our left during part of the road. The landscape is very varied on this route, sometimes mountainous, sometimes thro' a rich plain in full cultivation.

Capua is a fortified town situated in a flat country and marshy withal. It is a gloomy, dirty looking city and whatever may have been its splendour and allurements in ancient times, it at present offers nothing inviting or remarkable. The lower classes of the people of this town are such thieves that our *vetturino* recommended us to remove every thing from the carriage into our bed rooms, so that we had the trouble of repacking every thing next morning. Capua is the only place on the whole route where it is necessary to take the trunks from the carriage. From Capua to Naples is twenty miles; a little beyond Capua are the remains of a large Amphitheatre and this is all that exists to attest the splendour of ancient Capua. The road between Capua and Naples presents on each side one of the richest and most fruitful countries I ever beheld. It is a perfect garden the whole way. The *chaussée* is lined with fruit trees. Halfway is the town or *borgo* of Aversa which is large, well-built, opulent and populous. We entered Naples at one o'clock, drove thro' the *strada di Toledo* and from thence to the *largo di Medina* where we put up at the inn called the *Aquila nera*. A cordon of Austrian

troops line the whole high road from Fondi to the gates of Naples; and there are double sentries at a distance of one mile from each other the whole way.

NAPLES, Octr. 5th.

In Naples the squares or *Piazze* are called *Larghi*; they are exceedingly irregular as to shape; a trapezium would be the most appropriate denomination for them. The *Largo di Medina* is situated close to the Mole and light house and is not far from the *Largo del Palazzo* where the Royal Palace stands, nor from the *Strada di Toledo*, which is the most bustling part of the town. On the Mole and sometimes in the *Largo di Medini* Pulcinello holds forth all day long, quacks scream out the efficacy of their nostrums and *improvisatori* recite battles of Paladins. Here and in the *Strada di Toledo* the noise made by the vendors of vegetables, fruit, lemonade, iced water and water-melons, who on holding out their wares to view, scream out "*O che bella cosa!*"—the noise and bustle of the cooks' shops in the open air and the cries of "*Lavora!*" made by the drivers of *calessini* (sort of carriage) makes such a deafening *tintamarre* that you can scarcely hear the voice of your companion who walks by your side. In the *Largo del Palazzo* there is always a large assembly of officers and others, besides a tolerable quantity of *ruffiani*, who fasten upon strangers in order to recommend to them their female acquaintances. A little further is the Quai of St Lucia, where the fish market is held, and here the cries increase. The quantity of fish of all sorts caught in the bay and exposed for sale in the market is immense and so much more than can be sold, that the rest is generally given away to the *Lazzaroni*. Here are delicious mullets, oysters, whittings, soles, prawns, etc. There is on the Quai of St Lucia a *restaurant* where naught but fish is served, but that is so well dressed and in such variety that amateurs frequently come to dine here on *maigre* days; for two *carlini*[95] you may eat fish of all sorts and bread at discretion. The wine is paid for extra. On the Quai of St Lucia is a fountain of mineral water which possesses the most admirable qualities for opening the *primae viae* and purifying the blood. It is an excellent drink for bilious people or for those afflicted with abdominal obstructions and diseases of the liver. It has a slight sulfurous mixed with a ferruginous taste, and is impregnated with a good deal of fixed air, which makes it a pleasant beverage. It should be taken every morning fasting. The presidency over this fountain is generally monopolized by a piscatory nymph who expects a *grano* for the trouble of filling you a glass or two. In reaching it to you she never fails to exclaim "*Buono per le natiche,*" and it certainly has a very rapid effect; I look upon it as more efficacious than the

Cheltenham waters and it is certainly much more agreeable in taste. At the end of the Quai of St Lucia is the *Castello dell 'Uovo*, a Gothic fortress, before the inner gate of which hangs an immense stuffed crocodile. This crocodile is said to have been found alive in the *fossé* of the castle, but how he came there has never been explained; there is an old woman's story that he came every day to the dungeon where prisoners were confined, and took out one for his dinner. The *Castello dell 'Uovo* stands on the extremity of a tongue of land which runs into the sea. After passing the *Castello dell 'Uovo* I came to the *Chiaia* or Quai properly so called, which is the most agreeable part of Naples and the favorite promenade of the *beau-monde*. The finest buildings and *Palazzi* line the *Chiaia* on the land side and above them all tower the Castle of St Elmo and the *Chartreuse* with several villas intervening. The garden of the *Chiaia* contains gravel walks, grass plots, alleys of trees, fountains, plantations of orange, myrtle and laurel trees which give a delightful fragrance to the air; and besides several other statues, it boasts of one of the finest groups in Europe, called the *Toro Farnese*. It is a magnificent piece of sculpture and represents three men endeavouring to hold a ferocious bull. It is a pity, however, that so valuable a piece of sculpture should be exposed to the vicissitudes of the season in the open air. The marble has evidently suffered much by it. Why is such a valuable piece of sculpture not preserved in the Museum?

On the *Chiaia* are *restaurants* and *cafés*. 'Tis here also that the nobility display their carriages and horses, it being the fashionable drive in the afternoon: and certainly, except in London, I have never seen such a brilliant display of carriages as at Naples.

The principal street at Naples is the *Strada di Toledo*. It resembles the *Rue St Honoré* and can boast of as much wealth in its shops. The houses are good, solid and extremely lofty, and the streets are paved with lava. There are two excellent *restaurants* at Naples, one in the *Largo del Palazzo*, nearly opposite the Royal Palace, called the *Villa di Napoli*; the other not far from it in the *Strada di Toledo*, called *La Corona di Ferro*. Naples is renowned for the excellency of its ices. You have them in the shape of all kinds of fruit and wonderfully cheap. Many of the ice houses and *caffès* remain open day and night; as do some of the gaming tables, which are much frequented by the upper classes. The theatre of St Carlo, which was consumed last year by fire, is rising rapidly from its ashes and will soon be finished. In the mean time Operas are performed at the *Teatro Fondi*, a moderate sized theatre. I here saw performed the opera of *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, with the *ballo* of *La pazzo per amore*. Mme Colbran, a

Spanish lady, is the *Prima Donna* and an excellent singer.

In all the private societies at Naples a great deal of gaming goes on, and at some houses those visitors, who do not play, are coolly received. The following may be considered as a very fair specimen of the life of a young man of rank and fashion at Naples. He rises about two p.m., takes his chocolate, saunters about in the *Strada di Toledo* or in the *Largo del Palazzo* for an hour or two, then takes a *promenade à cheval* on the *Chiaia*; dines between six and seven; goes to the Opera where he remains till eleven or half-past eleven; he then saunters about in the different Cafés for an hour or two; and then repairs to the gaming table at the *Ridotto*, which he does not quit till broad daylight. The ladies find a great resource in going to church, which serves to pass away the time that is not spent in bed, or at the Opera, or at the *promenade en voiture*. The ladies seldom take exercise on foot at Naples. There being very little taste for literature in this vast metropolis, the most pleasant society is among the foreign families who inhabit Naples or at the houses of the *Corps diplomatique*. There is, however, a good *cabinet littéraire* and library in the *Strada di San Giacomo*, where various French and Italian newspapers may be read. The Austrians occupy the greater part of the military posts at Naples; at the Royal Palace however the Sicilian guards do duty; they are clothed in scarlet and *à anglaise*.

NAPLES, 8th Octr.

One day I went to visit the Museum or *Studii*, as it is called, which is situated at the extremity of the *Strada di Toledo* on the land side. Here is a superb collection of sculpture and painting; and this building contains likewise the national library, and a choice and unique collection of Etruscan vases. A large hall contains these vases, which were found at Pompeii[96]; they are much admired for their beauty and simplicity; each vase has a mythological or historical painting on it. In this Museum I was shewn the rolls of papyrus found in Pompeii and Herculaneum and the method of unrolling them. The work to unroll which they are now employed at this Museum is a Greek treatise on philosophy by Epicurus. It is a most delicate operation to unroll these leaves, and with the utmost possible care it is impossible to avoid effacing many of the letters, and even sentences, in the act of unrolling. It must require also considerable learning and skill in the Greek language, combined with a good deal of practise, to supply the deficiency of the words effaced. When these manuscripts are put in print, the letters that remain on the papyrus are put in black type, and the words guessed at are supplied in red;

so that you see at one glance what letters have been preserved, and what are supplied to replace those effaced by the operation of unrolling; and in this manner are all the papyrus manuscripts' printed.

Visit to Pompeii and Ascent of Vesuvius.

11th Oct.

We returned, Mr R—— D—— and I, from our visit to Vesuvius, half dead with fatigue from having had little or no rest the whole night, about three o'clock to Naples.

We left Naples in a *calèche* yesterday after breakfast and drove to Portici. Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco are beautiful little towns on the sea-shore of the bay of Naples or rather they may be termed a continuation of the city, as they are close together in succession, and the interval filled up with villas. The distance from the gates of Naples to Portici is three miles. The road runs through the court yard of the Royal Palace at Portici which has a large archway at its entrance and sortie. We proceeded to Resina and alighted in order to descend under ground to Herculaneum, Resina being built on the spot where Herculaneum stood. There are always guides on this road on the look out for travellers; one addressed us, and conducted us to a house where we alighted and entered. Our guide then prepared a flambeau, and having unlocked and lifted up a trap door invited us to descend. A winding *rampe* under ground leads to Herculaneum. We discovered a large theatre with its proscenium, seats, corridors, vomitories, etc., and we were enabled, having two lighted torches with us, to read the inscriptions. Some statues that were found here have been removed to the Museum at Portici. This is the only part of Herculaneum that has been excavated; for if any further excavations were attempted, the whole town of Resina, which is built over it, would fall in. Herculaneum no doubt contains many things of value, but it would be rather too desperate a stake to expose the town of Resina to certain ruin, for the sake of what *might* be found. At Pompeii the case is very different, there being nothing built over its site.

After having satisfied our curiosity here, we regained the light of heaven in Resina, and proceeded to Pompeii, which is seven miles further, the total distance from Naples to Pompeii being ten miles. The part of Pompeii already discovered looks like a town with the houses unroofed situated in a deep gravel

or sand pit, the depth of which is considerably greater than the height of the buildings standing in it. You descend into it from the brink, which is on a level with the rest of the country; Pompeii is consequently exposed to the open air, and you have neither to go under ground, nor to use *flambeaux* as at Herculaneum, but simply to descend as into a pit. There is always a guard stationed at Pompeii to protect the place from delapidation and thefts of antiquarians. From its resembling, as I have already said, a town in the centre of a deep gravel pit, you come upon it abruptly and on looking down you are surprized to see a city newly brought to day. The streets and houses here remain entire, the roofs of the houses excepted, which fell in by the effect of the excavation; so that you here behold a Roman city nearly in the exact state it was in when it was buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, during its first eruption in the year 79 of the Christian era. It does not appear to me that the catastrophe of Pompeii could have been occasioned by an earthquake, for if so the streets and houses would not be found upright and entire: it appears rather to have been caused by the showers of ashes and *écroulement* of the mountain, which covered it up and buried it for ever from the sight of day. The first place our guide took us to see was a superb Amphitheatre about half as large as the Coliseum: the arena and seats are perfect, and all the interior is perfectly cleared out: so are the dens where the wild beasts were kept; so that you look down into this amphitheatre as into a vast basin standing on its brink, which is on a level with the rest of the ground around it, and by means of the seats and passages you may descend into the *arena*. This Amphitheatre is at a short distance from the rest of the town. What is at present discovered of this city consists of a long street with several off-sets of streets issuing from it: a temple, two theatres, a praetorium, a large barrack, and a peculiarly large house or villa belonging probably to some eminent person, but no doubt when the excavation shall be recommenced many more streets will be discovered, as from the circumstance of there being an amphitheatre, two other theatres and a number of sepulchral monuments outside the gates, it must have been a city of great consequence. Most of the houses seem to have had two stories; the roofs fell in of course by the act of excavation, but the columns remain entire. I observe that the general style of building in Pompeii in most of the houses is as follows: that in each building there is a court yard in the centre, something like the court yard of a convent, which is sometimes paved in mosaic, and generally surrounded by columns; in the middle of this court is a fountain or basin: the court has no roof and the wings of the house form a quadrangle environing it. The windows and doors of the rooms are made in the interior sides of the quadrangle looking into the court yard; on the exterior there appears to be only a small latticed window near the top of the

room to admit light. I have seen in Egypt and in India similarly built houses, and it is the general style of building in Andalusia and Barbary. In the rooms are niches in the walls for lamps, precisely in the style of the Moorish buildings in India.

In many of the chambers of the houses at Pompeii are paintings *al fresco* and arabesques on the walls which on being washed with water appear perfectly fresh. The subjects of these paintings are generally from the mythology. In some of the rooms are paintings *al fresco* of fish, flesh, fowl and fruit; in others Venus and the Graces at their toilette, from which we may infer that the former were dining rooms and the latter boudoirs. A large villa (so I deem it as it stands without the gates) has a number of rooms, two stories entire and three court yards with fountains, many beautiful fresco paintings on the walls of the chambers. Annexed to this villa is a garden arranged in terraces and a fish pond. A covered gallery supported by pillars on one of the sides of the garden served probably as a promenade in wet weather. In the cellars of this villa are a number of *amphorae* with narrow necks. Had the ancients used corks instead of oil to stop their *amphorae*, wine eighteen hundred years old might have been found here. It is not the custom even of the modern Italians to use corks for the wine they keep for their own use: a spoonful of oil is poured on the top of the wine in the flask and when they mean to drink it they extract the oil by means of a lump of cotton fastened to a stick or long pin which enters the neck of the flask and absorbs and extracts the oil.

Among the buildings discovered in Pompeii is a large Temple of Isis; here you behold the altar and the pillar to which the beasts of sacrifice were fastened. In this temple at the time of the first excavation were found all the instruments of sacrifice and other things appertaining to the worship of that Goddess. These and other valuables such as statues, coins, utensils of all sorts were removed to Portici, where they are now to be seen in the Museum of that place. The *Praetorium* at Pompeii is the next remarkable thing; it is a vast enclosure: a great number of columns are standing upright here and the most of them entire; the steps forming the ascent to the elevated seat where the Praetor usually sat, remain entire. There is a large building and court yard near one of the gates of the city supposed to have been a barrack for soldiers; three skeletons were found here with their legs in a machine similar to our stocks. The scribbling and caricatures on the walls of this barrack are perfectly visible and legible. When one wanders thro' the streets of this singularly interesting city, one is tempted to think that the inhabitants have just walked out. What a dreadful lingering death

must have befallen these inhabitants who could not escape from Pompeii at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius which covered it with ashes. The air could only be exhausted by degrees, so that a prolonged suffocation or a death by hunger must have been their lot.

Four skeletons were found upright in the streets, having in their hands boxes containing jewellery and things of value, as if in the act of endeavouring to make their escape: these must soon have perished, but the skeleton of a woman found in one of the rooms of the houses close to a bath shews that her death must have been one of prolonged suffering.

What a fine subject Pompeii would furnish for the pen of a Byron! As I have before remarked, all the valuables and utensils of all sorts found here have been removed to Portici; it is a great pity that everything could not be left in Pompeii in the exact situation in which it was found on its first discovery at the excavation. What a light it would have thrown (which no description can give) on the melancholy catastrophe as well as on the private life and manners of the ancients! But if they had been left here, they would, even tho' a guard of soldiers were stationed here to protect them, have been by degrees all stolen.

There were some magnificent tombs just outside the gates which must have been no small ornament to the city.

We returned to Resina to dinner at six o'clock.

We had made an arrangement with one of the guides of Vesuvius called Salvatore that he should be ready for us at Resina at seven o'clock with a mule and driver for each of us to ascend the mountain, and we found him very punctual at the door of the inn at that hour. The terms of the journey were as follows. One *scudo* for Salvatore and one *scudo* for each mule and driver for which they were to forward us to the mountain, remain the whole night and reconduct us to Resina the following morning. The object in ascending at night and remaining until morning is to combine the night view of the eruption with the visit (if possible) to the crater, which cannot with safety be undertaken by night, and to enjoy likewise the noble view at sunrise of the whole bay and city of Naples and the adjacent islands. We started therefore at a quarter past seven and arrived at half past nine at a small house and chapel, called the hermitage of Vesuvius, which is generally considered as half-way up the mountain. In this house dwells an old ecclesiastic who receives travellers and furnishes them with

a couch and frugal repast. We dismounted here and our worthy host provided us with some mortadella and an omelette; and we did not fail to do justice to his excellent *lacrima Christi*, of which he has always a large provision. We then betook ourselves to rest, leaving orders to be awakened at two o'clock in order to proceed further up the mountain. There was a pretty decent eruption of the mountain, which vomited fire, stones and ashes at an interval of twenty-five minutes, so that we enjoyed this spectacle during our ascent. A violent noise, like thunder, accompanies each eruption, which increases the awefulness and grandeur of the sight. At two o'clock our guide and muleteers being very punctual, we bade adieu to the hermit, promising him to come to breakfast with him the next morning; we then mounted our mules and after an hour's march arrived at the spot where the ashes and cinders, combined with the steepness of the mountain, prevent the possibility of going any further except on foot. We dismounted therefore at this place, and sent back our mules to the hermitage to wait for us there. We now began to climb among the ashes, and tho' the ascent to the position of the ancient crater is not more than probably eighty yards in height, we were at least one hour before we reached it, from its excessive steepness and from gliding back two feet out of three at every step we made. We at length reached the old crater and sat ourselves down to repose till day-break. Tho' it was exceeding cold, the exhalation from the veins of fire and hot ashes kept us as warm as we could wish: for here every step is literally

per ignes Suppositos cineri doloso.[97]

We remained on this spot till broad daylight and witnessed several eruptions at an interval of twenty or twenty-five minutes. I remarked that the mountain toward the summit forms two cones, one of which vomited fire and smoke, and the other calcined stones and ashes, accompanied by a rumbling noise like thunder. The stones came clattering down the flanks of the mountain and some of them rolled very near us; had we been within the radius formed by the erupted stones we probably should have been killed.

At daylight Mr R—— D—— proposed to ascend the two cones in spite of the remonstrances of our guide Salvatore, who told us that no person had yet been there and that we must expect to be crushed to death by the stones, should an eruption take place, and that it was almost as much madness to attempt it, as it would be to walk before a battery of cannon in the act of being fired. Tho' I did not admit all the force of this comparison, yet I began to think there was a little too much risk in the attempt; my French friend however was deaf to all

remonstrance and said to me, "*As-tu peur?*" I replied: "No! that I was at all times very indifferent as to life or death, but that I did not like pain, and was not at all desirous to have an arm or leg broken, the former accident having happened to a German a few days before; nevertheless, I added, if you persist in going, I will accompany you." We accordingly started to ascend the cone, which vomited fire and smoke, taking care to place ourselves on the windward side in ascending, and after much fatigue we arrived in about fifteen minutes close to the apex of the cone, after groping amidst the ashes and stumbling on a vein of red hot cinders. My shoes were sadly burnt, my stockings singed and my feet scorched; my friend was less fortunate, for he tumbled down with his hands on a vein of red hot cinders and burned them terribly. My great and principal apprehension in making this ascent was of stumbling upon holes slightly encrusted with ashes and that the whole might give way and precipitate me into some *gouffre*. On arrival at the summit of the cone we had just time to look down and perceive that there was a hole or *gouffre*, but whether it were very deep or not we could not ascertain, for a blast of fire and smoke issuing from it at this moment nearly suffocated us; we immediately lost no time in gliding down the ashes on the side of the cone on our breech, and reached its base in a few seconds, where we waited till an eruption took place from the other cone, in order to profit of the interval to ascend it also. It required four minutes' walk to reach the base of the other cone and about twelve to ascend to its apex; on arrival at the brink, where we remained about two minutes, we had just sufficient time to observe that there was no deep hole or bottomless *gouffre* as we expected, but that it formed a crater with a sort of slant and not exceeding thirty feet in depth to the bottom, which looked exactly like a lime-kiln, being of a dirty white appearance, and in continual agitation, as it were of limestones boiling; so that a person descending to the bottom of this crater would probably be scorched to death or suffocated in a few minutes, but would infallibly be ejected and thrown into the air at the first eruption. I mean by this that he would not disappear or fall into a bottomless pit (as I should have supposed before I viewed the crater), but that his friends would be sure of finding his body either yet living or dead, outside the brink of the crater, within the radius made by the erupted stones and ashes.

Our guide now begged us for God's sake to descend, as an eruption might be expected every minute. We accordingly glided down the exterior surface of the cone among the ashes, on our breech, for it is impossible to descend in any other way and in a few seconds we reached its base. Finding ourselves on a little level ground we began to run or rather wade thro' the ashes in order to get out of reach of the eruption, but we had not gone thirty yards when one took place. The

stones clattered down with a frightful noise and we received a shower of ashes on our heads, the dust of which got into our eyes and nearly blinded us. On reaching the brink of the old crater we stopped half an hour to enjoy the fine view of Parthenope in all her glory at sunrise. We then descended rapidly, sometimes plunging down the ashes on our feet and sometimes gliding on our breech till we arrived at the place where we had descended from our mules, and this distance, which required one hour to ascend, cost us in its descent not more than seven minutes.

We then walked to the hermitage in about an hour and a quarter, and arrived there with no other accident than having our shoes and stockings totally spoiled, our feet a little singed, the hands of Mr. R.D. severely burned and both begrimed with ashes like blacksmiths. The ecclesiastic gave us a breakfast of coffee and eggs and a glass of Maraschino, and we gave him two *scudi* each. Before we departed he presented to us his Album, which he usually does to all travellers, inviting them to write something. I took up the pen and feeling a little inspiration wrote the following lines:

Anch'io salito son sul gran Vesuvio,
Mentre cadsa di cineri un diluvio;
Questo cammin mi piace d'aver fatto,
Ma plù mi piace il ritornare intatto.

which pleased the old man very much to see a foreigner write Italian verse. I pleased him still more by letting him know that I was an enthusiastic admirer and humble cultivator of the Tuscan Muse, and that having read and studied most of their poets, particularly *il divino Ariosto*, I now and then caught a *scintilletta* from his verse. We now took a cordial farewell of our worthy old host, mounted our mules and descended the mountain. On arrival at Portici we dismissed our guide Salvatore with a *scudo pour boire*, besides the stipulated price. Salvatore asked me to give him a written certificate of his services, which he generally solicits from all those whom he conducts to the Volcano. I asked him for his certificate book, and begged to know whether he would have it in prose or verse. He laughed and said: *Vostra Eccellenza è padrone*. I took out my pencil and wrote the following quatrain:

Dal monte ignivomo tornati siam stanchissimi,
E del buon Salvator siam tutti contentissimi;
Felice il pellogrin che a Salvator si fida,

Che di lui non si può trovare un miglior guida.

I never saw any body so delighted as Salvatore appeared when I read to him what I had written in his book.

I have another observation to make before I take leave of this celebrated mountain, which is, that the liquid lava which it ejects is far more dangerous and destructive than the eruption of stones and ashes; the lava flows from the flanks of the mountain in a liquid stream. Sometimes there will be an eruption and no lava flowing: at other times the lava flows from the flanks of the mountain, without any eruption from the crater; at other times, and then it is most alarming, the eruption takes place accompanied by the flowing of the lava. All this demonstrates that the volcano is the effect of the efforts of the subterraneous fire to get some vent and escape from its confinement. This time I did not observe any lava flowing, except a slight vein of it on the spot where Mr R.D. fell down and burned his hands; but it is easy to observe on the side of the mountain the course and route taken at different times by the lava, which has become hardened and is very plainly to be distinguished, as it resembles a *river* (if I may use the word) of slate meandering between the green sward of the mountain and descending toward the sea. You can plainly distinguish the course and direction of the lava which destroyed part of Torre del Greco and swept it into the sea.

At Portici, having washed ourselves at the inn from head to foot in order to get rid of our blacksmith's appearance, and having purchased a new pair of shoes and stockings each, we visited the Royal Palace and Museum with a view principally of examining the objects of art and valuables discovered in Pompeii. The Royal Palace is called *la Favorita*, its architecture is beautiful; the garden or rather lawn which is ornamented by statues and enriched by orange groves extends to the sea. The first thing that presents itself to the view of the visitor at the Museum of Portici are the two equestrian statues of Marcus Balbus proconsul and procurator and of his son, which statues were found in Herculaneum. I forgot to mention that there is an inscription with that name on the side of the proscenium of the theatre easily legible by the light of *flambeaux*.

To return to the Museum at Portici, we were then shewn into a room containing curious *morceaux* of antiquity discovered at Pompeii: a tripod in bronze and various other articles of the same metal; tables, various lamps in bronze, resembling exactly those used in Hindostan, wooden pens, dice, grains of corn quite black and scorched, a skeleton of a woman with the ashes incrusting round

it (the form of her breast is seen on the crust of ashes; golden armlets were found on her which were shewn to us), steel mirrors, combs, utensils for culinary purposes, such as *casseroles*, frying pans, spoons, forks, pestles and mortars, instruments of sacrifice, weights and measures, coins, a *carcan* or *stock*, &c.

In the upper rooms are to be seen the paintings and *fresques* found in the same place. The paintings are poor things, and in their landscapes the Romans seem to have had little more idea of perspective than the Chinese; but the *fresques* are beautiful: the female figures belonging thereto are delineated with the utmost grace and delicacy. They consist of subjects chiefly from the mythology. I noticed the following in particular, viz., Chiron teaching the young Achilles to draw the bow; the discovery of Orestes; Theseus and the Minotaur (he has just slain the Minotaur and a boy is in the act of kissing his hand as if to thank him for his deliverance; the Minotaur is here represented as a monster with the body of a man and the head of a bull); a Centaur carrying off a nymph; a car drawn by a parrot and driven by a cricket: a woman offering to another little Loves for sale (she is pulling out the little Cupids from a basket and holding them by their wings as if they were fowls); a beautiful female figure seated on a monster something like the Chimaera of the ancients and holding a cup before the monster's mouth (emblematical of Hope nourishing a Chimaera). The arabesques taken from Pompeii and preserved here are very beautiful. Here also are two statues found in Pompeii: the one representing a drunken Faun, the other a sitting Mercury. We met two Polish ladies here, who were amusing themselves in copying the *fresques*. We returned to Naples at five o'clock, and dined at the *Villa di Napoli*. In the evening we went to the *Teatro de' Fiorentini*. The piece performed was Pamela or *La virtù premiata*, which I understand is quite a stock piece in Italy. It is written by Goldoni. It was very badly performed; the actors were not perfect in their parts, and the prompter's voice was as loud as usual. The costume was appropriate enough, which is far from being always the case at this theatre.

NAPLES, 13 Octr.

We started on the 12th at six o'clock in the morning (Mr R—— D. and myself) in a *calèche* in order to visit Puzzuoli, Baii and all the classical ground in that direction. We of course passed through the grotto of Pausilippo. This grotto is thirty feet high and about five hundred feet long. In fact, it is a vast rock undermined and a high road running thro' it, the breadth of which is sufficient

for three carriages to go abreast. From its great length it is of course exceeding dark; in order therefore to obviate this inconvenience lamps constantly lighted are suspended from the roof and on the sides of the grotto, and holes pierced towards the top to admit a little daylight. The road pierced thro' this rock and called the grotto of Pausilippo abridges the journey to Puzzuoli very considerably, as otherwise you would be obliged to go round by Cape Margelina, which would increase the distance ten miles. On issuing from the grotto on the other side, you arrive in a few minutes on the seashore, on the bay formed between Cape Margelina and Puzzuoli. We stopped at the lake Agnano which is strongly impregnated with sulfur. On the banks of this lake are the *Thermae* or vapour baths, and here is also the famous *Grotto del Cane*, the pestilential vapour arising from which rises about three inches from the ground and has the appearance of a spider's web. An unfortunate dog performs the miracle of the resurrection to all those who visit this natural curiosity; and we also were curious to see its effect. The guardian of the Thermes seized the poor animal and held his nose close to the place from whence the vapour exhales. The dog was seized with strong convulsions and in two minutes he was perfectly senseless and to all appearance dead; but on being placed in the open air, he soon recovers. The poor beast shews evident repugnance to the experiment, and I wonder he does not endeavor to make his escape, for he has sometimes to perform this feat four or five times a day. I should suppose that he will not be very long lived, for the repeated doses of this mephitic vapour must surely accelerate his dissolution. The heat of the *Thermae* and steam of the sulphur is almost insupportable; but it has a most beneficial effect on maladies of the nerves and cutaneous complaints.

We then proceeded on our journey to Puzzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, where are the remains of the famous mole (or bridge as others call it) of Caligula, intended to embrace or unite the two extremes of the bay of Baiae formed on one side by Puzzuoli and on the other by cape Misenus. We alighted to take a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at Puzzuoli, and then went to visit the temple of Jupiter Serapis, which is a vast edifice and tho' in ruins very imposing. On wandering thro' the enceinte of this famous temple, I thought of Apollonius of Tyana and his sudden appearance to his friend Damis at the porch of this very temple, when he escaped from the fangs of Domitian and when it was believed that, by means of magic art, he had been able at once to transport himself from the Praetorium at Rome to Puteoli. As I said before, the bay included by cape Misenus and Puzzuoli is what is called Baiae. The land is low and marshy from Puzzuoli to a little beyond the lake Avernus; but from Monte Nuovo it begins to rise and form high cliffs nearly all way to Cape Misenus. It was on these high cliffs that the opulent Romans

built their villas and they must have been as much crowded together as the villas at Ramsgate and Broadstairs. We embarked in a boat at Puzzuoli to cross over to Baiae (i.e., the place where the villas begin), but we stopped on our way thither at a landing place nearly in the centre of the bay in order to visit the lake Avernus and the Cave of the Cumaean Sybil, described by Virgil, as the entrance into the realm of Pluto. The lake Avernus, in spite of its being invested by the poets with all that is terrible in the mythology as a river of Hell, looks very like any other lake, and tho' it is impregnated with sulphur, and emits a most unpleasant smell, birds do not drop down dead on flying over it as formerly. The ground about it is marshy and unwholesome. The silence and melancholy appearance of this lake and its environing groves of wood are not calculated to inspire exhilarating ideas. Full of classic souvenirs we went to descend into the Cave of the Sybil, and as we descended I could not refrain from repeating aloud Virgil's lines:

Di quibus imperium est animarum umbrasque silentes,[98] etc.

This descent really is fitted to give one an idea of the descent to the shades below, and what added to the illusion was that when we arrived at the bottom of the descent and just at the entrance of the cave where the Sybil held her oracles, we discovered four fierce looking fellows with lighted torches in their hands standing at the entrance. My friend cried out *Voilà les Furies*, and these proved to be our boatmen who, while we were contemplating the *bolge d'Averno*, had run on before to provide torches to shew us the interior of the grotto of the Sybil. As this grotto is nearly knee-deep filled with water we got on the backs of the boatmen to enter it. It is about twenty-five feet long, fifteen broad and the height about thirteen feet. As we were neither devoured by Cerberus nor hustled by old Charon into his boat, we returned from the *Shades below* to the light of heaven, triumphant like Ulysses or Aeneas, considering ourselves now among the *Pauci quos aequus amavit Jupiter*. [99]

Acheron, the dreadful Acheron, is not far from Avernus and is likewise a lake, tho' call'd a river in the mythology. It is also sulfuric and the ground about it is woody, low, marshy and consequently aguish.

We next ascended the cliffs of Baiae and we were shown the remains of the villas of Cicero, Caesar, Sylla and other great names. We then went to the baths of Nero (so called). Here it is the fashion to descend under ground in order to feel the effect of the sulfuric heat, which is intense, and my friend who

descended soon returned dripping with perspiration and calling out: *Qui n'a pas vu cela n'a rien vu!* but I did not chuse to descend, as I could feel no pleasure in being half stifled and the *grotto del Cane* had already given me a full idea of the force of the vapour of the *Thermes*.

We then descended from the cliffs of Baiae on the other side, and visited the remains of three celebrated temples of antiquity situated on the beach nearly and very close to each other, viz., the temples of Diana, of Venus and of Mercury; all striking objects and majestic, tho' in a state of dilapidation. Each of these temples has cupolas. We then ascended the slope of ground leading towards cape Misensus, to visit the *Cento Camarelle* and *Piscina mirabile*, both vast edifices under ground, serving as cellars or appendages to a Palace that stood on this spot. We then visited the lake called the *Mare Morto* or Styx; and then went round to the other side of it, to visit those beautiful *coteaux* planted in vines and their summits crowned with groves which have obtained the name of the Elysian fields. This Styx and these Elysian fields look like any other lake and *coteaux* and are entirely indebted to the lyre of Maro for their celebrity.

From thence we went to the extremity of cape Misenus and embarked in our boat (which we had sent on there to wait for us) to return to Puzzuoli by crossing the bay at once. In this bay and near cape Misenus a Roman fleet was usually stationed and Pliny's uncle, I believe, commanded one there at the time of the first eruption of Vesuvius which cost him his life.

There is a singular phenomenon in this bay of a mountain that in one of the later eruptions and earthquakes was formed in twenty-four hours near the seashore and was named *Monte Nuovo*.

The small salt water lake called *Lacus Lucrinus* is also on this bay. It appears to me to be an artificial lake, made probably by the opulent Romans who resided at Baiae to hold their mullets and other sea fish which they wished to fatten.

Near Puzzuoli likewise is the famous *Solfaterra*, the bed of an ancient volcano. It is well worth examining. It has been long since extinguished, but you meet with vast beds of sulphur and calcined stones, and the smell is at times almost insupportable. We returned to Naples by half-past seven o'clock, not a little tired but highly gratified by our excursion.

NAPLES, 14th Oct.

At the *Teatro Nuovo* I have seen another Italian tragedy performed. The piece was *Tito Manlio Torquato*, taken from the well known anecdote in the Roman history. The scenery, decorations and *costume* were good and appropriate, not so the acting; for the actors as usual were imperfect in their parts. I fully agree with Alfieri that Italy must be united and enjoy a free popular government before one can expect to see tragedies well performed. It is very diverting to see the puppet shows at Naples and to hear the witticisms and various artifices of the showman of Pulcinello to secure payment in advance from his audience, who would otherwise go away without paying as soon as the performance was over.

This performance is much attended by the *lazzaroni* and *fainéans* of the lower orders of Naples and the puppet showman is obliged to have recourse to various stratagems and ingenious sallies to induce a handsome contribution to be made. Sometimes he will say with a very grave face (the curtain being drawn up and no Pulcinello appearing) that he is very sorry there can be no performance this day; for that poor Signor Pulcinello is sick and has no money to pay the Doctor: but that if a *quête* be made for him, he will get himself cured and make his appearance as usual. All the while that one of the showmen goes about collecting the *grani*, the other holds a dialogue with Pulcinello (still invisible). Pulcinello groans and is very miserable. At length the collection is made. Pulcinello takes medicine, says he is well again, makes his appearance and begins. At another time the audience is informed that there can be no performance as Pulcinello is arrested for debt and put in prison, where he must remain unless a subscription of money be made for him to pay his debts and take him out of gaol. Then follows an absurd dialogue between Pulcinello (supposed to answer from the prison) and the showman. The showman scolds him for being a spendthrift and leading a profligate life, calls him a *briccone*, a *birbante*, and Pulcinello only groans out in reply, *Povero me, Povero Pulcinello, che disgrazia! sventurato di me! di non aver denari!* These strokes of wit never fail to bring in many a *grano*.

At another time the curtain is drawn up and discovers a gibbet and Pulcinello standing on a ladder affixed to it with a rope round his neck. The showman with the utmost gravity and assumed melancholy informs the audience that a most serious calamity is about to happen to Naples: that Signor Pulcinello is condemned to be hanged for a robbery, and that unless he can procure *molti denari* to bribe the officers of justice to let him escape, he will inevitably be hanged and the people will never more behold their unhappy friend Pulcinello. The showman now implores the commiseration of the audience, and now reproaches Pulcinello with his profligacy and nefarious pranks which have

brought him to an untimely end. Pulcinello sobs, cries, promises to reform and to attend mass regularly in future. What Neapolitan heart can resist such an appeal? The *grani* are collected. Pulcinello gives money to the puppet representing the executioner; down goes the gibbet, and Pulcinello is himself again.

I shall return in a day or two to Rome, having seen nearly all that Naples affords. I have now full liberty to die when I chuse according to the proverb: *Veder Napoli e poí morire*.

Naples certainly is, taking it all in all, the most interesting city in Europe, for it unites every thing that is conducive to the *agrémens* of life. A beautiful city, a noble bay, a vast commerce, provisions of the best sort, abundant and cheap, a pleasant society, a delicious climate, music, Operas, *Balli*, Libraries, Museums of Painting and Sculpture; in its neighbourhood two subterraneous cities, a volcano in full play, and every spot of ground conveying the most interesting *souvenirs* and immortalized in prose and verse. Add thereto the vapour baths of sulphur for stringing anew the nerves of those debilitated by a too ardent pursuit of pleasure, and the Fountain of St Lucia for those suffering from a redundancy of bile. Now tell me of any other residence which can equal this? Adieu.

ROME, 22nd Octr.

Nothing material occurred on my return from Naples to Rome; but on the 2d day after my arrival I made an excursion to Tivoli, which is about eighteen miles distant from Rome. I passed the night at the only inn at Tivoli. The next morning I walked to the *Villa d'Este* in this neighbourhood, which is a vast edifice with extensive grounds. Here on a terrace in front of the villa are models in marble of all the principal edifices and monuments, ancient and modern, of Rome, very ingeniously executed. From the *Villa d'Este* is a noble view of the whole plain of Latium and of the "Eternal City."

From hence I walked about two miles further to visit the greatest antiquity and curiosity of the place, which is the Villa or rather the ruins of the celebrated Villa built by Adrian, which must have been of immense size from the vast space of ground it occupies. It was intended to unite everything that the magnificent ideas of a Prince could devise who wished to combine every sort of recreation, sensual as well as intellectual, within the precincts of his Palace; columns, friezes, capitals, entablatures and various other spoils of rich architecture cover the

ground in profusion: many of the walls and archways are entire and almost an entire cupola remains standing. Besides the buildings above ground, here are cellars under ground intended as quarters for the guards and capable of holding three thousand men, as well as stabling for horses. In the inclosure of and forming part of this Villa, which covers a circumference of seven miles, were a gymnasium, baths, temples, a school of philosophers, tanks, a theatre, &c. The greatest part of these buildings are choaked up and covered with earth, since it is by excavation alone that what does appear was brought to light. It was by excavation that a man discovered a large hall wherein he found the nine beautiful statues of the Muses, which now adorn the Museum of the Vatican; and no doubt if the Roman government would recommence the excavations many more valuables might be found. Hadrian's villa has already furnished many a statue, column and pilaster to the Museums, churches and Palaces of Rome.

I was much more gratified in beholding the remains of this Villa than in visiting Tivoli and I remained here several hours. At four o'clock in the afternoon I started on my return to Rome; it was imprudent not to have started sooner, as it is always dangerous to be outside the walls of Rome after dark, in consequence of the brigands who infest the environs and sometimes come close to the walls of the city.

I reached my hotel in Rome at nine o'clock, one hour and half after dark, but had the good fortune to meet nobody. The Roman peasantry generally go armed and those who feed cattle in the fields of the Campagna or have any labour to perform there never sleep there on account of the *mal'aria*.

[93] Horace, *Epist.*, II, 1, 156.—ED.

[94] Horace, *Sat.*, i, 5, 26.—ED.

[95] A *carlino* is of the value of half a franc or five pence English. The accounts in Naples are kept in *ducati*, *carlini* and *grani*. Ten *carlini* make a ducat and ten *grani* (a copper coin) make a carlino. A grano is a *sou* French in value. The *ducato* is an imaginary coin. The *soudo Napoletano*, a handsome silver coin of the size of an *écu de six francs*, is equal to twelve carlini.

[96] Not one of these vases was found at Pompeii.—ED.

[97] Horace, *Carm.*, II, 1, 7.—ED.

[98] Virgil, *Aen.*, VI, 264.—ED.

[99] Virgil, *Aen.*, VI, 129.—ED.

CHAPTER XII

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1816

From Rome to Florence—Sismondi the historian—Reminiscences of India—Lucca—Princess Elisa Baciocchi—Pisa—The Campo Santo—Leghorn

Hebrews in Leghorn—Lord Dillon—The story of a lost glove—From Florence to Lausanne by Milan, Turin and across Mont Cenis—Lombardy in winter—The Hospice of Mont Cenis.

FLORENCE, Novr. 20th.

I bade adieu to Rome on the 28th October and returned here by the same road I went, viz., by Radicofani and Sienna. I arrived here after a journey of six days, having been detained one day at Aquapendente on account of the swelling of the waters. The day after my arrival here I despatched a letter to Pescia to Mr Sismondi de' Sismondi, the celebrated author of the history of the Italian Republics, to inform him of my intended visit to him, and I forwarded to him at the same time two letters of introduction, one from Colonel Wardle and the other from Mr Piton, banker at Geneva, who mentioned me in his letter to Sismondi as having *des idées parfaitement analogues aux siennes*. I received a most friendly answer inviting me to come to Pescia and to pass a few days with him at his villa. Pescia is thirty miles distant from Florence and the same from Leghorn. I was delighted with the opportunity of seeing a man whom I esteemed so much as an author and as a citizen, and of visiting at the same time the different cities of Tuscany, particularly Lucca and Pisa. I accordingly hired a cabriolet and on the morning of the 6th Novr drove to Prato, a good-sized handsome town, solidly built, ten miles distant from Florence. The country on each side of the road appears highly cultivated, and the road is lined with villas and farm houses with gardens nearly the whole way. Changing horses at Prato, I proceeded ten miles further to Pistoia, a large elegant and well-built town on the banks of the

Ombrone.

The streets in Pistoia are broad and well paved and the *Palazzo pubblico* is a striking building; so is the *Seminario* or College. Here I changed horses again and proceeded to Pescia, where I alighted at the villa of M. Sismondi. The distance between Pistoia and Pescia is about ten or eleven miles.

Pescia is a beautiful little town, very clean and solidly built, lying in a valley surrounded nearly on all sides by mountains. Its situation is extremely romantic and picturesque, and there are several handsome villas on the slopes and summits of these mountains. On market days Pescia is crowded with the country people who flock hither from all parts, and one is astonished to see such a number of beautiful and well dressed country girls. Industry and comfort are prevalent here, as is the case indeed all over Tuscany; I mean agricultural industry, for commerce is just now at a stand.

I passed three most delightful days and which will live for ever in my recollection, with Mr Sismondi, in whom I found an inexhaustible fund of talent and information, combined with such an unassuming simplicity of character and manner that he appeared to me by far the most agreeable literary man that I ever met with. His mother, who is a lady of great talent and perfectly conversant in English literature, resides with him. His sister also is settled at Pescia, being married to a Tuscan gentleman of the name of Forti. The sister has a full share of the talents and amiable qualities of her mother and brother. With a family of such resources as this, you may suppose our conversation did not flag for a moment, nor do I recollect in the course of my whole life having passed such a pleasant time; and I only wished that the three days could be prolonged to three years. Politics, the occurrences of the day, living characters, classical reminiscences, French, English, Italian and German literature, afforded us an inexhaustible variety of topics for conversation: and the profound local knowledge that Mr Sismondi possesses of Italy, of its history and antiquities, renders his communications of the utmost value to the traveller. Our supper was prolonged to a late hour and I question if the suppers and conversations of Scipio and Atticus, those *nodes caenaeque Deum*[100] were more piquant or afforded more variety than ours. Shakespeare, Schiller, Voltaire, Ariosto, Dante, Filangieri, Michel Angelo, Washington, Napoleon, all furnished anecdotes and reflexions in abundance.

The last evening that I passed here, two families of Pescia came in. One of the

gentlemen was a great reader of voyages and travels, and India suddenly became the subject of discourse. As I had passed six years in that country, during which time I had visited the three Presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, having ascended the Ganges as far as Benares, having visited the Mysore country and Nizam's territory, having sojourned three weeks among the splendid and magnificent ruins of Bijanagur or Bisnagar, having travelled thro' the whole of the Deccan from Pondicherry to cape Comorin, besides having traversed on horseback the whole circumference of Ceylon and across the whole island from East to West by the Wanny, I was enabled to furnish them with many an anecdote from the Eastern world, which to them was a great treat, and I dare say at times my narration appeared almost as marvellous as a story in the Arabian Nights, particularly when I related the various religious ceremonies, the grim Idol of Juggernaut, the swinging to *recover cast*, the exposure of old people to the holy death in the Ganges by stopping up their nose, mouth and ears with mud, and placing them on the water's edge at low tide in order that they should be swept off at the high water; the holy city of Benares; the magnificent remains of Bisnagar; the splendid Pagodas of Ramisseram; the policy of the Bramins; the appalling voluntary penances of the *Joguis* or *Fakirs* as the Europeans call them; the bed of spikes; the arm held up in the air for fifteen years; the tiger hunt; the method of catching the elephant in Ceylon; the pearl fishery; Sepoy establishment; in short I must have appeared to them a Ulysses or a Sindbad, and I dare say that they thought I added from time to time a little embellishment from my imagination, tho' I can safely and solemnly aver that I did not extenuate nor exaggerate any thing, but simply related what I had myself seen and witnessed.

Mr Sismondi is under a sort of banishment from his native country Geneva in consequence of the side of the question he took in his writings on the return of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba. It was indeed natural for the restored government (the Bourbons) to desire the removal from France of a man of talent who had exposed their past and might scrutinize their future conduct and wilful faults; but why the Government of Geneva should espouse their quarrel and visit one of their most estimable citizens with banishment for opinions not at all connected with nor influential upon Geneva, appears to me not only absurd and anomalous, but unjust in the highest degree. But such is the state of degradation to which Europe is reduced by the triumph of the old *régime*; and the Swiss Governments are compelled to become the instruments of the vengeance of the coalition. But I shall dwell no more on this subject at present. Let us hope that in a short time a more liberal spirit will arise, and the Genevese will be eager to

recall in triumph the illustrious citizen of whom they have so much reason to be proud.

We spent our mornings, Mr Sismondi and I, in promenades towards the most striking points of the country immediately environing Pescia, and as I had at this time some idea of coming to settle in Tuscany, he was so kind as to conduct me to look at several villas that were to let; and I inspected three very beautiful ones well furnished and each capable of holding a large family, that were to be let for 18, 20, and 24 *louis d'or* per annum.

Wine and every article of life is of prodigious cheapness here, and the inhabitants are so respectable, and there is such an absence of all crime, that Pescia must be a very desirable and economical residence for any foreign family possessing a sufficient knowledge of Italian to mix with the society of the natives. There are several ancient and noble families in the neighbourhood, highly respectable in point of moral character and manners, but rather in *décadence* in point of fortune.

It was with the greatest regret that I bade adieu to the amiable Sismondi, his mother and sister; but I hope for a time only, as I have some idea of removing my domicile from Lausanne to this part of the world.

I started at 10 o'clock a.m. on the 11th of November and after two hours' journey in a cabriolet arrived at Lucca, a distance of ten miles, and put up at the *Hôtel del Pelicano*. The road runs thro' a highly cultivated country.

Lucca is a large fortified city, situated hi a beautifully luxuriant plain or basin surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains of various slopes, contours and heights, and abounding in villas, vineyards, mulberry and olive plantations. Every spot of ground is in cultivation and the industry of the inhabitants of Lucca is proverbial. Indeed the whole territory of this little *ci-devant* Republic is a perfect paradise.

The city itself, from the massiveness and solidity of the edifices, has more of a solemn than a lively appearance; but there is a delightful walk on the ramparts which are lined with trees. The streets are well paved. The extreme antiquity of the city and style of its edifices make it appear less *riani* than the other cities in Tuscany. The Cathedral is Gothic and there are in it the statues of the four Evangelists. This and the *Palazzo Pubblico* are the most conspicuous edifices.

Tho' the Republic is annihilated, the word *Libertas* still remains on an escutcheon on the gates of the city. Lucca, tho' no longer a Republic and enclavée in Tuscany, is for the present an independent state and belongs to an Infanta of Spain (formerly Princess of Parma) who takes the title of Duchess of Lucca. It is generally supposed however that on the demise of Maria Louisa, ex-Empress of the French and now Duchess of Parma, this family, viz., the Duchess of Lucca and her son will resume their ancient possessions in the Parmesan, and that Lucca will then be incorporated with Tuscany.

Before the fall of Napoleon the Princess Elisa Baciocchi his sister was sovereign of Lucca, and she it was who has embellished the outside of the city with some beautiful promenades. She devoted her whole time, talents and resources to the good of her subjects and is highly esteemed and much regretted by them. The present Duchess of Lucca has no other character but that which seems common to the Royal families of France, Spain and Naples; viz., of being very weak and priest-ridden. Lucca furnishes excellent female servants who are remarkable for their industry and probity. Their only solace is their lover or *amoroso*, as they term him; and when they enter into the service of any family, they always stipulate for one day in the week on which they must have liberty to visit their *amoroso*, or the *amoroso* must be allowed to come to the house to visit them. This is an ancient custom among them and has no pernicious consequences, nor does it interfere with their other good qualities. At the back of Lucca is an immense mountain which stands between it and Pisa, and intercepts the reciprocal view of the two cities which are only ten miles distant from each other. This mountain and its peculiarity is the very one mentioned by Dante in his *Inferno* in the *episode* of Ugolino:

Cacciando il lupo e i lupicini AL MONTE, PER CHE i Pisan veder Lucca
NON ponno.[101]

I started from Lucca in a cabriolet and in two hours arrived at Pisa, putting up at the *Tre Donzelle* on the Quai of the Arno. Between Lucca and Pisa are the *Bagni di Lucca*, a favorite resort for the purpose of bathing and drinking the mineral waters.

Pisa is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen in Italy. The extreme elegance and comfort of the houses, the spacious Quai on the Arno which furnishes a most agreeable promenade, the splendid style of architecture of the *Palazzi* and public buildings, the cleanliness of the streets, the salubrity of the climate, the

mildness of the winter, the profusion and cheapness of all the necessities of life, and above all the amenity and simplicity of the inhabitants, combine to make Pisa an agreeable and favorite residence. Yet the population having much decreased there appears an air of melancholy stillness about the city and grass may be seen in some of the streets. This decay in population causes lodgings to be very cheap.

The most striking object in Pisa is the leaning tower (*Torre cadente*) and after that the Cathedral, Baptistery, and *Campo Santo* which are all close to the tower and to each other. Imagine two fine Gothic Churches in a square or place like Lincoln's Inn Fields; a large oblong building nearly at right angles with the churches and inclosing a green grass plot in its quadrangle and a leaning tower of cylindrical form facing the churches: and then you will have a complete idea of this part of Pisa.

I must not omit to mention that there is a breed of camels here belonging to the Grand Duke; I believe it is the only part of Europe except Turkey where the breed of camels is attempted to be propagated.

LEGHORN, 17 Novr.

I left Pisa for Leghorn on the morning of the 15th November, and after a drive of two hours in a cabriolet I arrived at the latter place and put up at the *Aquila Nera*. The distance between Pisa and Leghorn is only 10 or 11 miles and a plain with few trees, either planted in corn or in pasturage, forms the landscape between the two cities.

Leghorn (Livorno), being a modern city, does not offer anything remarkably interesting to the classical traveller either from its locality or its history. Founded under the auspices of the Medici it has risen rapidly to grandeur and opulence, and has eclipsed Genoa in commerce. It is a remarkably handsome city, the streets being all broad and at right angles; the *Piazze* are large and the *Piazza Grande* in particular is magnificent. There is a fine broad street leading from the *Piazza Grande* to the Port. The Port and Mole are striking objects and considerable commercial bustle prevails there.

Among the few things worthy of particular notice is the Jewish Synagogue, decorated with costly lamps and inscriptions in gold in the Hebrew and Spanish languages, many of which allude to the hospitality and protection afforded to the Hebrew nation by the Sovereigns of Tuscany. There are a great number of Hebrew families here: they all speak Spanish, being the descendants of those unfortunate Jews who were expelled from Spain at the time of the expulsion of the Moors in the reign of Don Felipe III surnamed *el Discreto*, who was determined not to suffer either a Jew, Mahometan or heretic in all his dominions. This barbarous decree was the ruin and destruction of a number of industrious families, thousands of whom died of despair at being exiled from their native land. In return for this what has Spain gained? The Inquisition—despotism in its worst form—poverty—rags—lice—an overbearing insolent and sanguinary priesthood of whom the monarch is either the puppet or the slave; a degraded nobility; a half savage, grossly ignorant, lazy and brutal people. A proper judgment on the Spanish nation for its cruelty and fanaticism! My guide at Leghorn conducted me to see the burying ground belonging to the English

factory, which is interesting enough from the variety of tombs, monuments and inscriptions. Here all Protestants, to whatever nation they belong, are buried. I noticed Smollett's tomb. It is on the whole an interesting spot, tho' not quite so much so as the cemetery of Père La Chaise at Paris.

I returned to Florence from Leghorn *tout d'une traite* in the diligence. We stopped at Fornacetti (half way) to dine. There is a good *table d'Hôte (ordinario)* there.

FLORENCE, 22nd Novr.

I have become acquainted with Lord Dillon[102] and his family, who are residing here and from whom I have received much civility. I met at his house the Marchese Giuliani, one of the adherents of King Joachim, a very amiable and clever man who speaks English fluently. Lord Dillon is a man of much reading and information and his conversation is at all times a great treat. His lady too is very amiable and accomplished. I went one day with a friend of mine to a *pic-nique* party at the Cascino, where a laughable adventure occurred perfectly in the stile of the *novelle* of Boccacio. As it is not the custom in Florence that husbands and wives should go together to places of public amusement, the lady is generally accompanied by her *cavalier servente*: but it by no means follows that the *cavalier servente* is the favored lover: one is often adopted as a cover to another who enjoys the peculiar favors of the lady. A gentleman who arrived at the hall where the supper table was laid out, somewhat earlier than the rest of the company and before the chamber was lighted, observed a gentleman and lady ascend the staircase, turn aside by a corridor and enter a chamber together. It was dark and he could not distinguish their persons. He waited fifteen or twenty minutes and observed them leave the chamber together, pass along the corridor and disappear. He had the curiosity to go into the chamber they had just left and found on the bed a lady's glove. He took up the glove and put it in his pocket, determined that this incident should afford him some amusement at supper and the company also by putting some fair one to the blush. Accordingly, when the supper was nearly over, he held up the glove and asked with a loud voice if any lady had lost a glove; when his own wife who was sitting at the same table at some distance from him called out with the utmost *sangfroid*: *E il mio! dammelo: l'ho lasciato cadere*. You may conceive what a laugh there was against him, for he had related the circumstances of his finding it to several of the company before they sat down to supper. This reminded me of an anecdote

mentioned by Brantôme as having occurred at Milan in his time, a glove being in this case also the cause of the *désagrément*. A married lady had been much courted by a Spanish Cavalier of the name of Leon: one day, thinking he had made sure of her, he followed her into her bedroom, but met with a severe and decided repulse and was compelled to leave her *re infectà*. In his confusion he left one of his gloves on the bed which remained there unperceived by the lady. The husband of the lady arrived shortly afterwards and as he was aware of the attentions of the Spaniard to his wife and had noticed his going into the house, he went directly to his wife's chamber, where the first thing that captivated his attention was a man's military glove on the bed. He, however, said nothing, but from that moment abstained from all conjugal duty. The lady finding herself thus neglected by a husband who had been formerly tender and attentive, was at a loss to know the reason, and determined to come to an *éclaircissement* with him in as delicate a manner as she could. She therefore took a slip of paper, wrote the following lines thereon and placed it on his table:

*Vigna era, vigna son;
Era podada, or più non son;
E non sò per qual cagion
Non mi poda il mio patron.*[103]

The husband, on reading these lines, wrote the following in answer:

*Vigna eri, vigna sei;
Eri podada, e più non sei;
Per la gran fa del Leon
Non ti poda il tuo patron.*

The lady on reading these lines perceived at once the cause of her husband's estrangement and succeeded in explaining the matter satisfactorily to him, which was facilitated by the ingenuous declaration of Leon himself that he had tried to succeed but had been repulsed. The husband and wife being perfectly reconciled lived happily and no doubt the vine was cultivated as usual.

I left Florence the 27th November, and arrived at Turin 5th December. In an evil hour I engaged myself to accompany an old Swiss Baroness with whom I became acquainted at the Hotel of Mine Hembert to accompany her to Turin. She had with her her son, a fine boy of thirteen years of age but very much spoiled. We engaged a *vetturino* to conduct us to Turin, stopping one day at

Milan. The Baroness did not speak Italian and generally sent for me to interpret for her when any disputes occurred between her and the people at the inns, and these disputes were tolerably frequent, as she always gave the servants wherever she stopped a good deal of trouble and on departing generally forgot to give them the *buona grazia*. I sometimes paid them for her myself in order to avoid noise and tumult; at other times we departed under volleys of abuse and imprecations such as *brutta vecchia*, *maladetta carogna*, and so forth. The Baroness had strong aristocratic prejudices and was a bitter enemy of the French Revolution to which she attributed collectively all the *désagréments* she had experienced during life and all the inconveniences she met with during our present journey. The negligence and impertinence of the servants in Italy were invariably attributed by her to the revolutionary principle and she told me that the servants in her native canton Bern were the best in the world, but that even in them the French Revolution had made a great deal of difference and that they were not so submissive as they used to be. As she sent for me to be her dragoman in all her disputes on the road, you may conceive how glad I was to arrive at Turin to be rid of her. She put me in mind of Gabrina in the *Orlando Furioso*. We stopped one day at Milan but we were very near being detained two or three days at Piacenza owing to an informality in the Baroness's passport, which had not been visé by the Austrian Legation at Florence. In vain she pleaded that she was told at the inn at Florence that such *visa* was not necessary; the police officer at the Austrian *Douane*, at a short distance beyond Piacenza, was inexorable and refused to *viser* her passport to allow her to proceed. She was in a sad dilemma and it was thought we should be obliged to remain at Piacenza. I however recommended her to be guided by me and not to talk with or scold anybody, and that I would ensure her arrival at Milan without difficulty, for I had observed that her scolding the officer at the *Douane* only served to make him more obstinate. I recommended her therefore that when we should arrive within sixty or seventy paces of the gate at Milan, she should get out of the carriage with her son and walk thro' the gate on foot with the utmost unconcern as if she belonged to the town and was returning from a promenade; and that while they stopped us who were in the carriage to examine our passports, she should walk direct to the inn where we were to lodge, then write to the Consul of her nation to explain the business. She followed my advice and passed unobserved and unmolested into Milan. On the preceding evening at Castel-puster-lengo at supper I asked whether she thought the rigour of the Austrian government was also the offspring of the French Revolution. The Baroness had brought up her son in all these feelings and particularly in a determined hatred of the Canton de Vaud; for in the evening when we arrived at

the inn and were sitting round the fire, he would shake the burning faggots about and say: *Voilà la ville de Lausanne en cendres!* If he grows up with these ideas and acts upon them, he stands a good chance of being shot in a duel by some Vaudois. It is a pity to see a child so spoiled, for he was a very fine boy, tho' very violent in his temper which probably he inherited from his mother. Somebody at the *pension Surpe* at Milan who knew her told me that the Baroness was of an aristocratic family and had married a rich *bourgeois* of Bern whom she treated rather too much *de haut en bas*; in short that it was a marriage quite *à la George Dandin*, till the poor man took it into his head to die one day. At Turin we parted company, she for Genoa and I for Lausanne.

From Turin to Lausanne.

I felt the cold very sensibly in the journey from Florence to Milan and Turin. There is not a colder country in Europe than Lombardy in the winter. The vicinity of the Alps contributes much to this; and the houses being exceedingly large and having no stoves it is quite impossible that the fireplaces can give heat sufficient to warm the rooms. I started from Turin on the morning of the 9th December in the French diligence bound to Lyon, but taking my place only as far as Chambéry. In the diligence were a Piedmontese Colonel who had served under Napoleon, and a young Scotchman, a relation of Lord Minto. The latter was fond of excursions in ice and snow and on our arrival at Suza he proposed to me to start from there two or three hours before the diligence and to ascend Mont Cenis on foot as far as the *Hospice* and I was mad enough to accede to the proposal, for it certainly was little less than madness in a person of my chilly habits and susceptibility of cold and who had passed several years within the tropics to scale the Alps on foot in the middle of December and to walk 24 miles in snow and ice at one o'clock in the morning, which was the hour at which we started. I was well clad in flannel and I went thro' the journey valiantly and in high spirits and without suffering much from the cold till within five miles of the Hospice, when a heavy snow storm came on; it then began to look a little ugly and but for Napoleon's grand *chaussées* we were lost. We struggled on three miles further in the snow before we fell in with a *maison de refuge*. We knocked there and nobody answered. We then determined *coûte que coûte* to push on to the *Hospice* which we knew could not be more than two miles distant; indeed it was much more advisable so to do than to run the risk of being frozen by remaining two or three hours in the cold air till the diligence should come up. In standing still I began to feel the cold bitterly; so in spite of the snow storm, we pushed on

and arrived at the inn at Mont-Cenis at five in the morning. We rubbed our hands and faces well with snow and took care not to approach the fire for several minutes, fortifying ourselves in the interim with a glass of brandy. We then had some coffee made and laid ourselves down to sleep by the side of an enormous fire until the diligence arrived, which made its appearance at eight o'clock. The passengers stopped to breakfast and the Scotchman proposed to me to make the descent of Lans-le-Bourg also on foot; but I was quite satisfied with the prowess I had already exhibited and declined the challenge. He however set off alone and thus performed the entire passage of Mont Cenis on foot. As for the rest of us we were carried down on a *traineau*; that is to say the diligence was unloaded and its wheels taken off; the baggage and wheels were put on one *traineau* and the diligence with the passengers in it on another, and in this manner we descended to Lans-le-Bourg. Nothing remarkable occurred on this journey and we arrived at Chambéry in good case. I hired a *calèche* to go to Geneva, remained there three days and arrived at Lausanne on the 18th December.

[100] Horace, *Sat.*, II, 6, 65.—ED.

[101] Dante, *Inferno*, I, 33,29.—ED.

[102] Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon (1777-1832), married (1807) to Henrietta Browne (died 1862).—ED.

[103] Quoted from memory, with mistakes. The text has been corrected as it stands in Brantôme, *Les Dames galantes*, ed. Chasles, vol. I, p. 351.—ED.

AFTER WATERLOO

PART III.

CHAPTER XIII

MARCH-SEPTEMBER, 1817

Journey from Lausanne to Clermont-Ferrand—A wretched conveyance—The first dish of frogs—Society in Clermont-Ferrand—General de Vergeunes—Cleansing the town—Return to Lausanne—A zealous priest—Journey to Bern and back to Lausanne—Avenches—Lake Morat—Lake Neufchatel—The Diet in Bern—Character of the Bernois—A beautiful Milanese lady.

I started from Lausanne on the 4th March 1817, and arrived on the same day at 4 o'clock at Geneva. On my arrival at Geneva, my banker informed me that I had been denounced to the police, for some political opinions I had spoken at the *Hôtel de l'Ecu de Genève*, previous to my journey into Italy, and that I had been traced as far as Turin. I went directly on hearing this to the police, and desired to know who my accusers were, and that the accusation against me might be investigated immediately. Both these propositions were however declined, and I was told it was an *affaire passée*, and of no sort of consequence; so that from that day to this I have never been able to ascertain who my friends were.

I left Lausanne with the intention of paying a visit to my friend Col. Wardle and his family at Clermont-Ferrand, in the Department of the Puy de Dôme, in Auvergne, where they are residing. I staid three days at Geneva, and then set off at 7 in the evening on the 8th March with the Courier for Lyons.

I never regretted any thing so much, and was near paying severely for my rashness in putting myself into such a wretched conveyance, at such a season of the year; but I had made the agreement with the Courier without inspecting his carriage, and was obliged to adhere to the bargain. It was a vehicle entirely open before; it was a bitter cold, rainy, snowy night; and I had the rain and snow in my face the whole way, and on crossing the Cerdon I was seized with a violent ague fit, and suffered so much from it that on arrival at a village beyond Nantua where

we stopped for supper, I determined to proceed no further, but to rest there that night; and I asked the innkeeper if he could furnish me with a bed for the night. He however made so many objections and seemed so unwilling that I should remain, that I was obliged to make up my mind to proceed. I allayed the *frissonnement* by a large glass of brandy and water, made fiery hot. At eight o'clock next morning I arrived at Lyons, more dead than alive. A warm bath, however, remaining in bed the whole day, buried in blankets, abstaining from all food, a few grains of calomel at night and copious libations of rice gruel the next day restored me completely to health; and after a *séjour* of four days at Lyons, I was enabled to proceed on my journey to Clermont on the 14th March. We arrived at Roanne in the evening and I stopped there the whole night.

Between Lyons and Roanne is the mountain of Tarare where the road is cut right athwart the mountain and is consequently terribly steep; indeed it is the steepest ascent for a carriage I ever beheld. All the passengers were obliged to *bundle out* and ascend on foot; and even then it is a most arduous *montée* for such a cumbrous machine as a French diligence.

The country between Lyons and Roanne appears diversified; but this is not the season for enjoying the beauties of nature. Roanne consists of one immensely long street, but it is broad, and contains excellently built houses and shops. There is a theatre also and baths. It is situated on the Loire which I now salute for the first time.

The following morning at nine o'clock a *patache* (a sort of two wheeled carriage) was in waiting to convey me the remainder of my journey; and I arrived at night at a large village or town called Thiers. Halfway between Roanne and Thiers, on stopping at a small village to dine, I observed a dish of frogs at the kitchen fire at the inn; and as it was the first time I had observed them as an article of food in France, I was desirous to taste them. They were dressed in a *fricassée* of white sauce, and I found them excellent. The legs only are used. They would be delicious as a curry. The next morning we continued our journey; and crossing the river Allier at twelve o'clock, arrived at Clermont-Ferrand at 2 p.m., and dined with Col. Wardle. Clermont and Ferrand are two towns within a mile and half distant from each other and this Clermont is generally called Clermont-Ferrand to distinguish it from other towns of the same name.

CLERMONT, March 26th.

I have taken lodgings for a month, and board with a French family for 90 francs per month. On the road hither the immense mountain called the Puy de Dôme is discernible at a great distance; it is said to have been a volcano.

Clermont is a very ancient city and has an air of dullness; but the *Place* and promenades round the town are excellent. It is the capital of this department (Puy de Dôme). There is a terrible custom here of emptying the *aguas mayores y menores* (as the Spaniards term those secretions) into the small streets that lie at the back of the houses. The consequence is that they are clogged up with filth and there is always a most abominable stench. One must be careful how one walks thro' these streets at night, from the liability of being saluted by a golden shower. The lower classes of the Auvergnats have the reputation of being dirty, slovenly and idle.

Here is a church built by the English in the time of Edward III, when the Black Prince commanded in this country; and it was in a chapel in this city, the remains of which still exist, that Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade. These are almost the only things worthy of remark in the town itself, except that there is a good deal of commerce carried on, manufactures of crockery, cloth and silk stockings. But in the natural curiosities of the environs of Clermont there is a great deal to interest the botanist and mineralogist and above all there is a remarkable petrifying well, very near the town, where by leaving pieces of wood, shell-fish and other articles exposed to the dropping of the water, they become petrified in a short time. This water has the same effect on dead animals and rapidly converts them into stone. I have myself seen a small basket filled with plovers' eggs become in eight days a perfect petrification.

CLERMONT, April 2d.

I am arrived here at rather a dull season: the Carnaval is just over and all the young ladies are taking to their *Livres d'Heures* to atone for any levity or indiscretion they may have been guilty of during the hey day of the Carnaval. The Wardle family have a very pleasant acquaintance here, chiefly among the *libéraux*, or moderate royalists, but there are some most inveterate *Ultras* in this city, who keep aloof from any person of liberal principles, as they would of a person infected with the plague. The noblesse of Auvergne have the reputation of being in general ignorant and despotic. There is but little *agrément* or instruction to be derived from their society, for they have not the ideas of the

age. In general the nobles of Auvergne, tho' great sticklers for feudality and for their privileges, and tho' they disliked the Revolution, had the good sense not to emigrate.

There is a Swiss regiment of two battalions quartered here. It bears the name of its Colonel, De Salis. As there are a number of officers of the old army here, on half pay, about three hundred in number, it is said, frequent disputes occur between them and the Swiss officers. The Swiss are looked upon by the people at large as the satellites of despotism and not without reason. It is, I think, degrading for any country to have foreign troops in pay in time of peace. Several attempts have been made in the Chamber of Deputies to obtain their removal or *licenciement*, but without success. As it is supposed that the song of the *Ranz des Vaches* affects the sensibility of the Swiss very much, and makes them long to return to their native mountains, a wag has recommended to all the young ladies in France who are musicians to play and sing the *Ranz des Vaches* with all their might, in order to induce the Swiss to betake themselves to their native country.

There has been a great deal of denunciation going forward here; but the General de V——[104] who commands the troops in Clermont, determined to put a stop to it. He had the good sense to see that such a system, if encouraged, would be destructive of all society, prejudicial to the Government, and vexatious to himself; as he would be thereby kept continually in hot water. Accordingly, on a delator presenting himself and accusing another of not being well affected to the present order of things, and of having spoken disrespectfully of the King, M. de V—— said to him: "I have no doubt, Sir, that your denunciation proceeds from pure motives, and I give you full credit for your zeal and attachment to the royal cause; but I cannot take any steps against the person whom you accuse, unless you are willing to give me leave to publish your name and consent to be confronted with him, so that I may examine fairly the state of the case, and render justice to both parties." The accuser declined acceding to this proposition. The General desired him to withdraw, and shortly after intimated publicly that he would listen to no denunciation, unless the denouncer gave up his name and consented to be confronted with the accused. The consequence of this intimation was that all denunciations ceased. The late Prefect however was not so prudent, and chose rather to encourage delation; but mark the consequence! He arrested several persons wrongfully, was obliged to release them afterwards, was in continual hot water and it ended by the Government being obliged to displace him. To avoid the merited vengeance of many individuals whom he had ill-treated, he was obliged, on giving up his prefecture, to make a precipitate retreat

from Clermont. The delators attempted the same system with the new Prefect and Col. Wardle, having invited some of the Swiss officers to a ball, to which were likewise invited people of all opinions, an information was lodged against him, purporting that he wanted to corrupt the Swiss officers from their allegiance. The Prefect sent the letter to Col. Wardle and said that it had not made the slightest impression on his mind, and that he treated it as a malicious report. The new Prefect adopted the same system as the General and tranquillity is since perfectly restored.

Things have been taking a better turn since the dissolution of the *Chambre introuvable*. Decazes, the present minister, is an able man, and if he is not *contrarié* by the *Libéraux*, he will keep the fanatical *Ultras* in good order. The Bishop of Clermont is a liberal man also, and as it seems the wish of the present public functionaries here to conciliate, it is to be hoped that their example will not be lost on the *bons vieux gentilshommes* of Auvergne.

I find an inexhaustible fund of entertainment from the conversation of M. C ——. He has so many interesting anecdotes to relate respecting the French Revolution. With regard to his present occupations, which are directed towards rural economy, he tells me that he has succeeded in a plan of cleansing the town from its Augean filth, and making it very profitable to himself; and that he calculates to obtain a revenue thereby of twenty thousand francs annually. He has, in short, undertaken to be the grand *scavenger* of the town, and the Government, in addition to a salary of 2,500 francs per annum, which they give him for his trouble, give to him the exclusive privilege of removing all the dung he can collect in the precincts of the city, and of converting it to his own advantage. He began by fitting up a large enclosure, walled on each side, and in which he deposits all the filth he can collect in the stables, yards and streets of Clermont. He sends his carts round the town every morning to get them loaded. All their contents are brought to this repository, and shot out there. Straw is then placed over this dung, and then earth or soil collected from gullies and ravines, and this arranged *stratum super stratum*, till it forms an immense compact cake of rich compost; and when it has filled one of the yards and has completed a thickness of five feet, he sells it to the farmers, who send their carts to carry it off. He has divided this enclosure or repository into three or four compartments. The compost therefore is prepared, and ready to be carried off in one yard, while the others are filling. In this he has rendered a great benefit to the public, for the Auvergnats are incurable in their custom of emptying their *pots de chambre* out of the windows; so that the streets every morning are in a terrible state: but

thanks to the industry of C—— his cars go round to collect the precious material, and all is cleared away by twelve o'clock. He collects bones too, and offal to add to the compost. He conducted me to see his premises; but the odour was too strong....

I returned to Lausanne by the same route, leaving Clermont on the 6th April, staying four days at Lyons and as many at Geneva. Young Wardle accompanied me. We met with no other adventure on the road than having a young Catholic priest, fresh from the seminary, for our travelling companion, from Thiers to Roanne. This young man wished to convert Wardle and myself to Catholicism.

Among many arguments that he made use of was that most silly one, which has been so often sported by the Catholic theologians, viz.: that it is much safer to be a Catholic than a Protestant, inasmuch as the Catholics do not allow that any person can be saved out of the pale of their church, whereas the Protestants do allow that a Catholic may be saved. I answered him that this very argument made more against Catholicism than any other, and that this intolerant spirit would ever prevent me (even had such an idea entered into my head) of embracing such a religion. I then told him that, once for all, I did not wish to enter into any theological disputes; that I had fully made up my mind on these subjects; and that I would rather take the opinion of a Voltaire or a Franklin on these matters than all the opinions of all the theologians and churchmen that ever sat in council from the Council of Nicsea to the present day. This silenced him effectually. Such is the absurd line of conduct pursued by the Catholic priests of the present day in France. Instead of reforming the discipline and dogmas of their church and adapting it to the enlightened ideas of the present age, they are sedulously employed in preaching intolerant doctrines, and reviving absurd legends, and pretended miracles, which have been long ago consigned to contempt and oblivion by all rational Catholics; and by this they hope to re-establish the ecclesiastical power in its former glory and preponderance. Vain hope! By the American and French Revolutions a great light is gone up to the *Gentiles*. Catholicism is on its last legs, and they might as soon attempt to replace our old friend and school acquaintance Jupiter on the throne of heaven, as to re-establish the Papal power in its pristine splendour; to borrow the language of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the Giant *Pope* will be soon as dead as the Giant *Pagan*.

On arrival at Lyons we put up at the *Hôtel du Parc*, where I found cheaper and better entertainment than at the *Hôtel du Nord*.

My friend young Wardle has fallen in love with a very beautiful *cafetière* at Lyons', and spends a great part of his time in the *café*, at which this nymph administers, and looks at her, *sighs, looks and sighs again*. It is not probable however that he will succeed in his suit, for she has been courted by very many others and no one has succeeded. She remains constant to her *good man*, and the breath of calumny has never ventured to assail her. I met one day at Lyons with my old friend W——s of Strassburg, who was a Lieutenant in the 25th Regiment in the French service and served in the battle of Waterloo.[105] He is now here and being on *demi-solde*, employs himself in a mercantile house here as principal commis. He dined with us and we passed a most pleasant day together.

I arrived on the 20th April at Lausanne.

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After remaining some weeks, at Lausanne on my return from Clermont, I determind on making a pedestrian trip as far as Bern and Neufchatel previous to returning into Italy, which it is my intention to do in September. I sent on my portmanteau accordingly to Payerne near Avenches, intending to pay a visit and pass three days with my friend, the Revd. Mr. J[omini],[106] the rector of the parish there, from whom I had received a pressing invitation. I was acquainted at Lausanne with his daughter, Mme C——, and was much pleased in her society. She had great talent of conversation, and I never in my life met with a lady possessed of so much historical knowledge. I started on the 27th June from Lausanne, passed the first night at Mondon and the next afternoon arrived at Avenches, the *Aventicum* of the ancient Romans. Payerne is only a mile distant from Avenches, and I was received with the utmost cordiality by the worthy pastor and his daughter. The scenery on the road to Avenches is very like the scenery in all the rest of the Canton de Vaud, viz., alternate mountain and valley, lofty trees, and every spot capable of cultivation bearing some kind of produce; corn just ready for the sickle and fruit such as cherries and strawberries in full bloom. Avenches has an air of great antiquity and looks very gloomy withal, which forms a striking contrast to the neat, well built towns and villages of this Canton on the banks of the lake Lemman where everything appears so stirring and cheerful. Avenches, on the contrary, is very dull, and there is little society.

At Mr. J[omini] there were, besides his daughter, his son and his son's wife. All the *ministres* (for such is the word in use to designate Protestant clergymen and you would give great offence were you to call them *prêtres*) have a fixed salary

of 100£ sterling per annum, with a house and ground attached to the cure; so that by farming a little they can maintain then? families creditably. M. Jomini lost his wife some time ago, and still remains a widower.

I left Payerne on the fifth of July and walked to the *campagne* of M. de T[reytorre]us,[107] situated on the banks of the lake Morat. It is a very pretty country house, spacious and roomy, and I was received with the utmost cordiality by M. de T[reytorrens] and his amiable family. He is a very opulent proprietor in this part of the country, and has spent part of his life in England. He is a dignified looking man, a little too much perhaps of the old school and no friend to the innovations and changes arising from the French Revolution. Having lived much among the Tory nobility of England, he has imbibed their ideas and views of things. His son is now employed in one of the public offices in London. His wife and three daughters, one of whom is married to a *ministre*, dwell with him. With this family I passed three days in the most agreeable manner. I find the style and manner of living of the *noblesse* (or country gentlemen, as we should style them) of Switzerland very comfortable, in every sense of the word. I wish my friends the French would take more to a country life, it would essentially benefit the nation. The way of living in M. de T[reytorre]us family is as follows. A breakfast of coffee and bread and butter is served up to each person separately in their own room, or in the *Salle à manger*, Before dinner every one follows his own avocation or amusement. At one, the family assemble to dinner which generally consist of soup, *bouilli*, *entrées* of fish, flesh and fowl, *entremets* of vegetables, a *rôti* of butcher's meat, fowl or game, pastry and desert. The wine of the country is drunk at dinner as a table wine, and *old* wines of the country or wines of foreign growth are handed round to each guest during the desert. After dinner coffee and liqueurs are served. After an hour's conversation or repose, promenades are proposed which occupy the time till dusk. Music, cards or reading plays fill up the rest of the evening, till supper is announced at nine o'clock, which is generally as substantial as the dinner.

On taking leave of Mr. de T[reytorre]ns' family I walked to the banks of the lake Neufchâtel, having a stout fellow with me to carry my *sac-de nuit*. On arrival at the lake I crossed over in a boat to Neufchâtel, which lies on the other side. I remained there the whole of the day. It is a very pretty neat little city, in a romantic position. Its government is a complete anomaly. Neufchâtel forms a component part of the Helvetic confederacy, and yet the inhabitants are vassals of the King of Prussia, and the aristocracy are proud of this badge of servitude.

The King of Prussia however does not at all interfere with its internal government, and his supremacy is in no other respects useful to him than in giving him a slight revenue. French is the language spoken in the canton. There is a marked distinction of rank all over Switzerland, except in Geneva, Vaud and the small democratic cantons such as Zug and Schwytz, where it is merely nominal. In short, tranquillity is the order of the day. Each rank respects the privileges of the other and the peasant, however rich, is not at all disposed to vary from his usual mode of life or to ape the noble; and hence, tho' sumptuary laws are no longer in force, they continue so virtually and the peasantry in all the German cantons adhere strictly to the national costume.

BERN, 14 July.

I put myself in the diligence that plies between Neufchatel and Bern at nine p.m., on the 12 July, and the following morning put up at the *Crown Inn* in the city of Bern, in the *Pays Allemand*, whereas the French cantons are termed the *Pays Romand*. Bern is a remarkably elegant city as much so as any in Italy, and much cleaner withal. The streets are broad, and in most of them are *trottoirs* under arcades. There are a great number of book-sellers here, and the best editions of the German authors are to be procured very cheap. Bern is situated on an eminence forming almost an island as it were in the middle of the river Aar; steep ravines are on all sides of it; and there is a bridge over the Aar to keep up the communication; and as the borders of the island, on which the city stands, are very steep, a zig-zag road, winding along the ravines, brings you to the city gates. These gates are very superb. On each side of the gates are two enormous white stone bears, the emblems of the tutelary genius of this city. The houses are very lofty and solidly built. The promenades in the environs of Bern are the finest I have seen anywhere, and the grounds allotted to this purpose are very tastefully laid out. These promenades are paved with gravel and cut thro' the forests, that lie on the *coteaux* and ravines on the other side of the Aar. There are several neat villas in the neighbourhood of these promenades, and there are *cafés* and *restaurants* for those who chuse to refresh themselves. Such is the beauty of these walks, that one feels inclined to pass the whole day among them. They are laid out in such variety, and are so multiplied, that you often lose your way; you are sure however to be brought up by a *point de vue* at one or other of the angles of the zig-zag; and this serves as a guide *pour vous orienter*, as the French say. Another favorite promenade is a garden, in the town itself, that environs the whole city from which and from the superb terrace of the Cathedral you have a

magnificent view of the glaciers that tower above the Grindelwald and Lauterbrunn. The immense forests that are in the neighbourhood of Bern form a striking contrast with the cornfields in the vallies and on the *coteaw*. There are but few vineyards in the neighbourhood of Bern.

BERN, 16 July.

The Diet is held this year in Bern and it is now sitting. I have met with the two Deputies of the Canton de Vaud, MM. P—— and M——. I am glad to hear from them that the animosity existing between the two cantons of Bern and Vaud is beginning to subside. M. P—— has made a most able and conciliating speech at the Diet. Still there is a good deal of jealousy rankling in the breast of the Bern *noblesse* and the *avulsumimperium* is a very sore subject with them. I recollect once at Lausanne meeting with a young man of one of the principal families of Bern, who had been in the English service. The conversation happened to turn on the emancipation of the Canton de Vaud from the domination of Bern, when the young man became perfectly furious and insisted that the Vaudois had no right whatever to their liberty, for that the Canton of Bern had purchased the province of Vaud from the Dukes of Savoy. "*En un mot*" (said he), "*ils sont nos esclaves, nos ilotes et ils sont aussi clairement notre propriété que les nègres de la Jamaïque le sont de leurs maîtres*"

A very harsh measure has lately been passed in the Diet, evidently suggested by the aristocracy of Bern, which tended to fine and punish those Swiss officers who remained in France to serve under Napoleon after his return from Elba, and who did not obey the order of the Diet which recalled them. A very able objection has been made to this measure in a *brochure*, wherein it is stated that many of these officers had no means of living out of France and that, on a former occasion, when a number of Swiss officers were serving the English Government and were employed in America in the war against the United States in 1812 and 1818, the Diet, then under Napoleon's influence, issued a decree recalling them and commanding them to quit the English service forthwith. This they refused to do and continued to serve. No notice whatever was taken of this act of disobedience, when they returned to their native country on being disbanded in 1814, and they were very favourably received. Why then, says the author of this pamphlet, is a similar act of disobedience to pass unnoticed in one instance and to be so severely punished in another? Or do you wish to prove that your vengeance is directed only against those who remained in France, to fight

for its liberties, when invaded by a foreign foe, while those who remained in America to fight against the liberties and existence of the American Republic you have received with applause and congratulation? Is such conduct worthy of Republicans? O, fie!

Such an argument is in my opinion convincing for all the world except for an English Tory, a French *Ultra* or a Bern Oligarch.

The Arsenal here is well worth seeing; here is a superb collection of ancient armour, much of which were the spoils of the Austrian and Burgundian chivalry, who fell in their attempts to crush Helvetic liberty.

By way of shewing how fond the Bernois are of old institutions and customs, they have been at the trouble to catch three or four bears and keep them in a walled pit in the city, where they are well fed and taken care of. The popular superstition is that the bears entertained in this manner contribute to the safety of the commonwealth; and this establishment continued ever in full force, until the dissolution of the old Confederacy took place and the establishment in its place of the Helvetic Republic under the influence of the French directorial government. The custom, then, appearing absurd and useless, was abolished, and the bears were sold. But since the peace of 1814 other bears have been caught and are nourished, as the former ones were, at the expence of the state.

Bern derives its name from *Büren*, the German word for *Bears* (plural number). Only the French spell *Berne*, with an *e* at the end of it.

There are no theatrical amusements going forward here. Cards and now and then a little music form the evening recreations.

In the inn at Bern I became acquainted with a most delightful Milanese lady and her son. Her name is L———; she is the widow of an opulent banker at Milan and has a large family of children. She was about thirty-eight years of age and is still a remarkably handsome woman. Time has made very little impression on her and she unites very pleasing manners with a great taste for literature. She is greatly proficient in the English language and literature, which she understands thoroughly, tho' she speaks it with difficulty. She is an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron. She had been to Zurich for her son, who was employed in a commercial house there, in order to take him back with her into Italy. She spoke French as well as Italian, and her son had a very good

knowledge of German. She offered me a seat in her carriage, on the understanding that I was going to Lausanne, where she intended to stop a day or two. An offer of the kind made by so elegant and fascinating a woman you may be assured I did not scruple to accept, and I was in hopes of improving on this acquaintance and renewing it at Milan. Indeed, did not business oblige me to remain some weeks at Lausanne, I should certainly offer my services to escort her all the way to Milan. She had letters of introduction for Lausanne, and during her stay there I acted as her *cicerone*, to point out the most interesting objects and points of view, which the place affords.

[104] Louis Charles Joseph Gravier, vicomte de Vergennes d'Alonné, was the son of the Comte de Vergennes, who was minister under the reign of Louis XVI. Born at Constantinople in 1766, he took service at the early age of thirteen, was promoted captain in 1782 and colonel in 1788. Having emigrated in 1791, he served in Condé's army, then took service in England from 1795 to 1797. On the 3rd March, 1815, he re-entered the army as "maréchal de camp," and, on the 2nd November of that same year, was promoted general commander of the department of Puy de Dôme. He retired on the 8th March, 1817, and seems to have been much regretted at Clermont. Died 1821.—ED.

[105] Jean François Wlnkens, born at Aix-la-Chapelle In 1790, is mentioned in the records of the French War Office as having served in the 25th Regiment at Waterloo. His family may have belonged to Strassburg.—ED.

[106] Pierre Jacques Jomini, Protestant minister at Avenches from 1808 to 1819.—ED.

[107] The Treytorrens family, of old nobility and fame, now extinct, possessed a large estate at Guévaux, on the borders of the lake of Morat.—ED.

CHAPTER XIV

SEPTEMBER 1817-APRIL 1818

Journey from Lausanne to Milan, Florence, Rome and Naples—Residence at Naples—The theatre of San Carlo—Rossini's operas—Gaming in Naples—The *Lazzaroni*—Public writers—Carbonarism—Return to Rome—Christmas eve at Santa Maria Maggiore—Mme Dionigi—Theatricals—Society in Rome—The papal government—Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Canino—Louis Napoleon, ex-King of Holland—Pope Pius VII—Thorwaldsen—Granet—The Holy Week in Rome—The Duchess of Devonshire—From Rome to Florence by the Perugia road.

I started from Lausanne with a party of two ladies in a Milanese *vettura* on the morning of the 20th September. We arrived at Milan on the 25th late in the evening. On passing the Simplon we met with three or four men who had the appearance of soldiers, and asked for alms something in the style of the old Spanish soldier who accosted Gil Blas on his first journey. Our ladies were a little alarmed. On travelling over the plains of Lombardy, one of these ladies, who had never before been out of her country (Switzerland) and was consequently accustomed to see the horizon bounded at a very short distance by immense mountains on all sides, was much alarmed, on arrival at the plain, at seeing no bounds to the horizon; she was apprehensive of *falling down* and *rolling over*. Her remark reminded me of one of the objections made to the project of Columbus's voyage in discovery of a western passage to India; it was said that in consequence of the rotundity of the earth they would roll down and never be able to get up again. The sensation experienced by my fellow traveller, however, may be well accounted for and explained by any one who from a plain surface situated on a great height looks down without a railing or balcony.

These ladies were quite delighted with the splendour and bustle of Milan and particularly when I took them to the *Scala* theatre, where a very splendid *Ballo*

was given, intitled *Sammi Ré d'Egitto*. The scenery and decorations were magnificent, being taken from Denon's drawings of Egyptian views, and the costume was exceedingly appropriate. My fellow travellers were much struck at the appearance of the horses on the stage and the grotesque dancing. The last scene was the most magnificent. It represented the great Pyramids, on the angles of which stood a line of soldiers from the *base* to the *apex* holding lighted torches. The *coup d'oeil* was enchanting. I took the ladies to see my old friend Girolamo and in fine was their *cicerone* every where. We remained only four days at Milan and then proceeded to Florence, where we arrived on the 7th October. We employed six days for our journey and one day we halted at Bologna. After remaining four days at Florence and taking the Radicofani road we arrived at Rome the 18th October.

At Rome I met my friend P.G. and his wife who were travelling towards Naples and I likewise made two very pleasant acquaintances, the one a Portuguese, the other a Milanese. The Milanese is a cousin of the Neapolitan minister Di M———; and the Portuguese (M. de N———) had been employed by his Government in a diplomatic capacity at Vienna. At Rome I engaged apartments from the 20th of December for three months and then started for Naples, with the intention of passing two months there, and returning to Rome, to be in time to witness the fete at Christmas Eve. At Velletri I met with a Jamaica family, Mr and Mrs O———, with their daughter and daughter-in-law; and we were strongly advised to take an escort as far as *Torre tre ponti*, being obliged to start very early from Velletri in order to reach Terracina before night-fall. Nothing however occurred and we arrived at Terracina without accident. The rascally innkeeper there made Mr O——— pay forty franks for each miserable room that he occupied, and fifteen franks a head for his supper; he was very insolent with all. I was rejoiced to find that in one instance he failed in his hopes of extortion. As he is obliged by law to furnish supper and beds at a fixed price to those who travel with *vetturini* and are *spesati*, he, whenever a *vetturino* arrives locks up all his decent chambers and says that they are engaged, in order to keep them for those travellers who may arrive in their own carriages and whom he can fleece *ad libitum*. A friend of mine and his lady, who were travelling in their own carriage, had, in order to avoid this extortion, engaged with a *vetturino* to conduct them from Naples to Rome with *his horses*, but their own carriage, and, had stipulated to be *spesati*. Mine host of Terracina, seeing a smart carriage drive up, ordered one of his best rooms to be got ready, ushered them in himself and returned in half an hour to ask what they would have for supper; when to his great astonishment and mortification, they referred him for the arrangement of the

supper to the *vetturino*, saying that they were *spesati*. He then began to curse and swear, said that they should not have that room, and wanted to turn them out of it forcibly; but my friend Major G—— took up one of his pistols, which were lying on the table, and told the innkeeper that if he did not cease to molest them and instantly quit the room, he would blow out his brains. This threat had the desired effect, and he withdrew. It appears that this fellow has in the end outwitted himself, for most people now, who travel on this road in their own carriage, chuse to travel with a *vetturino* and his horses and are *spesati*, solely in order to avoid the extortion practised upon them.

We arrived at Naples on the 29th October without accident. A *buona grazia* of a *scudo* at the frontier obviated the delay which would otherwise have occurred in examining our baggage by the *douaniers*. I put up at No 1 *Largo St Anna di Palazzo*, near the *Strada di Toledo*, at the house of one Berlier, who had been a domestic of poor Murat's. The Austrian troops being now withdrawn, the military cordon of sentinels from the frontier to Naples is kept up by the Neapolitan troops; but what a contrast between the vigilance of the Austrian sentinels, and the negligence of the Neapolitans! The last time I travelled on this road, I never failed, after dusk, to hear the shout of *Wer da?* of the Austrian sentries, long before I came up to them, and I always found them alert. Now that the cordon was Neapolitan, I always found the sentries either asleep, or playing at cards with their companion (the sentries being double), both having left their arms at the place where they were posted. At night I have no doubt they all fall asleep, so that three or four active *banditti* might come and cut the throats of the whole chain of sentries in detail.

30th October, 1818.

I have begun my course of water drinking at the fountain of Sta Lucia. Since I was here the last time, the theatre of St Carlo has been finished and I went to visit it the second night after my arrival. It is a noble theatre and of immense size, larger it is said than the *Scala* at Milan, tho' it does not appear so. The profusion of ornament and gilding serves to diminish the appearance of its magnitude. It is probably now the most magnificent theatre in Europe. The performance was *Il Babiere di Siviglia* by Rossini, and afterwards a superb *Ballo* taken closely from Coleman's *Blue-Beard* and arranged as a *Ballo* by Vestris. The only difference lies in the costume and the scenery; for here the *Barbe Bleue*, instead of being a Turkish Pacha, as in Coleman's piece, is a Chinese

Mandarin, and the decorations are all Chinese. A great deal of Scotch music is introduced in this *Ballo*, and seems to give great satisfaction. At the little theatre of San Carlino I witnessed the representation of Rossini's *Cenerentola*, a most delightful piece. The young actress who did the part of Cenerentola acted it to perfection and sung so sweetly and correctly, that it would seem as if the *rôle* were composed on purpose for her. The part of Don Magnifico was extremely well played, and those of the sisters very fairly and appropriately. The three actresses who did the part of Cenerentola and her sisters, were all handsome, but she who did Cenerentola surpassed them all; she was a perfect beauty and a grace. I think the music of this opera would please the public taste in England. Rossini seems to have banished every other musical composer from the stage.

I have seen, at the Theatre of San Carlo, the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; but certainly, after being accustomed to the extreme vivacity of Rossini's style, the music, even of the divine Mozart, appears to go off heavily. There is too much of what the French call *musique de fanfares* in the opera of *Don Giovanni* and I believe most of the Italians are of my way of thinking.

We have just heard of the death of the poor Princess Charlotte. I am no great admirer of Kings and Queens; and yet I must own, I could not help feeling regret for the death of this princess. I had formed a very high opinion of her, from many traits in her character; and I fancied and hoped that she was destined to redeem England from the degradation and bad odour into which she had been plunged by the borough-mongers and bureaucrats, engendered by the Pitt system. She had liberal ideas and an independent spirit. I really almost caught myself shedding tears at this event, and had she been buried here, I should have gone to scatter flowers upon her tomb:

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.[108]

Has no royalist or ministerial poet been found to do homage to her *manes*? Had she lived to be Queen of England she would have found a thousand venal pens to give her every virtue under heaven.

There is a professor of natural philosophy now at Naples, of the name of Amici, from Modena, who has invented a microscope of immense power. The circulation of the blood in the thigh of a frog (the coldest animal in nature), when viewed thro' this microscope, appears to take place with the rapidity of a Swiss

torrent.

Since I have been here, I have once more ascended Vesuvius; there was no eruption at all this time, but I witnessed the sight of a stream of red-hot liquid lava flowing slowly down the flank of the mountain. It was about two and a half feet broad.

In my letters from Naples, the last time I was there, I gave you some idea of the state of society. Among the upper classes gaming is reduced to a science and is almost exclusively the order of the day. There is little or no taste for literature among any part of the native society. The upper classes are sensualists; the middling ignorant and superstitious. With regard to the *Lazzaroni*, I do not think that they at all deserve the ill name that has been given to them. They always seem good humoured and willing to work, when employment is given to them; and they do not appear at all disposed to disturb the public peace, which, from their being so numerous and formidable a body, they could easily do. The Neapolitan dialect has a far greater affinity to the Spanish than to the Tuscan, and there are likewise, a great many Greek words in it. When one takes into consideration the extreme ignorance that prevails among the Neapolitans in general, one is astonished that such a prodigy of genius as Filangieri could have sprung up among them. What talent, application, deep research and judgment were united in that illustrious man! And yet there are many Neapolitans of rank who have never heard of him. Would you believe that on my asking one of the principal booksellers in Naples for Filangieri's work on legislation (an immortal work which has called forth the admiration and eulogy of the greatest geniuses of the age, of which Benjamin Franklin and Sir Wm Jones spoke in the most unqualified terms of approbation; a work which has been translated into all the languages of Europe), I was told by the bookseller that he had never heard either of the author or of his work.

A very curious thing at Naples is the number of public writers; who compose letters and memorials in booths, fitted up in the streets. As the great majority of the people are so ignorant as to be unable to read or write, it follows that when they receive letters, they must find somebody to read them for them and to write the answers required. They accordingly, on the receipt of a letter, bring it to one of these public scribes, ask him to read it for them and to write an answer, for which trouble he receives a fixed pay. These writers are thus let into the secrets of family affairs of more than half of the city; and as some of them are in the pay of the Government for communicating intelligence, you may guess how

formidable they may become to liberty and how dangerous an engine in the hands of a despotic Government.

It appears that the theatre of San Carlo is principally kept up by gaming; that is to say, the managers and proprietors would not undertake the direction of it without the Gaming Bank being annexed to it; for otherwise they would lose money, the expence of the Opera on account of the magnificent decorations of the Ballets being very great, which the receipts of the theatre are insufficient to meet; but the profits of the Casino cover all and amply reimburse the proprietors.

With regard to political opinions here there is a great stagnation. It costs the Neapolitans too much trouble to think and reflect. M——, the principal minister, is however no favourite; neither is N——, who has quitted the Austrian service, and is nominated Captain-General of the Neapolitan army.
[109]

There is a great talk about the increase of Carbonarism. You will probably ask me what Carbonarism means. I am not initiated in the secret of the Carbonari; but as far as I can understand, this sect or secret society has its mysteries like modern Free-masonry or like the Orphics of old, and several progressive degrees of initiation are required. Its secret object is said to be the emancipation of Italy from a foreign despotism and the forming of a government purely national. This is the reason why this sect is regarded with as much jealousy by the different governments of Italy as the early Christians used to be by the Pagan Emperors. Great proofs of courage, constancy and self denial are required from the initiated; and very many fail, or do not rise beyond the lower degrees of initiation, for it is very difficult for an Italian to withstand sensuality. But the leaders of this sect are perfectly in the right to require such proofs, for no man is fit to be trusted with any political design whatever, who has not obtained the greatest mastery over his passions. The word *Carbonari*, I need not tell you, means *Coalmen*; the Italian history presents many examples of secret societies taking their appellation from some mechanical profession.

I have now been nearly two months in Naples, and the *zampogne* or bag-pipes, which play about the streets at night, announce the speedy approach of Christmas, so that I shall soon take my departure for Rome.

* * * * *

I left Naples on the 18th of December and arrived at Rome on the 22d. I am settled in my old lodgings, No. 29 *Piazza di Spagna*. Nothing worth mentioning occurred during the journey.

The fete, of the birth of Christ held at Santa Maria Maggiore on the evening of the 24th December is of the most splendid description, and attended by an immense crowd of women. Guns are fired on the moment that the birth of the Saviour is announced, and this event occurs precisely at midnight. The Romans seem to rejoice as much at the anniversary of this event, as if it happened for the first time, and as if immediate temporal advantage were to be derived from it.

I have mixed a good deal in society in Rome since my return from Naples. Among other acquaintance I must particularly distinguish Mme Dionigi, a very celebrated lady, possessing universality of talent.[110] She is well known all over Italy, for the extent of her literary attainments, but more particularly for her proficiency in the fine arts, above all in painting, of which she is an adept. She also possesses the most amiable qualities of the heart, and is universally beloved and respected for the worth of her private character, and for her generous disposition. She has all the vivacity of intellect belonging to youth, tho' now nearly eighty-six years of age,[111] and of a very delicate physical constitution; in short she affords, and I often tell her so, the most striking proof of the immortality of the soul. There is a *conversazione* at her house twice a week, where you meet with foreign as well as Italian *litterati*, and persons of distinction of all nations, tongues and languages. Her eldest daughter, Mme D'Orfei, is an excellent *improvisatrice*, and has frequently given us very favourable specimens of the inspiration which breathes itself in her soul. I have likewise witnessed the talent of two very extraordinary *improvisatori*, the one a young girl of eighteen years of age, by name Rosa Taddei. She is the daughter of the proprietor of the *Teatro della Valle* at Rome, and sometimes performs herself in dramatic pieces; yet, strange to say, tho' she is an admirable *improvisatrice* and possesses a thorough classic and historical knowledge, she is but an indifferent actress.

It is a great shame that her father obliges her to act on the stage in very inferior parts, when she ought only to exhibit on the tripod. I assisted at an *Accademia* given by her one evening at the *Teatro della Valle*, when she improvised on the following subjects, which were proposed by various members of the audience: 1st, *La morte d'Egeo*; 2dy, *La Madre Ebreja*; 3rd, *Coriolano alle mura di Roma*; 4th, *Ugolino*; 5th, *Saffo e Faone*; 6th, in the Carnival with the following

intercalario: "*Maschera ti conosco, tieni la benda al cor!*" which *intercalario* compels a rhyme in *osco*, a most difficult one. The *Madre Ebre*a and *Coriolano* were given in *ottava rima* with a *rima obbligata* for each stanza. The *Morte d'Egeo* was given in *terza rima*. Her versification appeared to be excellent, nor could I detect the absence or superabundance, of a single syllable. She requires the aid of music, chooses the melody; the audience propose the subject, and *rima obbligata*, and the *intercalario*, where it is required. In her gestures, particularly before she begins to recite, she reminded me of the description given of the priestess of Delphi. She walks along the stage for four or five minutes in silent meditation on the subject proposed, then suddenly stops, calls to the musicians to play a certain symphony and then begins as if inspired. Among the different rhymes in *osco*, a gentleman who sat next to me proposed to her *Cimosco*. I asked him what *Cimosco* he meant; he replied a Tuscan poet of that name. For my part, I had never heard of any other of that name than the King *Cimosco* in the *Orlando Furioso*, who makes use of fire-arms; and Rosa Taddei was, it appears, of my opinion, since this was the *Cimosco* she chose to characterise; and she made thereby a very neat and happy comparison between the gun of *Cimosco* and the arrow of Cupid. This talent of the *improvisatori* is certainly wonderful, and one for which there is no accounting. It appears peculiar to the Italian nation alone among the moderns, but probably was in vogue among the ancient Greeks also. It is certain that Rosa Taddei gives as fine thoughts as are to be met with in most poets, and I am very much tempted to incline to Forsyth's opinion that Homer himself was neither more nor less than an *improvisatore*, the Greek language affording nearly as many poetic licences as the Italian, and the faculty of heaping epithet on epithet being common in both languages.

The other genius in this wonderful art is Signer Sgricci. He is so far superior to Rosa Taddei in being five or six years older, in being a very good Latinist and his *improvising* whole tragedies on any subject, chosen by the audience. When the subject is chosen, he develops his plan, fixes his *dramatis personae* and then strikes off in *versi sciolti*. He at times introduces a chorus with lyric poetry. I was present one evening at an *Accademia* given by him in the Palazzo Chigi. The subject chosen was *Sophonisba* and it was wonderful the manner in which he varied his plot from that of every other dramatic author on the same subject. He *acted* the drama, as well as composed it, and portrayed the different characters with the happiest effect. The ardent passion and impetuosity of Massinissa, the studied calm philosophy and stoicism of Scipio, the romantic yet dignified attachment of *Sophonisba*, and the plain soldierlike honorable behaviour of Syphax were given in a very superior style. I recollect particularly a line he puts

in the mouth of Scipio, when he is endeavouring to persuade Massinissa to resist the allurements and blandishments of love:

Chè cor di donne è laberinto, in quale
Facil si perde l'intelletto umano.

This drama he divided into three acts, and on its termination he improvised a poem in *terza rima* on the subject of the contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles.

Wonderful, however, as this act of improvising may appear, it is not perhaps so much so as the mathematical faculty of a youth of eight years of age, Yorkshireman by birth, who has lately exhibited his talent for arithmetical calculation *improvised* in England and who in a few seconds, from mental calculation, could give the cube root of a number containing fifteen or sixteen figures.

Is not all this a confirmation of Doctor Gall's theory on craniology? viz., that our faculties depend on the organisation of the skull. I think I have seen this frequently exemplified at Eton. I have known a boy who could not compose a verse, make a considerable figure in arithmetic and geometry; and another, who could write Latin verse with almost Ovidian elegance, and yet could not work the simplest question in vulgar fractions. Indeed, I think there seems little doubt that we are born with dispositions and propensities, which may be developed and encouraged, or damped and checked altogether by education.

I have become acquainted with several families at Rome, so that I am at no loss where to spend my evenings. Music is the never failing resource for those with whom the spirit of conversation fails. The society at Rome is perfectly free from etiquette or *gêne*. When once presented to a family you may enter their house every evening without invitation, make your bow to the master and mistress of the house, enter into conversation or not as you please. You may absent yourself for weeks together from these *conversazioni*, and nobody will on your re-appearance enquire where you have been or what you have been doing. In short, in the intercourse with Roman society, you meet with great affability, sometimes a little *ennui*, but no *commérage*. The *avvocati* may be said to form almost exclusively the middling class in Rome, and they educate their families very respectably. This class was much caressed by the French Government during the time that Rome was annexed to the French Empire, and most of the employés of

the Government at that time were taken from this class. I have met with several sensible well-informed people, who have been accurate observers of the times, and had derived profit in point of instruction from the scenes they had witnessed.

The Papal Government began, as most of the restored governments did, by displacing many of these gentlemen, for no other fault than because they had served under the Ex-government, and replaced them by ecclesiastics, as in the olden time. But the Papal Government very soon discovered that the whole political machine would be very soon at a stand, by such an *épuration*; and the most of them have been since reinstated. Consalvi, the Secretary of State, is a very sensible man; he has had hard battles to fight with the *Ultras* of Rome in order to maintain in force the useful regulations introduced by the French Government, particularly the organisation of a vigilant police, and the putting a stop to the murders and robberies, which used formerly to be committed with impunity. The French checked the system of granting asylum to these vagabonds altogether. But on the restoration of the Papal Government a strong interest was made to allow asylums, as formerly, to criminals. Many of these gentry began to think that the good old times were come again, wherein they could commit with impunity the most atrocious crimes; and no less than eighty persons were in prison at one time for murder. This opened the eyes of the Government, and Consalvi insisted on the execution of these men and carried his point of establishing a vigilant police. The Army too has been put on a better footing. The Papal troops are now clothed and disciplined in the French manner, and make a most respectable appearance. The infantry is clothed in white; the cavalry in green. The cockade is white and yellow. No greater proof can be given of the merit and utility of the French institutions in Italy, than the circumstance of all the restored Governments being obliged by their interests (tho' contrary to their wishes and prejudices), to adopt and enforce them. There is still required, however, a severer law for the punishment of post office defalcations. Simple dismissal is by no means adequate, when it is considered how much mischief may ensue from such offences. A very serious offence of this nature and which has made a great sensation, has lately occurred. As all foreign letters must be franked, and as the postage to England is very high, one of the clerks at the Post office had been in the habit of receiving money for the franking of letters, appropriated it to his own use, and never forwarded the letters. This created great inconvenience; a number of families having never received answers to their letters and being without the expected remittances, began to be uneasy and to complain. An enquiry was instituted, and it was discovered that the clerk above mentioned had been carrying on this game to a great extent. He used to tear the

letters and throw the fragments into a closet. Several scraps of letters were thus discovered and, on being examined, he made an ample confession of his practises. He was merely discharged, and no other punishment was indicted on him. I am no advocate for the punishment of death for any other crime but wilful murder; but surely this fellow was worse than a robber, and deserved a greater severity of punishment.

ROME, 10th February, 1818.

The Carnival has long since begun, and this is the heaven of the Roman ladies. On my remarking to a lady that I was soon tired of it and after a day or two found it very childish, she replied: "*Bisogna esser donna e donna Italiana per ben godere de' piaceri del Carnevale.*"

When I speak of the Carnival, I speak of the last ten days of it which precede Lent. The following is the detail of the day's amusement during the season.

After dinner, which is always early, the masks sally out and repair to the *Corso*. The windows and balconies of the houses are filled with spectators, in and out of masks. A scaffolding containing an immense number of seats is constructed in the shape of a rectangle, beginning at the *Piazza del Popolo*, running parallel to the *Corso* on each side, and terminating near the *Piazza di Venezia*; close to which is the goal of the horse race that takes place in this enclosure. Carriages, with persons in them, generally masked, parade up and down this space in two currents, the one ascending, the other descending the *Corso*. They are saluted as they pass with showers of white comfits from the spectators on the seats of the scaffolding, or from the balconies and windows on each side of the street. These comfits break into a white powder and bespatter the clothes of the person on whom they fall as if hair-powder had been thrown on them. This seems to be the grand joke of this part of the Carnival. After the carriages have paraded about an hour, a signal is given by the firing of a gun that the horse race is about to begin. The carriages, on the gun being fired, must immediately evacuate the *Corso* in order to leave it clear for the race; some move off and *rendezvous* on the *Piazza del Popolo* just behind the scaffolding, from the foot of which the horses start; others file off by the *Via Ripetta* and take their stand on the *Piazza Colonna*. The horse-race is performed by horses without riders, generally five or six at a time. They are each held with a bridle or halter by a man who stands by them, in order to prevent their starting before the signal is given; and this requires no small

degree of force and dexterity, as the horses are exceedingly impatient to set off. The manes of the horses are dressed in ribbands of different colours to distinguish them. Pieces of tin, small bells and other noisy materials are fastened to their manes and tails, in order by frightening the poor animals, to make them run the faster, and with this view also squibs and crackers are discharged at them as they pass along. A second gun is the signal for starting; the keepers loose their hold, and off go the horses. The horse that arrives the first at the goal wins the grand prize; and there are smaller ones for the two next. This race is repeated four or five times till dusk, and then the company separate and return home to dress. They then repair to the balls at the different casinos, and at the conclusion of the ball, supper parties are formed either at *restaurants* or at each other's houses. During the time occupied in the balls and promenades, as every body goes masked either in character or in *domino*, there is a fine opportunity for pairing off, and it is no doubt turned to account. This is a pretty accurate account of a Roman Carnival. A great deal of wit and repartee takes place among the masks and they are in general extremely well supported, and indeed they ought to be, for there is a great sameness of character assumed at every masquerade, and very little novelty is struck out, except perhaps by some foreigner, who chuses to introduce a national character of his own, which is probably but little, or not at all, understood by the natives, and very often not at all well supported by the foreigner himself. An American gentleman once made his appearance as an Indian warrior with his war-hatchet and calumet; he danced the war dance, which excited great astonishment. He then presented his calumet to a mask, who not knowing what the ceremony meant, declined it, when the Mohawk flourished his hatchet and gave such a dreadful shriek as to set the whole company in alarm.[112] On the whole this character was so little understood that it was looked upon as a *mauvaise plaisanterie*.

The usual characters are Pulcinelli, Arlecchini, Spanish Grandees, Turks, fortune tellers, flower girls and Devils; sometimes too they go in the costume of the Gods and Goddesses of the ancient mythology. I observe that the English ladies here prefer to appear without masks in the costume of the Swiss and Italian peasantry.

There is a very large English society at Rome, and at some of the parties here, you could suppose yourself in Grosvenor Square.

The late political changes have brought together in Rome many persons of the most opposite parties and sentiments, who have fallen from the height of political power and influence into a private station, but who enjoy themselves here unmolested, and even protected by the Government, and are much courted by foreigners. I have seen at the same masquerade, in the *Teatro Aliberti*, in boxes close to each other, the Queen of Spain (mother of Ferdinand VII), and the Princess Borghese, Napoleon's sister. In a box at a short distance from them were Lucian Buonaparte, his wife and daughters. Besides these, the following ex-Sovereigns and persons of distinction, fallen from their high estate, reside in Rome, viz., King Charles IV of Spain; the ex-King of Holland, Louis Buonaparte; the abdicated King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel; Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of Peace; Cardinal Fesch, and Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon.

I had an opportunity of being presented to Lucian, who bears the title of Prince of Canino, before I left Rome for Naples, as on leaving the Pays de Vaud I was charged by a Swiss gentleman to deliver a letter to him, the purport of which was to state that he had rendered services to Joseph Napoleon, when he was resident in that Canton, in consequence of which he had been persecuted and deprived of his employment at Lausanne, which was that of Captain of the Gendarmerie; and in the letter he solicited pecuniary assistance from the Prince of Canino. I rode out one morning to the Villa of Ruffinella where the Prince resides and was very politely received; it appeared however that the Prince was totally unacquainted with the person who wrote the letter, nor was he at all aware of the circumstances therein mentioned. I told him that I was but little acquainted with the writer of the letter, but that he, on hearing of my intention of going to Rome, asked me to deliver it personally. The Prince told me he would write himself to the applicant on the subject. Here the negotiation ended; but on my taking leave the Prince said he should be happy to see me whenever I chose to call. The

Prince has the character of being an excellent father and husband, and seems entirely and almost exclusively devoted to his family. He has a remarkably fine collection of pictures and statues in his house at Rome.

I had an opportunity likewise of seeing the ex-King of Holland, Louis Napoleon, who seems to be a most excellent and amiable man, and in fact everybody agrees in speaking of him with eulogy.

With regard to the present Pontiff Pius VII, from the excellence of his private character and virtues, and from his unassuming manners and goodness of heart, there is but one opinion respecting him. Even those who do not like the ecclesiastical Government, and behold in it the degradation of Italy, render justice to the good qualities of Pius VII. He always displayed the greatest moderation and humanity in prosperity, and in adversity he was firm and dignified. In his morals and habits he is quite a primitive Christian, and if he does not possess that great political talent which has distinguished some of his predecessors, he has been particularly fortunate and discriminating in the choice of his minister, in whom are united ability, firmness, suavity of manner and unimpeachable character. I think I have thus given a faithful delineation of Cardinal Consalvi.

ROME, March 12th.

I have made a very valuable acquaintance in M. K[ölle][113] the envoy of the King of Würtemberg, to the Holy See. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his countryman the poet Schiller, and thro' his means of procuring German books, I am enabled to prosecute my studies in that noble language. An Italian lady there having heard much of Schiller and Bürger, and not being acquainted with the German language, requested me to make an Italian translation of some of the pieces of those poets; chusing the *Leonora* of Bürger as one, and leaving to myself the choice of one from Schiller, I represented the extreme difficulty of the task, but as she had read a sonnet of mine on Lord Guildford's project of establishing an University in the Italian language, she would not hear of any excuse. To work then I set, and completed the translation of *Leonora*, together with one of Schiller's *Feast of Eleusis*. These and my sonnet were the cause of my being recommended for admission as a member of the Academy *degli Arcadi* in Rome and I received the pastoral name of *Galeso Itaoense*.

The Carnival is now over and the ladies are all at their *Livres d'Heures*, posting masses and prayers to the credit side, to counterbalance the sins and frailties committed during the carnival in the account which they keep in the Ledger of Heaven. Dancing and masquerading are now over and *Requiems* and the *Miserere* the order of the day at the *conversazioni*.

At Mr K[ölle]'s house I have become acquainted with Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor, who is by many considered as the successful rival of Canova; but their respective styles are so different, that a comparison can scarce be made between them. Canova excels in the soft and graceful, in the figures of youthful females and young men; Thorwaldsen in the grave, stern and terrible. In a word, did I wish to have made a Hebe, a Venus, an Antinoüs, an Apollo, I should charge Canova with their execution. Did I wish for an Ajax, an Hercules, a Neptune, a Jupiter, I should give the preference to Thorwaldsen.

In their private characters they much resemble each other, being both honorable, generous, unassuming, and enthusiastic lovers of their profession and of the fine arts hi general.

I have been to see a remarkably fine picture, by a modern French artist, of the name of Granet. It may be considered as the *chef d'oeuvre* of the perspective or dioramic art. This picture represents the ulterior of the convent of the Capuchins, near the Barberini Palace. The picture is by no means a very large one; but the optical deception is astonishing. You fancy you are standing at the entrance of a long hall and ready to enter it; on looking at it, thro' a piece of paper rolled hi form of a speaking trumpet—which by hiding from the sight the frame of the picture, prevents the illusion from being dissipated—you suppose you could walk into the hall; and each figure of a monk therein appears a real human creature, seen from a long distance, so skilfully has the artist disposed his light and shade. This picture has excited the admiration of connoisseurs, as well as others, and it is universally proclaimed a masterpiece. M. Granet's house is filled every day with persons coming to see this picture, and many repeat their visits several tunes in the week. He has received several orders for copies of this picture, and I fancy he begins to be tired of eternally copying the same thing; for he told me that he wished that the gentlemen who employed him would vary their subjects, and either chuse some other themselves, or let him chuse for them. But no! such is the effect of vogue and fashion, and such the despotic influence they exercise even over the polite arts, that everybody must have a copy of Granet's picture of the interior of the Convent of Capuchins *coûte que coûte*; so

that poor Granet seems bound to this Convent for life; except in the intervals of his labours, he should hit off another subject, with equal felicity, and this alone may perhaps serve to diminish the universal desire of possessing a copy of the Convent. The original picture is destined for the King of France.[114]

I remarked, in the collection of the works of this artist, a small picture representing Galileo in prison, and a monk descending the steps of the dungeon bringing him his scanty meal. A lamp hangs suspended from the roof, in the centre of the dungeon, and the artist has made a very happy hit in throwing the whole glare of the lamp on the countenance of Galileo, who is seated reading a book, while the gaoler monk is left completely in the shade. On seeing this I exclaimed: *Veramente, Signor Granet, e buonissimo quel vostro concetto!*

Easter Tuesday.

I have at length seen all the fine sights that Rome affords during the Holy Week, and have witnessed most of the religious ceremonies, viz., the illuminated cross hi St Peter's on Good Friday; the high mass celebrated by the Pope in person on Easter Sunday; the Papal benediction from a window of the church above the façade on the same day; the illumination of the façade of St Peter's on Easter Monday, and the *Girandola* or grand firework at the Castle of St Angelo on the same evening. The ceremony of the Pope washing the feet of twelve poor men I did not see, for I could not get into the Sistine Chapel, where the ceremony was performed: and at the mass performed by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel I did contrive to enter, but was so oppressed by the crowd and heat, that I almost fainted away, and was very glad to get out of the Chapel again, before the ceremony commenced. Why in the name of commonsense do they perform these ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel which is small, instead of doing them in the church of St Peter's, which would contain so many people and produce a much grander effect?

A great many people are deprived of seeing the ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel from the difficulty of getting in. The Pope's Swiss Guard attend on that day in their ancient *costume*, with helmets, cuirasses and halberds; these guard the entrance of the staircase leading to the Chapel, and they have no small trouble and difficulty in maintaining order, as there is always a great scuffle to get in, and they are particularly importuned by German visitors, who thinking to be favored by them, in speaking to them in their own language, vociferate; *Ich bin*

Ihr Landsmann! and hope by this to obtain a preference.

On Friday evening a large Cross is erected before the grand altar; every part of this Cross is filled with lamps, and at seven in the evening the whole is illuminated. It has a most brilliant appearance and gives the happiest *chiaro-oscuro* effect to the statues, columns and pilasters which abound in this vast temple. There is no other light on this occasion than that reflected from the Cross. On Easter Sunday, when the Pope celebrates high mass in the church of St Peter's, the Papal noble Guard, composed of young men from the principal families in Rome, form a hedge on each side of the nave of the church, from the entrance of the facade to the grand altar. The street or interval formed between this double line may be about thirty feet broad, and behind this guard or in any other part of the church, the spectators may stand; but as these guards wear very large feathers in their hats, they intercept very much the sight of those who stand behind them. The uniform of the Papal Noble Guard is very splendid, being a scarlet coat, covered with gold lace, white feathers, white breeches and long military boots. The approach of the Pope is announced by the thunder of cannon, and he is brought into the Church dressed in full pontificals, with the triple Crown on his head, on a chair borne by men, *palanquin* fashion; he is conducted thro' the lane formed by the Papal Guard, and as he passes he makes the sign of the cross several times with his finger, repeating the words: *Urbi et Orbi*. He is then set down, with his face fronting the baldachin, when he immediately takes off the tiara, and begins the ceremony. That ended, he leaves the church in the same state, and then ascends the staircase, in order to prepare to give the benediction, which is usually given from a window above the facade of the church. The Pope is there seated on a chair with the triple Crown on his head. Troops of cavalry and infantry are drawn up in a semi-circle before the façade of the church, and the whole vast *arena* of the *Piazza di San Pietro* is covered with spectators. On a sudden his Holiness rises, extends his hands towards heaven, then spreads them open, and seems as if he scattered something he held in them on the crowd below; a silly young Frenchman who was standing next to me said: *Le voilà! Le voilà qui arrache la bénédiction au ciel, et qui la répand sur tout le monde!* I could not refrain from laughing at this sally, tho' I was much impressed with the solemnity of the scene, which I think one of the grandest and most sublime I ever beheld. This ceremony concluded, salves of ordnance were fired. The Pope retires amidst clouds of smoke, and seems to vanish from the Earth. The troops then fire a *feu de joie* and move off, playing a march in quick time, and the company disperse.

It is the *étiquette* on these occasions that no person be admitted either into the church of St Peter or into the Sistine Chapel except in full toilette. The ladies dress generally in black with caps and feathers; the gentlemen either in black full dress or in military uniform. From the variety of foreigners of all nations that are here, most of whom are military men, or intitled to wear military uniforms, much is added to the splendour of the spectacle.

On the evening of Easter Monday, I was present at the illumination of the facade of St Peter's. Rows of lamps are suspended the whole length of the columns and pilasters and all over the cupola, so that, when illuminated, the style of the architecture is perceptible. The illumination takes place almost at once. How it is managed I cannot say; but a splendid illuminated temple seems at once to drop from the clouds, like the work of an enchanter; I say *drop from the clouds*, because the illumination begins from the cross and cupola and is communicated with the rapidity of lightning to every other part of the edifice. About ten o'clock the same evening the most magnificent firework perhaps in the world begins to play from the castle of St Angelo. All kinds of shapes are assumed by these fireworks: here are castles, pagodas, dragons, griffins, etc. These last about an hour and then conclude, and with them conclude all the ceremonies used in commemoration of the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Among the sights of Rome I must not omit that of a famous robber of the name of Barbone, who was the terror of the whole surrounding country from the depredations he committed. Having capitulated, and surrendered himself to the Papal Government, he is now confined in the Castle of St Angelo as a state prisoner. His wife, or a woman calling herself so, is confined there with him, and she is said to be a woman of uncommon beauty. It is quite the rage among the English here to go to see these *illustrious* captives, and Madame Barbone, superbly dressed, receives the homage of the visitors. The Duchess of D[evonshire] is said to have visited her, and made her a present of a pearl necklace. I hope this is not true. Surely the Duchess, who is a woman of talent and an encourager of the fine arts, might have found some other object worthier of her munificence. What claims the mistress, or even the wife, of a public robber can have on the generosity of travellers, I am at a loss to conceive; but such is the *bizarrerie* and *inconsequence* of the English, and no doubt, be this story of her Grace of D[evonshire] having given a present true or not, it will occasion many other presents being made to the captive Princess by a host of silly lord-aping English men and women. Barbone has, it is said, made an excellent capitulation. He has stipulated to be released from prison after a year

and a day's confinement, and no doubt he will then resume his old trade of brigandage. In the meantime he has disbanded his troops, as he calls them; but will his troops obey him, now that he is a captive? will they not rather chuse another leader?

In the time of the French occupation, nothing of this kind took place; but the present Government is weak and timid. I have not been myself to see either Barbone or his wife, but I have heard quite enough about them; they form one of the principal sights in Rome, and I am quite *unfashionable* in not having gone to visit them; for according to the opinion of my English acquaintance, he who has not seen Barbone and his wife has seen nothing.

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I started from Rome on the second of April with a *vetturino*, and on arrival at Baccano, we struck off into a road on the right hand, and arrived at Civit  Castellana at a late hour. Civit  Castellana merits no further attention, except that it is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient city of Veii. The following day at ten o'clock we reached the small town of Narni. Here are the remains of a beautiful bridge, constructed over the ravine, thro' which flows the river Nera, and which was built in the time of Augustus. It affords a very favorable specimen of the Roman bridge architecture. There is a small chapel here, and it contains, engraved on a stone, a description of a miracle wrought here about four years ago by the Virgin Mary, who saved the life of a postillion. He went into the river to water his horses, when he was carried off by the torrent and would have been drowned, had not the Virgin, on her aid being invoked, dashed into the river and haled him out by the hair of his head. Of this story, to use a phrase of old Josephus,[115] every one may believe as much as he thinks proper; but certain it is that the postillion made oath (which oath is registered) that his life was saved by the Virgin Mary in this manner, and he has put up a votive tablet at her shrine, which remains to this day, commemorative of the event. There is also a Roman aqueduct in the neighbourhood, eleven Italian miles in length.

We arrived at Terni at three o'clock and immediately hired a *cal che* (the other travellers and myself) to visit the famous cascade of the Velino, about three miles distant from the town of Terni. The road thither is very rugged, and is a continual ascent on the flank of a ravine. For a long time before you arrive on the brink of the cascade, you hear the roaring of the waters; and it certainly is the most magnificent and awe-inspiring sight of the kind I ever beheld. It is far more

stupendous than any cascade in Switzerland. That of Tivoli compared to it is as an infant six months old to a Goliath. The Velino forms three successive falls, and the last is tremendous, since it falls from a height of 1,068 feet into the abyss below. The foam and the froth it occasions is terrific; and the spray ascends so high that in standing at the distance of fifty yards from the fall you become as wet as if you had been standing in a shower of rain. The first fall it forms is of 800 feet; the second little less; the third I have stated already. No painting can possibly give a faithful delineation of this, and very possibly no poetic description can give an adequate idea thereof. We passed the whole night at Terni and the next morning we stopped to dine at Spoleto. The same evening we arrived at Foligno. Spoleto is a neat town and well paved. Several ruins of ancient buildings are in its vicinity. Before you arrive there, on the left of the road, is an immensely high two-arched bridge. There is an aqueduct likewise just outside the town. We did not omit to read the inscription on the gate of the town, in commemoration of the repulse of Hannibal, who failed in his attempt to make himself master of this city, after having beat the Romans near the lake Trasymene. The gate is called in consequence *Porta Fugae*, and this gate constitutes the principal glory of Spoleto. We were shown the ruins of a Palace built by Theodoric. On leaving the town, just outside the gate, we were shewn a bridge which had laid underground for many centuries and had been lately discovered. A bridge was known to have been built here in the time of Augustus, and it is very probably the identical one; we could only see the top and part of the parapet.

Foligno is a large, well built city, neatly paved, populous and commercial, renowned for manufactories of paper, wax, and confectionary.

The whole road between Spoleto and Foligno is thro' a beautiful valley in high cultivation. There is a good deal of rich pasture ground, and it is watered by the river called in ancient times Clitumnus. Here are to be seen a fine breed of white cattle for which this part of the country has been long renowned, which cattle were used, in preference, for sacrifices (*Albi, Clitumne, greges*).[116] A similar breed is to be found in India and Egypt.

The streets in Foligno are broad. I remarked the *Palazzo Pubblico* and Cathedral as very fine buildings. Our next day's journey brought us to Perugia, after passing by Assisi, the birth place of the famous St Francis, founder of the order of Franciscans. It is situated on an eminence: convents and churches abound therein.

Perugia is a large and opulent city, standing like a fortress on a mountain, and towering over the plain below. It is of steep ascent from the plain, and there are various terraces along the ramparts, commanding several fine points of view of the rich and fertile plains all round. These terraces are planted with trees and form the promenades appertaining to the city. The architecture of the various churches and Palaces is very superior. The streets are broad and every building has an air of magnificence. The Cathedral, dedicated to St Laurence, is well worth visiting; it stands on the *Piazza del Duomo*, where there is a fine fountain ornamented with statues. In the church of St Peter's there are some fine columns of marble and some pictures of Perugino and Raffaello.

[108] Virgil, *Aen.*, VI, 886.—ED.

[109] Of the two persons here mentioned, by their initials only, the first, Luigi de' Medici, was chosen as Chancellor of the Exchequer by King Ferdinando in June, 1815. The second was Nugent, an Austrian *marescallo*, who became *capitano generale* of the Neapolitan army, August, 1816, and *capo del supremo comando*, February, 1817.—ED.

[110] This most distinguished lady, Marianna Candidi, was born in Rome in 1756; her mother, Magdalena Scilla, was the daughter of a well known antiquary of Messina, Agostino Scilla. Marianna learned Latin, drawing and music; she achieved a reputation as landscape painter, and was elected a member of the Academies of St Luke in Rome, of Bologna, Pisa and Philadelphia. She married the lawyer Domenico Dionigi, and gave him seven children, one of whom, Henrietta, became Madame Orfei, and was much esteemed as "improvisatrice." Madame Dionigi herself published several works, among which a *Storia de' tempi presenti*, written in view of the education of her children. Her *salon* in Rome was frequented by many men of distinction, such as Visconti, d'Agincourt, Erskine, etc. She died on the 10th June, 1826, at the age of seventy. —ED.

[111] She was no more than sixty-two at that time.—ED.

[112] To present the calumet is an offer of peace and amity among the aborigines of North America and to refuse it is regarded as the greatest insult.

[113] Frye gives only the initial of the name, which I have completed from the *Almanach de Gotha*, 1818.—ED.

[114] The Interior of the Convent of the Capucini was first painted by Granet in the year 1811. None of the numerous replicas are in the Louvre, but there is one in London (Buckingham Palace) and one at Chatsworth.—ED.

[115] The author may have meant "old Herodotus."—ED.

[116] Virgil, *Georg.*, II, 146.—ED.

CHAPTER XV

APRIL-JULY, 1818

Journey from Florence to Pisa and from thence by the Appennines to Genoa—Massa-Carrara—Genoa—Monuments and works of art—The Genoese—Return to Florence—Journey from Florence through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice—Monument to Ariosto in Ferrara—A description of Venice—Padua—Vicenza—Verona—Cremona—Return to Milan—The Scala theatre—Verona again—From Verona to Innspruck.

It is the custom for most travellers going to Genoa to embark on board of a *felucca* at Spezia, which lies on the sea coast, not far from Sarzana: but I preferred to go by land, and I cannot conceive why anyone should expose himself to the risks, inconveniences and delays of a sea passage, when it is so easy to go by land thro' the Appennines. I started accordingly the following morning, mounted on a mule, and attended by a muleteer with another mule to convey my portmanteau. I found this journey neither dangerous nor difficult, but on the contrary agreeable and romantic. The road is only a bridle road. I paid forty-eight franks for my two mules and driver, and started at seven in the morning from Sarzana. The wild appearance of the Appennines, the awful solitudes and the highly picturesque points of view that present themselves at the various sinuosities of the mountains and valleys; the view of the sea from the heights that tower above the towns of Oneglia and Sestri Levante, rendered this journey one of the most interesting I have ever made. I stopped to dine at Borghetto and brought to the night at Sestri Levante, breakfasted the next morning at Rapallo, and arrived the same evening at four o'clock in Genoa. Borghetto is a little insignificant town situate in a narrow valley surrounded on all sides by the lofty crags of the Appennines. Sestri Levante is a long and very straggling town, part of it being situated on the sea shore, and the other part on the gorge of the mountain descending towards the sea beach; so that the former part of the town lies nearly at right angles with the latter, with a considerable

space intervening. The road for the last four miles between Borghetto and Sestri Levante is a continual descent. The inn was very comfortable and good at Sestri Levante. The beginning of the road between Sestri and Rapallo is on the beach till near Rapallo, when it strikes again into the mountains and is of considerable ascent. Rapallo is a very neat pretty place, situate on an eminence commanding a fine view of the sea. The greater part of the road between Rapallo and Genoa is on the sea-coast, but cut along the mountains which here form a bluff with the sea. Villas, gardens and vineyards line the whole of this route and nothing can be more beautiful. The neatness of the villas and the abundance of the population form a striking contrast to the wild solitudes between Sarzana and Sesto, where (except at Borghetto) there is not a house to be seen and scarce a human creature to be met, and where the eagle seems to reign alone the uncontrolled lord of the creation.

GENOA, 23rd April.

The view of Genoa from the sea is indisputably the best; for on entering by land from the eastern side, the ramparts are so lofty as to intercept the fine view the city would otherwise afford. From the sea side it rises in the shape of an amphitheatre; a view therefore taken from the sea gives the best idea of its grandeur and of the magnificence of its buildings, for everybody on beholding this grand spectacle must allow that this city well deserves its epithet of *Superba*.

I observe in my daily walks on the *Esplanade* a number of beautiful women. The Genoese women are remarkable for their beauty and fine complexions. They dress generally in white, and their style of dress is Spanish; they wear the *mezzara* or veil, in the management of which they display much grace and not a little coquetry. Instead of the fan exercise recommended to women by the *Spectator*, the art of handling the *mezzara* might be reduced to a manual and taught to the ladies by word of command.

I put up at the house of a Spanish lady on the *Piazza St Siro*, and here for four *livres* a day I am sumptuously boarded and lodged. There are three principal streets in Genoa, viz., *Strada Nuova*, *Balbi*, and *Nuovissima*. Yet these three streets may be properly said to form but one, inasmuch as they lie very nearly in a right line. These streets are broad and aligned with the finest buildings in Genoa. This street or streets are the only ones that can be properly called so, according to the idea we usually attach to the word. The others deserve rather the

names of lanes and alleys, tho' exceedingly well paved and aligned with excellent houses and shops. In fact the streets *Nuova*, *Nuovissima* and *Balbi* are the only ones thro' which carriages can pass. The others are far too narrow to admit of the passage of carriages. The houses on each side of them are of immense height, being of six or seven stories, which form such a shade as effectually to protect those who walk thro' these alleys from the rays of the sun. The houses diminish in height in proportion as they are built on the slant of the mountain from the bottom to the top, those at the bottom being the loftiest. Carriages are scarcely of any use in the city of Genoa, except to drive from one end of the town to another thro' the streets *Nuova*, *Balbi* and *Nuovissima*; and accordingly a carriage with four wheels, or even with two, is a rare conveyance in Genoa. The general mode of conveyance is on a sedan chair, carried by porters, or on the backs of mules or asses. Genoa is distinguished by the beauty of the Palaces of its patricians, which are more numerous and more magnificent than those of any other city, probably, in the world.

The Ducal Palace or Palace of Government, where the Doge used to reside, claimed my first attention; yet, tho' much larger, it is far less splendid than many of the Palaces of individual patricians. In fact, the Ducal Palace is built in the Gothic taste and resembles a Gothic fortress, having round towers at each angle. The Hall, where the Grand Council used to sit, is superb, and is adorned with columns of *jaune antique*. On the *plafond* is a painting representing the discovery of America by Columbus; for the Genoese duly appreciate, and never can forget their illustrious countryman. The lines of Tasso, "*Un uom della Liguria avrà ardimento*," etc., and the following stanza, *Tu spiegherai Colombo a urn nuovo polo*, etc. are in the mouth of everyone.[117] The Hall of the Petty Council is neat, but it is the recollection of the history of this once famous Republic that renders the examination of this Palace so interesting. But now Genoa's glory is gone; she has been basely betrayed into the hands of a Government she most detested. The King of Sardinia is nowhere; and he is not a little proud of being the possessor of such a noble sea port, which enables him to rank as a maritime power.

The Genoese are laborious and make excellent sailors; but now there is nothing to animate them; and they will never exert themselves in the service of a domination which is so little congenial to them. They sigh for their ancient Government, of whose glories they had so often heard and whose brilliant exploits have been handed down to the present day not merely by historical writers and poets, but by *improvisatori* from mouth to mouth. The Genoese

nobles, those merchant Kings, whose riches exceeded at one time those of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, who were the pawn-brokers to those Sovereigns, are now in a state of decay. Commerce can only flourish on the soil of liberty, and takes wing at the sight of military and sacerdotal chains; and tho' the present Sovereign affects to caress the Genoese *noblesse*, they return his civilities with sullen indifference, and half concealed contempt and aversion. The commerce of Genoa is transferred to Leghorn, which increases in prosperity as the former decays.

The climate of Genoa is said to be exceedingly mild during the winter, being protected on the north by the Appennines, which tower above it to an immense height. Beautiful villas and grounds tastefully laid out in plantations of orange trees, pomegranates, etc., abound in the environs of this city, and everything announces the extreme industry of the inhabitants, for the soil is proverbially barren. This shews what they have done and what they could still do were they free; but now they have nothing to animate their exertions. The public promenades are on the bastions and curtains of the fortifications, on the *Esplanade* and in the streets *Balbi*, *Nuova* and *Nuovissima*. There is also another very delightful promenade, tho' not much used by the ladies, viz., on the Mola or Pier enveloping the harbour.

One of the most remarkable constructions in Genoa is the bridge of Carignano, which is built over an immense ravine and unites the hills Fengano and Carignano. It is so high that houses of six stories stand under its arches in the valley below. No water except in times of flood runs under this bridge and it much resembles, tho' somewhat larger, the bridge at Edinburgh which unites the old and new towns. The principal churches are: first, the Cathedral, which is not far from the Ducal Palace; it is richly ornamented and incrustured with black marble; the church of the Annunziata and that of St Sire. They are all in the Gothic style of architecture and loaded with that variety of ornament and diversity of beautiful marbles which distinguish the churches of Italy from those of any other country. Near the bridge of Carignano is a church of the same name, wherein are four marble colossal statues.

On the west of the city and running two miles along the sea-beach is the *faubourg* of St Pietro d'Arena, which presents a front of well built houses the whole way; these houses are principally used as magazines and store houses.

FLORENCE, 5 May.

I left Genoa on the 30th April, returned on mule-back from Genoa to Sarzana, stopping the first night at Sestri. The second evening when near Sarzana, it being very dark, I somehow or other got out of the road and my mule fell with me into a very deep ditch; but I was only slightly bruised by the fall; my clothes however were covered with dirt and wet. The road from Genoa to Sarzana might with very little expense be made fit for carriages by widening it. At present it is only a bridle road, and on some parts of it, on the sides of ravines, it is I think a little ticklish to trust entirely to the discretion of one's *monture*; at least I thought so and dismounted twice to pass such places on foot. A winding stream is to be forded in two or three places, but it is not deep except after rains; and then I think it must be sometimes dangerous to pass, till the waters run off. Those, who are fond of mountain scenery will, like myself, be highly gratified in making this journey; for it is thro' the loftiest, wildest and most romantic part of the Appennines. From Sarzana I hired a cabriolet to return to Pisa and from thence I took the diligence to Florence.

FERRARA.

On the 9th of May I set out from Florence on my journey hither. Two days' journey brought me to Bologna where I stopped one day; and the following day I reached this place (Ferrara), six miles distant from Bologna. The country between these two cities is a perfect plain and very fertile. At Malalbergo (half-way) We crossed the Reno in a boat. I put up at the *Tre Mori* in Ferrara. Having remained two and half days here I have had time to inspect and examine almost everything of consequence that the city affords. The city itself has an imposing, venerable appearance and can boast of some fine buildings; yet with all this there is an air of melancholy about it. It is not peopled in proportion to its size and grass is seen growing in several of the streets. I believe the unhealthiness of the environing country is the cause of the decrease of population, for Ferrara lies on a marshy plain, very liable to inundation. In the centre of the city stands the ancient Palace of the Dukes of Ferrara, a vast Gothic edifice, square, and flanked with round towers, and a large court-yard in the centre. It was in this court-yard that Hugo and Parisina were decapitated. From the top of this palace a noble view of the plain of the Po represents itself, and you see the meanderings of that King of Rivers, as the Italian poets term it. As the Po runs thro' a perfectly flat country, and is encreased and swollen by the torrents from the Alps and

Appennines that fall into the smaller rivers, which unite their tributary streams with the Po and accompany him as his *seguaci* to the Adriatic, this country is liable to the most dreadful inundations: flocks and herds, farm-houses and sometimes whole villages are swept away. Dykes, dams and canals innumerable are in consequence constructed throughout this part of the country, to preserve it as much as possible from such calamities. Ariosto's description of an overflowing of this river is very striking, and I here transcribe it:

Con quel furor che il Re de' fiumi altero,
Quando rompe tal volta argine e sponda,
E che ne' campi Ocnei si apre il sentiero,
E i grassi solchi e le biade feconde,
E con le sue capanne il gregge intero,
E co' cani i pastor porta neil' onde, etc.[118]

Even with that rage wherewith the stream that reigns,
The king of rivers—when he breaks his mound.
And makes himself a way through Mantuan plains—
The greasy furrows and glad harvests, round,
And, with the sheepcotes, nock, and dogs and swains
Bears off, in his o'erwhelming waters drowned.

—Trans. W.S. ROSE.

The next place I went to see was the Lyceum or University, where there is a very fair cabinet of natural history in all its branches. The Library is very remarkable, and possesses a great number of valuable manuscripts. But my principal object in visiting this Museum was to see the monument erected in honour of Ariosto, which has been transferred here from the Benedictine church. The inkstand and chair of this illustrious bard are carefully preserved and exhibited. They exactly resemble the print of them that accompanies the first edition of Hoole's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*. Among the manuscripts what gratified me most was the manuscript of the *Gerusalemme liberata* of Tasso. But few corrections appear in this manuscript; tho from the extreme polish and harmony of the versification one would expect a great many. It is written in an extremely legible hand.

I also inspected the original manuscripts of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini and of the *Suppositi* of Ariosto.

I then went to visit the Hospital of St Anna, for the sake of seeing the dungeon where poor Tasso was confined and treated as mad for several years. When one beholds this wretched place, where a man can scarce stand upright, one only wonders how he could survive such treatment; or how he could escape becoming insane altogether. The old wooden door of this cell will soon be entirely cut away by amateurs, as almost everyone who visits the dungeon chops off a piece of wood from the door to keep as a relic. The door is in consequence pieced and repaired with new wood, and in a short time will be in the state of Sir John Cutter's worsted stockings which were darned so often with silk that they became finally all silk.

Ferrara has a strong citadel which is still garrisoned by Austrian troops; and they will probably not easily be induced to evacuate it. The Austrian Eagle seldom looses his hold.

VENICE, 18th May.

On the 16th May at six o'clock in the morning I left Ferrara in a *cabriolet* to go to the *Ponte di Lago oscuro*, which is a large village on the south bank of the Po, three miles distant from Ferrara. A flying bridge wafted me across the river, which is exceedingly broad and rapid to the north bank, where a barge was in waiting to receive passengers for Venice. This barge is well fitted up and supplied with *comestibles* of all sorts and couches to recline on. The price is twelve francs for the passage, and you pay extra for refreshments. The bark got under weigh at seven o'clock and descended rapidly this majestic river, which however, from its great breadth, and from the country on each side of it being perfectly flat, did not offer any interesting points of view. Plains and cattle grazing thereon were the only objects, for they take care to build the farms and houses at a considerable distance from the banks, on account of the inundations. After having descended the Po for a considerable distance, we entered a canal which unites the Po with the Adige. We then descended the Adige for a short distance, and entered another canal which unites the Adige with the Brenta. Here we stopped to change barges, and it required an hour and half to unload and reload the baggage. We then entered the Brenta and from thence into the Lagoons, and passing by the islands of Malamocco and Chiozzo entered Venice by the *Canale grande* at three o'clock in the morning. The whole night was so dark as totally to deprive us of the view of the approach of Venice. The barge anchored near the Post office and I hired a gondola to convey me to the inn

called *Le Regina d'Ungheria*.

VENICE, 26th May.

I was much struck, as everyone must be who sees it for the first time, at the singular appearance of Venice. An immense city in the midst of the Ocean, five miles distant from any land; canals instead of streets; gondolas in lieu of carriages and horses! Yet it must not be inferred from this that you are necessarily obliged to use a gondola in order to visit the various parts of the city; for its structure is as follows. It is built in compartments on piles on various mud banks, always covered indeed by water, but very shallow and separated from each other (the mud banks I mean) by deep water. On each of these compartments are built rows of houses, each row giving front to a canal. The space between the backs of the rows of houses forms a narrow street or alley paved with flag stones, very like Cranborn Alley for instance; and these compartments are united to each other (at the crossings as we should say) by means of stone bridges; so that there is a series of alleys connected by a series of bridges which form the *tout ensemble* of this city; and you may thus go on foot thro' every part of it. To go on horseback would be dangerous and almost impracticable, for each bridge has a flight of steps for ascent and descent. All this forms such a perfect labyrinth from the multiplicity and similarity of the alleys and bridges, that it is impossible for any stranger to find his way without a guide. I lost my way regularly every time that I went from my inn to the *Piazza di San Marco*, which forms the general rendezvous of the promenaders and is the fashionable lounge of Venice; and every time I was obliged to hire a boy to reconduct me to my inn. On this account, in order to avoid this perplexity and the expence of hiring a gondola every time I wished to go to the *Piazza di San Marco* I removed to another inn, close to it, called *L'Osteria della Luna*, which stands on the banks of the *Canale grande* and is not twenty yards from the *Piazza*.

I then hired a gondola for four days successively and visited every canal and every part of the city. Almost every family of respectability keeps a gondola, which is anchored at the steps of the front door of the house. After the *Piazza di San Marco*, of which I shall speak presently, the finest buildings and Palaces of the nobility are on the banks of the *Canale grande*, which, from its winding in the shape of an S, has all the appearance of a river. The *Rialto* is the only bridge which connects the opposite banks of the *Canale grande*; but there are four

hundred smaller bridges in Venice to connect the other canals.

The *Rialto*, the resort of the money changers and Jews, is a very singular and picturesque construction, being of one arch, a very bold one. On each side of this bridge is a range of jewellers' shops. A narrow Quai runs along the banks of the *Canale grande*.

I have visited several of the *Palazzi*, particularly those of the families Morosini, Cornaro, Pisani, Grimani, which are very rich in marbles of *vert* and *jaune antique*; but they are now nearly stripped of all their furniture, uninhabited by their owners, or let to individuals, mostly shopkeepers; for since the extinction of the Venetian Republic almost all the nobility have retired to their estates on the *terra firma*, or to their villas on the banks of the Brenta; so that Venice is now inhabited chiefly by merchants, shopkeepers, chiefly jewellers and silk mercers, seafaring people, the constituted authorities, and the garrison of the place.

Tho' Venice has fallen very much into decay, since the subversion of the Republic, as might naturally be expected, and still more so since it has been under the Austrian domination, yet it is still a place of great wealth, particularly in jewellery, silks and all articles of dress and luxury. In the *Merceria* you may see as much wealth displayed as in Cheapside or in the Rue St Honoré.

I have had the pleasure of witnessing a superb regatta or water *fête*, given in honour of the visit of the Archduke Rainier to this city, in his quality of Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. There were about one hundred and fifty barges, each fitted up by some department of trade and commerce, with allegorical devices and statues richly ornamented, emblematical of the trade or professions to which the barge belonged. Each barge bore an appropriate ensign, and the dresses of the crew were all tasteful, and thoroughly analogous to the profession they represented. These barges are richly gilded, and from the variety of the costumes and streamers, I thought it one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. Here were the bankers' barge, the jewellers', the mercers', the tailors', the shoe-makers', and, to crown all, the printers' barge, which showered down from the masthead sonnets in honor of the *fête*, printed on board of the barge itself. Every trade or profession, in short, had a barge and appropriate flag and costumes. A quantity of private barges and gondolas followed this procession. The Archduke and his staff occupied the Government barge, which is very magnificent and made in imitation of the Bucentaur. Musicians were on board of many of the barges, and the houses on both banks of the *Canale Grande* were

filled with beautiful women and other spectators waving their handkerchiefs. Guns were fired on the embarkation of the Viceroy from the *Piazzetta di San Marco*, and on his return. The *Piazza* itself was splendidly illuminated, and the *cafés* which abound there, and which constitute one half of the whole quadrangle, were superbly and tastefully decorated.

The *Piazza di San Marco* is certainly the most beautiful thing of the kind in the world. It is a good deal in the style of the *Palais Royal* at Paris, and tho' not so large, is far more striking, from the very tasteful and even sumptuous manner in which the *cafés* are fitted up, both internally and externally; they have spacious rooms with mirrors on all sides, some in the shape of Turkish tents, others in that of Egyptian temples. The *Piazza*, forming an oblong rectangle, is arcaded on the two long sides, and of the two short ones, one presents a superb modern palace built by Napoleon, and richly adorned with the statues of all the heathen Gods on the top, which Palace was usually occupied by Eugene Napoléon; the other presents the church of St Marco and the old palace of Government, where in the time of the Republic the Doge used to reside. The church of St Mark is unique as a temple in Europe, for it is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but in a style completely Oriental, from the singularity of its structure, its many gilded cupolas and the variety of its exterior ornaments. At *first sight* it appears a more striking object than either St Peter's in Rome or St Paul's in London. On the top of the façade, which is singularly picturesque, stand the four bronze horses which have been brought back from Paris to their old residence.

I ascended the top of the façade in order to examine them. They are beautifully formed, in very good cast and have not at all been damaged by the journey. The *Piazza* is paved with broad flagged stones. The Doge's palace is a vast building, very picturesque withal, and seems a *mélange* of Gothic and Moorish architecture. At right angles to it and facing the *Piazzetta*, which issues from the *Piazza* and forms a quai to the *Canale Grande*, stands the famous state prison and *Ponte de 'Sospiri*. On the *Piazzetta* and fronting the landing place stand two columns of white marble, on one of which stands the winged Lion of St Marco and on the other a crocodile, emblematical of the foreign commerce and possessions of the Republic. The space between these two columns was allotted for the execution of State criminals. Not far from the church of St Marco, and near to that angle of the *Piazza* which connects it with the *Piazzetta*, stands the famous *Campanile* or Steeple of San Marco. It is a square building 800 feet in height, from the top of which one has the best view of Venice and its adjacent isles, the distant Alps and the *marina dove il Po discende*. A Quai, if Quai it may

be called, which has a row of houses on each side, one row of which is on the water's edge, leads from the *Piazzetta* to some gardens, which terminate on a point of land. This Quai is very broad and well paved, and is the only thing that can be called a street in all Venice. The *Piazza di San Marco*, therefore, this Quai and the garden before mentioned form the only promenades in Venice. This garden moreover has trees, and these are the only trees that are to be met with in this city. In this garden are two *Cafés*.

The variety of costume is another very agreeable spectacle at Venice. Here you meet with Albanians, Greeks, Turks, Moors, Sclavonians and Armenians, all in their respective national costumes. The first Armenian I met with here was sitting on a stone bench on the *Piazza di San Marco*, and this brought forcibly to my recollection the Armenian in Schiller's *Ghost-seer*.

These *Cafés* and *Casinos* on the *Piazza* are open day and night. Ices and coffee superiorly made and other refreshments of all kinds at very low prices are to be had. Some of these *casinos* are devoted to gaming. The first families in Venice repair to the *Piazza* in the evening after the Opera, female as well as male. They promenade up and down the *Piazza* or sit down and converse in the *Cafés* and *Casinos* till a late hour. Few go to bed in Venice in the summer time before six in the morning, so that sleep seems for ever banished from the *Piazza*. Music and singing goes forward in these *casinos*, and the ear is often charmed with the sound of those delightful Venetian airs, whose simple melody ravishes the soul. The Venetian dialect is very pleasing, and scarcely yields in harmony to the Tuscan. It contains a great many Sclavonic words. It is the only dialect of Italy that is at all pleasing to my ear, for I do not at all relish the nasal twang and truncated terminations of the Piedmontese and Lombard dialects, nor the semi-barbarous jargon of the Genoese and the Neapolitan and, least of all, the execrable cacophony of the Bolognese.

I visited of course the Arsenal and the Doge's Palace. The apartments in the latter are very spacious and ornamented in the Gothic taste of grandeur. The chamber of the Council is peculiarly magnificent. There is a good deal of tapestry and some fine paintings and statues: among the former I particularly noticed an allegorical picture, representing the triumph of Venice over the league of Cambray. Venice is represented by the winged Lion, and the powers of the Coalition are portrayed by various other beasts. Among the latter is a beautiful group in marble representing Ganymede and the Eagle. The terror depicted in the countenance of the beautiful boy, and the passion that seems to agitate the

Eagle, are surprizingly well pourtrayed.

The principal theatre at Venice, the *Teatro Fenice*, is not open; but I have visited the other theatres, and among other things witnessed the representation of a new opera, call'd *Il Lupo d'Ostende*. The piece itself was rather interesting; but the music was feeble and did not seem to give general satisfaction. The singing is in general very good at Venice, but in scenery, dresses and decorations the theatres here are far inferior to those of Milan and Naples.

I find the air of Venice very hot and unpleasant, arising from the exhalation from the canals; and it appears to me as if I were on board of an enormous ship. I begin to pant for *terra firma* and green fields.

I have visited in a gondola some of the islands, viz., Malamocco and St Lazare, where there is a convent of Armenian monks.

Why are the gondolas hung with black? it gives to them such a dismal funereal appearance. They always resemble the bodies of hearses placed on boats. I am not fond of gaudy colours in general, yet I do think a gondola should have a somewhat livelier color than black.

PADUA, 8th June.

Padua is not above ten miles distant from Fusina. As I started from Venice at six in the morning I had a fine receding view of the Ocean Queen, with her steeples and turrets rising from the sea. Venice has no fortifications and needs them not. Her insular position protects her from land attacks, and the shoals prevent the approach of ships of war. Floating batteries therefore and gunboats are her best defence. The road from Fusina to Padua is on the banks of the Brenta the whole way, and is lined with trees. There are a great number of villas on the banks of the Brenta, well built in the best style of architecture, the most of them after the designs of Palladio, the Prince of modern architects.

Padua is an exceedingly large city: but its arcades and the narrowness of the streets give it a gloomy appearance. There are however some beautiful promenades in the suburbs. There are also the remains of an ancient Arena. Padua is famous for its Seminario or University, which is a superb edifice. The Church of St Anthony of Padua is of vast size, having six cupolas. There are four organs in this church. In the chapel of the Saint himself are a great many

ornaments, among which are a crucifix in bronze and fresques representing the different actions and miracles of this patron Saint of the Padovani. Probably as this city was founded by the Trojan Antenor they have transformed his name into that of a Christian Saint and called him St Anthony, just as Virgil has been transformed into a magician at Naples. There is a fine view from the steeple of this immense edifice. There is another magnificent church also in this city, that of St Justine, built after the designs of Palladio, the principal ornament of which is a painting of the martyrdom of the Saint by Paul Veronese. But one of the greatest curiosities in this ancient city is the immense Saloon in the *Palazzo della Giustizia*. It is, I presume, the loftiest and largest hall in the world that is supported by nothing but its walls, it being three hundred feet long, one hundred feet broad and one hundred feet high. In the Saloon is the tomb of Livy, the Historian, who was a native of Padua. The inhabitants of Padua dress much in black, seem a quiet, staid sort of people, and are very industrious. I put up at the *Stella d'Oro*, a good inn.

VICENZA, 10th June.

I arrived at this beautiful *bijou* of a town on the morning of the 9th June at eight o'clock. I call it a *bijou* from its exceeding neatness, and the extreme beauty of the architecture of its edifices, which are almost all after the designs of Palladio, of white stone and in the Greek taste. Palladio was a native of Vicenza. The *Piazza* and *Palazzo Pubblico* perfectly correspond with the beauty of the rest of the city, and the promenades about it are tastefully laid out. But the two most striking objects in point of edifices in Vicenza and both constructed by Palladio are the covered portico and the *Teatro Olimpico*. The covered portico is two miles in length and leads to the chapel of the *Madonna del Monte*, situated on an eminence, at that distance from the city. A magnificent triumphal arch stands before it, and there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The *Teatro Olimpico* is a small, but beautiful theatre, built strictly after the model of the ancient Greek theatres. It is peculiarly precious as being the only one of the kind in Europe. How admirably adapted both for seeing and hearing are such theatres! It has, for scenery, the model of a Palacé, curiously carved in wood, which represents a Royal Palace, for the ancients never shifted their scenes, and this may account for their adhering so strictly to the unities. Statues and bas-reliefs adorn this beautiful little theatre. Many years ago, on particular occasions, it was the custom to act plays here, either translated from the Greek, or taken strictly from the Greek model. This theatre is esteemed Palladio's *chef d'oeuvre*.

The *Campo di Marie* is a vast *Place* outside the town. The *Place* and its gate are well worth inspecting, so is the famous villa with the *Rotonda*, belonging to the Marchese di Capra, the original after which the villa belonging to the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick is built. The environs of this interesting city are very beautiful and present an exceeding rich soil, highly cultivated in corn, mulberry trees and vines hanging from them in festoons.

VERONA, 12th June.

I started yesterday morning from Vicenza and arrived here in about three hours, the distance being nearly the same as between Vicenza and Padua. We crossed the Adige which divides the city into two unequal parts and drove to the *Due Torri*, a large and comfortable inn with excellent rooms and accommodations. Verona is a very handsome city, for here also Palladio was the designer or builder of many edifices. It has a very cheerful and gay appearance, tho' not quite so much so as Vicenza. The reason of this difference is that in Verona the greater part of the buildings are in the Gothic style, which always appears heavy and melancholy, whereas in Vicenza all is Grecian. The Amphitheatre of course claimed my first notice. It yields only to the Coliseum in size and grandeur and is in much better preservation, the whole of the ellipse and its walls being entire, whereas in the Coliseum part of the walls have been pulled down. Indeed the Amphitheatre of Verona may be said to be almost perfectly entire. *Tempus edax rerum* has been its only enemy; whereas avarice and religious fanaticism have contributed, much more than time, to the dilapidation of the Coliseum. The Amphitheatre of Verona can contain 24,000 persons. In it is constructed a temporary theatre of wood, where they perform plays and farces in the open air. Verona is much embellished by several *Palazzi* built by Palladio, which form a curious contrast with the other buildings and churches which are in the Gothic style. Verona can boast among its antiquities of three triumphal arches, the first, *Porta de' Bursari*, erected in the year 252 in the reign of the Emperor Gallienus; the second, called *Porta del Foro*; and the third, built by Vitruvius himself, in honour of the family Gavia.

The churches here are richly ornamented and the *Palazzo del Consiglio* has many fine marble and bronze statues. In this city also are the tombs and monuments of the Scala family, who were at one time Sovereigns of Verona. They are in the Gothic style and of curious execution. The Cathedral has an immense *campanile* (steeple), from which is a fine view of the surrounding

country, and the progressive risings of the Alps, the lower parts of which lie close upon Verona. Beautiful villas and farmhouses abound in the neighbourhood of this city. The favourite promenades are the *Corso* and the *Bra*. On the *Bra* I saw a very brilliant display of carriages, and some very pretty women in them. The theatre is by Palladio, is exquisitely beautiful, and very tastefully fitted up. I assisted at the representation of *La Gazza Ladra*, one of Rossini's best operas.

I should think Verona would be a very delightful séjour; everything is very cheap; a fine country highly cultivated; a remarkably healthy climate; a society which unites much urbanity and a love of amusement with a taste for the fine arts and for the graver sciences, and a general appearance of opulence and comfort. The shops in Verona appear very splendid, and the *Bra*, when lighted up in the evening, is a very lively and animating scene.

MANTUA, 15 June.

I could not go to Milan without stepping a little out of my road to visit this ancient and redoubtable fortress, so celebrated in the early campaigns of Buonaparte, besides the other claims it has on the traveller's attention as the birth place of Virgil. This place is of immense strength, as a military post; being situated on a small isthmus of land, separating two lakes, and communicating with the rest of the country by an exceeding narrow causeway. This position, added to the strength of the fortifications, render the fortress impregnable, if well garrisoned and provisioned. The city is, however, unhealthy from the lake and marshy land about it, and there is but a scanty population. Grass grows in the streets and it is the dullest and indeed the only dull town in all Italy. Everything in this city announces decay and melancholy, and I met with several men looking full as halfstarved and deplorable as Shakespeare's Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet the city is by no means an ugly one. The buildings are imposing, the streets broad and well paved, and there is a fine circular promenade in the centre of which is a Monument erected in honor of Virgil by the French general Miollis, who had a great veneration for all poets. The *Palazzo pubblico* and the Cathedral are the most striking buildings. The latter contains the tombs and monuments of the Gonzaga family, the whilom Sovereigns of Mantua. There are also several monuments in honor of some French officers, who were killed in the campaigns of Italy under Buonaparte and erected to their memory by his direction.

Outside the town, at a short distance from the causeway and *tête de pont*, is the celebrated palace called the T, from its being in the form of that letter, which was the usual residence of the Dukes of Mantua. It is a noble edifice and its gardens are well laid out. These gardens have this peculiarity, that at the entrance of each of the grand avenues is a figure of a man on horseback caparizoned in armour, like the Knights of old. This is all I have to say about Mantua. The Mincio beset with "osiers dank" flows into the lake.

CREMONA, 16th June.

From Mantua I directed my course to this city, which is large and fortified, situated on the Po which forms many little islands in the environs. This city is of great antiquity, and has a number of Gothic buildings. You do not find here the specimens and imitations of Grecian architecture as at Vicenza and Verona. The *campanile* of the Cathedral is of immense height, but one is repaid for the fatigue of ascending by the extensive view from its summit. There are 498 steps. I put up at the *Colombina*, a very good inn. The Cremonese seem to be an industrious people. There is a great deal of pasture land in the environs of this city and much cheese is made here and in the Lodesan. Several ricefields are also to be met with between this place and Lodi.

MILAN, 25 June.

I have been on a visit to the ancient and venerable city of Pavia, which is about eighteen miles distant from Milan, thro' a rich highly cultivated plain. The road lies in a right line the whole way. About three miles distant from Pavia on the Milan side stands the celebrated *Certosa*, which we stopped to visit. The church of the *Certosa* contains the greatest quantity of riches in marbles, and precious stones, of any building in the world, probably. The architecture is Gothic, and the workmanship of the exterior exquisite; but the interior is most dazzling; and at the sight of the rich marbles and innumerable precious stones of all kinds with which it abounds, I was reminded of Aladdin and began to fancy myself in the cavern of the Wonderful Lamp. This church was built by Galeazzo Visconti, whose coffin is here, and his statue also, in white marble. There are several bas-reliefs of exquisite workmanship. There are no fewer than seventeen altars here and of the most beautiful structure you can conceive, being inlaid in mosaic with jasper, onyx and lapis-lazuli. Besides these precious marbles of every colour and

quantity under heaven, here are abundance of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, aquamarines and topazes, incrusting the different chapels and altars. Here again is a proof of the falsehood and injustice of the aspersions cast on the French army, as being the plunderers of churches; for if they were so, how comes it that the *Certosa* the richest of all, was spared? Mr Eustace[119] in his admiration of Church splendour, should at least have given the French no small degree of credit for their abstinence from so rich a prize. A canal runs parallel to the road the whole way from Milan to Pavia, where it joins the Tessino. The banks of the Canal and each side of the road are lined with poplars. Pavia is one of the most ancient cities in Italy and has something very antique and solemn in its appearance. It is quite Gothic and was the capital city of the Lombard Kings. The streets are broad and the *Piazza* is large. I could not find any traces of the ancient palace of the Lombard Kings, which I should like much to have done; for then I should have endeavoured to make out the chamber into which Jocondo peeped and discovered what cured him of his melancholy, and where the impatient Queen received the petulant answer from her beloved Nano, conveyed by one of her waiting maids who told her:

E per non stare in perdita d'un soldo,
A voi nega venire fl manigoldo.[120]

Nor, lest he lose a doit, his paltry stake,
Will that discourteous churl his game forsake

—*Trans.* W.S. ROSE.

MILAN, 28th June.

I have been to the *Scala* theatre, to see the *Ballet of the Vestal*, one of the most interesting Ballets I ever beheld. Oh! what a mighty magician is the ballet master Vigano, and as for the prima ballerina, Pallerini, what praises can equal her merit? then, the delightful soul soothing music, so harmonious, so pathetic, and the decorations so truly tasteful and classical! I can never forget the impression this fascinating Ballet made on me. It is called *La Vestale*. It opens with a view of the Circus in ancient Rome, and various gymnastic exercises, combats of gladiators, of athletes, and ends with a chariot race with real horses. The Roman Consuls are present in all their pomp, surrounded by Lictors with axes and fasces. The Vestal virgins assist at this spectacle, and from one of them the victor

in the games receives a garland, as the recompense of his prowess. The victor is the son of one of the Consuls and the hero of the piece; the heroine is the Vestal Virgin who crowns him with the garland. The young victor becomes desperately enamored of the Vestale, and she appears also to feel an incipient flame. After the games are over, the victor returns to his father's house, and meeting there one of his friends, discloses to him his love for the Vestale and his idea of entering by stealth into the temple of Vesta, where his beloved was appointed to watch the sacred fire. His friend endeavors, but in vain, to dissuade him from so rash an attempt, which can only end in the destruction, both of his beloved and himself. All the remonstrances, however, of the friend are vain; and the hero fixed in his resolve watches for the opportunity, when it is the turn of his beloved to officiate in the temple of Vesta, and enters therein. The Vestale is terrified and supplicates him to retire: in vain; and after a long but ineffectual struggle she sinks into his arms at the foot of the altar. Suddenly the sacred flame becomes extinguished; a noise is heard; the Vestals enter; the unfortunate fair is roused from her stupor by the noise of footsteps and has just time to oblige her lover to retire, which he reluctantly does, but not unperceived by the Vestals. The Matron of the Vestals reproaches her with the crime she has committed and orders her to be placed in a dungeon. She is brought out to be examined by the High Priest, found guilty and condemned by him to the usual punishment of the Vestals for a breach of their vow, viz., the being buried alive outside the gates of Rome. The moment the sentence is pronounced a black veil is thrown over her. The scene then changes to the place of execution; the funeral procession takes place; the vault is dug and a man stands by with a pitcher of water and loaf of bread, to deliver to her when she should descend. The Consuls are present, attended by the Lictors and Aediles. All the other vestals are present, of whom the culprit takes an affectionate leave and is about to descend into the vault. Suddenly a noise of arms and shouts are heard. It is her lover who having collected a few followers come rushing forward with arms in their hands to arrest the execution. He forces his way into the presence of the Consuls, but the sight of his father inspires him with awe; he staggers back; at this moment a Lictor at the command of the other Consul plunges a spear into his breast. The Vestal is hurried to the brink of the vault, into which she is forced to descend to the accompaniment of mournful music, while her dying lover vainly endeavours to crawl towards her. The curtain falls.

The exquisite acting of La Pallerini drew tears from my eyes: it was indeed too horrible a subject for a *Ballo*, which in my opinion ought to end happily. The scenery was the finest of the kind I think I ever witnessed. The first scene

represents the *Circus maximus*; the interior of the temple of Vesta and the place of execution outside the walls of Rome were most classically correct and appropriate: the music was beyond all praise and singularly affecting. This Ballet has excited such an enthusiastic approbation that Vigano the Ballet master, Pallerini who acts the Vestal and the young man who performs the hero of the piece were summoned every evening after the termination of the Ballet, to appear on the stage, and receive applauses, which seemed to increase at every representation. I have been to see this ballet six or seven times, and always with increased delight. I was there on the last night of its representation, when some amateurs and people connected with the theatre put in practice what appeared to mean ill-judged *conchetto*, however well merited the compliment it meant to convey. When the Vestal was about to descend into the vault, a genius with wings rose from it and repeated a few lines beginning *Tu non morrai* and telling her that the suffrages of the Insubrian people had decreed to her immortality, and printed sonnets were showered down on the stage from all parts of the house. I think it would have been much better to let the piece finish in the usual way, and then at its termination call for La Pallerini to advance and receive the garlands and homage so justly her due.

I was in the *loge* belonging to my friend Mme L——; there were three or four *litterati* with her, and they were all unanimous that it was an absurd and pedantic *conchetto*.

In a day or two I shall start from Milan for Munich thro' Brescia and Verona and the Tyrol.

CHAPTER XVI

JULY-SEPTEMBER 1818

Innsbruck—Tyrol and the Tyrolese—From Innsbruck to Munich—Monuments and churches—Theatricals—Journey from Munich to Vienna on a floss—Trouble with a passport—Complicated system of Austrian money—Description of Vienna—The Prater—The theatres—Schiller's *Joan of Arc*—A *Kinderballet*—The young Napoleon at Schoenbrunn—Journey from Vienna to Prague.

INNSBRUCK, 15th July.

I had engaged with a *vetturino* to convey me from Verona to Innsbruck for four *louis d'or* and to be *spesato*. A Roman gentleman and his lady were my fellow travellers; they were going to pass the summer months at a small *campagne* they possess in the Tyrol. We stopped the first night at Roveredo. The road from Verona to Roveredo is on the banks of the Adige (called in German the Etsch) in a narrow and deep valley, shut up on both sides by mountains, almost immediately on leaving Verona. We found the weather extremely hot in this valley. Roveredo seems to be a very neat clean little city, and the Adige flows with astonishing rapidity along this narrow valley. The women of Roveredo have the reputation of being very beautiful; and I recollect having seen two Roveredo girls at Venice, who were models of female beauty. They have a happy mixture of German and Italian blood and manners, but Italian is the language of the country. The second morning of our journey we arrived and stopped to dinner at the venerable and celebrated city of Trent. The country we passed thro' is much the same as that between Verona and Roveredo, the Adige being on our left. Trent lies also in the valley of the Adige, shut up between the Alps. The whole valley appears in high cultivation. The streets of Trent are broad; the Cathedral is a remarkably fine Gothic building. In the church of Sta Maria Maggiore was held the famous council of Trent. There are a great many silk mills in Trent. German as well as Italian is spoken; indeed the two languages are equally

familiar to most of the inhabitants. In the evening we arrived at Sabern after passing thro' Lavis. One description will serve for these towns and indeed for most of the towns in the Tyrol, viz., that of being neat, clean and solidly built. The inns are excellent and the inhabitants very civil. The Adige runs close to the road and parallel to it, nearly the whole way to Bolsano or Botzen, where Italian ceases to be spoken and German is the national tongue. Botzen is a large and flourishing place.

One general description will serve for the Tyrol, regarding the towns, adjacent country, customs, inns, inhabitants, dress and manners.

First the towns are fully as neat, clean and well built as those in Switzerland; the country too is very similar, tho' not quite on so grand a scale of sublimity; but you have fully as much variety in mountain and valley, glacier and cascade. The climate is exactly the same as that of Switzerland, being very hot in the valleys in summer. The inns are clean and good, the provisions excellent and well cooked, the wines much better than those of Switzerland; there is good attendance by females and all at a far cheaper rate than in Switzerland. The Tyroleans are much more courteous in their manners than the Swiss; they have not that boorishness and are of more elegant figure than their Helvetic neighbours. The women of the Tyrol are in general remarkably beautiful, exceedingly well shaped and of fine complexions.

In the towns the bourgeois dress well, something in the French style, and it is their custom to salute travellers who pass by kissing their hands to them. The dress of the female peasantry, however, is unpleasing to the eye and so uncouth, that it would make the most beautiful women appear homely. In the first place I will speak of their head dress, of which there are three different kinds, two of which are as *bizarre* as can be imagined. The first sort is a cap of sheepskin, the fleece of which is as white as snow, and the cap is of conical shape, the base being exceeding large in proportion to its height, and resembles much the sugar loaves made in Egypt. The second is a black scull cap, with the three pieces of stiff black *gaze*, sticking out like the vanes of a windmill; so that when put on the head, one vane stands upright from the forehead and the other two from each ear. The third head dress is a broad straw hat, and I wish they would stick to this coiffure, and discard the two others. Then the waist of their dress is as long as

...du pole antarctique an détroit de Davis.[121]

Their petticoats are exceedingly short, scarcely reaching the calf of the legs, which are enveloped in a pair of flaming red stockings. Who the devil could invent such an ungraceful dress for a female?

The costume of the men on the contrary is becoming and graceful. It resembles very much the costume of the Andalusians. The hat is exactly the same, the crown being small and the rim very broad.

The Tyroleans are a fine gallant race of men and are excellent marksmen. They were formerly much attached to the House of Austria; but that attachment is now entirely changed to dislike, from the ingratitude they have met with, since they have been replaced under that scepter.

The only fault I find in the Tyroleans, is that they are rather too devout and consequently too much under the influence of the clergy. Yet in their devotion there is not the smallest tinge of hypocrisy and they are esteemed a highly moral people.

If you arrive at an inn in the evening, while the family are at prayer, neither master nor servants will come to wait on you, till prayers are over; and then you will be served with sufficient alacrity; but the prayers are rather long.

I believe the priests extort a good deal of money from these good people. The road thro' the Tyrol was made by the Romans, in the time of Septimus Severus. An immense number of Crucifixes on the road attest and command the devotion of the people.

How Kotzebue can call Innspruck a dirty town I am at a loss to conceive. He must have visited it during very rainy weather; for to me it appears one of the cleanest and most chearful towns I have ever seen. There are several very fine buildings, for instance the Jesuits' College, and the Franciscan monastery; Nothing can be more picturesque than the situation of this city in the valley of the Inn and its romantic windings. The suburbs are very extensive and can boast several fine houses. The cupola of the Government House is gilded, which gives it a splendid appearance. In the *Hofkirche* or church of the court there are a number of statues, large as life, in bronze; among which my guide pointed out to me those of Clovis, Godfrey of Bouillon, Albert the Wise, Charles V, Philip II of Spain, Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and to my great astonishment the British King Arthur; there were twenty-eight statues altogether. But on my return to my inn, I

found that my guide had made a great error respecting King Arthur, and that the said statue represented Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII, King of England, and not the old Hero of Romance; and my hostess' book further informed me that these statues were those of the Kings and Princes belonging to families connected by descent and blood with Maximilian I. In the same *Hofkirche* is a fine monument erected to Maximilian and a statue of bronze of this Emperor is figured kneeling between four bronze figures representing four Virtues. In the gardens of the Palace of the Archduke Ferdinand in this city is a fine equestrian statue which rests entirely on the hind feet of the horse. From Innsbruck there is a water passage by the river Inn all the way to Vienna, as the Inn flows into the Danube at Passau. The banks of the Inn are so romantic and picturesque that I would willingly prolong my *séjour* at Innsbruck, but as I mean to take the journey from Mittenwald to Munich by the river Isar, I must take advantage of the raft which starts from that place the day after to-morrow.

MUNICH, 20th July.

I left Innsbruck in a *chaise de poste* on the 16th, and arrived the same evening at five o'clock at Mittenwald. At a short distance before I arrived at Mittenwald, I entered the Bavarian territory, which announces itself by a turnpike gate painted white and blue, the colours and *Feldzeichen* of Bavaria. In the Austrian territory the barriers are painted black and yellow, these being the characteristic colors of Austria.

Mittenwald is a small neat town, offering nothing remarkable but a church yard or *Ruhe-garten* (garden of repose) as it is called, where there are a number of quaint inscriptions on the tombstones. At Mittenwald I had some trouble about my passport, as it was not *visé* by a Bavarian authority; but I explained to the officer that I had never fallen in with any Bavarian authority since I left Rome, and that, while at Rome, I had no intention of going thro' Bavaria; that at Milan the Austrian authorities had *visé* my passport for Vienna and that I should only pass thro' Munich, without making a longer stay than one week. He acquiesced in my argument, but inserted my explanation on the passport. At half a quarter of a mile beyond Mittenwald I met the raft just about to get under weigh at eleven o'clock a.m. This raft is about as long as the length of a thirty-six gun frigate, and formed of spars fastened together; on this is a platform about one and a half feet high. The Isar begins its course close to Mittenwald, and the place on which the raft stood, previous to departure, was very shallow; but water was quickly let

in from sluices to float the raft, and off we set with a cargo of peasants, male and female, and merchandise bound for Munich. As the river Isar rushes between immense mountains, and forms a continual descent until the plains of Bavaria open to view, you may conceive with what rapidity we went. We encountered several falls of water of two, three, four and sometimes five feet which we had to *shoot*, which no boat could possibly do without being upset. The lower part of the raft was frequently under water in making these *shoots* and we were obliged to hold on fast to our seats to prevent being jerked off. Nothing can be more romantic and picturesque than this journey, and there is something awful in *shooting* these falls; these rafts are, however, so solidly constructed that there is no danger whatever. They can neither sink nor upset. We arrived and halted the evening at Tölz, a large village or town on the right bank of the Isar. What gives to Tölz a remarkably singular appearance is, that on a height at a short distance from the town, and hanging abruptly over the river, you perceive several figures in wood, larger than the life, which figures form groups, representing the whole history of the passion of Jesus Christ. At a short distance, if you are not prepared for this, you suppose that they are real men, and that a procession or execution is going forward. On landing I immediately ascended this hill in order to observe this curiosity, and there I beheld the following groups, first: Christ in the midst of his disciples preaching; secondly: the disciples asleep in a cave, and Christ watching and praying; next was Judas betraying Christ to the soldiery; then the judgment of Christ before Pilate; then Christ bearing his cross to the place of execution; and lastly the crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The ground is curiously laid out so as to represent, as much as possible, the ground in the environs of Jerusalem. Tölz is a pretty village, but contains nothing more remarkable than the above groups.

The next day at twelve o'clock we perceived the spires of Munich, and at two anchored close to one of the bridges from whence, having hired a wheelbarrow to trundle my portmanteau, I repaired to the inn called the Golden Cross—*Zum goldenen Kreutz*. At Tölz the Rhetian Alps recede from the view; the landscape then presents a sloping plain which is perfectly level within four miles of Munich. The river widens immediately on issuing from the gorges of the Tyrol and for the last five miles we were followed by boys on the banks of the river, begging for wood, with which our raft was laden, and we threw to them many a faggot. Wood is the great export from the Tyrol to Bavaria, as the latter is a flat country and has not much wood, with which on the contrary the Tyrol abounds. A sensible difference of climate is now felt and the air is keener than in the Tyrol. The price of a place on the raft from Mittenwald to Munich cost only one

florin, and at Tölz an excellent supper, bed and coffee in the morning cost me only one florin.

MUNICH, 23rd July.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is an ancient Gothic city of venerable appearance. The houses are very solid in structure, and the streets sufficiently broad to give to the city a cheerful appearance. There are some suburbs added to it, built in the modern taste, which embellish it greatly. A large Place outside the old town, called the *Carolinen-Platz*, presents a number of villas disposed in the form of a circus. In these suburbs the people assemble on holidays and Sundays, to smoke and drink beer, of which a great quantity is consumed, it being the favorite and national beverage. From the lively scene of the lower class of the bourgeoisie, male and female, meeting here in the *Biersschanks* and *Tanzsaale* I was reminded of the lines in Faust:

Gewiss man findet hier
Die schönsten Mädchen, und das beste Bier,

which may be thus rendered:

Here let us halt! 'tis here we're sure to find
Beer of the best and maidens fair and kind!

There are other very agreeable promenades outside the town, laid out as *jardins anglais*, the garden of Ostenwald for instance; and should you wish to extend your walk further, there is Nymphenburg, a royal Palace and gardens, just one league distant from the city.

The *Residenz-schloss* or Palace of the King is a solid building. The interior is well worth seeing. There is a superb saloon with a vast number of valuable miniatures appended to the wainscoating. An enormously heavy bed, groaning with gold and silver embroidery and pearls and which is said to weigh a ton, is to be seen here. There is a very good collection of pictures, chiefly portraits, of the Electoral, now Royal family. There is a fine chapel too belonging to this palace; a superb staircase of marble, and some fine old tapestry representing the actions of Otto von Wittelsbach. There is likewise a curious miniature copy of Trajan's column in gold and incrustated with precious stones, besides a variety of other things of value.

There are two theatres in Munich; one called the Hof or Court theatre, where there is a company of comedians for tragedy and comedy, the expences of which are defrayed principally by the King. The boxes are generally let to the nobility and the *parterre* is open to every body on payment. I witnessed the representation of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. The King was present and was greeted with much affection. He has a very benignant expression of countenance. He is much beloved by his subjects, for he has governed them paternally. He has given to them a constitution *unasked*; for they were so contented with the old Government, that they desired no change; but he, with his usual good sense, saw the propriety of consulting and complying with the spirit of the age. A German writer of some eminence at the time of the French Revolution, when the aristocrats and alarmists of all countries were crying out against it, and proposing harsh measures to arrest its progress, said: "Sovereigns of Europe, do you wish to set bounds to the progress of French principles? Nothing can be more simple; you have only to govern your people like Maximilian of Bavaria and Frederick of Saxony, and your subjects will never desire a change."

At the German (national) theatre which is a fair sized one, I saw a tragedy performed called *Der Wald bey Hermanstadt* (the Forest near Hermanstadt), [122] It was an interesting piece taken from a feudal legend. The part of Elisene was performed by Mlle Vohs, a very good actress. I missed very much one thing in Munich, and that is the want of *cafés* like those in France and Italy, which have so brilliant an appearance. They make coffee here at the inns; and there are two or three dull places up one pair of stairs, where they play at billiards, and make as indifferent coffee as is made in England. The hour of dining at Munich is in general one o'clock. A slice of ham or sausage with beer form the *gôûter*, usually taken at five or six o'clock; and at nine follows a supper as solid as the dinner. The Germans are not loungers as the French and Italians, who, for the most part, spend all their spare time in coffee-houses. When I mentioned to a Bavarian that I could find no *cafés* in Munich resembling those in France and Italy, he said with emphasis! *Gott bewahre* (God forbid)! I could not help thinking he was in the right; for those splendid *cafés* are very seducing to young people and tend to encourage a life of idleness and to keep them from their studies. The lower *bourgeoisie* and *Stubenmädchen* (*maidservants*) wear a singular head dress. It is made of stuff worked with silver or gold and resembles two horns sticking out one at each ear. This head dress must be costly. This class of women wear also on *fête* days gold crosses, collars and earrings.

The Bavarians seem a frank, honest set of people, tho' sometimes a little rough,

in their exterior deportment. The character of Otto of Wittelsbach, in the tragedy of that name, gives the best idea of the Bavarian character.

I have made acquaintance here with a Mr F——, an Austrian gentleman, and two Polish gentlemen, the one an officer and the other a medical man. They are brothers and had both served in the French army. We have agreed to travel to Vienna together on board of the raft which starts every week from Munich to Vienna. This raft brings to every day between twelve o'clock and two near some town or village on the banks of the river, in order to allow the passengers to dine, and anchors every evening at seven o'clock near some town or village to sup and sleep. You have only to tell the *Flossmeister*, or Master of the Raft, at what inn you mean to put up, or if you have no preference, he will recommend you one; and at five the next morning he goes his rounds to the different inns to collect his passengers, and at six gets under weigh.

VIENNA, 2nd August.

I left Munich on the 25th July and arrived on the 6th day of our journey, 30th July, at Vienna, The *Floss*, or raft, on board of which we embarked, is about as long as the main deck of an eighty-four gun ship and about forty feet in breadth. It is constructed of strong spars lashed together. On the spars is constructed a large platform and on the platform several cabins, containing tables and chairs. Mr F——, the Poles and myself hired a cabin to ourselves. On the raft was a great deal of merchandize going to Vienna. At Vienna the *Flossmeister*, after landing his passengers and merchandize, sells his raft and returns on horseback to Munich. A raft is constructed weekly at Munich from wood felled in the Tyrol and floated on the Isar down to Munich. We arrived the first evening at Freysingen, but it was nearly dark when we arrived; it seemed however as far as we could observe to be a neat village; at any rate, we met with a very comfortable inn there with good fare and good beds. We met with a very pleasant family on board the raft, bound to Landshut; M. and Mme S. were extremely well-informed people and their two daughters very fine girls.

We arrived the following day at twelve o'clock at Landshut, which is a very fine town. There is an immense Gothic tower or steeple to the Church of St Martin, about 450 feet in height. At Deckendorf, where the Isar flows into the Danube, I saluted for the first time that noble river. We stopped the night at Pillshofen and arrived the following day at twelve o'clock at Passau. Passau is a large, well built

and handsome city, and is situated on the confluent of three rivers, the Inn, the Illst and the Danube; for here the two former flow into the latter, one on each side. Each of these rivers just before the point of juncture seem to be of different colors; for example the Danube appears blue, the Inn white, and the Illst black. At Passau we put up at the Wild Man (*Zum Wilden Mann*), a favorite sign for inns in these parts.

The Cathedral and *Residenz-Schloss* are striking buildings, and the city has a lively and grand appearance. The women appear to be in general handsome and well dressed. We brought to the evening at Engelhardtzell, where the barrier, painted black and yellow, announced our return to the Austrian territory. We underwent at the Customs house a rigid search for tobacco: they even took away the tobacco that some passengers had in their pouches. They were likewise very rigid about our passports. The English passports do not please them at all, on account of the features of the bearer not being specified therein, and as I answered their questions in German, they supposed me to be a native of that country and asked me what business I had with a British passport. I replied: *Weil ich ein Engländer bin.—Sie ein Engländer? Sie 'sind gewiss aus Nord Deutschland. Sie sprechen recht gut Deutsch.—Meine Herren, ich bin ein Engländer: viele Engländer studieren und sprechen Deutsch, und wenn Siè mit mir eine lange Unterredung gehalten hätten, so hätten Sie bald ausgefunden durch meine Sprachfehler, dass ich kein geborner Deutscher bin.—Aber Sie haben unsere Fragen vollkommen gut beantwortet.—Warum nicht? man hat mir die nehmlichen Fragen so wiederholten Malen gestellt, dass ich die dazu gehörigen Antworten auswendig habe, wie em Katechismus.*[123] The officer laughed, took up a pen, *viséd* and gave me back my passport.

The whole of the country on the banks of this noble river the Danube is picturesque and presents much variety. There cannot be a more delightful summer tour than a descent down this river. The next town of consequence that we arrived at was Linz, a large, populous and beautifully built city and capital of Upper Austria. The circumjacent country is in part mountainous. The Danube is very broad here, and there is an immensely long wooden bridge. We put up at the inn *Zum goldenen Kreutz* (golden cross). Here it became indispensably necessary to change our money for Austrian paper, for that sort of it called *Wiener Währung* (Vienna security), since neither foreign coin nor another description of Austrian paper, called *Conventions-Münze* (conventional currency), are current for ordinary purposes; and it is necessary to get them changed for the current paper *_Wiener Währung._* To explain this matter more fully and clearly: there are

two sorts of paper money in the Austrian Dominions. One is called *Conventions-Münze* (conventional currency), which is fully equivalent to gold and silver and cannot be refused as such throughout the whole of the Austrian dominions; the other, called *Wiener Währung* (Vienna security) is current and payable in Austria proper only, and bears a loss, out of the Archduchy. The value of the *Wiener Währung* fluctuates considerably, but the usual par of exchange is as 2 to 1: that means, two hundred florins *Wiener Währung* are equal to one hundred *Conventions-Münze* or gold and silver money. Even the *Conventions-Münze* bears a loss, tho' trifling, out of the Imperial Dominions. The exchange has been known to have been at 400 per cent; that is, four hundred florins *Wiener Währung* were only worth one hundred florins gold and silver; but just now it may be reckoned a little beyond par, fluctuating from 200 to 220. In fact, the value of a florin *Wiener Währung* may be calculated at a franc in French money. All this is exceedingly troublesome to travellers, particularly to those who do not understand the German language; for as they cannot read the inscription, it would be difficult for them to know the difference between one sort of paper money and the other and they might be seriously imposed upon. I advise therefore all travellers, before they arrive at the Austrian frontier, whether coming from Bavaria, Saxony, or Italy, to buy up the *Wiener Währung* notes they may meet with, and which may be purchased at great profit, probably, beyond the frontier, whereas if they defer purchasing till they arrive within the Austrian frontier, they can only procure the *Wiener Währung* at the common rate of exchange current.

At Linz we find ourselves again in a wine country. Linz is renowned for the beauty of its women, and we had a most favorable specimen in our landlord's daughter, one of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld. We talked to her a great deal, and a scene ridiculous enough occurred. She has very beautiful arms which we all seemed to admire; and all at once, by instinct as it were, the two Poles lifted up one arm and I the other, and our respective lips were fastened on either arm at the same moment as if by word of command. We apologized for the liberty we took, saying that her arms were perfectly irresistible and that we had never seen such fine ones before. She accepted our excuse with the utmost good nature, and laughed very heartily. Her father is a man of information and a good classical scholar, a thing which is by no means uncommon among the inn-keepers of Germany. We stopped here that night, and the ensuing forenoon. We had an excellent supper, very good wine, and we drank to the health of the fair Amalia, the host's daughter. Our host, who was a friend of Mr F——'s, gave us the best of every thing, and our expences did not amount to more than seven

florins *Wiener Währung*, for supper, bed, breakfast and dinner. We passed the forenoon in visiting the different parts of the city and we were struck with the appearance of opulence and industry that prevails.

Before we arrived at Mölk, which is the next important place, we passed the town of Ens and beyond that the famous *Strudel* or Whirlpool which is dangerous at times for boats. Our raft was completely whirled round. This whirlpool is caused by rocks rising abruptly out of the water. The popular tradition is that this whirlpool is the abode of a very malicious and spiteful *Wassernixe*, Undine or Water Goblin, who delighted in drowning passengers. The scenery hereabouts is more wild and romantic than what we have hitherto passed and bears a great resemblance to the landscape on the Rhine between Mayence and Coblenz. Mölk is an Abbey and a very magnificent edifice it is, situated on an eminence which forms the angle with the river and rises quite *à pio* from the water's edge; it lies quite *en face* to those who approach it, descending the stream, so that the river seems to be terminated by it. It commands a noble prospect. I had only time to inspect hastily the church. Beyond Mölk is a range of rocks that bear a great resemblance to a wall, and jut out a great deal towards the river. It is called the *Devil's wall* from the tradition of the Devil having endeavoured to make a wall to dam up the river. Above this wall is the famous castle and vineyard called *Spitz am Platz*, and further on is the castle of Dierenstein, situated on a mountain on the left bank of the Danube. The ascent is very steep; this castle, now in ruins, was the place where Richard Coeur de Lion was confined. The walls only of the castle and part of the chapel are all that remain; we did not fail to visit a place of such celebrity. A convent lies below it.

We brought to the night at a large village where there is an excellent inn; and the next day, the Leopoldsberg, bursting forth to view, announced to us the approach to Vienna. We anchored at Nussdorf, where there is a Custom house, and from whence the distance to Vienna is about one and half mile English. After having my trunk examined, I hired a hackney coach and drove into Vienna. The barriers beyond the suburb are called *Lines*, and between the Suburbs and the old town is an Esplanade. We entered the Suburbs by the *Währinger Linie*, and the old town by the *Roths Thor* (Red gate); and from thence I repaired to the inn *Zum weissen Wolf* (white Wolf) in the *Altem Fleischmarkt* (old meat-market).

VIENNA, Augt. 4.

The old town of Vienna is not very large, since you can walk round its circumference on the ramparts in two hours. It was formerly fortified, but the French blew up the fortifications, leaving only the rampart; and by so doing they did a thing of great utility for the Viennese, and gave to the Austrian government an excellent opportunity of joining the old town to the magnificent faubourgs, by filling up the esplanade which separates them with streets and squares, which would prevent the unpleasant effects of dust in dry, and the mud in wet weather, for this dust and mud renders the esplanade almost at all times a disagreeable promenade, there being a sharp wind prevalent almost the whole year at Vienna, which blows about the dust *en tourbillons*. Here then was an excellent opportunity, afforded by the blowing up of the fortifications, of paving the whole of the esplanade and filling it up with streets. But no! the Austrian government seem determined upon restoring the fortifications, and a considerable number of workmen are employed. This is very silly, for these fortifications are not of the least use against a foreign enemy, inasmuch as the enemy can always erect his batteries among the faubourgs and need only make one parallel, the protection and cover afforded to him by the faubourgs rendering the other two superfluous. The faubourgs are by far the finest part of the city, and the garrison of the old town, in endeavouring to defend it, would destroy by every shot they should fire the fine buildings on the faubourgs. Of the folly of making such a defence they were made fully sensible in 1809. One of the Archdukes threw himself into the old town of Vienna, with an intention of defending it to the last and refused to surrender. Napoleon caused batteries to be erected on the *Rennweg* or *Corso* covered by the church of St Charles, the Manege and Palace of the Hungarian noble guard, all magnificent buildings in the faubourgs. He then summoned the garrison of the old town again to surrender saying: "Every shot fired against the besiegers destroys your own most valuable property and finest edifices." This argument, backed by the entreaties of the citizens, had its effect and the capitulation was signed. This shows the perfect inutility of fortifying the old town of Vienna against a foreign enemy. Indeed a capital city should never be fortified; it generally contains too many things of value, ever to be exposed to the risk of a bombardment. It would seem, however, that the object of the Austrian government in reconstructing these works were to keep its own subjects at Vienna in check. But in this case it would be much more advisable to construct a fortress on the heights of Kahlenberg or of Leopoldsberg, both of which command the city and the whole expanse below. The Turks were encamped on the Kahlenberg at the famous siege of Vienna.

Vienna proper, the old town, is a Gothic city, but a very handsome one. The

streets are in general broad and well paved; but the *Places* or Squares are small. With the exception of the *Herrengasse*, where the nobility reside, the rest of Vienna is inhabited by shopkeepers and wholesale dealers; and the shops are brilliant and well fitted up. The *Kärnthner Strasse*, a long and tolerably broad street, and the *Kohlmarkt* present the greatest display of wealth. Indeed the *Kärnthner Strasse* may be considered as the principal street; this street and the *Kohlmarkt* have a great resemblance to the finest parts of Holborn. The *Graben* also present a fine display of shops and may be termed the Bond Street of Vienna. The *Sanct Stephans Platz* where the Cathedral church of Vienna, called *St Stephans Kirche*, stands, is the largest *Place* in Vienna. The Cathedral is a very ancient and curious Gothic edifice, and the steeple is nearly 450 feet high. I happened to enter the Cathedral one day on the occasion of a solemn requiem celebrated for the soul of Prince Metternich's father. Had it been for the son, instead of the father, many an honorable man persecuted at the instigation of that most machiavelic of all ministers, might exclaim in making a slight alteration in a well known epitaph:

Cy-gît M—— ah! qu'il est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien!

Among the other striking buildings in the old town is the *Hofburg* or Imperial Palace, a very extensive quadrangular building, with a large court in its centre. A Guard mounts here every day at eleven o'clock. It was in one of the saloons of this palace that the celebrated Congress of Vienna was held; a Congress whose labours will be long and severely felt by Europe and duly appreciated by posterity, who will feel any other sentiment but that of gratitude for the arrangements entered into there. The *Hofburg* was built by Leopold VII in 1200. This building, from its being extremely irregular and from its having received additions at intervals in the different styles of architecture, has been aptly enough considered as the type of the Austrian monarchy, and of its growth from a Markgraviate to an Empire; in *this*, by the continued acquisition of foreign territories differing from each other in manners and hi speech; in *that*, by the continued addition of various specimens of architecture and style of building in its augmentation.

VIENNA, Aug. 8th.

I am very well content with my abode at the *Weisser Wolf*, tho' it is not a first-

rate hotel. They are very civil people, and I have an excellent and spacious room for two florins *Wiener Whährung* per diem. Lodgings are the only things that are dear in Vienna, every other article is, however, cheaper than in any other city I have yet been in. All kinds of Hungarian wine may be had at the most reasonable prices. I generally breakfast at a neighbouring *Café* in the *Fleischmarkt* for the sake of reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung* which is taken in there, and which is the only journal having a shade of liberality which is permitted in the Austrian dominions. From the hours of twelve to three, dinners *à la carte* are served at the *Weisser Wolf*. For two and half florins W.W., I get an excellent dinner with a bottle of Offener wine. The wine of Offen resembles much that of Bordeaux in its quality and flavor. The tariff however of the dinners and wines varies daily a few kreutzers, in consequence of the eternal fluctuation of the W.W., so that every morning a fresh tariff is affixed to the wainscot of the saloon where the dinners are served. Supper, served likewise *à la carte*, is at its full tide between the hours of eight and ten o'clock; and as Vienna is renowned for the celebrity of its beefsteaks and cutlets, called here *Rostbraten*, these and a salad seem to be the favourite dish for supper. My mornings I have hitherto passed in lounging about the *Kärnthner Gasse*, *St Stephen's Platz*, *Kohlmarkt*, etc. For an hour before dinner the fashionable promenade is on the rampart in front of the palace of Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen; in the evening on the *Prater*, in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot. The *Prater* is of immense extent and offers a great variety of amusements and sights. I generally return home at night pretty well fatigued from my rambles.

There is another great inconvenience at Vienna, resulting from the fluctuation of the current money, and this is that a stranger, dwelling at an inn, is sure to be disturbed five or six times in the morning, sometimes as early as five or six o'clock, by Jews who rap at his door to enquire if he wants to exchange gold and silver against currency or *vice versâ*. I used to lose all patience at being so disturbed in the morning, and was obliged in self-defence to put an affiche on the door of my room to this effect: "*Man kauft und verkauft hier nichts; kein Wechsler darf hereintreten.*" "Here there is no buying and selling; no money changer is allowed to come in," and I hereby recommend to all strangers not to treat with these Jews, but on their arrival, or at any time they think fit, to go to a banking establishment in this city, where every day after eleven o'clock you can exchange your gold and silver for paper at the just rate of exchange, as published at the Bourse, paying only a very slight premium, and on leaving Vienna to go to the same establishment to change your superfluous *Wiener Währung* for *Convenzions Münze* or gold and silver money. For when the Jews tell you the

rate of exchange is so and so, you conclude probably your bargain with them, and on enquiring at the Bourse you find that the Jew has made a percentage of six or eight per cent, out of you. *Louis d'or* are the best foreign coin to bring into the Austrian Dominions. Next to them in utility are the Dutch ducats, or *Geharnischte Männer* as they are termed, from the figure of the man in armour upon them. All other coins suffer a loss in proportion. The bankers in Vienna pay the foreign bill of exchange in *Convenzions Münze*, which you must afterwards change for *Wiener Währung*, the only current money in Vienna and Austria. But what makes it additionally troublesome is that here in Vienna there are particular payments, which must absolutely be paid in gold or silver or *Convenzions Münze*, and *not Wiener Währung*; for instance the franking of foreign letters at the post office, where they do not take the *Wiener Währung*. In vain you may intreat them to take the *Wiener Währung* at any rate they please; no! you must go elsewhere and buy from the first person you can meet with as much gold and silver as is required for the franking of the letters; so bigotted are they in the Austrian dominions to the letter of the law! This happened to me: I wanted to frank three letters for England and I went to the post office with *Wiener Währung* paper, not being aware of this regulation, and I was obliged to return to my Hotel, to lay hold of a Jew, and to buy from him as much gold and silver as was requisite for the franking of the letters.

At the *Wechselbank* or Bank of Exchange I have before mentioned, the crowd that attends daily is immense; but the business is carried on without hurry or confusion. You hand in your paper or your gold and silver coin, the clerk who receives it gives you an order on paper for the amount specified, which paper you take into another room and therein receive the amount. This establishment, however, remains open only two hours every day, between eleven and one I believe; so if you are too late for this interval of time, you must apply to the brokers, Christian or Israelite.

VIENNA, August 11th.

We left the old town by the *Burg-thor*, and crossing the Esplanade, directed our course to the *Rennweg*, one of the suburbs, in order to view the majestic edifice of St Charles, which is equal in the beauty of its architecture to many of the finest churches in Rome. Its façade and cupola render it one of the most striking buildings belonging to Vienna. We next visited the *Manège* and the Palace called the palace of the Hungarian Noble Guard. They are both beautiful edifices. The

faubourgs of Vienna are built in the modern style and their buildings, both public and private, excellent in their way and in the best state. The streets of the faubourgs are broad but not paved. The most celebrated of these faubourgs are *Maria Hülf*, *Leopold-stadt*, *Landstrasse*, the *Rennweg*, the *Wühringer Gasse*; and I am persuaded that if the old town were united to the faubourg by means of streets and squares and the esplanade filled up with buildings, Vienna would perhaps be the handsomest city in Europe and the fourth in size, for the best buildings and palaces are in the faubourgs, viz., the Military College, the Polytechnic School, St Charles' Church, the Porcelain fabric, the Palaces of Esterhazy, Kaunitz, Stahremberg, Schwarzenberg, Palfy, and the beautiful Palace and ground of Belvedere in which last is a noble collection of pictures open to the public. At the Polytechnic school one of the principal professors is a friend of Mr F———'s, and he explained to us the nature of the establishment and the course of studies pursued. The apparatus for every branch of science is on the grandest scale. After dinner we repaired to the *Prater*, crossing a branch of the Danube which here forms several islands. The *Prater* requires and deserves particular mention. Part of it is something in the style of the *Champs Elysées* at Paris, and it is fully equal to it in the variety of amusements and enjoyments to be met with there; but it is far larger and more beautiful on account of its landscape and the diversified manner in which the grounds are laid out. The *Prater*, then, is an immense park, laid out on an island of considerable extent on the Danube. The nearest faubourg to it is the *Leopoldstadt*, which is also the most fashionable one, and a bridge conducts you from that faubourg direct into the *Prater*. The *Prater* presents a mixture of garden, meadow, upland and forest; the lofty trees arranged in avenues or in clumps give a delightful protecting shade. On the road destined for the carriages there is every afternoon a most brilliant display of carriages. Another avenue is destined for equestrians, and two avenues, one on each side of these two, for pedestrians. There are besides winding footpaths, that conduct you all over this vast extent of ground, and circular grass plots surrounded by trees where the pedestrian may repose and eat and drink if he will. Here are *restaurants* in plenty, *cafés*, Panoramas, exhibitions of wild beasts, swings, tennis courts, places for running at the ring, do for burlesque dramatic performances, *farceurs*, jugglers, De Bach's Equestrian Amphitheatre in the style of Franconi, *Salles de Danse*, baths, billiard rooms, gaming tables, and even houses appropriated to gallantry. In fact, the *Prater* is quite the Paradise of the bourgeoisie of Vienna, who are fond of the pleasures of the table and take every opportunity of making dinner and supper parties. The bourgeois of Vienna are far more sensual than spiritual and not at all disposed to self-denial.

Excellent hams and sausages are to be had here; and the Viennese who dines and sups heartily at his own house never fails, during his evening promenade, to take a tolerable good portion of ham or sausage, with a proportion of Offen wine or Maylander Beer, by way of staying his stomach during the tedious interval between dinner and supper. I need scarce add that smoking is universal, as indeed it is all over Germany, for I scarcely ever see a German without a pipe either in his mouth or fastened to his coat and a bag or pouch of tobacco either in his pocket or attached to his button hole. In the *Prater* dances often take place in the open air between the grisettes of Vienna, who are in general handsome and well made, and who dress well, and their lovers and admirers. The *Prater* was first opened to the public by the Emperor Joseph II. The *Au-garten* is another place of recreation and amusement, but on a smaller and much more tranquil and sober scale, than the *Prater*. None of the lower classes think of coming here, tho' it is open to every body decently dressed: there is not that profuse eating and drinking going forward. It is more properly speaking a promenade, and forms a garden with alleys of trees where music is often performed and there is a superb saloon where refreshments may be had. The *Au-garten* is frequented chiefly by the *Noblesse* and *Haute Bourgeoisie*. In the morning likewise it is a fashionable resort to drink the mineral waters. It adjoins the *Prater*, being on the same island. It was the favourite lounge of Joseph II, who opened it to the public by affixing this inscription on one of the gates:

Allen Menschen gewidmete Erlustigung von ihrem Schätzer

"Place of recreation open to all Men by their esteemer."

VIENNA, Aug. 13th.

There are a great number of theatres at Vienna. Two are situated in the old town, viz., the *Hof-theater* and the *Burg-theater*. The *Hof-theater* is only open when the Court are at Vienna, and they are now at Baden, ten leagues distant. The *Burg-theater* is open all the year round, and may be considered as the national theatre. It is much frequented by the bourgeoisie and inhabitants of the old town, who do not chuse to take the trouble to go to the *Wieden-theater*, which is situated in the faubourgs, and which is more of a classical and fashionable theatre than the other, inasmuch as it is more elegantly and classically built, better fitted up, and has a far better company of comedians. At the *Burgtheater* I saw Kotzebue's *Edelsinn und Armuth* performed. The Wieden theatre which is,

as I have said, in the faubourgs, is the handsomest theatre perhaps in Europe for its size. It is not large, but it is fitted up with so much taste and you see and hear so well; every ornament is so chaste and there is nothing at all tawdry or superfluous. It is, I really think, a model of what every theatre ought to be. There is a good deal of bronze about it which gives it a classical appearance, and the boxes are supported by Caryatides in bronze. There is a peculiarity in all the theatres at Vienna, which is, that in the *parterre* you must sit in the place the number of which is marked on your ticket. These places are called *Gesperrte Sitze*, and each seat resembles an armchair. When not occupied, the seat is folded up and locked to the back of the chair, until the person who holds the ticket corresponding to its number comes to take it; so that no other but the person holding the ticket corresponding to the number can take it, and you are thus never likely to be shoved out of your place, as you are at most of the theatres in Europe. There are men stationed at the doors who follow you into the *parterre* to unlock and let down a seat for you, and to them you give your ticket with a slight gratification, which is however quite optional; your ticket you previously pay for at the door.

VIENNA, Augt. 20th.

I have been to see Schönbrunn, the usual residence of the young Napoleon; but he is now at Baden with the Imperial family, where his mother, who is lately arrived from Italy, is also on a visit. The young Napoleon is said to be a remarkable fine boy, and a great favorite with his grandfather the Emperor. Many are the anecdotes related of him. I shall mention one. He had heard so often talk of his father, that shortly after the arrival of his mother, he wished to see his father also and asked his attendants repeatedly and not in a very patient tone: *Wo ist denn mein Vater?*[124] This was told to his grandfather the Emperor; and he gave directions that the child should be brought to him, the very next time he should put the question. He then said to him: *Du möchtestwissen wo dein Vater ist? Er ist in Verhaft. Man hat es mit ihm gut gemeint; weil er aber unruhig war, so hat man ihn in Verhaft gestellt, und Dich wird man auch verhaften, wenn Du unruhig bist.*[125]

So much for this anecdote; but I did not hear what was the answer of the young prince. The young Napoleon is, it appears, a great favorite of the soldiers, who quite adore him, and he will sometimes go into the kitchen to get bread and meat to give to the soldiers on Guard at the Palace. A singular event happened lately

to Maria Louisa. During her stay at Schönbrunn, her *chatouille*, with several things of value in it, *bijouterie*, etc., was stolen from her. She caused enquiries to be made, and researches to be set on foot. Nobody has been able to find out who took it; but it was put back in the precise place from whence it was taken, and not a single article of the *bijouterie* or things of value was missing. It is supposed this theft was made for political purposes, in order to discover the nature of her epistolary correspondence, if any existed. Had it been taken by a vulgar thief, it is not probable that the articles of value would have been restored. Such is the unhappy condition of that Princess to be always an object of suspicion and espionage.

Journey to Prague.

I left Vienna on the 28th August in a *Landkutsche* and arrived at Prague on the first of September.

These *Landkutsche* are on the same plan and footing with the *vetture* in Italy, and travel in the same manner, with this difference, however; that the *Landkutscher* do not usually, as the *vetturini* do, undertake to provide for the supper and bed of their passengers. In a word, you are not *spesato*; and in Germany there is not the least necessity for it, for there is no such thing as extortion on the part of the German innkeepers, who are by far the most respectable of that profession. Besides, in most places, everything is *tariffed*, and where it is not, the landlord never makes an unreasonable demand, or attempts to make foreigners pay more than natives; whereas in Italy if you are not *spesato* there are no bounds to the rapacity of the innkeepers, witness mine host of Terracina. Both Italy and Germany present the greatest convenience for travellers, as the *Landkutsche* or *vetture* are continually passing from town to town. There is however this difference between them, that the Italian *vetturini* will abate their price, if their carriage is full excepting one place, and that they must start, whereas the German *Landkutscher* never abate their price.

I paid for my journey from Vienna to Prague thirty-five florins *Wiener Währung*, and we made the journey in five days. Our first day's journey brought us to Höllabrunn, having stoppd to dinner at Stockeran. The road is excellent and the several towns and villages we past thro' clean and well built. The landscape was either a plain, or gently undulating and extremely well cultivated.

Bohemia resembles Moravia, being an exceedingly rich corn country, generally open; not many trees about the country near the road side, except at the *Chateau* and farm houses. The language is a dialect of the Sclavonic, mixed with some German; but at the inns there is always one or two servants who speak German. In Bohemia a traveller not speaking German, and who has no interpreter with him, would find himself greatly embarrassed. The Bohemians call themselves in their own language *Cherschky*, and the Hungarians call themselves *Magyar*.

[117] Tasso, *Gerusalemme liberata*, canto XV, ottave 31, 32:

Un uom della Liguria avrà ardimento
All' incognito corao esporsi in prima...
Tu spiegherai, Colombo, a un nuovo polo
Lontane si le fortunate antenne...—ED.

[118] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, XL, 31, 1.—ED.

[119] See reference to Eustace p. 131.

[120] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, XXVIII, 38, 7.—ED.

[121] Boileau, *Satires*, XI, v. 117.

[122] The drama, *Der Wold bei Hermannstadt*, is the work of Johanna Fraenul von Weissenthurn (1773-1847), a celebrated Viennese actress and authoress. An opera was written on the same text by W. Westmeyer, —ED.

[123] Because I am an Englishman—You are an Englishman? you are certainly a North-German; you speak very correct German.—Gentlemen, I tell you I am an Englishman; many English study and speak the German language and if you had held a long conversation with me, you would soon have perceived from my faults in speaking, that I am not a German.—But you have answered our questions so correctly.—Why not, the same questions have been put to me so often that I have all the necessary answers by heart like a catechism.

[124] Where is my father?

[125] "You wish to know where your father is? He is under arrest; people were

well disposed to him; but he is placed under arrest, because he was unruly, and if you are unruly you will be placed under arrest likewise."

CHAPTER XVII

SEPTEMBER 1818-MARCH 1819

The splendid city of Prague—The German expression, "To give the basket"—Journey from Prague to Dresden—Journey from Dresden to Berlin—A description of Berlin—The Prussian Army—Theatricals—Peasants talk about Napoleon—Prussians and French should be allies—Absurd policy of the English Tories—Journey from Berlin to Dresden—A description of Dresden—The battle of Dresden in 1813—Clubs at Dresden—Theatricals—German beds—Saxon scholars—The picture gallery—Tobacco an ally of Legitimacy—Saxon women—Meissen—Unjust policy of Europe towards the King of Saxony.

PRAGUE, 4 Sept.

Prague is a far more striking and splendid city than Vienna, without its faubourgs. The streets are broader; and it has a more cheerful and less confined appearance than the old town of Vienna. The position of Prague too is very romantic and picturesque, part of it lying on a mountain and part on a plain; and it stands on the confluent of two rivers, the Mulda and the Braun. The upper part of the city, called Oberburg, stands on a height called Ratschin, and on this height stands a most magnificent palace and other stately buildings. There is a beautiful panoramic view from this part of Prague. In this part of the city too is the cathedral of St Wenzel or Wenceslaus, who was its founder. His tomb and that of St John Nepomucene, a favorite saint of the Bohemians, is in this church. The Cathedral is of extreme solidity, but little ornamented, having been plundered by the Swedes in 1648. The canopy over the shrine of St John Nepomucene has a profusion of votive offerings appended to it. The lower part of Prague is divided into two parts by the Mulda. The bridge across the Mulda is one of the finest in Europe. It has twenty-four arches, its length is 1700 feet and its breadth 35. Among several statues on this bridge is a very remarkable one of Jesus Christ, made of bronze gilt, which cost a large sum of money to its

founder, a Jew! There is a Latin inscription on it which explains the paradox. There stood on the same spot a wooden statue of Christ in the XVI century. One day an opulent Jew, on passing by, made some scoffing or contemptuous remark on it. He was overheard by some of the people, accused of blasphemy and condemned to die; but on expressing great contrition and offering to pay a fine to any amount, he was pardoned, on the condition of his promising to erect a bronze statue gilt of Jesus Christ on the same spot, at his own expense, with an inscription explaining the reason of its construction; which promise he punctually performed. Prague abounds in Jews. Two-thirds at least of its population are of that persuasion. In the lower town the most striking edifices are the palace of the Wallenstein family, descendants of the famous Wallenstein, so distinguished in the Thirty Years war. Annexed to this Palace is a spacious garden, which is open to the public as a promenade. It is well laid out. There is a large aviary. This Palace covers a vast extent of ground. The Colloredo family, who are descended from Wenceslaus, have a superb Palace in this city; and there is a stable belonging to it, partly in marble and of rich architecture, capable of containing thirty-six horses. No traveller who comes to Prague should omit visiting these two Palaces of Wallenstein and Colloredo. On the bridge over the Mulda before mentioned, is the statue in bronze of St John Nepomucene, on the spot from whence he was thrown into the river by his brother saint, King Wenceslaus, for refusing to divulge the gallantries of his (Wenceslaus') wife, to whom he was confessor. A favorite promenade on Sundays is on the *Färber Insel* or Dyers island, which is a small island on the Mulda. Here the young men of the town come to dance with the *grisettes* and milliner girls of Prague, who are renowned for their beauty and complaisance.

The Jewish burying ground is a curiosity for a person who has never visited the Oriental countries. The tombstones are stowed thick together. Everybody recollects the anecdote of the ingenious method adopted by Joseph II for squeezing a large sum of money from the Jews of Prague, by giving out that he intended to claim this cemetery, in order to build therein a Palace. The Jews who, like all the Orientals, have the most profound veneration for the spot where their ancestors are buried, presented a large sum of money to the Emperor, to induce him to renounce his design.

The *Stadt-Haus* (Hotel de Ville) is a fine building; and the *Marktplatz* (market square) is very spacious, and contributes much to the beauty of the town. In the centre of it stands an ancient fountain of a dodecagonal form. The basin is of red marble, and near it stands a large stone column, with a statue of the Virgin,

bronze gilt, on its summit. A well supplied market, or rather fair, is carried on here every day in the week. The Theatre is a fine building and is of immense size. I witnessed the representation of a burlesque tragedy called *Die Belagerung von Ypsilon* (the siege of Ypsilon), but I could not at all comprehend the cream of the jest. Madame Catalani, who is here, sang at this theatre one night. The theatre was completely filled and the price of admission to the boxes and *parterre* a ducat. The street adjoining to the theatre was crowded by people endeavoring to catch the sweet sounds. Immense homage has been paid to Catalani by the authorities here.

The balls of the *bourgeoisie* of Prague are splendid and well attended. The *bourgeoisie* is very opulent in this city. There are but few residents *Noblesse*. The expences at the inns here are rather greater than those at Vienna, wine being a foreign commodity and beer the national beverage. My daily expences here for lodging, dinner, supper and breakfast amounted to four florins *Convenziens Münze*, about nine franks nearly, French money. The country environing Prague is rich and abounding in corn; there are likewise hops. The walls of Prague still bear the marks made by Frederic's shot when he blockaded Prague.

PRAGUE, 7th Sept.

To-morrow I shall start for Dresden, The diligence goes off only once a week, but I have engaged a car or rather light basket waggon drawn by two horses (a vehicle very common in Germany) to convey me to Dresden in two days and half. I am to pay for half of the waggon, and another traveller will pay for the remaining half.

Before I leave Prague I must tell you that I have found out the origin of the German phrases *Jemand den Korb zu geben* (to give the basket), which means a refusal of marriage. Thus when a young lady refuses an offer of marriage on the part of her admirer, the phrase is: *Sie hat ihm den Korb gegeben* (She has given him the basket). Hitherto I have not met with any one who could explain to me satisfactorily the origin of so singular a phrase; but on reading lately a volume of the *Volksmärchen* (Popular tales) I found not only the derivation of this phrase, but also that of the name of the city of Prague. Both are connected in the same story, and both concern the history of Prague. The story is as follows.

Libussa, Duchess of Bohemia, had three lovers, two of whom were not

remarkably intelligent, but the third possessed a great deal of talent and was her favorite. She was much importuned by the rival suitors. She appeared before them one day with a basket filled with plums in her hand; and said she would give her hand in marriage to whoever of them should guess the following arithmetical riddle. She said: "One of you shall take half the plums that are in this basket, and one over: another shall take half of what remains, and one over: the third shall take half of what still remains and three over, and then all the plums will have been taken. Now tell me how many plums there are in the basket." Her favorite was the only one who could guess the number of plums which was *thirty*. To him therefore she gave her hand and the plums, and to the other suitors the empty basket. Hence the phrase. The solution of the question is as follows:

A takes half of the plums in the basket (30) and one	
over	$15 + 1 = 16$
B half of what remained (14) and one over	$7 + 1 = 8$
C half of what remained (6) and three over	$3 + 3 = 6$
—	
Total 30	

Now with regard to the origin of the city of Prague. The former residence was much too small, and Libussa directed her workmen to build a town on the spot, where they should find at midday a man making the *best use of his teeth*. They began their research and one day at that hour discovered a carpenter sawing a block of wood. It struck them that this laborious man was making a better use of his teeth (viz., teeth of his saw) than the mere feeder and they judged that this ought to be the place where the town should be built. They therefore proceeded to trace with a plough the circumference of the town. On asking the carpenter what he was about to make with the block he was sawing, he said " A threshold for a door," which is called *Prah* or *Praha* in the Bohemian language and Libussa gave to the city the name of *Praha* or *Prag*.

BERLIN, 24th Sept.

Berlin has a splendid and cheerful appearance, with fine broad streets, superb white buildings and Palaces, for the most part in the Grecian taste; it has quite the appearance in short of an Italian city. Nearly all the streets are at right angles; they are kept very clean and the shops make a brilliant display. I felt so much

pain in my legs, from the effect of my pedestrian journey, that I was obliged to remain in my chamber one entire day. There is a very good *table d'hôte* at my bin for twelve *Groschen*. Wine is paid for extra, and at the rate of from 12 to 18 *Groschen* the bottle. The sort usually drunk here is the Medoc. The prices of articles of prime necessity are dearer in Berlin than either at Dresden or Vienna; particularly the article of washing, which is dearer than in any country I have yet visited.

The next morning I began my rambles, and directed my course to the favorite and fashionable promenade of the *beau monde*, at all hours of the day, I mean in the fine street or alley *Unter den Linden*, so called from it being planted with lime trees. There is a range of elegant buildings on each side, and at the end, near the *Thier Garten* (Park), is a superb gate called the *Brandenburger Thor* in the shape of a triumphal arch ornamented with a statue of Peace, with an olive branch in her hand, standing on a car drawn by four horses abreast, the whole groupe being of bronze and of exquisite workmanship. The four horses are imitated from the Corinthian horses at Venice and yield to them in nothing but antiquity. Indeed they have a much more pleasing and striking effect, in being thus attached to a car, than standing by themselves, as the Venetian ones do, on the top of the façade of a church. This *Brandenburger Thor* is constructed after the model of the Propylaeum of Athens.

The Opera House, a building in the Grecian taste erected by Frederic the Great with the inscription *Apollini et Musis*, and after that the Academy of the Fine Arts engaged my attention. Both these buildings are remarkable, and they are near the *Linden*. The old town is much intersected by canals communicating with the Spree which divides it. I call it the old town, to distinguish it from the quarter composed of streets of recent construction between the former *enceinte* of the town and the *Brandenburger Thor*. The Hotel of the Invalides, a ponderous building, bears the following inscription: *Laesis non victis*. The Bank and the Arsenal next engaged my attention, as also a Guard House of recent construction in the shape of a Doric temple. The Royal Palace is an immense building, partly in the Gothic and partly in the Grecian style. It is very heavy but imposing. The interior of this Palace is royally fitted up, except the little room occupied by the great Frederic, which is left in the same state as when he occupied it; and you know he was not fond of superfluous ornament. In the green before the Palace stands the statue of the Prince of Anhalt Dessau, the founder of the Prussian Infantry system, and at a short distance from this, on the *Lange Brücke*, stands the colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the Great Elector.

The *Königstrasse* is the principal street and a very fine one it is; next to it in point of beauty is the *Französische Strasse*. The *Wilhelm Platz* is adorned with the statues in marble of Schwerin, Seidlitz, Keith, Winterfeld, and Ziethen. But I cannot enumerate all the splendid public establishments and fine things to be seen in this beautiful city. The most striking church is that of St Hedwig. I call it the most striking from its resemblance to the Pantheon at Rome. The Cathedral is perhaps a finer building. 'Tis in this last that the Electoral and Royal remains are deposited.

The streets 'here swarm with military, and indeed the profession of arms seems to have too much sway in the Prussian dominions. The subalterns and young men of the Prussian Army are said to have republican sentiments, and they, in common with all the burghers, desire a constitution. It galls them to see one enjoyed by the Bavarians, whom they affect to look upon as inferior to them in intelligence, and that it should be refused to them. Most of the nobility and the greater part of the General and field officers are however inveterate aristocrats.

You have heard, I dare say, of the attempt made by some officers among the nobility to exclude from the service, after the peace, those officers who were not noble. When it is considered that their best and most zealous officers sprung from the burghers, and that Prussia, when abandoned by her King and nobles, was saved from permanent subjection only by the unparalleled exertions of her burghers and peasantry, one is shocked at such ingratitude and absurdity. But the officers of the Royal Guard went so far as to draw up a petition to the King, requesting him to dismiss all the officers of the corps who were not noble, and Blucher was applied to to present this petition to the King. Blucher read the paper and ordered all the officers to assemble on the parade and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I have received your paper and read its contents with the utmost astonishment. All the remarks that I shall permit myself to make on the subject of this petition, are, that it makes me ashamed of being myself a noble." He then tore the petition in pieces and dismissed them.

I have been once at the theatre. *Lodoiska* was performed. I saw a number of fine women in the boxes. Formerly gallantry and pleasure were the order of the day at Berlin; but now, the Court assuming the exterior of rigid morality and strictly exercised religious devotion, mystic cant and dullness is the order of the day. The death of the Queen of Prussia threw a great damp over the amusements of the Court. At Charlottenburg, which is a short distance from Berlin, in the grounds there, they point out to you her favourite spots. She was a most amiable

Princess, and united to great personal beauty so much grace and fascination and so many good qualities that she was beloved by all, and the breath of calumny never ventured to assail her.

The alley *Unter den Linden* in the evening presents a great assemblage of Cyprian nymphs, who promenade up and down; they dress well and are perfectly well behaved. There is a superb establishment of this kind at Berlin, which all strangers should visit out of curiosity. It is not indispensably necessary to sacrifice to the Goddess whose worship is carried on there; but you may limit yourself to admire the temple, call for refreshments and contemplate the priestesses.

There is the utmost moral and political freedom at Berlin, and tho' the Government is despotic in form, freedom of speech is allowed. An army of 200,000 men admirably disciplined and armed, of these a garrison of 15,000 men in Berlin and as many at Potsdam, are quite sufficient to keep in check all attempts to put political theories and speculations into practice. Indeed, it would be very difficult to excite a revolt; the various German governments are carried on very paternally and the government is scarcely felt; habits of obedience have taken deep root among the people, and a German peasant as long as he gets enough to eat and drink, does not conceive himself unhappy, or thinks of a change. I could not help laughing the other day, at a little village near Berlin, when I heard some peasants talking of Napoleon; one of them, who seemed to have some partiality for him, exclaimed, meaning to blame him for leaving Elba: *Aber warum verliess er seine Insel? Er hatte doch zu essen und trinken so viel er wolte* (Why did he leave Elba? He had surely plenty to eat and drink). This good peasant could not conceive that a man blessed with these comforts should like to change his situation or run any risks to do so.

French as well as German is commonly spoken in Berlin, and I am glad to see that the prejudice against the French is wearing off. If the French and Prussians could understand one another, and knew their own interests, or if the French had a liberal national Government, I mean, one more identified with the interests of the people than the present one is, what advantage might not rise therefrom? They are natural allies, and united they might be able effectually to humble the overbearing insolence and political coxcombry of the Czar, shake to its centre the systematic despotism and light-fearing leader of Austria, and keep in check the commercial greediness, monopolizing spirit and Tory arrogance of England. The German political writers duly appreciate the illiberal policy of England

towards the continental nations, by which she invariably helps to crush liberty on the Continent in the hopes of paralysing their energies and industry, in order to compel them to buy English manufactures, and in fine to make them dependent on England for every article of consumption. England, ever since the beginning of the reign of George III to the present day, has been always ready to lend a hand to crush liberty, to perpetuate abuses and to rivet the fetters of monarchial, feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny.

These are facts and cannot be denied. The English people have been taxed to the last farthing to support a war of privileges against Freedom; and Europe is in consequence prostrate at the feet of an unprincipled coalition, thro' England's arms and England's gold; and then an English minister, and his vile hireling journals, tell you that the continental nations are not ripe for and do not deserve liberty. Even the Pope and Grand Turk, both so much dreaded by our pious ancestors, have been supported, caressed and subsidized, in order to help to put down all efforts made to obtain rational liberty, which the courtiers always affect to stigmatize with the name of "Jacobinism," while a number of needy individuals have enriched themselves by the public plunder and by aiding and abetting the system, all *novi homines*, men who, had there been more to gain on the other side than by espousing Toryism, would not have been backward; men who are Jacobins in the real sense of the word, however they cloak themselves under the specious names of Church and King men; upholders of Pitt and his system, for which they affect a veneration they are far from really feeling; men, in fact, whose political scruples of whatever nature they be, would soon melt away.

DRESDEN, 5th October.

I have been fortunate in getting into very comfortable lodgings, having two rooms and as much firing as I chuse for eight *Reichsthalers* per month. Coffee is made for me at home in the morning, and I generally dine and sup at a *restaurant* close by near the bridge. The *Platz* in the Neustadt is close to my lodgings, and being very large and well paved and lined with trees, it affords a very agreeable promenade. Rows of elegant houses line the sides of this Platz, among which the *Stadthaus* is particularly remarkable. The famous *Japan Palace*, as it is called, is also in the *Neustadt*, and but a short distance from the *Platz*. The gardens of Count Marcolini afford also a pleasant promenade; but by far the most agreeable walk, in my opinion, is on the *Zwinger*, a sort of terrace on the left bank of the Elbe in the old town, adjoining the palace and gardens of Count Bruhl. From this

place you have a noble view of a long reach of the Elbe. It is besides the favorite promenade of the ladies. On the *Zwinger* too is a building containing a fine collection of paintings. Here are *cafés* likewise and a *restaurant*. The evening promenades are in the gardens of the *Linkischer Bad* (Bath of Link) on the banks of the Elbe, where there is a summer theatre. This is the favourite resort of the *bourgeoisie* on Sundays and *jours de fête*; *goûters* and supper parties are formed here and very good music is heard. The Elbe bridge is of beautiful structure, and there is a good regulation with respect to those who pass over this bridge; which is that one side of the bridge is reserved for those going from the new to the old town, and the other side for those going from the old to the new town, and if you attempt to go on the wrong side you are stopped by a sentry, so that there is no jostling nor lounging on this bridge. An arch of this bridge was blown up by Marshal Davoust in order to arrest the progress of the Russians, and a great deal of management was necessary to effectuate it, for the worthy Saxons have a great veneration for this bridge, and in order to enforce the execution of this resolution on the part of the Marshal, the personal order of the King and the employment of Saxon troops were necessary. It has been rebuilt since, and no one would know that the arch had ever been blown up, but from the extreme whiteness of the new arch, contrasting with the darker color of the old ones.

In the old town or Dresden proper, the finest buildings are: the Catholic church, standing near the bridge, an edifice yielding in beauty but to few in Italy and to none in other countries. Here you hear excellent music during the church service; and the King and Royal family, all of whom are Catholics, attend constantly. The Royal Palace is very near the church and not far from it is the theatre. Saxony being a Lutheran country, the public exercise of the Catholic religion was not permitted until Napoleon's time, when he proposed an arrangement to permit to the King and all other Catholics the public celebration of their religion, which proposition was acceded to with universal approbation on the part of the Protestants, and now the Host is frequently displayed in the streets. There are however but few Catholics in Dresden among the natives. So great is the respect for usages and customs in Germany, that the Electors of Saxony, on going over to Catholicism, never thought even of requesting the indulgence of exercising their religion publicly, and the granting it has produced no evil consequence, liberalism and the most unreserved toleration in matters of religion being the order of the day.

The Royal Palace is a very fine and extensive building and the interior is well worth seeing, particularly the superb *Riesen-Saal* where Augustus II used to give his magnificent *fêtes*. One of the last and most brilliant *fêtes* given here was that given by the King of Saxony to the Emperor Napoleon just before the Russian campaign, at which the Emperor and Empress of Austria and most of the Sovereigns of Germany assisted, to do homage to the great Conqueror.

The *Schloss-gasse* or Castle Street leads from the Palace into the *Markt Platz* where the markets and fairs are held. In this place, in the *Schloss-gasse* and in another street parallel to it, that leads from the porcelain Manufactory to the *Grosser Platz* (*Grande Place*), are the finest shops and greatest display of wealth. On the *Grosser Platz* stands the *Frauen-Kirche*, a superb Protestant church, and which may be considered as the cathedral church of Dresden. The *Platz* is large. There is great cleanliness in all the streets of Dresden, and the houses are well built and uniform; but there are few other very prominent edifices except those I have mentioned. On going outside the town by the gate of Pirna stands, almost immediately on the right, on turning down a road, the Gardens and Palace of Prince Anthony. Leaving this on your right and proceeding along the *chaussée* or high road which is nearly parallel to the river, at the distance of three-quarters mile from the Gate, stands the Palace and Gardens called *Der Grosse Garten* (grand garden), which you leave on your

right, if you continue your route on the *chaussée* towards Pirna. I have not yet visited the *Grosse Garten*. There is likewise a fine promenade on the banks of the Elbe, but quite in an opposite direction to the Pirna gate, for to arrive at it from this gate, you must traverse the Pirna street and *Grosser Platz*; and on arrival near the bridge direct your course to the left, which will lead you out of one of the gates into an immensely long avenue of elm trees parallel to the river which forms the promenade.

DRESDEN, Oct. 10th.

I have been to see the Palace and grounds of the *Grosser Garten*. The garden and park, for it unites both, is of great extent, and beautifully laid out; but a number of fine trees have been knocked down and mutilated by cannon shot during the battle of Dresden in 1818, when this garden was occupied by the Allied troops and exposed to a heavy fire of fifty pieces of cannon, from a battery erected by Napoleon on the opposite side of the river, which completely commanded and enfiladed the whole range of the garden. How the Palace itself escaped being knocked to pieces is wonderful; but I suppose Napoleon must have given orders to spare it as much as possible. This Palace is of beautiful structure and in the style of an Italian villa; statues of the twelve Caesars and bas-reliefs adorn the exterior. The columns and pilasters are of the Corinthian order. As for the interior, it is unfurnished, and has been so since the Seven Years' war, when it was plundered by the enemy, and has never since been inhabited by the Electoral family. There is a superb rectangular basin of water in this garden. These gardens are delightfully laid out; why they are not more frequented I cannot conceive, but I have hitherto met with very few people there, tho' they are open to all the world. They will form my morning's promenade, for I prefer solitude to a crowd in a morning walk. But one of the gardeners here tells me that on Sunday evening there is generally a good deal of company, who come to listen to the music which is played in a building fitted up for the purpose at one side of the garden. Wine, coffee, beer and other refreshments are to be had; but beer is the favorite beverage. Smoking is universal among the young men; the most ardent admirers of the fair sex never forget their pipe. During the courtship the surest sign that the fair one does not intend to *give* her lover *the basket* is when she presents him with a bag to hold his tobacco. Her consent is implied thereby.

During the battle of Dresden, the slaughter in this garden was immense, and the Allies were finally driven out of it. The gardener related to me an affecting story

of a young lady of Dresden, whose lover was killed in this battle and buried in the *Grosser Garten*. She has taken it so much to heart that she comes here three or four times in the week to visit this grave and strew flowers over it. She remains for some time absorbed in silent meditation and then withdraws. She has a settled melancholy, but it has not yet affected her understanding.

DRESDEN, Oct. 15th.

I met with my old friend, Sir W.I., who was travelling to Berlin, with the idea of passing the winter there and of proceeding in the summer to Moscow. Thro' the interests of my friends, Col. D——— and Baron de F——— I have been ballotted for and admitted a member of a club or society here called the *Ressource*. It is held in a large house on the *Markt Platz*, and is indeed a most agreeable resource to all foreigners; for 'tis in this society that they are likely to meet and form acquaintance with the *noblesse*, principal *bourgeoisie* and *litterati*. It is conducted on the most liberal scale and not confined to those of birth and fortune. Good character, polite behaviour and literary requirements will ensure admittance to a candidate. This society consists of members and honorary members; among the honorary members are foreigners and others whose stay in Dresden is short; but whoever remains for more than one year must cease to be an honorary member and must be ballotted for in order to become a permanent member, and should he be blackballed he ceases to belong to the society altogether. This is a very good regulation. A year is a sufficient time of proof for the character and conduct of a person, and should he during this interval prove himself obnoxious to the members of the society, they can at its expiration exclude him for ever afterwards.

No enquiry is made as to the character and conduct of a person who is admitted as an honorary member: it is sufficient that he be recommended by a permanent member, which is deemed a sufficient guarantee for his respectability. In this society there are dining rooms, billiard rooms, card rooms, a large reading room. Here too is a small but well chosen library and three or four newspapers in every European language; all the German newspapers and reviews and the principal periodical works in the German, French, English and Italian languages. The English papers taken in here are the *Times*, *Courier* and *Chronicle*. Of the French, the *Moniteur*, *Journal des Débats*, *Constitutionnel*, *Journal du Commerce*, *Gazette de France* and *Gazette de Lausanne*, and of the Italian the *Gazette di Milano*, *di Venezia*, *di Firenze* and *di Lugano*. Every German newspaper is, I

believe, to be found here. The Society lay in their stock of wine, which is of the best quality; good cooks and servants are kept. Dinners go forward from one to three. You dine *à la carte* and pay the amount of what you call for to the waiters. Coffee, liqueurs and all sorts of refreshments are likewise to be had. Supper, likewise *à la carte*, goes forward between nine and eleven. The evening before supper may be employed, if you chuse, in cards, billiards, or reading. Very pleasant and useful acquaintances are made at the *Ressource*, since if a foreigner renders himself agreeable to the gentlemen who frequent this society, they generally propose taking him to their houses and introducing him to their families. After an introduction, you may go at any hour of the evening you please: but morning visits are not much in fashion, since the *toilette* is seldom made till after dinner, which is always early in Germany. There is no getting dinner after three o'clock in any part of Dresden. Besides the *Ressource* there are several other Clubs here, such as the *Harmonic* and others. The public balls are given at the *Hôtel de Pologne* twice a week, viz., one for the *Noblesse* and one for the *Bourgeoisie*. None of the female *Bourgeoisie* are admitted to the balls and societies of the *Noblesse*, and only such of the males as occupy posts or employments at Court or under Government such as *Königs-rath*, *Hof-rath*, or officers of the Army. It is therefore usual, when the Sovereign wishes to introduce a person of merit among the *Bourgeoisie* into the upper circles, that he gives him the title of *Rath* or Counsellor; but this privilege of being presentable at Court does not extend to their wives and daughters. All the Military officers, from whatever class of life they spring, have introduction *de jure* into the balls and societies of the *Noblesse*, and are always in uniform. But when they attend the balls of the *Bourgeoisie*, it is the etiquette for them to wear plain clothes: at the balls of the *Bourgeoisie*, therefore, not an uniform is to be seen. I observed by far the prettiest women at the balls of the *Bourgeoisie*, and very many are to be found there who in education and accomplishments fully equal those of the *Noblesse*, and this is no small merit, for the women in Saxony of the higher classes are extremely well educated; most of them are proficient in music and are versed in French and Italian literature. They seem amiable and goodnatured and by no means *minaudières*, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has rather unjustly termed them; for they appear to me to be the most frank, artless creatures I ever beheld, and to have no sort of *minauderie* or *coquetterie* about them. Beauty is the appanage of the Saxon women, hence the proverb in rhyme:

Darauf bin ich gegangen nach Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen auf den Bäumen wachsen.

In English:

Behold me landed now on Saxon ground,
Where lovely damsels on the trees are found.

A taste for literature is indeed general throughout the whole nation; and this city is considered as the Athens of Germany.

DRESDEN, Nov. 8th.

I have been at the theatre and witnessed the representation of a tragedy called *Die Schuld*, written by Adolphus Müllner. It is a most interesting piece, and the novelty of it has made a striking impression on me. It is written in the eight-footed trochaic metre, similar to that in which the Spanish tragedies are written. It hinges on a prophecy made by a Gipsy, in which the person to whom the prophecy is made, in endeavoring to avert it, hastens its accomplishment. The piece is full of interest and the versification harmonious. I have been twice at the Italian opera, where I saw the *Gazza Ladra* and *Il Matrimonio segreto*. I came here with the idea of giving myself up entirely to the study of the German language; but such is the beauty of the country environing Dresden that, though winter has commenced I employ the greatest part of the day in long walks. For instance I have been to Pillnitz, which is on the right bank of the Elbe about seven miles from Dresden, ascending the river. The road is on the bank of the river the whole way. The Palace at Pillnitz is vast and well built. During a part of the year the Royal family reside there. Pillnitz will remain "damn'd to everlasting fame" as the place where the famous treaty was signed, the object of which was to put down the French Revolution, which Mr Pitt and the British ministry knew of and sanctioned, tho' they pretended ignorance of it and professed to have no desire to interfere with the affairs of France.

Every thing pleases me at Dresden except the beds. I wish it were the fashion to use blankets and *édredons* for the upper covering instead of the *lits de plumes*; for they are too heavy and promote rather too intense a perspiration, and if you become impatient of the heat, and throw them off you catch an intense cold. You know how partial I am to the Germans, and can even put up with their eternal smoking, tho' no smoker myself, but to their beds I shall never be reconciled. A German bed is as follows: a *paillasse*, over that a mattress, then a featherbed with a sheet fastened to it, and over that again another featherbed with a sheet

fastened to it; and thus you lie between two featherbeds; but these are not always of sufficient length, and you are often obliged to coil up your legs or be exposed to have them frozen by their extending beyond the featherbeds; for the cold is very great during the winter.

The more I see of the people here, the more I like them. The national character of the Germans is integrity, tho' sometimes cloaked under a rough exterior as in Bavaria and Austria; but here in Saxony it is combined with a suavity of manners that is very striking, for the Saxons are the Tuscans of Germany in point of politeness, and they are far more accomplished because they take more pains in cultivating their minds.

A savant in Italy is a man who writes a volume about a coin, filled with hypotheses, when, with all his learning forced into the service, he proves nothing; and this very man is probably ignorant in the extreme of modern political history, and that of his own times, and has more pedantry than taste. Such a man is often however in Italy termed a *Portento*, but in Dresden and in most of the capitals of Germany where there are so many of science and deep research, a man must not only be well read in antiquities, but also well versed in political economy and in analysis before he can venture to give a work to the public. Latin quotations, unsupported by reason and philosophical argument will avail him nothing, for the German is a terrible *Erforscher* and wishes to know the *what*, the *how* and the *when* of every thing; besides an Italian *savant* is seldom versed in any other tongue than his own and the Latin, with perhaps a slight knowledge of French; whereas in Germany it is not only very common to find a knowledge of French, English, Italian, Latin and Greek united in the same person, but very many add Hebrew, Arabic and even Sanscrit to their stock of Philology. As a specimen for instance of German industry, I have seen, at the club of the *Ressource*, odes on the Peace in thirty-six different languages, and all of them written by native Saxons. This shows to what an extent philology is cultivated in Germany; indeed, it is quite a passion and a very useful one it is. I know that many people regard it as a loss of time, and say that you acquire only new words, and no new ideas; but I deny this. I maintain that every new language learned gives you new ideas, as it puts you at once more *au fait* of the manners and customs of the people, which can only be thoroughly learned by reading popular authors in their original language: for there are several authors of the merit of whose style it is impossible to form an adequate idea in a translation, however correct and excellent it be. Indeed I wonder that the study of the German language is not more attended to in England, France, and Italy;

but to the English, methinks, it is indispensable. All the customs and manners of Europe are taken from the German; all modern Europe bears the Teutonic stamp. We are all the descendants of the Teutonic hordes who subjugated the Roman Empire and changed the face of Europe; 'tis they who have given and laid down the grand and distinguishing feature between modern Europe and ancient Europe and Asia: I mean the respect paid to women. To what nation, I say, is due the chivalrous respect to women which is the surest sign of civilization, and which was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, except to the Germans, who even in their most uncivilized state paid such veneration to their women as to consult them as oracles on all occasions and to admit them to their councils? Tacitus particularly mentions this; and speaking of the Germans of his time, he says, "They have an idea that there is something divine about a woman." [126] It is this feeling, handed down to us from our Teutonic ancestors, that contributes mainly to make the European so superior to all the Asiatic nations, where woman still remains a degraded being, and 'tis this feeling that gives to us the palm above all Greek and Roman glory. What are the modern European nations, the English, French, Italians, Switzers, even Spanish and Portuguese, but the descendants of these warlike Teutonic tribes who swept away the effeminate Romans from the face of the earth? and do we not see the Teutonic policy and usages, defective and degenerated as they sometimes are, the best safeguard of liberty against the insidious interpretation of the Roman law, which is founded on the pretended superiority of one nation, the inferred inferiority of all the rest?

With regard to theatricals, I have witnessed the representation of a tragedy, lately published, called *Sappho*, by a young poet of the name of Grillparzer. This tragedy is strictly on the Greek model. Its versification in iambics is so beautiful that it is regarded as the triumph of the *Classics* over the *Romantics*; and by this piece Grillparzer has proved the universality of his genius; for he wrote a short time ago a dramatic piece in the *romantic* style and in the eight rhymed trochaic metre called *die Anhfrau* (the ancestress) where supernatural agency is introduced. This I have read; it is a piece full of interest; still it was thought too *outré* by the *Classiker*. It was supposed that this was the peculiar style of the author, and that he adopted it from inability to compose in the classic taste, when behold! by way of proving the contrary, he has given us a drama simple in its plot, where all the unities are preserved, and where the subject one would think was too well known to produce much interest; he has given, I say, to this piece (*Sappho*), from the extreme harmony of its versification and the pathos of the sentiments expressed therein, an effect which I doubt any tragedy of Euripides or Sophocles surpasses. The character of *Sappho* and her passion for *Phaon*; his

indifference to her and attachment to the young Melitta, an attendant and slave of Sappho's, and Sappho throwing herself into the sea after uniting Phaon and Melitta, constitute the plot of the drama. But simple as the plot, and old as the story is, it excites the greatest interest, and never fails to draw tears from the audience. What can be more artless and pathetic, for instance, than these lines of the young Melitta when she regrets her expatriation:

Kein Busen schlägt mlr bier in diesem Lande,
Und meine Freunden wohnen weit von hier.

In English:

No bosom beats for me in this strange land,
And far from here my friends and parents dwell.

I have no doubt that some of these days *Sappho* will be translated into the idiom of modern Greece and acted in that country. The actress, who did the part of Sappho, gave it full effect, and the part of the young Melitta was fairly performed; but I did not approve of the acting of the performer who played Phaon. He overstepped the modesty of nature and the intention of the author; for he was in his gesture and manner grossly rude and insolent to poor Sappho, whereas, tho' his love to Melitta was paramount, he ought to have shown no ordinary struggle in stifling his gratitude to his benefactress Sappho.

I admire the German word *Gebieterinn* (mistress). It is majestic and harmonious, and the only word, in any modern language that I know of, poetic enough to render aptly the Greek word [Greek: Despoina].

DRESDEN, Decr. 1st.

I have been to visit the famous Gallery of paintings here; but you must not expect from me a description. I shall send you a catalogue. It would be endless to describe the various *chefs-d'oeuvre* which are contained in this valuable collection. Dresden has always been considered as the Florence of Germany and has always been renowned for its Gallery of paintings; hence the almost innate taste of the Saxons for the *Beaux Arts* and the great encouragement given to them at all times by this Government. It is here and at Meissen that the best German is thought to be spoken, tho' Hanover disputes this prerogative with Dresden.

I have been to see the antiquities and curiosities of the *Japanischer Palast* (Palace of Japan), as it is called. In this Palace is a quantity of ancient armour and the most superb collection of porcelain I believe in Europe. The collection of precious stones is also immense; and I never in my life saw such a profusion of diamonds, emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, amethysts and topazes. In this Museum are three statues found in Herculaneum on its first discovery or excavation, viz., an Athlete, an Esculapius, and a Venus. Here too, and from this circumstance, the Palace takes its name, is a collection of Japanese antiquities and ornaments, lacker work in gold and silver, which is unique in the world. From the Royal Library, a foreigner, on being recommended, may have at his own house all such books to read as can be replaced if lost or spoiled; but the manuscripts and scarce and valuable editions are not permitted to be taken out of the Library. Any person once admitted on recommendation may go to read in this Library at stated hours and may consult any book or manuscript he pleases on applying to the librarian.

A person fond of music will be in a continual state of enjoyment at Dresden. Besides the fine music in the Royal Chapel, the band of the King's Guard is composed of first rate musicians, who attend regularly at Guard mounting and play for an hour together. There is also a band of music every evening during the summer months that plays in the gardens of the *Linkischer Bad*. Then there are various other places of recreation and amusement, at all of which musicians are in attendance; for a Saxon cannot enjoy his repast or his pipe without music and good music too to facilitate his digestion. There is a custom in Dresden that on the occasion of the death of a person the young choristers of the Cathedral are sent for to sing hymns, standing in a semi-circle round the door of the house of the defunct. These choristers are all dressed in black and their style of singing is melodious, solemn and impressive.

Smoking is so prevalent here and in all parts of Germany that if you wish to denote one of the male sex, *smoker* would be quite a synonymous word. Such is the passion for this enjoyment that even at the balls the young men, the moment they have finished the waltz, quit the hands of their partners and rush into another room in order to smoke; nor would the beauty of Venus nor the wit of Minerva be powerful enough to restrain the young German from giving way to his darling practise. Smoking tobacco has I think this visible effect, that it serves to calm all tumultuous passions, and what confirms me in this idea is, that most young Germans, in commencing life as adults, are full of enthusiastic and even exaggerated notions of liberty and equality. They are romantic to a degree that is

difficult to be conceived, and seem to be restrained by no selfish or worldly ideas. This you would suppose would tend to render them rather turbulent subjects, under an autocratical government; but all this *Schwärmerey* evaporates literally in smoke: they take to their pipe, and by degrees the fumes of tobacco cause all these lofty ideas to dissipate: the pipe becomes more and more necessary to their existence, and consoles them for their wrongs real or imaginary; and in three or four years they sit down contentedly to their several occupations, as strait-forward, painstaking, plodding men, quite satisfied to follow the routine chalked out for them, and either totally forget all ambitious views, or become too indolent to make any sacrifice to obtain them, and this *virtue comes from tobacco!!* The German Hippogriff becomes an Ox, dull and domestic, and treads out the corn placed before him, content to have his share thereof in peace and quietness.

The German Governments, which are mild and paternal, are fully aware of this and allow the utmost liberty of speech; well knowing that, thanks to that friend and ally of Legitimacy, tobacco, the romantic visionary and somewhat refractory youth will subside into a tranquil *ganz alltäglicher Mann* and become totally averse to any innovation which demands the sacrifice of repose.

The pipe which has this sedative effect on political effervescence, has a still stronger similar effect, it is said, on the passion of love; hence the German husbands are proverbially sluggish. But the ladies, none of whom smoke, preserve their romanticity during their whole lives, and would, if they had their choice, give their hands to foreigners, who are more attentive to them than their own countrymen.

The young ladies here are, 'tis said, extremely romantic in their ideas of love and capable of the strongest attachment. They think that any thing should be pardoned to sincere passion. It has been related to me that some time ago a young man, who was devotedly attached to a girl, on the father refusing his consent to the marriage, stabbed the girl and then himself. An immense number of young ladies attended their funeral, to throw flowers over the grave of the two lovers. Assuredly the young man was only a novice in smoking.

Everybody must, I think, admire the Saxon women. They are in general handsome and have fine shapes; they are warm hearted and affectionate; and they are almost universally well educated. Indeed the whole Saxon people are so amiable that foreigners find themselves so happy here that they are unwilling to

quit the country. Very many form matrimonial attachments. In short, this people fully merit the epithet a celebrated English traveller (Sherlock)[127] has bestowed on them when he called them a *herrliches Volk*.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8d, 1819.

I have made an excursion to Meissen which lies on the same bank of the river with the old town of Dresden at a distance of twelve miles. As there is no road on the left bank of the river to Meissen, you must cross the river twice to arrive at it, viz., once at Neustadt and once at Meissen, the road being on the right bank. I put up at the *Hirsch* (Stag), a very comfortable inn. I went to Meissen with a view of seeing the Russian contingent pass the Elbe on their return from France, which has been evacuated in consequence of the arrangement at Aix-la-Chapelle. They appeared a fine body of men, clothed *à la française* and seemed in high spirits. They seem to have imbibed liberal ideas during their residence in France, for some of the officers who dined at the inn at Meissen spoke very freely on passing events.

The return of the Saxon contingent is expected in Dresden in a day or two, and there will no doubt be a great deal of rejoicing among the military and their relations to meet their old comrades and friends; and potent libations of *Doppel Bier* will no doubt be made. Meissen is said to be famous for the beauty of its women and the few that I saw in the streets did not contradict this reputation.

DRESDEN, Jany. 5th, 1819.

We have had several balls here. Waltzing is the only sort of dance in fashion at Dresden, excepting now and then a Polonaise.

I have witnessed an interesting spectacle in the *Grosser Garten*. The pond or basin is completely frozen over, and a Russian Prince, Gallitzin, who is here, has fitted up a sort of *Montagnes Russes* as they are called. Blocks of ice are placed on an inclined plane to the top of which you mount by means of a staircase; and then, seating yourself in a sort of sledge, you slide down the inclined plane with immense velocity. The Prince often persuades a lady to sit on this sleigh on his lap and descend together; and this no doubt serves to *break the ice* of many an amorous intrigue. This construction of the Prince Gallitzin has contributed to fill the *Grosser Garten* with the *beau monde*, every day from twelve to two o'clock;

so that you see we are in no want of amusements at Dresden.

The King frequently attends the theatre; he is a tall, fine looking man, and is usually dressed in the uniform of his Foot-Guards, which is scarlet faced with yellow. The poor King has taken much to heart the injustice with which he has been treated by the coalition, and no doubt will not easily forget the ill-bred and insolent letter of Castlereagh to the Congress, wherein he said that the King of Saxony deserved to lose his dominions for adhering to Napoleon. But how the King of Saxony could act otherwise I am at a loss to find: so little could he possibly deserve this treatment for adhering to Napoleon, that had his advice been taken in the year 1805, the French would never have been able to extend their conquests so far, nor to dictate laws to Germany. But Lord Castlereagh seems to have either never known or wilfully forgotten the anterior political conduct of Saxony. Had he been more versed in German affairs, or had studied with more accuracy the events passing before his eyes, it would have been a check upon his arrogance; but here was a genuine disciple of the Pitt school (that school of ignorance and insolence), who sets himself up as the moral regenerator of nations and as a distributor of provinces, while he is grossly ignorant of the political system of the country on whose destinies he pretends to decide so peremptorily. Had Castlereagh paid attention to what was going forward in Germany in 1805, he would have seen too that of all powers Prussia was the very *last* who with any *shadow of justice* could pretend to an indemnification at the expense of Saxony. In the year 1805, the King, then Elector of Saxony, strongly advised the Prussian Cabinet to forget its ancient rivalry and jealousy of Austria and to coalesce with the latter power, in resisting the encroachments of Napoleon, in order to prevent the latter from attempting the overthrow of the whole fabric of the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, with the intricacy and fragility of which no prince in Germany was better acquainted than the Elector of Saxony. Prussia however was still reluctant to engage in the contest and gave no support whatever to Austria. Napoleon defeats the Austrians at Austerlitz and dictates peace. Six months after the Prussian Cabinet, excited by a patriotic but rash and ill-calculating party, has recourse to arms, not from any generous policy, but because she sees herself outwitted by Napoleon, who refuses to cede to her Hanover in perpetuity. Prussia begins the war and calls on Saxony, who always moved in her orbit, to join her. To the Elector of Saxony this war (in 1806) appeared then ill-timed and too late; but with that good faith, nevertheless, which invariably characterized him, he remained faithful to his engagement and furnished his quota of troops to Prussia. The Saxon troops fought nobly at the battle of Jena. This battle annihilates all the power of Prussia,

and lays Saxony entirely at the mercy of the Conqueror; but Napoleon not only treats Saxony with moderation, but with rare generosity; he does not take from her a single village, but aggrandizes her and gives to her the Duchy of Warsaw and to her Sovereign the title of King. Saxony becomes in consequence a member of the confederation of the Rhine and is bound to support the Protector in all his wars offensive and defensive. The Russian war in 1812 begins: every German state, Austria and Prussia in the number, furnishes its contingent of troops. The campaign is unsuccessful, the climate of Russia having annihilated the French Army, and Napoleon returns to Paris. Saxony is now exposed to invasion and harassed by the incursions of the Cossacks. The King of Saxony is perplexed in what manner to act, so as to ensure to his subjects that protection which was ever uppermost in his thoughts; feeling however with his usual sagacity that every thing would ultimately depend on the dispositions of Austria, he repairs himself to Prague, in order to have an interview with one of the Austrian ministers, and to sound that Cabinet. Austria however still vacillates and declines stating what her intentions are. Napoleon returns from Paris, defeats the Prussians and Russians at Bautzen and re-occupies all Saxony. He then writes to the King of Saxony to desire him to return immediately to his dominions and to fulfil his engagements. What was the King to do? Austria still refusing to declare herself, was he to sacrifice his crown and dominions uselessly to the vengeance of Napoleon, to please the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, who for aught he knew might patch up a peace the next day? and this was the more probable from their having been beaten at Bautzen, which circumstance also might with equal probability induce Austria to coalesce with, instead of against France. All the other members of the Confederation of the Rhine remained staunch to Napoleon and poured their contingents into Saxony; was he to be the only unfaithful ally and towards a Monarch who had always treated him with the strongest marks of attachment and regard? and when neither Russia nor Prussia were likely to give him the least assistance? He therefore returned to Dresden; and Napoleon took up his grand position the whole length of the Elbe, from the mountains of Bohemia to Hamburgh, thus covering the whole of Saxony with his army. Austria however at last comes forward to join the coalition. Fortune changes; the Saxon troops, tired of beholding their country the perpetual theatre of war and trusting to the generosity of the Allies, go over to them in the middle of a battle, and decide, thereby, the fate of the day at Leipzig. The King of Saxony is made a prisoner, and then he is punished for what he could not help. Why was he to be punished more than any other member of the Confederation of the Rhine? One would think that the seasonable defection of his troops at Leipzig should have induced the Allies to treat him

with moderation. The other States of the Confederation did not abandon Napoleon until after he was completely beaten at Leipzig; and Austria refused to accede to the coalition until a *carte blanche* was given her to help herself in Italy.

Let every impartial man therefore review the whole of this proceeding and then say whether the King of Saxony, so proverbial for his probity, so adored by his subjects, deserved to be insulted by such an unfeeling letter as that of Castlereagh. No! the King of Saxony better deserves to reign than any King of them all. Would they had even a small share of his virtues! Another proof and a still stronger one of the great integrity and honor of this excellent Prince, is, that when Napoleon offered to mediatize in his favor the various ducal Houses in Saxony, such as Weimar, Gotha, Cobourg, etc., and to annex these countries to his dominions, he declined the offer. Would Prussia, Austria, or Hanover have been so scrupulous?

The young ladies here, tho' well versed and delighting in various branches of literature, cannot overcome that strong national propensity to tales and romances wherein the *terrific and supernatural* abounds; in all their romances accordingly this taste prevails strongly; nay, even in some of the romances, where the scene is laid in later times, there is some such anachronism as the story of a spectre.

I recollect reading a novel, the scene of which is laid in Italy about the time of the battle of Marengo, wherein a ghost is introduced who contributes mainly to the unravelling of the piece. A young lady here of considerable talent and of general information confessed to me, when I asked her, what subjects pleased her most in the way of reading, that nothing gave her so much delight as "*Geistergeschichten*." Lewis' romance of "*The Monk*" is a great favorite in Germany.[128] By the bye, his poetical tale of *Alonzo and Imogen* is evidently taken from a similar subject in the *Volks-mährchen*.

The weather has set in very cold and the Elbe is nearly frozen over. It is impossible to go out of the house without a *Pelz* or cloak lined with fur; for otherwise, on leaving a room heated by a stove, the effect of the cold is almost instantaneous and brings on an ague fit. This I attribute to the excessive heat kept up in the rooms and houses by the stoves. As smoking is so prevalent here, this contributes much also to keeping the body in a praeternatural heat and rendering it still more obnoxious to cold on removal from a room to the open air.

It has been remarked by a medical author, in the Russian campaign in 1812, that the soldiers of the southern nations and provinces, viz., Provençaux, Gascons, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, endured the cold much better and suffered less from it than the Germans and Hollanders. The reason is sufficiently obvious: the former live in the open air even in the middle of winter and seldom make use of a fire to warm themselves; whereas the Germans and Dutch live in an atmosphere of stove-heat and smoke and seldom like to stir abroad in the open air during winter, unless necessity obliges them. Hence they become half-baked, as it were; their nerves are unstrung, their flesh flabby and they become so chilly, as to suffer from the smallest exposure to the atmosphere. In the houses in Germany, on account of the stoves, the cold is never felt, whereas it is very severely in Italy and Spain where many of the houses have no fireplaces. On this account I prefer Germany as a winter residence, for I think there is no sensation so disagreeable as to feel cold in the house. In the open air I do not care a fig for it, for my cloak lined with bearskin protects me amply. The climate here in winter is a dry cold, which is much more salubrious and agreeable to me than the changeable, humid climate of Great Britain, where, though the cold is not so great, it is much more severely felt.

[126] Tacitus, *Germania*, C, VIII.—ED.

[127] Martin Sherlock (d. 1797), author of *Lettres d'un voyageur anglais*, which were published in Paris 1779 and, the year after, in London.

[128] Matthew Gregory Lewis, 1775-1818, published *Ambrosio or the Monk* in 1795.—ED.

CHAPTER XVIII

MARCH-APRIL 1819

Journey from Dresden to Leipzig—The University of Leipzig—Liberal spirit—The English disliked in Saxony—The English Government hostile to liberty—Journey to Frankfort—From Frankfort to Metz and Paris—A.F. Lemaître—*Bon voyage* to the Allies—Return to England.

I left Dresden on the 2nd March, 1819. A *Landkutsche* conveyed me as far as Leipzig in a day and half, stopping the first night at Oschaly, where there is a good inn. At Leipzig I put up at the *Hôtel de Bavière* and remained five days. Leipzig is a fine old Gothic city. It is, as everybody knows, famous for its University and its Fair, which is held twice a year, in spring and in autumn, and which is the greatest mart for books perhaps in the world. The University of Leipzig and indeed all the Universities of Germany are in bad repute among the *Obscuranten* and *éteignoirs* of the day, on account of the liberal ideas professed by the teachers and scholars. In the University of Leipzig every thing may be learned by those who chuse to apply, but those who prefer remaining idle may do so, as there is less compulsion than at the English Universities. There is however such a national enthusiasm for learning, in all parts of Germany, that the most careless and ill-disposed youth would never be about to support the ridicule of his fellow students were he backward in obtaining prizes, but after all I have heard of the dissipation, lawlessness, and want of discipline at Leipzig, I can safely affirm that all these stories are grossly exaggerated: and I fancy there is little other dissipation going forward than amours with *Stubenmädchen*. I do not hear of any drunkenness, gaming or horse racing; nor do the professors themselves, who ought to be the best judges of what is going on, complain of the insubordination of their pupils. But what I principally admire in this, and indeed in other German Universities, is that there are no distinctions of rank, such as gold tassels, etc., no servile attention paid to sprigs of nobility, as in the Universities in England, where the Heads of Colleges and Fellows are singularly

condescending to the son of a Peer, a Minister, or a Bishop. Perfect equality prevails in Leipzig and the son of the proudest *Reichsgraf* is allowed no more privileges than the son of a barber; nor do the professors make the least difference between them. In fact, in spite of the vulgar belief in England respecting the *hauteur* of the German *noblesse* and the vassalage of the other classes, I must say, from experience, that the German nobility show far less *hauteur* and have in general more really liberal ideas than most part of our English aristocracy, and a German burgher or shop-keeper would disdain to cringe before a nobleman as many shopkeepers, aye, and even gentry, are sometimes known to do in England. Another circumstance too proves on how much more liberal a footing Leipzig and other German Universities are than our English ones, which is, that in England none but those who profess the religion of the Church of England, or conform to its ritual, are admitted; but here all sects are tolerated and admitted, and all live in perfect harmony with each other. The students are at liberty to chuse their place of worship and the sermons that are preached in the Catholic as well as the Protestant churches are such as sensible men of whatever opinion might listen to with profit, and without being shocked by absurdities or intolerant ideas.

Mysteries, theologic sophistry and politics are carefully avoided, and a pure morality, a simple theosophy, comprehensible to the meanest understanding, pervades these simple discourses. The consequence of this toleration and liberal spirit is that an union between the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches has been effected.

I met a number of mercantile people at the *table d'hôte* at Leipzig in the *Hôtel de Bavière*, and I entered a good deal into conversation with them; but when they discovered I was an Englishman, I could see a sudden coldness and restraint in their demeanour, for we are very unpopular in Germany, owing to the conduct of our Cabinet, and they have a great distrust of us. The Saxons complain terribly of our Government for sanctioning the dismemberment of their country and of the insolent letter of Castlereagh. It is singular enough that Saxony is the only country where English goods are allowed to be imported free of duty; but our great and good ally the King of Prussia (as these goods must pass thro' his territory) has imposed a tolerably heavy transit duty. I am glad of it; this is as it should be. I rejoice at any obstacles that are put to British commerce; I rejoice when I hear of our merchants suffering and I quite delight to hear of a bankruptcy. They, the English merchants, contributed with their gold to uphold the corrupt system of Pitt and to carry on unjust, unreasonable and liberticide

wars. Yes! it is perfectly fit and proper that the despotic governments they have contributed to restore should make them feel their gratitude. If the French since their Revolution have not always fought for liberty, they have done so invariably for science; and wherever they carried their victorious arms, abuses were abolished, ameliorations of all kinds followed, and the arts of life were improved. Our Government since the accession of George III has never raised its arm except in favor of old abuses, to uphold despotism and unfair privileges, or to establish commercial monopoly. Our victories so far from being of beneficial effect to the countries wherein we gained them, have been their curse. We can interfere and be prodigal of money and blood to crush any attempt of the continental nations towards obtaining their liberty; but when it is necessary to intercede in favour of oppressed patriots, then we are told that we have no right to interfere with the domestic policy of other nations. We can send ships to protect and carry off in safety a worthless Royal family, as at Naples in 1799, but we can view with heartless indifference, and even complacency, the murders committed in Spain by the infamous Ferdinand and his severities against those to whom he owes his crown, all of whom had the strongest claim to our protection as having fought with us in the same cause and contributed to our success.

The *Platz* at Leipzig is large and here it is that the fair is held. The theatre is an elegant building and lies just outside one of the gates of the city. Innumerable shops of booksellers are here and it is astonishing at how cheap a rate printing in all languages is carried forward.

There are some pleasant promenades in the environs of Leipzig; but this is not a time of the year to judge of the beauty of the country. I went, however, to view the house occupied by Napoleon on the eve of the battle of Leipzig. A monument is to be erected to the memory of Poniatowsky in the spot where he perished.

I started from Leipzig on 7th March at eleven o'clock. I was five days en route from Leipzig to Frankfort, tho' the distance does not exceed forty-five German miles. I travelled in the diligence, but had I known that the arrangements were so uncomfortable, I should have preferred going in a *Landkutsche*, which would have made the journey in seven days and afforded me an opportunity of stopping every night to repose; whereas in the diligence, tho' they go *en poste*, they travel exceedingly slow and it is impossible to persuade the postillion to accelerate his usual pace. He is far more careful of his horses than of his passengers. This I however excuse; but it is of the frequent stoppages and bad arrangement of them

that I complain. Instead of stopping at some town for one whole night or two whole nights out of the five, they stop almost at every town for three, four and five hours; so that these short stoppages do not give you time enough to go to bed and they are besides generally made in the day time or early in the morning and evening. We passed thro' the following cities and places of eminence, viz., Lutzen; the spot where Gustavus Adolphus was killed is close to the road on the left hand with a plain stone and the initials G.A. inscribed on it. Weimar is a very neat city and where I should like much to have staid; but I had only time to view the outside of the Palace and the *Stadthaus*. Erfurt and Gotha are both fine looking cities. In Gotha I had only time to see the outside of the *Residenz Schloss* or Ducal Palace, which is agreeably situated on an eminence, and to remark in the *Neumarkt Kirche* the portrait of Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar and the monuments of the princes of that family. At Erfurt there is the tomb of a Count Gleichen who was made prisoner in the Holy Land, in the time of the Crusades, and was released by a Mahometan Princess on condition of his espousing her. The Count was already married in Germany and there he had left his wife; but such was his gratitude to the fair Musulmane, that he married her with the full consent of his German wife and they all three lived happily together. Fulda, where we stopped four hours, appears a fine city, and is situated on an eminence commanding a noble view of a very fertile and extensive plain. The Episcopal Palace and the churches are magnificent, and the general appearance of the town is striking. The Bishopric of Fulda was formerly an independent ecclesiastical state, but was secularised at the treaty of Lunéville and now forms part of the territory of Hesse-Cassel.

The *Feld-zeichen* of Hesse-Cassel is green and red. After passing thro' Hanau, where we halted three hours, which gave me an opportunity of viewing the field of battle there, we proceeded to Frankfort and arrived there at twelve o'clock the 12th of March. I put up at the *Swan* inn. In summer time the country about Fulda and in general between Fulda and Frankfort must be very pleasing from the variety of the features of the ground. We lived very well and very cheap on the road. The price of the diligence from Leipzig to Frankfort was eleven *Reichsthaler*.

After remaining three days to repose at Frankfort I took my place to Mayence and from thence to Metz and Paris. In the diligence from Mayence and indeed all the way to Paris I found a very amusing society. There were two physicians and M. L[emaître], a most entertaining man and of inexhaustible colloquial talent; for, except when he slept, he never ceased to talk. His conversation was however

always interesting and entertaining, for he had figured in the early part of the French Revolution and was well known in the political and literary world as the editor of a famous journal called *Le Bonhomme Richard*. [129]

Metz is a large, well built and strongly fortified city. Verdun, thro' which we passed, became quite an English colony during the war from the number of *detenus* of that nation who were compelled to reside there. At Epernay we drank a few bottles of Champagne and a toast was given by one of the company, which met with general applause. It was *Bon voyage* to the Allies who have now finally evacuated France to the great joy of the whole nation, except of the towns where they were cantoned, where they contributed much towards enriching the shopkeepers and inhabitants.

I remained in Paris six days and then proceeded to England.

[129] *Le bonhomme Richard aux bonnes gens* was not a "famous journal," as only two numbers appeared in 1790 (M. Tourneux, *Bibliographie de l'histoire de Paris pendant la Révolution*, vol. 11, p. 585, n. 10, 511). The publisher, Antoine-François Lemaître, whom Major Erye mentions in this passage, was the author of some other revolutionary pamphlets, e.g., *Lettres bougrement patriotiques*, etc.—ED.

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Lucca: female servants,
the amoroso;
Dante's mountain.

Lyons: buildings,
scenery;
feelings towards Napoleon;
character of inhabitants;
manufactures.

Maastricht: situation,
Montagne de St Pierre.

Machiavelli: entombed in church of Santa Croce.

Mâcon: quai,
wine;
grisettes.

Maffei: his "Polyphonte" compared with that of Voltaire.

Maitland, Captain: Napoleon surrenders to.

Mantua: situation,

Cathedral;
monuments of the Gonzagas;
the T palace and gardens.
Marengo: the Battle of,
Commemoration column thrown down.
Maria Louisa: ordered to quit papal territory,
enthusiastic reception of, at Bologna;
victim of a strange theft.
Mars, Mlle: graceful acting of.
Massieu: pupil of the Abbé Sicard.
Mayence: Cathedral,
Citadel.
Michel Angelo: anecdote of.
Milan: *Teatro della Scala*,
the *Duomo*;
the women of;
dialect;
the *Zecca*;
palace;
Ambrosian Library;
hospital;
Teatro Olimpico;
Porta del Sempione;
Italian comedy and audiences;
Teatro Girolamo;
Milanese twang;
ballet;
acting of La Pallerini.
Mittenwald: great raft,
interesting journey.
Mölk: tradition of the Devil's Wall,
ruins of Castle of Dierenstein;
Richard Coeur de Lion.
Mont Cenis: description of the Chaussée.
Mont St. Jean: dreadful sight on plateau of.
Montefiascone: story of the *Vino d'Est*.
Morice, Colonel: death at Waterloo.
Munich: the King,
national theatre;

social life in;
female head-dress.
Murat: Italian opinion of.

Namur: situation of,
Citadel demolished by Joseph II;
complaints against.
Prussian soldiery.

Napoleon: takes tribute of works of art from vanquished Governments,
calumniated by the *émigrés*;
unjust aspersions on;
narrow escape from capture;
confident of success before Waterloo;
constructs Chaussée of Mont Cenis.

Naples:
life of a man of fashion in;
Etruscan vases and papyri in museum;
theatres;
Pulcinello;
social advantages;
lazzaroni;
dialect;
effect of general ignorance.

Nelson, Lord: conduct towards Caraccioli,

Neuwied: University of.

Ney, Marshall: Wellington and Emperor of Russia refuse to interfere
in favour of

Padua:
University;
Church of St Anthony;
Palazzo della Giustizia;
tomb of Livy.

Paris: Louis XVIII in,
Kotzebue on the *Palais Royal*;
Café Montausier;
the Louvre;
statues and paintings collected by the French Government;
productions at the Grand Opera;

Column of the *Place Vendôme*;
Gardens of the Tuileries;
Chamber of Deputies;
the *Invalides*;
models of the fortresses of France;
Picture Gallery of the Palais du Luxembourg;
frequency of quarrels between French and Prussian officers in the;
Palais Royal;
behaviour of English officers in;
masterpieces performed in the *Théâtre français*;
Ney shot in the Gardens of the Luxembourg.
Parma: "L'Amfiteatro Farnese",
paintings;
birthplace of Cassius.
Passau: junction of the Danube, Inn and Illst.
Perugia.
Pescia,
advantages of living in.
Picton, Lieut-Genl Sir T.: perishes at Waterloo.
Piedmont: character of the lower classes of.
Pillnitz:
the palace;
Treaty of.
Pisa.
Pitt: credited with the invention of the sinking fund.
Pius VII: character and virtues of.
Pompeii:
amphitheatre;
houses;
Temple of Isis;
Praetorium;
antiquities removed to Museum of Portici.
Pontine Marshes.
Prague: situation,
bridge over the Mulda;
remarkable statue;
Jews;
palaces of the Wallensteins and Colloredos;
St John Nepomucene;

Joseph II's ingenious method of extorting money from the Jews;
Catalani;
story of the Duchess Libussa.

Rafaelli: mosaic work of.

Rho: ancient tree.

Rome: censorship of books at the Dogana,
Coliseum;

Arch of Constantine;

Via Sacra—excavations;

Tarpeian Rock;

Capitol;

St Peter's;

anecdote of Michel Angelo;

statue of St Peter;

masterpieces of sculpture in Capitoline Museum;

Transteverini;

effect of the settling of foreign artists in;

Santa Maria Maggiore;

Church of St John Lateran;

Egyptian obelisk;

La Scala Santa;

Quirinal;

fountains;

Column of Trajan;

baths of Diocletian;

theatres;

masterpieces of art in the Vatican Museum;

statue of Jupiter Capitolinus;

stanze di Raffaello;

Appian Road;

social life in;

the *Avvocati*;

Papal Government;

post office defalcations;

the Carnival;

races in the Corso;

masquerades;

Sovereigns and persons of distinction living in Rome in 1818;

Easter in;
Swiss Guard;
Noble Guard;
papal benediction;
illumination of St Peter's;
fireworks from Castle of St Angelo;
the brigand Barbone;
his wife.

Savoy: character of inhabitants of.
Schönbrunn: anecdote of Napoleon's son.
Schuyler, General: his reproof of General Burgoyne.
Scindiah: career of.
Sgricci, Signor: his genius for improvisation.
Sicard, Abbé; director of the Institution of the *Sourds-Muets*,
eulogises Sir Sidney Smith.
Sienna: cathedral,
Piccolomini monument;
dialect.
Simplon: road over the,
Chaussée;
maisons de refuge.
Sismondi,
the historian banished from Geneva.
Smith, Lucius F.: friend of De Boigne.
Smith, Sir Sidney: his eulogy of the Abbé Sicard.
Spoleto: ruins of ancient buildings.
St Cloud: favourite residence of Napoleon.
St Eustatius: pillaged by Admiral Rodney.
St Germain: dépôt for articles plundered by Prussian officers.
St Helena: injustice of Napoleon's banishment to.
Stewart, Lord: conduct of, at Conference of French Commissioners
with the Allies.

Taddei, Rosa: her talent for improvisation.
Talma, his ailing at the Théâtre Français.
Thorwaldsen: character of his genius.
Tivoli: the Villa d'Este,
Adrian's Villa.

Tölz: remarkable groups of figures in wood, representing history of Christ.

Tournay,
citadel of.

Trévoux: scenery on the road between Mâcon and,
hotel-keeper's beautiful daughter.

Turin: Chapelle du Saint Suaire,
remarkable works of art in;
the King of Sardinia.

Tuscany: contrast with papal dominions,
pronunciation;
peasantry;
fondness of Tuscan women for dress;
feeling towards Napoleon in;
character of the people;
house of Americo Vespucci.

Tyrol, the: general description of,
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Valais: crétins of.

Vaud, Canton de: character of inhabitants of,
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hatred of French Royalists to.

Velino: remarkable cascade.

Venice: Canale Grande,
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Piazza di San Marco;
Church of St Mark;
Campanile;
variety of costumes in;
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Verbruggen, H.: work of, in church of St Gudule, Brussels.
Verona: amphitheatre,
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Versailles: magnificence of.
"Vertraute Briefe" the.
Vesuvius: eruptions,
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Vienna: Art treasures of, respected by French Republican armies,
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Cathedral;
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Wechselbank;
Belvedere Palace;
Prater;
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Visconte, Galeazzo: builds church of the Certosa.
Volnais, Mlle: Acting of.
Voltaire: his play, "Mérope",
his benefactions to Ferney;
relics of;
portraits of contemporaries in his château.

Walker, Adam: his lectures to Etonians stopped.
Wardle, Col.: republican principles of,
anonymous denunciation of.
Waterloo: French officer's remarks on.
Wellington: his confidence in the result of the campaign,
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checks frequency of corporal punishment in the army.
Wilson, Maj.-Genl: accompanies Frye on a tour through the theatre of War.
Wilson, Sir R.: his charges against Napoleon.
Wirion: removed from office by Napoleon.

York, Duke of,
opposes frequent corporal punishment in the Army.

Zedera, Chevalier: political dispute with Genevese,
his journey with Frye to Italy;
his parting with Frye.

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