

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY
AND SICILY



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CITIES OF
SOUTHERN ITALY
AND
SICILY

BY

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TO H.R.H.

Gustaf

CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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SOUTHERN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE attractions of Naples and its neighbourhood have always been familiar to travelling Englishmen, but, in publishing a book on the rest of Southern Italy, the author has an uncomfortable sense of sending forth what few will read, and fewer still will make use of on the spot. English travellers nearly always play at follow the leader, and there are probably not two hundred living who have ever explored the savage scenery of the Abruzzi, the characteristic cathedrals of Apulia, or the historic sites of Magna Graecia. Except the admirable *Unter-Italien* of Gsell-fells, the *Grande Grèce* of François Lenormant, and the chapters on the Abruzzi, Apulia, and Naples, in the *Italian Sculptors* of C. C. Perkins, nothing of importance has been written about these places: it has not been considered worth while; even the beautiful illustrations in Lear's *Journal of a Landscape Painter* have failed to attract a stream of travellers as far south as Calabria.

The vastness and ugliness of the districts to be traversed, the bareness and filth of the inns, the roughness of the natives, the torment of *zinzare*, the terror of earthquakes, the insecurity of the roads from brigands, and the far more serious risk of malaria or typhoid fever from the bad water, are natural causes which have hitherto frightened strangers away from the south. But every year these risks are being mitigated, and some of the travellers along the southern

railways to Sicily may perhaps now be induced to linger on the way, though, with the single exception of the hotel at Reggio, the inns in Calabria are still such as none but the hardiest tourists, will like to encounter, and all the lower sites are seldom free from fever. There is not, however, the same reason for hurrying through Apulia, which is generally healthy, and where the rapid improvement of the inns will soon permit archeologists to explore its wonderful old cities with comfort.

Every year the glorious country between Rome and Naples is becoming better known. All the places near "the Eternal City" have been already fully described in "Days near Rome," but they are more briefly noticed here, as all the cities north of Rome will henceforward be included in "Cities of Central Italy." In the towns of the Alban, Sabine, Volscian, and Hernican hills, the accommodation is often poor, but the inns are for the most part clean, and travellers will almost always receive a genial and disinterested welcome from the kind-hearted inhabitants. The Italy of artists is to be found more amongst these mountain districts than in any other part of the peninsula. Here the costumes still glow with colour, and the wonderful picturesqueness of the towns is only equalled by the exquisite beauty and variety of the scenery.

The way in which the national character alters, as Naples is approached, must be incredible to those who have not lived in Italy. Within fifty miles of Rome, where the people have not been demoralised by travellers and their couriers (as at Albano), cases of extortion or incivility are almost unknown, and the peasants are honest, contented, and industrious. But after crossing the Pontine Marshes or passing the Garigliano into the old kingdom of Naples, the characteristics of the people are utterly changed, and all friendly confidence on the part of strangers (except, perhaps, in the islands of Capri and Ischia) would be misplaced. The degree to which a Neapolitan of the lower orders can cheat is only equalled by the degree to which he is in the habit of lying; while the ignorance of the people, and the extravagance of their superstitions, is such as can only be

realised by long familiarity. In this, the misgovernment of the Spanish viceroys and afterwards of the Bourbon princes has much to answer for. There is great regret in Italy for the Tuscan Grand Dukes: there are many who long to restore the beneficent rule of the popes; but, with the exception of a few members of the nobility, there is no Italian who would wish to bring back the Bourbons to Naples.

Since the change of government, the old Neapolitan States have derived great advantage from the opening out of the country by railways, and in being set free from the thralldom of an ignorant and self-interested priesthood. But the most grinding misery and poverty are caused by the enormous taxes, which absorb nearly half the income of real property, while the carelessness of the police and misprision of justice are contemptible. Even in 1881, the Italian Minister of the Interior, Signor De Pretis, was compelled to issue a circular to all the prefects of the kingdom, calling their attention to the extraordinary number of arrests made by the police and not followed by a conviction, and proving that, on the average, 660 innocent persons were daily imprisoned through caprice, abuse, or an empty pretext. Few words deserve more attention from modern Italians than those of Massimo d'Azeglio, when, during the first exultation which prevailed in the meeting of the Italian Parliament at Turin in 1860, he exclaimed—"L'Italia è fatta, ma chi farà ora gl' Italiani."

With the exception of a few favoured spots, the beauties of scenery in the old Neapolitan states on the mainland are confined to the neighbourhood of the capital, and this, with the liveliness and originality of its inhabitants, will compensate the passing traveller for the serious disadvantages by which a resident in Naples will be depressed. The spirit of fun which possesses Neapolitans is irresistible. To enjoy while you can is the apparent aim of every hour of life—to laugh at pulcinella, to dance the tarantella, to listen to improvisatore, or to bagpipers—the utricularii of ancient times; these to Neapolitans are like duties. Prolonged gravity to a Neapolitan is impossible. They will be convulsed with laughter while they tell you they are starving, and

the slightest joke will drive them from the excess of grief or anger into peals of merriment. Swinburne narrates how some malefactors, left all night upon a gibbet, were characteristically found the next morning with hats and long periwigs on their heads, and pipes of tobacco in their mouths; and how, on the feast of a patron of a church, a pasteboard Punchinello was exhibited on the front of the edifice administering a clyster to Scaramouche, and at a given signal the instrument took fire, and both apothecary and patient blew up in a volley of crackers.

“Le peuple napolitain, à quelques égards, n'est point du tout civilisé; mais il n'est point vulgaire à la manière des autres peuples. Sa grossièreté même frappe l'imagination. La rive africaine qui borde la mer de l'autre côté se fait presque déjà sentir, et il y a je ne sais quoi de Numide dans les cris sauvages qu'on entend de toutes parts. Ces visages brunis, ces vêtements formés de quelques morceaux d'étoffe rouge ou violette, dont la couleur foncée attire les regards; ces lambeaux d'habillements, que ce peuple artiste drape encore avec art, donnent quelque chose de pittoresque à la populace, tandis qu'ailleurs l'on ne peut voir en elle que les misères de la civilisation. Un certain goût pour la parure et les décorations se trouve souvent à Naples, à côté du manque absolu des choses nécessaires ou commodes. Les boutiques sont ornées agréablement avec des fleurs et des fruits. Quelques-unes ont un air de fête qui ne tient ni à l'abondance, ni à la félicité publique, mais seulement à la vivacité de l'imagination; on veut réjouir les yeux avant tout. La douceur du climat permet aux ouvriers, en tout genre, de travailler dans la rue. Les tailleurs y font des habits, les traiteurs leurs repas; et les occupations de la maison, se passant ainsi au dehors, multiplient le mouvement de mille manières. Les chants, les danses, des jeux bruyants accompagnent assez bien tout ce spectacle; et il n'y a point de pays où l'on sent plus clairement la différence de l'amusement au bonheur; enfin, l'on sort de l'intérieur de la ville pour arriver sur les quais, d'où l'on voit et la mer et la Vésuve, et l'on oublie alors tout ce que l'on sait des hommes.”—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

The grossest brutality to animals is a Neapolitan characteristic, and “Ma non sono cristiani”—but they are not christians—is the universal answer to any remonstrance.

A passion for gambling is universal, and is encouraged by all the popular games, especially by that of *mora*; and a belief in witchcraft, especially that kind called *la magia bianca*, or legitimate intercourse with spirits, is shown by the eagerness with which their advice is sought as to taking

tickets in the Government lottery. In this, an *ambo*, or two prize numbers, gives the fortunate speculator twenty times his money; a *terno*, or three prize numbers, a hundred times his investment; while a *cinquina*, or all the five prize numbers, is considered to make his fortune. The lottery, and what numbers are likely to turn out lucky, is the most serious occupation of the Neapolitan intellect.

“C’est le peuple du monde qui aime le plus l’argent : si vous demandez à un homme du peuple votre chemin dans la rue, il tend la main après avoir fait un signe : car ils sont plus paresseux pour les paroles que pour les gestes, mais leur goût pour l’argent n’est point méthodique ni réfléchi ; ils le dépensent aussitôt qu’ils le reçoivent. Si l’argent s’introduisait chez les sauvages, les sauvages le demanderaient comme cela.”—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

The conversation of Neapolitans is more than half made up of gestures ; it is more amusing, and it saves trouble.

“Here are a few of the commonest signs. An outward wave of the hand, Adieu ; an inward, Come ; a downward, Stop. The thumb pointed backwards, Look ; to the lips, with a slight toss of the head, drinking ; passed across the forehead as though wiping away the perspiration, fatigue. The index finger drawn across the mouth, anger ; across the clenched teeth, defiance ; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating ; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger ; twisting the end of the moustache, isn’t it good to eat ; a backward wave of the hand beneath the chin and a simultaneous toss of the head, not at any price, no, nothing ; closing the fingers consecutively with a drawing motion of the hand, thievery ; thumb and forefinger rubbed together, money, as with us ; a prolonged shrug of the shoulders and both arms drawn back, gesture deprecatory ; the open fingers of both hands crossed in front of the face to represent bars, prison, and so on *ad infinitum.*”—*Stamer, Dolce Napoli.*

The exuberance of Neapolitan gesture comes to its climax in the popular dance of the tarantella.

“The tarantella is a choreographic love-story, the two dancers representing an enamoured swain and his mistress. It is the old theme — ‘the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.’ Enraptured gaze, coy side-look ; gallant advance, timid retrocession ; impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection ; piteous supplication, softening hesitation ; worldly goods’ oblation, gracious acceptance ; frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation. Petting, wooing, billing, cooing. Jealous accusation, sharp recrimination ; manly expostulation, shrewish aggravation ; angry threat, summary dismissal. Fuming on one side, pouting on the other. Reaction, approximation, explanation, exoneration, reconciliation, os-

culation, winding up with a grand *pas de circonstance*, expressive of confidence re-established and joy unbounded."—*Stamer*.

The danger of fever at Naples has recently made travellers unwilling to linger in the former capital of Southern Italy, and the greatest precautions are necessary for the preservation of health there. The sights of the town, however, may be easily visited from Pozzuoli or Castellamare. Besides those at these places, tolerable inns may be found at S. Germano, Caserta, Capri, and Salerno; while at Sorrento, Ischia, La Cava, and Amalfi, the hotels are excellent. A summer may be spent delightfully at Ischia, Capri, or Sorrento, and no one has a real knowledge of what Italy can be who has not enjoyed the open air life of these lovely places—the flowers, the fire-flies, and, above all, the nights, of which Chateaubriand said, "Ce ne sont pas des ténèbres, mais seulement l'absence du jour."

On the eastern coast the only tolerable centres for excursions are to be found at Foggia, Barletta, Trani, Bari, and Brindisi; while, on the west, civilisation may be said to cease altogether at Salerno. Thenceforwards, the trains crawl Sicily-wards, through the ugly country, and loiter, without the slightest apparent object, at small wayside stations, to which the ragged, cursing, begging population is freely admitted. Luggage is often robbed in the transit, and the traveller will obtain no assistance in discovering his plunderer. Porters are very rare, and, where they exist, are violent, greedy, and grasping. The diligences are indescribably wretched, and sway like a boat in a rough sea over the half-formed roads. Carriages are almost unknown, and bullock carts are the usual means of transit. The inns are miserable, and usually swarming with insects; the beds are damp; the food is scanty and disgusting; except at Reggio and Cosenza, *all* sanitary arrangements are unknown.

No words descriptive of wretchedness can portray the utter degradation of the peasantry in these southern provinces, or the way in which large families are huddled together, with their pigs and fowls, eternally unwashed, and covered with vermin, to which in time they become impervious, like the beasts themselves. Much of this misery is

due to the immense size of the great farms (*latifundia*), which are worked in gangs under an overseer, and to the absenteeism of the landlords, for the *villeggiatura* of the noble Neapolitan families is like the *Vie de Campagne* under Louis XV. ; they merely leave the town to have change of air, and to enjoy the dissipations of a smaller and more intimate society, and they trouble themselves nothing at all about their dependants. Their vast domains are managed by *fattori* or rented by *mercanti di campagna*, the sole intermediaries between the proprietors and the peasantry, of whom they are often as much the cruel oppressors as the slave-owners in South America. If you ask a Calabrian peasant, even a peasant proprietor, what he gains, the only answer which comes from his half-starved lips, is *si campa*, one exists.¹

The artist who travels in Calabria should be provided with letters of introduction from Naples to the agents for some of the great houses. In the country places nothing eatable can be obtained, except bread, eggs, and *ricotte*, *giuncate*, *provelle*, *mazzarelle*, and other preparations from milk, generally sheep's milk, or, as a treat, occasional goat's flesh, cooked with garlic and rosemary. There is comparatively little danger from brigands anywhere in Italy now, but there is a general feeling of insecurity in the south, and it is still the custom in Calabria for all lonely country houses to be prepared for a state of siege, while no Italian gentleman ventures to go out unarmed and unattended, and, on returning to his country villa, is always met at the railway station by armed servants, with horses which never fail to have pistols on their holsters. It is not many years since the cracking of whips was forbidden on the road from Rome to Naples, because it served as a call to brigands, and the Neapolitan peasantry still regard brigandage as by no means dishonourable ; it is rather an attraction by which a young fellow secures the favour of his love, and brigands are always *poveretti*, to be pitied and sympathised with. A pedestrian foreigner is still apt to feel, especially in Calabria, as if every man's hand was against him, and, if he travels in desolate places, has still as much dread of a stealthy pistol or stiletto,

¹ See Valery, Bk. xiii.

as of the fury of the huge sheep-dogs, from whom the fate of Actæon seems constantly impending.

It is emblematic of the way in which the southern provinces have always been behind the rest of Italy, that, even in Naples itself, the use of glass only became common in 1740, about the same time that the popular Father Rocco first succeeded in getting the streets lighted after a certain fashion, by turning the devotion of the people to account, and persuading them to keep innumerable lamps before images of the saints in the public thoroughfares.

In Southern Italy all other religion is lost in the worship of the Madonna, but if the childish Calabrese do not get what they want, they will punish their Madonna by shutting her up in her shrine, as if she was in prison; they will deprive her of their accustomed offerings; and they will expostulate with her as with a living person, or as Caligula did with Jupiter Capitolinus.¹ As "divina mater," the Madonna occupies the place once filled by Cybele, yet "Madonnaccia fritta" is only one of the terms of contempt and fury which it is common to hurl at a Madonna who is supposed to have misbehaved herself. The popular saints—Antonio, Nicola, Agata, or Rosalia—are also alternately extolled or reviled, adored or cursed, by the faithful, as if they belonged to the domestic circle, and in proportion as they are supposed to exert themselves for the benefit of their admirers. These familiarities are seen at their full height on the festival of S. Gennaro, when the people fill the cathedral of Naples with curses at their favourite saint, and call him every abominable name they can think of if his blood delays to liquify, and then beg his forgiveness with tears, and shower the most endearing appellations upon him when the annual "miracle" is accomplished. *Viva la Divina Provvidenza*—Long life to the Divine Providence—is the familiar sign of many public-houses in Sicily. In the lower orders, people usually keep a regular account with heaven, by way of calculating how long their residence in purgatory is likely to be. "Domenaddio non paga lo Sabato" is a popular proverb indicating the belief that God lays up the amount of sin with interest.

¹ Suet. *Calig.* 22.

Most primitive are the habits of domestic life in the South, where almost everything is conducted in public or in the open air. It is a common thing for a Calabrian woman, far advanced in pregnancy, to go up to the forest for fuel, and to be there surprised by the pains of childbirth, perhaps hastened by toil. She is nowise dismayed at the solitude around her, or the distance from home, but delivers herself of her infant, which she folds up in her apron, and, after a little rest, carries back to her cottage. It is a proverb much in use, "Che una serva Calabrese piu ama far un figlio che un bucato;" *i.e.* A Calabrian maid-servant prefers the labour of childbirth to that of a wash.¹

The desire for male children is universal. When a Neapolitan woman sneezes, all the bystanders wish her "figlii maschi"—sons. But if the wife of a small peasant proprietor gives birth to a daughter, it is the custom to plant at once a row of poplar-trees, which will be ready to cut down and produce her dowry seventeen years after. It is funny to see Neapolitan children cry; they always go to the wall for it—to their "wailing-place"—a relic of Saracenic rule.

The old customs and even the old proverbs have been dying out rapidly in Naples, together with the old religion, since the change of government; still the classical student will be interested to find how many customs and superstitions continue to exist which are mentioned by the Latin authors. The few church-festas still permitted are not what they used to be, and chiefly consist in days spent in idleness and firing miniature cannon. But Neapolitans, who love eating more than any other nation, never forget that each festival has its appropriate dainty. As *carpe diem* is always the fashion, they will sell even their clothes and beds to buy the orthodox feast at Christmas, and they make *susanielli* and *struffoli* of flour, oil, and honey, such as the Romans offered to Janus, and eat "the cake of S. Martino," because to that saint they pray for abundance. During the Carnival (from *carne vale*—farewell to flesh), all the extravagances of

¹ See Valery, Bk. xiii.

the national character are seen in the fullest excess, throwing a greater solemnity into Holy Week, when there is a general impression that no one ought to enjoy themselves at all, especially into Good Friday. Under the Bourbons, no horse or carriage whatever was allowed in the streets of Naples from 12 on Holy Thursday to 10 A.M. on the following Saturday—a great annoyance to arriving travellers. But, indeed, in the Neapolitan States, a certain solemnity used to pervade every Friday—“*Allegrezza di venerdi, pianto di domenica*,” was a well-known proverb. At Easter, all servants give *coluri*—painted eggs—to their masters. At *La Majuna* (May 1) doors and windows are decorated with green boughs, *arboscelli di maggio*, or garlands, *banderuole*, of flowers. On S. Luca (October 18) it is an absolute necessity to eat *coccia*—wheat boiled with chestnuts and milk. The popular dishes themselves are still often those of classical times. Sausages—*lucanicae* (from Lucania)—are still manufactured in the way Apicius¹ describes, and are served with a garnish of maccaroni—

“*Filia Picenae venio Lucanica porcae
Pultibus hinc niveis grata corona datur.*”

Martial, xiii. 32.

The small figs introduced by L. Vitellius, uncle of the emperor, are still dried in the old fashion, and called *cottate*.

“*In ficorum genere caricas, et minores ejus generis, quae cottana vocant.*”—*Pliny*, xiii. 10.²

Of South Italian superstitions the most prominent is that of the *Jettatura*, or Evil Eye, which has been handed down from classical times. Thus Virgil says:—

“*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.*”

Eclog. iii. 103.

while Sannazzaro, in the fifteenth century, writes:—

“*L'invidia, figliulo mio, se stessa macera,
E si dilegua come agnel per fascino.*”

¹ See Valery, Bk. ii. 4.

² For an admirable account of the customs of Southern Italy see *Nooks and Byways of Italy*, by C. Tait Ramage.

A number of antidotes are in requisition against the Jettatura. Children wear bits of rock-salt round their necks, and women a little silver frog, with the same intention. Some burn incense mixed with the palms blessed at Easter; the use of the palm in averting danger being mentioned by Pliny.¹ But the most popular antidote is a little coral hand with one finger stretched out—the hand of S. Gennaro—with which the shops of Naples are filled. These charms are especially in request whenever Vesuvius is in a state of eruption. If the case is alarming, half the population may be seen kneeling in the streets; processions of clergy and monks carry the Blessed Sacrament, or even the relics of S. Gennaro himself, to the scene of danger; the air resounds with litanies; never was there a people in such an agonised state of repentance for their sins, but *immediately* the danger is over, all are laughing, singing, dancing, quarrelling, gambling, cursing, fighting, as before.

“During a late eruption of Vesuvius, the people took offence at the new theatre being more attended than the churches, and assembled in great numbers to drive the nobility from the opera; they snatched the flambeaux from the footmen, and were proceeding tumultuously to the cathedral to fetch the head of S. Gennaro and oppose its miraculous influence to the threats of the blazing volcano; this would undoubtedly have ended in a very serious sedition if Father Rocco had not stepped forth, and, after reproaching them bitterly with the affront they were about to put upon the saint by attending his relics with torches taken from mercenary hands, ordered them all to go home and provide themselves with wax tapers; the crowd dispersed, and proper measures were taken to prevent its gathering again.”—*Swinburne's Travels.*

The treatment of the dead shows the character of this idolatrous and self-seeking people in its saddest aspect. When the funeral of a friend passes, a Neapolitan will exclaim with characteristic selfishness, “*Salute a noi,*”—health to ourselves—without thought of the departed. Most of the middle classes belong to a *congregazione* or burial-club. Amongst the poor, when any member of a family has expired, it is the custom for the oldest person

¹ xiii. 9, 2.

present to recapitulate the virtues of the dead. Then if there is a widow, she repeats the words, adding her own comments, howling and tearing out handfuls of her hair, which she strews upon the bier. She alone is allowed the privilege of vocal demonstration; the sisters and daughters also tear their hair and beat their breasts, but they must do so in silence. All the duties of the family, however, end at the house, and *beccamorti*, or hired mourners, carry the corpse to the "pauper pits" of the Campo Santo Vecchio, to be hurled into the common "grave of the day:" sometimes it is accompanied by a number of old women, paid to howl as mourners—the *præficae* of the ancients.

"In funeral ceremonies, it is usual to hire clergymen called Fratanzari, who, having no patrimony, earn as much by their fees on these occasions as pays for their ordination; but it is very common for them to dress up the vagabonds of the streets in their clothes and send them to sing and pray in their stead; these fellows are always attended by a friend who holds a paper bag, into which they make the tapers waste as much as possible. At the burial of an Archbishop of Naples four hundred friars attended with wax lights, but some thieves let loose a mad ox among them, and in the confusion ran away with the candles. At another great funeral a gang of rogues disguised themselves like clerks and sacristans, and demanded from each assistant his tapers, which they extinguished, and carried off with the utmost hypocritical composure."—*Swinburne's Travels*. 1785.

In passing through the agricultural districts of the Neapolitan provinces, the traveller will be perpetually reminded of the Latin poets, especially of the *Georgics* of Virgil, which may well be taken as his companion. Fields are still covered with lupin—the "tristis lupinus,"¹ and the peasants still, in cloudy weather, tell the hour by the position of the flower, which, like the sunflower, turns, as Pliny describes, with the sun.² The wood of the plough is still elm—

"Et curvi formam accepit ulmus aratri."

Georg. i. 170.

and the oxen still drag back the inverted plough—

"Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido."

Horace, Ep. ii. 63.

¹ *Georg.*, i. 75.

² xviii. 36. 1.

The vinedresser also recalls Horace as he exercises his wit upon the passengers in the neighbouring highway—

“Durus
Vindemiator, et invictus, cui saepe viator
Cessisset, magna compellans voce cucullum;”

Sat. i. 7.

and the wild fig-tree still splits the rocks with its “evil strength”—

“Ad quae
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus.

Juvenal, x. 145.

The artist will find few subjects attractive to his pencil, which are not architectural, after leaving Amalfi and Paestum; but Roccella, Scilla, and the forests of Pietra Pennata are exceptions. To the historian and antiquarian a tour through the Southern Provinces must always be of interest. But it is to the architect especially that such a tour commends itself, though he may cease his investigations at Paestum on the west, and with the Terra d'Otranto on the eastern coast.

“Though the architectural objects in Southern Italy adopted Christian forms, they never abandoned the classical feeling in details, and it is this which mainly renders them worthy of study. Whether considered in dimensions, outline, or constructive peculiarities, their churches will not bear a moment's comparison with those of the north; but in elegance of detail they often surpass purely Gothic building to such a degree as to become to some extent as worthy of study as their more ambitious rivals. . . . Their great interest in the eyes of the student consists in their forming a link between the Eastern and Western worlds, and thus joining together two styles which we have hitherto been in the habit of considering as having no point of contact.

“The style of architecture which most resembles that used in Apulia is the one we find prevailing in the valley of the Po during the twelfth and early part of the thirteenth centuries; but we miss entirely in the south the reed-like pillars which formed so favourite a mode of decoration in Verona and elsewhere; we miss also the figured sculpture which everywhere adorned the northern portals and façades. The Greek iconoclastic feeling prevailed to such an extent in the south as entirely to prevent the introduction of the human form, either in bas-reliefs or in single figures; but the architects indemnified themselves for this by the introduction of lions, elephants, and monsters of all sorts, to an extent found nowhere else, and by the lavish employment

of sculptured foliage and richly-carved frets and mouldings, and a bold system of bracketing, which gave to the style as much richness as can be desired, often combined into great beauty of detail."—*Fergusson*.

In the Basilicata and Calabria almost every ancient building has perished in the numerous earthquakes which have devastated those provinces, but in Southern Latium, the Abruzzi, Campania, and above all in Apulia, magnificent remains are to be seen which illustrate every period of architectural history—of Pelasgic ruins, at Norma, Segni, Alatri, and Arpino; of Greek temples, at Paestum and Metaponto; of Roman buildings, at Aquino, S. Germano, Capua, Naples, Pozzuoli, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Beneventum; of mediæval cathedrals, always of interest and often of great magnificence, at Anagni, Beneventum, Troja, Lucera, Barletta, Trani, Bitonto, Bitetto, Bari, Altamura and Matera; of splendid monasteries, at Casamari, Trisulti, Fossanuova, Monte Cassino, and La Cava; of world-famous shrines at Monte Vergine and Monte S. Angelo; of noble castles at Avezzano, Naples, Melfi, Lucera, Lago Pesole, Castel del Monte, and Oria; of a papal-palace at Anagni; of exquisitely beautiful tombs and other works of sculpture at Aquila, Salerno, and Naples. Besides these, the great palace of Caserta will claim attention from the architect, being almost the only modern building of importance in Southern Italy, though, while the Bourbon sovereigns took little trouble for the advancement of their kingdom, their care for their own comfort is evinced by the number of palaces built by them. No kingdom of the size had so many royal residences. Besides the palaces in Sicily, La Reggia in the capital, Capodimonte and Portici in its immediate suburbs, and the glorious Caserta, the sovereigns had villas at Castellamare, at Carditello, and at Persano near Paestum, with the castles of Procida and Ischia for sea-bathing.

"Sotto questo cielo non nascono sciocchi" is a proverb, and many Neapolitans have been distinguished in literature since the days of Statius, who was a native of Neapolis. Amongst these we may reckon Vico, the logician; Giannone, the historian of the Two Sicilies; Filangieri, the jurist; Galiani,

the political economist ; Filomarino and Della Torre, the naturalists ; Gravina, the writer on jurisprudence ; Galanti, the essayist and historian ; the painters Salvator Rosa, Solimene, Santafede, and the Cavaliere d'Arpino ; and the musicians Cimarosa and Paisiello.

There are very few manufactories in Southern Italy. Some paper and woollen factories in the valley of the Liris ; the paper and macaroni manufactories at Amalfi ; the tortoiseshell and coral works at Naples ; and the little silk factory of San Leucio may be mentioned.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN ROME AND NAPLES.

Following the railway from Rome to Naples (By the quick trains—1st cl., 33 frs. 35 c. ; 2d cl., 22 frs. 85 c. By the slow trains—1st, 28 frs. ; 2d, 19 frs. 40 c. ; 3d, 13 frs. 60 c), the places on either side are briefly noticed here, but those near Rome are more fully described in “Days near Rome.”

ON emerging from the walls of Rome, after passing the so-called Temple of Minerva Medica and the Porta Maggiore, the train runs close to the aqueducts—first the Paoline, then the ruined Claudian. Passing outside the Porta Furba, the artificial sepulchral mound called *Monte de Grano* is seen on the left, and then the vast ruins known as *Sette Basse*, belonging to a villa of imperial date. Approaching the Alban Hills, Frascati is seen to the left with its many palaces, then Colonna, crowning a hill of its own, then Monte Porzio, and beneath it the site of the Lake Regillus. When the lights and shadows are favourable, the two craters of the volcanic group of the Alban Hills are distinctly visible, the outer crater beginning from Frascati and extending to Monte Porzio and Rocca Priora, and then curving round by Monte Algido, Monte Ariano, and Monte Artemisio ; the inner crater including the height of Monte Cavo. To the right of Frascati the great castellated Basilian monastery of Grotta Ferrata may be seen upon the green slopes ; then Marino, the famous stronghold of the Orsini, and the wood of the Parco Colonna, where Turnus Herdonius was drowned ; and above all, the white building on the highest and steepest crest of the chain, which marks the summit of the Alban Mount, and the site of the great temple of Jupiter Latiaris—the beloved sanctuary of the Latin tribes.

Now we cross the Via Appia, with its avenue of tombs and mounds of ruin, below the site of Bovillae, where the body of the great Augustus rested for a month, on its way from Nola to Rome. On the left (standing above the edge of the Alban Lake, invisible in the hills) is Castel Gandolfo, the favourite summer residence of the popes during the last two hundred and fifty years.

Albano (Stat.) *Carriages* from the station, extortionately dear, must be ordered beforehand from the town, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant. It is far better to drive out from Rome.

Inns. *Hotel de Paris*, comfortable. *Albergo della Posta*, tolerable, with a few good rooms towards the Campagna. *Hotel de Rome*, comfortable, but very cold in winter. *Hotel de Russie*, old-fashioned and less pretentious. All these hotels have extravagantly high charges, and it is necessary to make a bargain on arriving for *everything*.

Carriages for the country, most extortionate, at prices as by agreement. *Donkeys*, 4 frs. the day; *Donkeyman*, 4 frs.; *Guide*, 7 frs.; these prices include the whole long excursion by Monte Cavo and Nemi.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the surroundings of Albano. At the farther end of the ugly, stony street, just below the road, is the *Tomb of Aruns*, son of Porsenna, who was killed near this spot—a quadrangular base, with four cones rising from it. Below this, the old road to Ariccia, the favourite resort of landscape painters, winds through the hollow called *Vallericcia*, which was once a sheet of water called *Lacus Aricinus*. Some small remains near the road are supposed to be those of the temple of Diana, where, by barbaric custom, the priest, who was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor, always had in his hand a drawn sword, to defend himself from a similar fate. The steep ascent from the valley to Ariccia is commemorated by the poets, as well as the facilities which it then, as now, afforded to beggars:—

“Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexae jactaret basia rhedae.”

Juvenal, Sat. iv. 117.

Ariccia is entered by a gate with forked Guelfic battlements. The city is of very ancient origin, being first mentioned in the story of Tarquinius Superbus, when

Turnus Herdonius, its king, was drowned in the Aqua Ferentina. As the birthplace of Atia, mother of Augustus, it was extolled by Cicero in his third Philippic. Now the little town is chiefly remarkable for the beautifully-proportioned *Church of the Assumption* and the huge and imposing *Palace* of the Chigi family, both built by *Bernini*. Between them is a graceful fountain, opposite which the road from Albano enters Ariccia by a stately viaduct, whence the view is exquisitely lovely, on the left over the Campagna, on the right looking into the depths of the immemorial wood known as the *Parco Chigi*.

Delightful lanes fringed with cyclamen lead under the arch at the back of the Chigi Palace, and skirt the walls of the wood to the *Convent of the Cappuccini*, from whose ilex groves there are glorious views in every direction. The convent occupies the site of the Villa of Domitian, frequently alluded to by the poets. A door in the wall on the right of the lane which leads hence towards Albano gives admission to the *Amphitheatre* (now used as a fold for goats), which was the scene of some of the worst cruelties of the emperor.

Turning the rocky corner beyond the Cappuccini, we come at once upon one of the most exquisite scenes in this land of beauty, and look down upon the volcanic *Lake of Albano* (6 m. in circuit), at the other end of which Castel Gandolfo stands on the hillside, embossed against the delicate hues of the distant Campagna. Beneath us, buried in verdure, is the famous Emissarium; on the opposite shore was the site of Alba Longa; and on the right, beyond the convent of Palazzuola, rise Rocca di Papa and the Alban Mount.

Following the beautiful avenue of ilexes, known as the *Galleria di Sopra*, as far as the convent of S. Francesco, we shall find a little path winding down through thickets of cistus and genista to the water's edge, where we may see the remains of the *Emissarium*, which was constructed B.C. 394, during the siege of Veii, to let out the waters of the Alban Lake, in accordance with the counsel sent from the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. The entrance of the emissary is

enclosed in a nymphaeum of imperial date, such as is beautifully described in the lines of Virgil:—

“Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum;
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.” *Aen.* i. 167.

Clambering up the hill again, we find the height crested by the pine-trees overhanging the wall of the *Villa Barberini*, of which the beautiful grounds present an immense variety of views, from a foreground, half cultivated and half wild, ending in a grand old avenue of umbrella pines. The ruins, which we see here in such abundance, are supposed to be remains of the villa of Pompey, or of the “insane structures,” as Cicero calls them, belonging to the villa of Clodius.

Close to the entrance of the villa is the town-gate of *Castel Gandolfo*. This was the fortress of the Gandolfi family in the twelfth century, when Otho Gandolfi was Senator of Rome. It afterwards passed into the hands of the Savelli, by whom it was sold to the popes. Urban VIII. adopted it as a residence in 1604, and built the palace from designs of Carlo Maderno, Bartolommeo Breccioli, and Domenico Castelli. Pius IX. spent part of each summer here before the Sardinian occupation, and every afternoon saw him riding on his white mule in the avenues, or on the terraced paths above the lake, followed by his cardinals in their scarlet robes—a most picturesque and mediaeval scene. The *Church of S. Thomas of Villanuova*, built by Bernini for Alexander VII., has an altar-piece by *Pietro da Cortona*.

Few tourists penetrate to the other side of the lake, where the *Site of Alba Longa*, the mother city of Rome, is ascertained with tolerable certainty. Alba was the metropolis of the cities of Latium before the building of Rome. Its foundation is ascribed by the Latin poets to Ascanius, and its name to the white sow of Aeneas, with her thirty little pigs. The city was entirely destroyed by Tullus Hostilius, who carried off its inhabitants to Rome and established them upon the Coelian.

The *Galleria di Sotto* leads back from Castel Gandolfo

to Albano, an avenue of huge ilexes planted by Urban VIII., or even of older date. At the end we come upon the lofty monument known as the *Tomb of Pompey*. On the opposite side of the Via Appia is the *Villa Altieri*, consecrated to the Italian heart as the residence of the noble and self-devoted cardinal who died a martyr to his self-sacrifice during the cholera of 1867. His monument is the only object of interest in the *Cathedral*, which stands in a small square behind the principal street.

On the right of the main street, on entering the Roman gate, is the *Villa Doria*, whose grounds, abounding in ancient ilex groves, and in fragments of ruin of imperial date, are of the most extreme beauty.

About a mile below the town the ruins of the *Castello Savelli* crown a conical hill above the plain, and form a pleasant object for a short excursion.

[No one should stay at Albano without making the excursion to Monte Cavo and Nemi.

We must turn to the right by the tempting path below the Cappuccini, between woods and rocks and banks of flowers, to the Franciscan monastery of *Palazzuola*, above the southern end of the lake. Here, above the convent garden, is a *Consular Tomb* cut in the rock, attributed without much reason to C. Cornelius Scipio Hispallus, consul and pontifex-maximus. Hence a path leads upwards through the woods to the little sanctuary of the *Madonna del Tufo*, whence a beautiful terrace fringed with ilexes extends to the village of *Rocca di Papa*, occupying a volcanic cone, detached from the rest of the mountain-side, and crowned by the ruins of a castle, alternately a stronghold of the Colonna and Orsini. The place derives its name from its having been the residence of the anti-pope John, A.D., 1190. By a steep path above the house-tops of *Rocca di Papa*, we reach the wide grassy plain known as *Campo di Annibale*, from a tradition that Hannibal encamped there when marching against Rome, and enter thence the forest, where, in a hollow way, we find the great lava blocks of the pavement of the Via Triumphalis, with the marks of chariot wheels still remaining.

“Quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam :
Excelsa de rupe procul jam conspicit urbam.”

Lucan, iii. 87.

On the grassy platform at the top of the mount is a *Passionist Convent*, built in 1788 by Cardinal York, who destroyed the famous temple of Jupiter Latiaris for the purpose. The only remains of the latter are some massive fragments of wall, and the huge blocks of masonry which surround a grand old wych-elm in front of the convent. The Latin *Feriae* had always been celebrated on the Alban Mount ; and there Tarquin erected the temple of Jupiter Latiaris,



Remains of the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris (Monte Cavo).

probably with the idea of doing something popular, in using a site once consecrated to the protecting god of the Latin confederation.

Hence by the green lanes of *La Fajola*, and by winding pathlets through delicious woods (difficult to find without a guide), we descend upon the lovely *Lake of Nemi*, and should turn to the village of Nemi, occupying the site of the ancient Nemus, and surmounted by a fine old castle,

which, after passing through the hands of many other historic families, is now the property of Prince Rospigliosi.

Genzano, on the other side of the lake, is reached by a circuitous walk along the ridges of the hills. On the slopes above the water are the beautiful gardens belonging to the *Palazzo Cesarini*. The village is celebrated for the festival of the *Infiorata*, which takes place upon the eighth day after Corpus Domini, when the Sacrament is carried through the street upon a beautiful carpet of flowers, arranged in patterns, which entirely conceal the pavement.

Standing out from the main line of hills below *Genzano* are two projecting spurs. The higher is *Monte Due Torre*, once crowned by two towers, of which only one is now standing. The lower, covered with vineyards and gardens, and only surmounted by a low tower and some farm buildings, is now called *Monte Giove*, but is almost universally allowed to have been the site of the ancient *Corioli*, the great Volscian city, which gave the title of *Coriolanus* to its captor, C. Marcius, and which was once at the head of a confederation almost too strong for Rome. It is supposed that the present name of the hill commemorates a temple of Jupiter, which may have existed till later times, but there are no remains now.]

(A public carriage leaves the Albano Station for Porto d'Anzio, 18 m. distant, every morning on the arrival of the first train from Rome. The extortionate vetturini at Albano charge 50 or 60 frs. for a two-horse carriage to go and return. It is a drive of 3 hrs. There is no regular inn at Porto d'Anzio, but comfortable rooms may be obtained, and there is a good restaurant with a private room for breakfast and dinner : at both a strict bargain must be made.)

Leaving *Monte Giove* on the left, the road soon reaches a wilderness of deadly asphodel, and then traverses a forest till it enters *Porto d'Anzio*, passing, on the left, the deserted Villa of the Popes.

The foundation of *Antium* is referred to *Anthias*, son of *Circe* and *Ulysses*, and to *Ascanius*. It was one of the Latin cities which united against Rome before the battle of *Regillus*, but was afterwards taken by the Volscians,

under whom it rose to great power and wealth. Hither Coriolanus retired when banished from Rome, and here he is said to have died. During the latter days of the Republic, and under the Empire, Antium was most prosperous, and it became a favourite resort of the emperors. Here Augustus received the title of Pater Patriae, and here Caligula was born. Nero, who was also born at Antium, was greatly devoted to it, and constructed a magnificent port here. Antoninus Pius built an aqueduct for the town, and Septimius Severus added largely to the imperial palace. Cicero had a villa here, and amused himself by "counting the waves."¹ The place declined with the Empire. It has been much injured of late years by the filling up of its port, which is quite useless now except for very small vessels.

The existing remains of Antium are very obscure. There is no trace of the Temple of Equestrian Fortune, commemorated by Horace and Martial, or of the Temple of Apollo, mentioned by Ovid; or of the Temple of Esculapius, where the Epidaurian Serpent rested on its way to Rome. Of the villa of Nero nothing is left but a few stumpy brick walls; but marble columns and pedestals are scattered far over the fields; *opus reticulatum* work often lines the cliffs along the shore; and, projecting far into the sea, worn and caverned by the waves, are the picturesque remains of the two moles of Nero, which enclosed the ancient harbour. The arches of one of the moles were filled up by the architect Zinaghi (to construct a pier upon them for Innocent XII.), who thus caused the sand to accumulate which destroyed the harbour. The view is lovely towards the Circean Promontory.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Porto d'Anzio, passing the villa of Prince Borghese, is the wonderfully picturesque little town of *Nettuno*, occupying the site of the ancient Caeno, and containing a decaying fortress of the popes. Hence, if the wild buffaloes will permit, a charming excursion may be made along the shore, which is lined by forest, for 7 m., to *Astura*, whose tall tower is conspicuous at a

¹ *Ad Att.* ii. 6.

great distance. There are some remains of the villa of Cicero, who describes it as "a pleasant place, standing in the sea itself, and visible both from Antium and Circeii." Nothing can be more romantic than the solitary wave-beaten Astura, no longer an island, but connected with the mainland by a causeway. Hither, November B.C. 44, Marcus Cicero fled from his Tusculan villa upon hearing that his name was upon the proscription-list of the triumvirate, hoping to join Brutus in Macedonia. His brother Quintus accompanied him. They were carried in litters, and conversed as they went. On the way they remembered that they had not taken sufficient money with them, and Quintus, as being the brother least in danger, returned to Rome to fetch it, and was there taken, and put to death,



Porto d'Anzio.

with his son. Marcus Cicero embarked at Astura in safety, but sea-sickness induced him to land for the night at Formiæ (Mola di Caëta), where he had a villa, and he was murdered there, while endeavouring to escape, within a mile of his house. Augustus and Tiberius Caesar are both said to have been attacked with the illness which proved fatal to them at Astura, and Caligula received there the fatal omen of his approaching end, when about to set sail for Antium.

But sadder associations cling round the octangular tower which was built by the great family of the Frangipani upon the Roman foundations, for thither (1268) the brave young Conradin of Hohenstaufen fled with his faithful companions after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, and there Giovanni Frangipani, Lord of Astura, betrayed them into the hands of Robert of Lavena, the emissary of Charles of

Anjou. The castle afterwards passed into the hands of the Caëtani, Malebranca, Orsini, and Colonna, whose arms still appear upon its walls. It now belongs to the Borghese. Near it the *Fiume Conca* flows into the sea. This was once the Astura, on whose banks the last great battle between the Romans and Latins was fought, B.C. 338, when the forces of the Latin allies were totally defeated. A ruinous tomb on its banks, called *Il Toraccio*, has been supposed, without reason, to be that of Tullia, daughter of Cicero, who died at Astura.

Continuing round the western base of the Alban Hills, the railway reaches *Civita Lavinia* (Stat.), occupying the site of the ancient Lanuvium, and remarkable as the birth-place of the Emperors Antoninus Pius, and Commodus; of T. Annius Milo, the enemy of Clodius; of Roscius, the comedian; of L. Muraena, who was defended by Cicero; and of P. Sulpicius Quirinus, who was Cyrenius the Governor of Syria, mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel. Lanuvium—"Junonia sedes"¹—was celebrated for the worship of Juno Sospita, and when it took part with the other Latin cities against Rome and was defeated, its inhabitants not only went unpunished, but were admitted to the rights of Roman citizens, on condition that the temple of their goddess should be common to the Romans also.

Civita Lavinia stands on the edge of a promontory, and is surrounded by dark walls of peperino, commanding a grand view across the Pontine Marshes to the Circean Mount. Near the gateway is a noble machicolated tower, and many of the mediaeval houses are very picturesque. In the little piazza is a splendid sarcophagus, now used as a fountain. A building at the western extremity of the town has been supposed by Gell to be the cella of the temple of Juno. Some remains of the theatre of Lanuvium were discovered in 1831, on the western slope below the town, and the ancient paved road may still be traced in its descent towards the cities of the plain.

Velletri (Stat.) (*Locanda del Gallo*, tolerably good) is an

¹ Sil. Ital. viii. 362.

admirable centre for excursions. The town is clean and the air healthy. There are no important remains of the Volscian city of Velitrae, which once occupied this site. One side of the piazza is occupied by the façade of the *Palazzo Lancellotti*, the work of *Martino Longhi*. The open gallery of the garden front is one of the finest in Italy, and there is a noble staircase, at the head of which stands a fine statue of Pudicitia, found at Velletri. Opposite the palace stands the tall detached campanile of *S. Maria in Trivio*, built to commemorate the deliverance of the city from the plague in 1348, whilst it was being besieged by Nicola Caëtani, Lord of Fondi. The highest point in the town is occupied by the old palace of the popes, now called *Palazzo Comunale*, built by *Giacomo della Porta*. Close by is the Palace of the Cardinal Archbishop, with a bas-relief on its front, representing the opening of the Via Appia Nuova by Pius IX. Over the door of a little neighbouring church—*Il Santissimo Sangue*—which contains an altar of the virgin martyr Victorina—is an ancient sun-dial, “*Horologium Berosianum*,” found in the neighbourhood. In the lower part of the town is the *Cathedral of S. Clemente*, modernised in 1660; it contains a chapel of the Borgias, still one of the great families of the place, with their monuments. On the left of the altar is a beautiful fresco, by an unknown artist of the Perugino school. In the sacristy is the *lavamano*, which Julius II. presented to the church while he was Cardinal-Archbishop of Velletri. Latino Orsini, to whom the hymn “*Dies Irae*” is wrongly attributed, but who was one of the most distinguished prelates of the thirteenth century, was bishop here.

Nothing can be more charming than the environs of Velletri in early spring. Gulfs of verdure, with little streams running in their deep hollows, may be found in all directions, and there are pleasant walks to convents and churches on the neighbouring heights. Near the Roman gate is the ascent to the Cappuccini, whence the view is especially fine; the long lines of the Pontine marshes and the noble Circean promontory being seen beyond the old churches and houses of the town. The beauty of the women here is proverbial.

Raffaëlle meeting a lovely woman of Velletri, with her child in her arms, made her linger whilst, as he had neither paper nor canvas, he drew them on the top of a barrel—a sketch which he used in the *Madonna della Seggiola*.

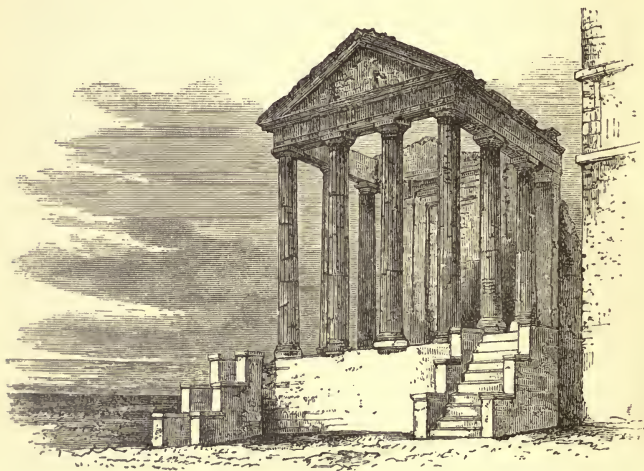
(Carriages with 2 horses from Velletri to Cori cost 25 frs. for the day; to Ninfa 22 frs. ; but the price must be fixed beforehand.)

The road to Cori winds through dips in the low hills of the country formerly known as *Volscorum Ager*. We pass only one village—*San Giulianello*. A little beyond this, *Rocca Massima* is seen on the top of a precipice; but travellers may reach it by a good mountain path if they are anxious to explore the site of the ancient *Arx Carventana*. An excellent road ascends to Cori. Through the olives there is a beautiful view across the Pontine Marshes to the sea, with the Circean promontory and the neighbouring islands. Of these the largest is *San Felice*. Then comes *Ponza*, whither Tiberius banished his nephew Nero, son of Germanicus, and where many Christians lived in exile, or suffered martyrdom under Tiberius and Caligula. Lastly we see *Ventotene* or *Pandataria*, to which Julia, daughter of Augustus, and then the wife of Tiberius, was banished by her father. Hither, too, her noble daughter, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was banished by Tiberius, and here she was starved to death. Here also Octavia, the divorced wife of Nero, and daughter of Claudius and Messalina, was banished by the Empress Poppaea, who forced her to commit suicide by opening her veins.

Cori (*Albergo di Filippo Capobianchi*, tolerable food and civil people) is described by Virgil and Diodorus as a colony of *Alba Longa*: Pliny asserts that it was founded by the Trojan Dardanus. It was certainly one of the thirty cities of the Latin League in B.C. 493, and Livy speaks of it as in the enjoyment of municipal rights during the second Punic war. It was taken and sacked many years after by one of the wandering bands of Spartacus. Propertius and Lucan describe it as totally ruined.

Yet there are few places in the neighbourhood of Rome

which have so many or such fine remains of antiquity as Cori. In mounting to the upper town, three distinct tiers of its ancient walls may be traced. The first, in the lower town, built of polygonal blocks, has its interstices filled up with smaller stones; the second, near Santa Oliva, has polygonal blocks alone, very carefully fitted; and the third, at the top of the hill, is still polygonal, but of ruder construction. Behind some wretched houses are two columns still standing, with beautiful Corinthian capitals, a fragment of the *Temple of Castor and Pollux*, as is proved by still



Temple of Minerva, Cori.

legible inscriptions. Another capital of the same temple is before a house door farther up the ascent. The adjoining house to this temple is called the Palace of Pilate. On the top of the hill stands the *Church of S. Pietro*, where the font is sustained by a sculptured marble altar, adorned with rams' heads. Behind the church is a small garden, where we find entire the beautiful Doric peristyle of the *Temple of Minerva*, generally known here as the Temple of Hercules. Eight columns still remain—four in the

front. Here, the figure of Minerva, which now stands below the Senator's Palace on the Roman Capitol, was found. Raffaele made a sketch, which is still extant, of this picturesque ruin, so grandly situated on a terrace—

“ Whence Cori's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen.”

Halfway up the hill is the beautiful old *Convent of S. Oliva*, whose shrine is in the crypt at Anagni. She was a holy maiden of Cori, who saw a vision of the Virgin in 1521. Her cloister has a double row of arches and a well; and her church has frescoes by a pupil of Pinturicchio; its aisle—a labyrinth of columns of different sizes and designs—is shown as the *Temple of Jupiter*. The temples of Cori are all attributed to Sulla. Outside the gate of the town, on the Norba side, is the *Ponte alla Catena*, built of huge masses of tufa, spanning the deep ravine of the Pichionni.

Norba and *Norma* are five long miles from Cori, and can be reached only on foot or mule-back, without making an immense detour. A very steep and stony path leads up the hillside from near the *Ponte alla Catena*, and emerges on the steep of the mountain, whence it clammers along, with precipices above and below, amid the wildest scenery. In the vast view, the village which glistens midway between us and the sea is Cisterna, “the Three Taverns” of S. Paul. At length Sermoneta comes in sight, and then Norma. Then the ancient Norba, now often called *Civita la Penna d'Oro*, one of the earliest of Roman colonies, rises on the right. It has been an utter ruin ever since the time of Sulla, when it was betrayed into the hands of his general, Lepidus, and the garrison put themselves and the inhabitants to the sword. It must have been a tremendous fortress, for the walls, which enclose a vast circuit, are built of blocks, often ten feet in length. The gates may be traced, and an inner series of walls surrounding the citadel. There are some ruins of later Roman brickwork, called *Grotte di Norba*, covering the entrance to caves and cellars, pointed out as the place where the spirit of Junius Brutus is held imprisoned, waiting for the final judgment. From a rift in

the edge of the mountain, a little below the citadel, is an astonishing view of Norma, perched like an eagle's nest upon the precipices of bare rock. Immediately below, a mass of green walls and gray towers, rising out of the plain, is Ninfa—the Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

To reach *Ninfa* from hence one must clamber down through the broken rocks and sliding shale. It is an extraordinary place—streets, houses, and churches utterly deserted, and overgrown by and hidden in flowers. One tall tower stands near the entrance. By the roadside a crystal spring rises in great abundance in a basin of ancient brickwork, and



Ninfa.

falls into a pool, where it turns a mill, and a little farther on becomes a lake, on which Pliny mentions the floating islands in his time, which were called *Saltuares*, because they were said to move to the time of dancing feet. An inscription on the mill tells that it was built by one of the *Caëtani*, lord of the place, in 1765. The town must have been inhabited then, yet none can tell now the story of its desertion. It has belonged to the *Caëtani* since the thirteenth century, and Pope Alexander III. was consecrated here, September 20, 1159. Now the malaria is so dangerous at Ninfa that even shepherds will not venture to pass the night there.

(A separate excursion should be made for the day from Velletri to Sermoneta ; or a longer excursion, taking a carriage for three or four days, and visiting Ninfa, Terracina, Monte Circello, Piperno, and Fossanuova.

A diligence leaves Velletri daily for Terracina, on the arrival of the first train from Rome, and performs the journey in 8 hrs. (7 frs.) From Terracina another diligence (leaving at 5 A. M.) runs daily, in 9½ hrs., by Formia to the station of Sparanisi (8 frs. 75 c.) If this route to Naples be taken, two nights should be given to Terracina, for an excursion to the Circean Mount ; and one to Formia, for an excursion to Caëta.)

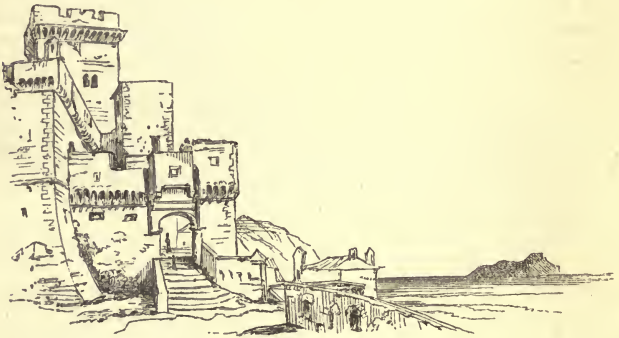
Nine miles from Velletri is *Cisterna*, the Cisterna Neronis of the Middle Ages, and the Three Taverns (*Tres Tabernae*) of the New Testament. Here a little town clusters around the vast decaying *Palace of the Caëtani*, built, at intervals, around their old machicolated tower. The whole of this district still belongs to the Caëtani, whose principalities, duchies, and countships, with the cities, lands, and castles belonging to them, would at one time have made a very considerable kingdom. Their name is supposed to have been assumed when the absolute sovereignty of Caëta was conferred upon them by the Greek Emperor Basil.

[A short distance beyond Cisterna, a road on the left turns off to Ninfa, and proceeds to *Sermoneta*, 6 m. farther, occupying the summit of a hill projecting from the mountains, and separated from them by a beautifully-wooded ravine. At the foot of the hill we pass on the left an old *Basilica*, with a fine rose-window, built in fulfilment of a vow of Agnesina Caëtani, that if her husband Onorato returned safe from the battle of Lepanto, she would build and endow a church in honour of S. Francis, on the spot where she met him.

The earliest mention of Sermoneta is in 1222, in a bull of Honorius III. In 1297 it was bought from the Annibaldeschi by Pietro Caëtani, Count of Caserta, nephew of Boniface VIII. In 1500 Alexander VI. besieged and took the town, putting to death Monsignor Giacomo Caëtani, and Bernardino Caëtani, who was only aged seven. Till this time there were no titles in Italy, the great personages were only "Seigneurs" of their own lands ; but with the Spanish Borgias this was changed, and Alexander VI. made

his own son Duke of Sermoneta. In his time the prisons here were erected, and well filled. When Julius II. came to the throne, he restored Sermoneta, with all their other confiscated possessions, to the Caëtani, and also bestowed upon them the title which his predecessors had attached to the property. The Caëtani retained their complete feudal rights, even the power of life and death, until the present century.

The Castle of Sermoneta is exceedingly imposing externally, and encloses a vast courtyard, but only a small part of the building is now habitable. There are one or two fine



Sermoneta.

old chimney-pieces, but the parts of the building in best preservation are the Borgia prisons, which occupy an entire wing, one below another, beginning with well-lighted rooms, and ending in dismal dungeons. The little town was the birthplace of the painter Girolamo Sicjolante.]

Beyond the desolate post-house of *Torre Tre Ponti*, the road enters the *Pontine Marshes*—*Paludi Pontine*, one of the richest and most fertile tracts of country in Europe, both grass and corn growing with a luxuriance almost unknown elsewhere. Yet the district is nearly uninhabitable from malaria. An admirable road, constructed by Pius VI., runs through a straight avenue of poplars, with

post-houses at intervals, the most important being *Appii Forum*, of sacred memories.

[Hence a conveyance in connection with the Velletri diligence runs to *Sezza*—the Volscian Setia, beautifully situated on a hill above the marshes, and remarkable for the costume of its peasants. Some remains are shown here as belonging to a temple of Saturn.

From the base of the hill of *Sezza*, a road leads (right), 6 m., to *Piperno*, the ancient Privernum, a most picturesque place, with many fragments of domestic Gothic architecture, and a charming piazza, adorned with old orange-trees.

Three miles north is the famous monastery of *Fossanuova*, which was founded by Benedictines, and existed in the beginning of the ninth century. In 1135 it passed to the Cistercians, who were succeeded by Carthusians after the suppression under the French. In the twelfth century the monastery was restored by Frederick Barbarossa, and in the thirteenth century it was rebuilt under Frederick II.

Hither S. Thomas Aquinas—"the great Angelical"—came on his way from Naples to the General Council at Lyons in 1224, and here he died. He lay sick for some weeks, and, during this last illness, dictated a commentary on the Song of Solomon. When the last Sacrament was brought to him, he desired to be taken from his bed and laid upon ashes strewn upon the floor. His body was taken hence, first to Fondi, then to Toulouse, except the head, which is preserved in the cathedral of Piperno.

The valley of Fossanuova is watered by the *Amasena*, the "Amasenus abundans" of Virgil.¹ It is only 4 m. hence to *Sonnino*, a rock-perched stronghold, celebrated in the annals of brigandage, which, in 1806, was the birth-place of Cardinal Antonelli.]

Three miles before reaching Terracina, the road passes the site of that fountain of Feronia which Horace describes as the place where travellers quitted the canal through the marshes, and began the ascent to Anxur.²

The situation of *Terracina* (*Albergo Reale*, best, but

¹ *Aen.* xi. 547.

² *Sat.* i. 5, 23.

dear; *Albergo Nazionale*) is most picturesque. Palms, aloes, and orange-trees, show that one has entered Southern Italy. The Volscian name of the town was Anxur, but it was always known as Terracina to the Latins and Romans, and the ancient name was only used by the poets, because "Terracina" could not be introduced in verse. The town is first mentioned in B.C. 509. Horace says that it stood upon the rock at the foot of which the present town is situated. The whole circuit of its ancient port can still be traced. On the summit of the cliff above the town is an immense pile of ruins of the *Palace of Theodoric*. The *Cathedral of S. Pietro* occupies the site of an ancient temple, supposed to be that of Jupiter Anxurus, and many fluted columns and other fragments are enclosed within its buildings. An antique sarcophagus is shown as the bath of boiling oil in which some Christian martyrs suffered. The pulpit is inlaid with mosaics, and supported by pillars resting on lions. The first bishop is said to have been S. Epaphroditus, a disciple of S. Peter, A.D. 46.

The port of Terracina, of great importance under the Empire, is now filled up and ruined. The narrow pass beyond the town, between the cliffs and the sea, is *Lautulae*, occupied by the Roman troops who mutinied after the first Samnite war and intended marching to Rome, when their insurrection was quelled by Valerius Corvus. The defile was secured by Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war, to prevent Hannibal from advancing by the Appian Way. The monastery of *Retiro*, on the left, occupies the site of a villa in which the Emperor Galba was born.

An excursion should be made from Terracina to the *Circean Mount* (Monte Circello), which, in distant views, is so like Capri, and which is always so beautiful a feature, looming above the long flat lines of the marshes. A road of 10 m. leads to S. Felice, a town on the southern slope of the mountain, and the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot. S. Felice occupies the site of Circeii, called Rocca Circea, till the thirteenth century.

Few spots in Italy are more romantic, few situations more striking than the summit of the mount, and none have

been more frequently described by the Latin poets. Towards the sea it is a precipice, and on the other sides it is cut off from all else by the Pontine Marshes. Several ancient writers suppose that it was originally an island, and Homer thus represents it, if this place was in his mind when he told the adventures of Ulysses. Many authors mention that the tomb of Elpenor, a companion of Ulysses, was shown on the Circean Mount, and Strabo tells of the cup of Ulysses (from which, when his companions drank, they were changed into beasts) being preserved here as a relic, and this, Dionysius says, continued to be shown even in the age of Augustus. The fragments at the summit of the mountain are supposed to belong to the temple of the Sun. A stalactite cavern, called *Grotta della Maga*, preserves the weird memory of Circe—daughter of the Sun. Immediately under the promontory on the west is the *Lago di Paolo*. The town here was built by the Caëtani under Pius IV. *Porto di Paolo* was probably the port of Circeii.

Four miles and a half after leaving Terracina, the high-road is crossed by the arched gateway called *La Portella*, which was the entrance to the kingdom of Naples. Here the traveller enters the *Terra di Lavoro*, the ancient Campania. Fourteen miles from Terracina is *Fondi*, the Fundi of Horace, a most picturesque mediaeval town with a cathedral containing the fifteenth century tomb of Onorato Caëtani, and a castle with rich flamboyant windows. Farther on is *Itri*, with an old castle, the birthplace of "Fra Diavolo"—Michele Pezza, the famous brigand of Auber's opera. Eight miles from hence is the fishing village of *Sperlonga*, anciently called *Speluncae*, from its cavern. The cave still exists in which, as Tacitus and Suetonius describe, Tiberius gave a supper, at which several large stones fell from the roof amongst the guests, when Sejanus protected his master by extending his arms over him, and so laid the foundation of his influence. The ancient benches and stucco ornaments remain in the cavern. Hayradin Barbarossa stayed at Sperlonga in 1534, whilst planning his attack on Fondi to carry off its lady, Giulia Gonzaga. She escaped in her night-dress, but her servants were mercilessly massacred.

After leaving Itri, the road descends upon the bay of Caëta, and passes close to the *Tomb of Cicero*, a massive round tower overgrown with vegetation, before reaching *Formia* (*Hotel Europa*), formerly called Mola di Caëta, the ancient Formiæ. Here the *Villa Caposele* occupies the site of Cicero's Formian villa, in escaping from which he was murdered by the tribunes Herennius and Popilius Laenas, B.C. 43. The proprietor, Signor Rubino, allows travellers to visit it after application at his palazzo, opposite the Prefettura.

An excursion should be made from Formia to *Caëta* (seat in diligence, 50 c. ; one-horse carriage, 2 to 3 frs.) The scenery is radiantly beautiful. *Caëta* (*Albergo d'Italia*), is said to have derived its name from being the burial-place of the nurse of Aeneas. The strongest fortress of the kingdom of Naples, it has undergone more sieges than any other. It was the last refuge of the last King of Naples, Francis II., and was heroically defended for four months by his lion-hearted queen, Mary of Bavaria, but was forced to capitulate to the Sardinian fleet, February 23, 1861. Caëta also afforded a retreat for two years to Pius IX., when he was forced to fly from Rome in November 1848. There are many antique remains in the town, amongst which a column, bearing the names of the twelve winds in Greek and Latin, is especially remarkable. The *Cathedral of S. Erasmus* has a fine thirteenth century tower. Behind its high altar is preserved the banner which Pius V. presented to Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto. From the piazza a path (by a gate on the left) leads to the summit of the promontory, which is occupied by the monument called *Torre d'Orlando*, being the huge circular tomb of L. Munatius Plancus, the founder of the city of Lyons in the time of Augustus. The view is magnificent.

Before reaching the Garigliano, the ancient Liris, the road to Naples passes the remains of *Minturnæ* (a theatre and aqueduct), where Caius Marius concealed himself amongst the rushes, and near which (December 27, 1503) Gonsalvo da Cordova gained his final victory over the French. Near S. Agata, the road passes within sight of *Sessa* — Suessa

Aurunca—which contains remains of an ancient amphitheatre and bridge, and a basilica of the twelfth century with three apses, containing a very beautiful ambo and Easter candlestick. Hence the road runs by *Cascano*, a village of the Monte Massico, whose vines are celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Martial, and by the picturesque *Torre di Francolisi* and *Sparanisi*, to Capua.

After leaving Velletri, the railway passes between the Alban Hills (Monte Artemisio and Monte Ariano) and the Volscian Mountains (Monte Santangelo and Monte Lupino) to *Monte Fortino*, a fortress of the Conti, which clammers up a hill so steep that each row of houses begins over the roof of its neighbour, and has a clear view of the sky. A mile hence, at *La Civita*, are some cyclopean remains of the Volscian city Artena.

Valmontone (Stat.), the ancient Toleria, occupies a tufa rock in the midst of the plain between two ranges of mountains, and is girt by old republican walls, with mediaeval towers. From the families of Conti, Sforza, and Barberini, it has passed to the Pamfili, to whose second son it gives a ducal title, and by whom the huge palace which crowns the town was built in 1662. Adjoining it is a seventeenth century cathedral, designed by Matteo de Rossi. Near the entrance of the town from Rome, are magnificent remains of the ancient walls.

Valmontone is the station nearest to Palestrina, 7 m. distant. A post carriage with places for two meets the first train from Rome; but it is best to drive from Velletri, or to order a carriage from thence to be in waiting at Valmontone. There is no decent inn at Palestrina, but comfortable and reasonable quarters may be obtained in a private house—I Via delle Concie.

Palestrina, the ancient Praeneste, one of the Latin towns of fabulous origin, was reduced to the condition of a Roman colony upon the failure of the struggle with the Tarquins. After the defeat of Caius Marius, who killed himself within its walls, it fell into the hands of Sulla, who totally annihilated the population and the city alike:—

“Vidit Fortuna colonos
 Praenestina suos cunctos ense recisos,
 Unicus populum pereuntem tempore mortis.”

Lucan, ii. 193.

But Sulla rebuilt the town with a magnificence which is celebrated by many of the Latin poets, and erected the Temple of Fortune, which was so splendid that the Athenian philosopher Carneades said that he had “never seen a Fortune so fortunate as that of Praeneste.” The coolness of the air made Praeneste a favourite summer resort of the earlier emperors. In 970, the town, already called Palestrina, was given by Pope John XIII. to his sister Stephania, and, through the marriage of her granddaughter Emilia, came into the Colonna family, whose history is henceforth that of the place. When the Colonna were induced to open their gates by the crafty promises of their deadly foe Boniface VIII., he totally destroyed the city, with the exception of the cathedral. It was rebuilt by Stefano Colonna under Clement V., but again totally destroyed by Cardinal Vitelleschi in 1436, not even the cathedral being spared this time. In 1447, Nicholas V. permitted the rebuilding of Palestrina, but it never again became a place of importance, and the only noteworthy event which has since occurred there has been the birth, in 1524, of the musician Pierluigi da Palestrina, author of the mass of Pope Marcellus. The last Colonna of Palestrina was Francesco, who died in 1636, having sold the town to Carlo Barberini, brother of Pope Urban VIII., to whose family it still belongs.

Almost all the numerous antique remains in which Palestrina abounds belong to Sulla's gigantic *Temple of Fortune*, which rose upon terraces, tier above tier, occupying the whole space now filled by the town, and perhaps the largest building in Italy. In the higher part of the town is the *Palazzo Barberini*, once most magnificent, but now forlorn and deserted. Its front was built in a vast semi-circle, so as to follow the plan of the temple, and is approached by curved staircases enclosing an old well. The halls on the ground-floor are decorated with paintings by the Zuccheri. On the upper floor is an enormous

mosaic found amid the ruins of the Temple of Fortune, and representing the joy of the people and beasts of Egypt in the annual overflow of the Nile. In the rich plain which the palace overlooks, about a mile from the town, near *S. Maria della Villa*, are the ruins of an immense villa of Hadrian. They are little worth visiting, though the Braschi Antinous was found there.

In spite of the steepness of the path (wretched donkeys may be procured) and the savage character of the people, travellers should ascend the hill above the town to *S. Pietro*, a dilapidated village in which S. Peter is supposed to have dwelt for some time, girt by the huge polygonal walls of the ancient citadel. Still higher, on the last peak, stand the ruins of the fortress built by the famous Stefano Colonna in 1332. Hannibal climbed up the hill in order to assist his military observations by its wide view. It is the most historical panorama imaginable. Rome is seen amidst the mists of the plain. Nearer are Gabii, Collatia, and Zagarolo. On the Alban Hills are Tusculum, Frascati, Monte Porzio, Monte Compatri, Labicum (now Colonna), Corbio (now Rocca Priora), Velitrae (now Velletri). Then on the distant sea-coast we can make out Astura, Nettuno, Antium (Porto d'Anzio), Ardea, Pratica, Ostia, Porto, and Fiumicino. On the Volscian Hills are Monte Fortino, Colle Ferro, and Signia (Segni); on the Hernicans, Anagni, Ferentino, Paliano, Genazzano, and Cavi; and the foreground is formed by the cyclopean walls of Praeneste!

The *Ponte S. Antonio* may be visited from Palestrina—a magnificent Roman arch 120 feet in height, not far from Poli, by which the Aqua Claudia and the Anio Novus were carried across a deep ravine in the Campagna.

The excursion should be continued from Palestrina to Olevano, the summer headquarters of Roman artists, and on from Olevano to Subiaco, if that glorious place has not already been visited from Tivoli. A public carriage which leaves the Piazza S. Marco at Rome at 6 A.M. for Palestrina proceeds to Olevano.

It is a pleasant drive of three miles from Palestrina to *Cavi*, a fief of the Colonna. Six miles farther *Genazzano* rises in a valley about half a mile to the left of the road.

It contains the shrine of the Madonna di Buon Consiglio, who "flew hither through the air from Albania," and whose festivals every spring and autumn collect more picturesque costumes than any other in Italy. The reputation of the Madonna resembles that of a heathen oracle, and as every poorest countryman brings his offering, she may be said to tax the whole Latian Campagna as well as the place itself. The town of Genazzano was long a fortress of the Colonna: Pope Martin V. (Oddone Colonna) was born there, and Stefano Colonna was murdered there in 1438.

Continuing along the valley, the hill-top in front of us is occupied by the mountain-town of *Paliano*, another important stronghold of the Colonna, with remarkable sixteenth century fortifications.

A long ascent now brings us to *Olevano*, perhaps the most picturesque place in this wonderful district, where the *Albergo degli Artisti*, long kept by the Baldi family, has a most glorious view. Spread before us is the whole of the Hernican range, tossed into every variety of peak, and clothed on its lower slopes with corn and fruit-trees, olives and cypresses, from which Anagni and Ferentino and Frosinone look across the valley to the more distant Volscians, also sprinkled with rock-throned villages. In the middle distance Paliano watches the valley from a steep elevated ridge. Deep below rises the town of Olevano, with yellow-roofed houses, weather-stained, machicolated, arch-adorned, rising from rocks overhung with ivy and flowers, and leading up to the jagged walls and tower of a ruined castle. Behind the town are the wild mountains of the Sabina, with Civitella, Capranica, San Vito, and Rocca di Cavi, perched upon different heights, and on the farthest of all the curious sanctuary and Polish convent of Mentorella, while round the corner we catch a glimpse of the Alban Hills projecting over the purple Campagna.

The name of Olevano dates from mediæval times, when the town was forced to pay a tax called *Olibanum*, for purchasing incense for the churches of the province. Then the noble family of Frangipani, who derived their glorious name of "Bread-breakers" from their vast charities during

a famine, resided in its fortress. From them it passed by exchange to the Benedictine monks of Subiaco, by whom it was sold in the thirteenth century to the Colonna, who built the present castle, and held it for 400 years, after which it was purchased by the Borghese, who possess it still.

An excursion should be made from Olevano to *Guadagnolo*, a rock 4000 feet high, with a village curiously wedged between high rocks, which conceal it on every side. A mile and half below this is the hermitage of *La Mentorella*, with a Gothic church of the tenth century, supplanting one which existed as early as 594. Here, before he went to Subiaco, S. Benedict lived in the sixth century, in a cave at the foot of the rock. A tradition, as early as the time of Trajan, pointed out the crag of La Mentorella as the place where the vision of a white stag, with a crucifix between its horns, led to the conversion of S. Eustace.

The excursion should be continued to Subiaco, from which a diligence runs daily (26 m.) to Tivoli. The *Albergo della Pernice* at Subiaco is tolerable, pension 5 frs., but passing travellers must arrange their prices beforehand.

One of the excellent mountain roads constructed by Pius IX. leads through a wild district from Olevano to Subiaco. A few miles before reaching Subiaco we skirt a lake, probably one of the Simbrivii Lacus which Nero is believed to have made by damming up the Anio. Here he fished for trout with a golden net, and here he built the mountain villa which he called *Sublaqueum*,—a name which still exists in Subiaco.

Four centuries after the valley had witnessed the orgies of Nero, a young patrician of the family of the Anicii—Benedictus, or “the blessed one,” being only fourteen at the time, fled from the seductions of the capital to the rocks of Mentorella, but, being followed thither, sought a more complete solitude in a cave above the falls of the Anio. Here he lived unknown to any one except the hermit Romanus, who daily let down food to him, half of his own loaf, by a cord from the top of the cliff. At length the hiding-place was revealed to the village priest in a vision, and pilgrims flocked

from all quarters to the valley. Through the disciples who gathered around Benedict, this desolate ravine became the cradle of monastic life in the West, and twelve monasteries rose amid its peaks under the Benedictine rule.

An excellent road, with magnificent views at every turn, leads from the town towards the monasteries. But a carriage cannot go beyond the bridge called Ponte S. Mauro, and here a footpath turns to the left up the rocks, passing a number of chapels, the first of which commemorates the preservation by S. Benedict of his child-pupil Placidus from drowning in the river beneath.

Nothing can exceed the solemn grandeur of the situation of the convent dedicated to *S. Scholastica*, the sainted sister of S. Benedict, which was founded in the fifth century, and which, till quite lately, included as many as sixteen towns and villages amongst its possessions.

The front of S. Scholastica is modern, but its tower is of 1053. The three cloisters are interesting. The first, which only dates from the seventeenth century, has its arcades decorated with frescoes of papal and royal benefactors, including "James III., King of England." The second cloister, of 1052, contains many beautiful fragments of Gothic decoration. A bas-relief of 981 represents two animals drinking: on the body of one of them is an inscription relating to the re-dedication of the church, December 4, 981, by Benedict VII. The third and smallest cloister—"Il chiostro dell' Abbate Lando"—was built early in the thirteenth century. It is surrounded by a beautiful arcade of double pillars, and has an inscription in mosaic, the work of the famous Cosimo Cosmati and his two sons, Luca and Jacopo. In the porch of the church is the capital of a Corinthian column from a temple which once stood on this site, and under the high altar is the shrine of S. Onorato, successor of S. Benedict.

The scenery becomes more romantic and savage at every step as we ascend the winding path after leaving S. Scholastica, till a small gate admits us to the famous immemorial *Ilex Grove* of S. Benedict, which is said to date from the fifth century, and which has never been profaned by axe or hatchet.

Beyond it the path narrows, and a steep winding stair, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, leads to the platform before the second convent, which up to that moment is entirely concealed. Its name, *Sacro Speco*, commemorates the holy cave of St. Benedict.

At the portal, the thrilling interest of the place is suggested by the inscription—"Here is the patriarchal cradle of the monks of the West of the Order of S. Benedict." The entrance corridor, built on arches over the abyss, has frescoes of four sainted popes, and ends in an ante-chamber with beautiful Umbrian frescoes, and a painted statue of S. Benedict. Here we enter the all-glorious upper church of 1116, completely covered with ancient frescoes. A number of smaller chapels, hewn out of the rock, are dedicated to the sainted followers of the founder. Some of the paintings are by the rare Umbrian master Concioli. A staircase in front of the high altar leads to the lower church. At the foot of the first flight of steps, above the charter of 1213, setting forth all its privileges, is the frescoed figure of Innocent III., who first raised Subiaco into an abbacy; in the same fresco is represented Abbot John of Tagliacozzo, under whom (1217-1227) many of the paintings were executed. A passage on the right of this landing contains a fresco of S. Claridonia, who lived here in a hermitage above the monastery; on her dress is a curious inscription evidently scratched by a chaplain of Aeneas Silvius when he was celebrating mass here. This passage leads to the hermitage occupied by S. Gregory the Great when he visited Subiaco. On the outer wall is a fresco of Gregory writing his commentary on Job. The inner chamber contains a portrait of S. Francis, supposed to have been painted during his visit to the *Sacro Speco*, by the artist then at work upon the chapel. It is in exact accordance with the verbal description which remains of him:—"Facie hilaris, vultus benignus, facie utcumque oblonga et protensa, frons plana et parva, nasus aequalis et rectus." Another portrait, believed to be from his own hand, represents the monk Oddone receiving the blessing of an angel. S. Gregory is represented consecrating the altar

with the words—"Vere locus iste sanctus est in quo orant."

On the second landing, the figure of Benedict faces us on a window with his finger on his lips imposing silence. On the left is the coro, on the right the cave where Benedict is said to have passed three years in darkness. A statue by *Raggi* commemorates his presence here: a basket is a memorial of that lowered with his food by S. Romanus; an ancient bell is shown as that which rang to announce its approach.

As we descend the Scala Santa trodden by the feet of Benedict, and ascended by the monks upon their knees, the solemn beauty of the place increases at every step. On the right is a powerful fresco of Death mowing down the young and sparing the old; on the left, the Preacher shows the young and thoughtless the three states to which the body is reduced after death. Much of the rock is still left bare and hangs overhead in jagged masses, preserving the cavern-like character of the scene, while every available space is rich with colour and gold, radiant, yet perfectly subdued and harmonious. On all sides the saints of the order, and those especially connected with it, Benedict, Gregory the Great, the Archdeacon Peter, Romanus, Maurus, Placidus, Honoratus, Scholastica, and Anatolia, look down upon us repeatedly from the great thirteenth century frescoes. In a chapel on the left, dedicated to S. Lorenzo Loricato, who is buried there, is a picture of the Madonna and Child, said to have existed in the time of Benedict, and to have been venerated by him in his childhood. It is signed "Stammatico Greco Pictor P.," a powerful painter of whom nothing is known.

Lastly, we reach the Holy of Holies, the second cave, in which S. Gregory narrates that Benedict, after his return from Vicovaro (to which he had gone for a short time as abbot), "dwelt alone with himself," being "always busied in the presence of his Creator, in bewailing the spiritual miseries of his soul and past sins, in watching over the emotions of his heart, and in the constant contemplation of Divine things." Here the devil is said to have hovered

over him as a little black bird, suggesting sinful thoughts and desires, which he subdued by flinging himself upon thorns and nettles. Here he received a poisoned loaf from the wicked priest Florentius, and, throwing it on the ground, forced a tame raven on his command to bear it beyond mortal reach. And here he laid down the rule of his order, making its basis the twelve degrees of humility. Here also an inscription enumerates the wonderful series of saints, who, issuing from Subiaco, founded the Benedictine order throughout the world.

From the arches below the convent one may emerge upon a small terraced *Garden*, once a ridge covered with a thicket of thorns, upon which S. Benedict used to roll his naked body to extinguish the passions of the flesh. Here, seven centuries after, S. Francis, coming to visit the shrine, knelt and prayed before the thorns, and planted two rose-trees beside them. The roses of S. Francis flourish still, and are carefully tended by the monks, but the Benedictine thorns have disappeared.

Under the part of the cave which opens upon this garden the monks are buried, and, when corruption has ceased, their bones are taken up and placed in an open chapel in the rock, where they are visible to all. To obtain a general view of the convent of the Sacro Speco, it is necessary to follow the lower path which diverges just beyond S. Scholastica. A succession of zigzags along the edge of the cliff, amid savage scenery, lead into the gorge, which is closed in the far distance by the rock-built town of *Jenne*, the birthplace of Alexander IV. We cross the river by a bridge, whence a pathlet, winding often by staircases up and down the rocks, allows one to see the whole building rising above the beautiful falls of the Anio. We emerge close to a Nymphaeum belonging to Nero's Villa, and nothing can be more imposing than the view from hence up the gorge, with the great rock-crested monastery on the other side, and all the wealth of rich verdure on the nearer steeps, which take the name of *Monte Carpineto* from the hornbeams with which they are covered. The little chapel above the Sacro Speco is dedicated to S. Biagio (S. Blaise), who is invoked

whenever any catastrophe occurs in the valley. Here, once a year, mass is chanted by the monks of Santa Scholastica.

The castle of Subiaco, called *La Rocca*, built by the warlike abbot, John V., was long a summer residence of the popes. One of its towers, still called "Borgiana," recalls the residence here of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards



Sacro Speco, Subiaco.

Alexander VI. Beyond the triumphal arch built in honour of Pius VI. is a curious old bridge, a famous subject with artists, leading to the Cappuccini Convent.

The road through the *Valle Santa*, as the district near Subiaco is popularly called, to Tivoli, was constructed by Pius VI. It follows, first the *Via Sublacensis*, made by Nero, and then the *Via Valeria*, which was the work of the censor Valerius Maximus. In spring, when it is chiefly visited by foreigners, this country has a bare appearance, but in summer the luxuriant chestnuts and vines are unspeakably lovely. A continuous series of mountain villages

lines the way. The first on the right is *Cerbara*, on the left *Rocca di Canterano*, its long lines of old houses cresting the declivity. Then on the right is *Agosta*, on the left *Marano*. A wood now turns off on the right to the Lago Fucino, and only two miles distant we see *Arsoli*, the ancient *Arsola*, containing the castle of Prince Massimo. Here the apartment once occupied by S. Filippo Neri, founder of the Oratorians, is preserved with religious care. Though he frequently stayed with the Massimo family, he lived here almost as a hermit, eating only bread, with a few olives, herbs, or an apple, drinking only water, and lying on the bare floor.

Passing under *Roviano*, which has a castle of the Sciarra, we reach a more fertile country, and on the right we see *Cantalupo*, where the Marchese Roccagiovine has a castle. Now a number of shrines, surrounding a little green with some old ilex-trees, announce the approach to *San Cosimato*, the village of hermitages, mentioned in a bull of Gregory VII. as "Monasterium Sancti Cosimatis situm in valle Tiburtina." In the earliest ages of Latin Christianity the caverns in the cliff, which here abruptly overhang the river, were taken possession of by a troop of hermits, who turned this country, for they had many caverns at *Vicovaro* also, into a perfect Thebaid. Passing through the convent, and its pretty garden full of pillared pergolas, a winding path, the merest ledge, often a narrow stair against the face of the precipice, often caverned over or tunnelled through the rock, leads to this extraordinary settlement, and opens upon one tiny hermitage after another, provided with its little window and its rock-hewn couch and seat. A campanile remains on a projecting crag, which summoned the recluses to prayer. The last cave, larger than any of the others, was their chapel, formed of living rock. Mass is still occasionally said here, and the scene is most striking, as, to admit the light, large doors just opposite the altar, and only a few feet distant, are thrown open, and one looks down the perpendicular cliff, overhung with ilexes centuries old, into the Anio immediately beneath, the roar of its waters mingling with the chaunting of the Psalms. In

the fifth century a collection of monks had united on the heights above the river, and had chosen S. Benedict as their Superior, attracted by the fame of his sanctity, before he had founded his own convent. He declined at first, warning them that they would not like the severity of his rule; but they insisted, and he joined them here. In a short time his austerity roused their hatred, and they attempted to poison him in the sacrament cup, but when, before drinking, he made the sign of the cross over it, it fell to pieces in his hands. "God forgive you, my brethren," he said, "you see that I spoke the truth when I told you that your rule and mine would not agree;" and he returned to Subiaco. The scene of this story is a caverned chapel in the cliff on the other side of the convent, adorned with rude frescoes.

Two miles beyond S. Cosmato is Vicovaro.

Segni (Stat.) Close to the station are two old castles, of which one, *Colleferro*, is exceedingly picturesque. It is a wild ascent of several miles up the steep *Monte Lepini* to Segni, which was the ancient Signia, a name said to be derived from the numbers of standards which Tarquinius Superbus, who colonised the place, saw raised by the inhabitants in his behalf against the people of Gabii. Strabo and Pliny, as well as several of the poets, mention the peculiar wine of Signia. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the stronghold of Segni was frequently the refuge of the popes. Eugenius III. fled hither from the Roman Senate, and built a papal palace; and here Alexander III., Lucius III., and Innocent III. passed a great portion of their reigns in security. Segni was long a fief of the great house of Conti, to which so many of the popes belonged, and it disputes with Anagni the honour of having been the birthplace of Innocent III. After the Conti had died out, and Segni had passed into the hands of Mario Sforza, Sixtus V. created it a duchy. On August 13, 1557, the place was taken and almost totally destroyed by the Duke of Alba, and it is owing to this that so few Gothic buildings

remain. The town was rebuilt, and given as a duchy by Urban VIII. to his nephew, Cardinal Antonio Barberini. A long lawsuit which followed between the Barberini and the Sforza, the former lords of Segni, was only decided at the end of the last century in favour of the Sforza-Cesarini, who are still Dukes of Segni.

Segni (one very poor *albergo*) is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks, except where a *passeggiata* leads to the Porta Maggiore. This gate—the entrance from the station—rests upon the cyclopean walls, and over it are the remains of



On the Walls of Segni.

the baronial castle of the Conti, in which, as in many other buildings here, the curious style of construction may be observed, which is frequently spoken of in old documents about other places as “Signino opere,” and which consists of alternate layers of bricks and the dark limestone of the country.

Visitors, after entering the gate, should turn at once to the right, and make the circuit of the Pelasgic walls, which give the place its chief interest. They are formed by masses

of rock jammed into one another, and though of no great height, almost surround the existing town, and are amongst the most extensive in Italy. At the farthest point, where the Church of S. Pietro occupies the site of the ancient citadel, the walls form a kind of promenade, beyond which is a great *Cyclopean Gate*, only second in interest to that of Arpino, built of massive blocks, in such a manner that the two side walls lean towards each other till the angle is cut off by the stone which forms the lintel. Several ancient rock-hewn cisterns, a peculiarity of the Volscian towns, remain near this.

The modernised *Cathedral* of Segni has few memorials of a bishopric dating from 499. It contains two statues worth notice—that of S. Vitalian, a native of Segni, the feeble pope who allowed Constans to carry off the bronze roof of the Pantheon, but who sent the Greek Archbishop Theodore to Canterbury, and that of Bruno, Bishop of Segni and Abbot of Monte Cassino, who bore a prominent part in the quarrels between Pope Paschal II. and the Emperor Henry V.

Anagni (Stat.) An omnibus meets the early train at the station, and takes passengers up to the town, 6 m. distant. The *Locanda d'Italia* is a very humble inn.

Anagni is the ancient Anagnia, the capital of the Hernicans. The town clings to terraces on the bare side of the hills, with the most splendid views in every direction. Its streets abound in quaint architectural fragments—griffins, lions, open loggias, outside staircases, trefoiled windows and great arched doorways, and still remind one of the expression “*municipium ornatissimum*,” which Cicero, in his defence of Milo, applies to this town. From the piazza, the centre of life here as in all the mountain towns, there is an indescribably glorious view.

Beyond the piazza, on the left, open the huge round arches of the portico of the old *Papal Palace*. Little that is curious remains in the interior, yet it was in these very rooms that William of Nogaret insulted the mighty Boniface VIII. and imprisoned him in his own palace. Here

also Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Alexander IV. held their courts in the thirteenth century, all born here, and all sprung from native families, and once canons of the cathedral. Behind the palace a fragment of a beautiful Gothic loggia of the time of Boniface remains : part of the interior is now used as a theatre.



Gate of the Papal Palace, Anagni.

A little farther up the hill is the *Cathedral* (S. Maria), which is the most interesting mediaeval building in this part of Italy, except the convent of Subiaco. The see dates from 487. On the wall, above what was once the great south entrance, Boniface VIII. sits aloft, in robes and tiara, on his throne of state. Over his head, blazoned in gold and mosaic, are the illustrious alliances of the Caëtani before his time. The steps beneath this statue, which must have had a magnificent effect in the open space, as seen from the valley below, were destroyed in the early part of the present century. The present entrance is by the north, where a quaint winding staircase leads into a dark gallery, lined with curious old frescoes and inscriptions, and so into the cathedral.

The interior is far more picturesque than beautiful. In the lofty choir is a grand pascal candlestick, supported by a crouching figure. Portraits of all the popes connected with Anagni hang over the throne and stalls. The whole pavement of the church is of the most splendid *opus alexandrinum*, though much decayed, and in the choir it reaches a degree of minuteness and perfection like delicate jewellers' work. Here on the Maunday Thursday of 1160, Alexander III. stood to curse the great Emperor Barbarossa. Here Innocent III. read aloud the bull which excommunicated Frederick II., and on this same spot Alexander IV. banished the young Manfred. Here also the cardinals elected Innocent IV., after they had received the furious letter of the Emperor Frederick II., calling them "sons of Belial." In this church also (September 7, 1303) Boniface VIII. put on the stole of S. Peter, and the imperial crown upon his head, and taking the cross in one hand and the keys of S. Peter in the other, seated himself upon his throne to await the arrival of the French, who, prompted by his hereditary enemies, the Colonna, had forced the gates of the town, and burst into the streets, crying, "Vive le roi de France, et meure Boniface." Hence the old man was dragged to prison, seated upon a vicious horse, with his face towards the tail.

"Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
 E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto ;
 Veggio un' altra volta esser deriso,
 Veggio rinnovellar l'aceto e'l fele,
 E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.
 Veggio 'l nuovo Pilato sì crudele,
 Che ciò nol sazia, ma, senza decreto,
 Porta nel tempo le cupide vele."

Dante, Purg. xx. 89.

Two chapels on the left of the cathedral are filled with Caëtani memorials. In one is a Greek inscription. In the other is a painting of the Madonna, of 1322, and the grand tomb wrought by the Cosmati ("magister Cosmas, civis Romanus, cum filiis suis Luca et Jacopo") known as "Il sepolcro della famiglia di Bonifazio." In the sacristy are some curious copes, and the croziers of Innocent III. and

Boniface VIII. The crypt is given up to the saints of Anagni, who are numerous, and whose story, in a series of very early frescoes, occupies the walls. The south altar is devoted to Santa Oliva, whose bones and head are shown in a glass case beneath her statue. Opposite her is S. Magnus, bishop and martyr, who is represented above seated between two virgin saints. Beneath another altar are the martyrs Secunda, Aurelia, and Neonissa. In the tribune, which has a magnificent pavement, is the papal throne, and over it, in ancient fresco, the whole story of the Apocalypse.

The tall Romanesque tower of the cathedral is not joined to the rest of the building, but stands alone upon a little green platform at the west end of the church. Hence there is a grand view over the valley, but to Roman Catholics a more interesting feature will be the knot of brown buildings on the barren side of the mountain, about six miles from Anagni; for this is *Acuto*, whence the recently-founded but ever-increasing order of the Precious Blood had its origin, and where the foundress, Maria de Matthias, sustained a large sisterhood and school by faith and prayer, in the same way in which the immense institutions of the Protestant Müller are carried on at Clifton, and lived till her death in August 1866.

Ferentino (Stat.) is 3 m. distant from the town. An omnibus meets the early train from Rome. *Imm* tolerable.

The hill-set town of Ferentino, the ancient Ferentinum, is exceedingly picturesque. On the steepest part of the ascent is the *Church of S. Valentino*, with an exceedingly curious porch, the canopy of which is formed by a projecting apse. A little farther is *S. Francesco*, with strange bas-reliefs in its little fore-court. Hence the *Via dell' Antico Acropole* leads to a terrace under the cyclopean walls. The dark caverned passage under these walls emerges close to the *Duomo*,—SS. Giovanni e Paolo,—which externally retains many of its ancient architectural features, and within, a splendid *opus-alexandrinum* pavement, mended with fragments of sculptured marblework, and a glorious twisted mosaic pillar nearly the whole height of the church. Behind is the

Bishop's Palace, with a stately staircase guarded by marble lions.

A crowded street leads to the lower town, where the stone used as a font in the little *Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista* has an inscription from the inhabitants of Ferentinum to Cornelia Salonina, wife of the "unconquered Gallienus."¹ From the piazza, where a number of Roman altars are collected, we have a magnificent view over mountain and plain. Hence also, one may learn, by looking down, to find one's way through the intricate maze of filthy alleys, many of which have such stately names as *Via dell' Atreo*, *Via dei Bagni di Flavio*, *Vicolo del Calidario*, etc., to the finest of the churches, *S. Maria Maggiore*, which, in its beautiful west front, has a door with detached red marble columns banded together, and above it the emblems of the Evangelists on either side of the Lamb of God, and a grand rose window. Near the gate, close to this church, an inscription called *La Fata*—hewn in the solid rock—records the erection of a statue by the grateful people of Ferentinum to Aulus Quintilius Priscus, who, amongst other largesses, gave them *crustulum* and *mulsis herninam* (a cake and a little mead) upon his birthday, with *sportulae* (presents of money) for the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (scrambles of nuts) for the boys. The inscription mentions three farms or *fundi* in the territory of Ferentinum, two of which, called *Rojanum* and *Caponianum*, still retain the names of *Roana* and *Cipollara*.

[It is two hours' drive from Ferentino to *Alatri*, skirting the base of the Hernican mountains. Long before reaching the town, the huge cyclopean walls of *Alatri* rise against the sky at the end of a valley upon the left. The ancient approach is the earliest instance of a *cordonnata*—a hillside broken by steps. The streets are full of mediaeval houses, with Gothic windows and loggias. But towering high above the buildings of all later ages are the cyclopean walls of the Pelasgic city, forming a quadrangle, and quite perfect, as if

¹ Cornelia Salonina was the mother of Saloninus, who was put to death in Colonia Agrippina by Postumus, A.D. 259. She herself witnessed the death of her husband before the walls of Milan in A.D. 268.

they were finished yesterday: for, though the stones are fitted together without cement, each is like a mass of rock, and the arched form of their fitting adds to their firmness. One of the ancient gates remains under a single horizontal stone, measuring 18 feet by 9. The figure of the Pelasgic god Priapus is repeatedly sculptured on the walls,



Cyclopean Gate, Alatri.

and it has long been a semi-religious custom for the inhabitants to go out *en masse* to mutilate it on Easter Monday. The place is mentioned by Plautus under the Greek form *Αλάτριον*: Strabo calls it *Αλέτριον*.

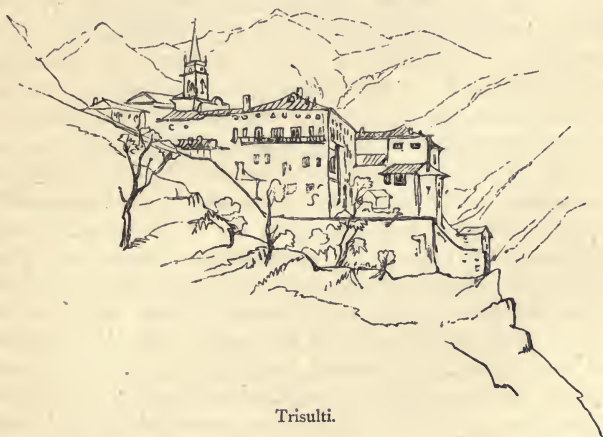
Within the precincts of the Pelasgic fortress stands the *Cathedral*. It only dates from the last century, though the see was created in 551. A finer church is *S. Maria Maggiore*, which has three Gothic portals in its west front, and a handsome rose window above them. The mouldings are

richly ornamented with acanthus. This church had formerly two towers, but only one remains. From the heights overhanging the cyclopean walls are wild views over the Volscian and Hernican Hills, the most prominent feature being a bare mountain, crowned by a little town and a grove of cypresses. This is *Fumone*, the scene of the imprisonment and death of the abdicated hermit-pope, Celestine V., immured here by the jealousy of his successor, Boniface VIII., though the next Pope, Clement V., enrolled him amongst the saints. In old days Fumone was carefully watched, for its lord had feudal rights over all the surrounding country, and when he wished to summon his vassals, either in defence or attack, he lighted a bonfire on his hilltop, whence the proverb—"Quando Fumone fuma, tutta la campagna trema."

Horses may be obtained at Alatri for the excursion to the great Carthusian monastery of *Trisulti* (about two hours distant), to which a bridle-path leads through savage and arid mountains. About a mile from the village of Collepardo (by a path which turns left before entering it) is the strange hole called *Il Pozzo di Santulla*, a pit in the rock recalling the *Latomiae* of Syracuse, about 400 yards round and 200 feet deep, hung with vast stalactites, and fringed at the top with ilex. The Pozzo, says tradition, was once a vast threshing-floor, on which the people impiously threshed corn upon the festa of the Assumption, when the outraged Madonna caused it to sink into the earth, with all who were upon it, and it remains to this day a memorial of her wrath. Beyond Santulla the savage character of the scenery increases. The path winds round a chaos of great rocks, and descends into a deep gorge, whence it mounts again to the final isolated plateau of Trisulti, close under the snows. Here is a wood of old oaks carpeted with lilies, and beyond it Alpine pastures, sheeted with mountain flowers in spring. Only the booming of its bell through these solemn solitudes tells the traveller that he is near the monastery, till he is close upon it, and then a vast mass of buildings, overtopped by a church, reveals itself on the last edge of a rocky platform.

The interior of the monastery is modernised, but its well-kept courts and fountains have a beauty of their own.

The church, built in 1211 by Innocent III., was restored in 1768. It is lined with precious marbles. In the sacristy is a good picture by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino*, and on either side of the church are two large pictures by the modern artist *Balbi* of Alatri, one representing Moses striking the rock, the other the same miracle as performed by S. Bruno. Over the high-altar is a fresco of the sending out the first Carthusian monks to colonise Trisulti. The terrace beyond



Trisulti.

the little garden leads to the Spezeria, decorated by *Balbi*, where many herbal medicines, and excellent liqueurs and perfumes are made by the monks. The country people come hither from a great distance to receive gratuitous medicine and advice, and in all respects the monks are considered the best friends and helpers of the poor in the neighbouring villages in sickness or trouble.

A little path turning to the left outside the gateway of Trisulti gives the best view of the monastic buildings, and continues through the forest to the Gothic chapel and cell of S. Domenico Loricato, who first collected a number of hermits around him on this spot, and built a chapel which he dedicated to S. Bartholomew.

In returning, a divergence should be made, leaving the horses at the top of the rock, to visit the famous *Grottoes of Collepardo*. A stony path winds by zigzags into the abyss of the Cosa. Here the scenery is magnificent; the gorge is very narrow, only wide enough to contain the stream and the path by its side, and on the left rises a tremendous precipice, in the face of which yawns the cavern. It is best to take the precaution of ordering what is called an "illumination" on the way to Trisulti, and one of five francs is the best to ask for, producing the degree of light which is enough to show, but not to annihilate, the effect of darkness. Attended by a troop of boys, one descends into the earth by a wide path like a hillside, and then ascends by a narrower rocky way through the darkness, lighted by glaring torches. Suddenly we find ourselves on the edge of a chasm, something like the Pozzo di Santulla, with a kind of rock-altar rising in the midst, blazing with fire, and throwing a ghastly glare on the wondering faces overlooking the edge of the abyss, and on the sides of the tremendous columns of stalactite which rise from the ground to the roof like a vast natural cathedral, and seem to fall again in showers of petrified fountains. Sir R. C. Hoare says that "the large vaulted roof, spacious halls, fantastic columns and pyramids, imitating rustic yet unequalled architecture, present a fairy palace which rivals the most gorgeous descriptions of romance." But Collepardo must be seen to be realised; seen, with its vast stalactite halls opening one beyond another, not level, but broken by rugged cliffs with winding pathlets along their edges; seen, with its flame-bearing pinnacles sending volumes of bright smoke into the upper darkness; seen, with its groups of wondering people clambering along the rocks, with their flashing torches, shouting to one another as they go, and startling the bats and owls, which add by their shrieks to the hideous confusion.

The carriage from Ferentino may be engaged to go on by Veroli and Casamari to Frosinone.]

Frosinone (Stat.) This is a beautiful place, and has a tolerable though humble inn kept by very honest people. Juvenal describes the contrast between the economy and quietude of life in Frosinone and the neighbouring towns, and that of the capital :—

“ Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Sorae,
 Aut Fabrateriae domus, aut Frusinone paratur ;
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
 Hortulus hic, puteusque brevis, nec reste movendus,
 In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
 Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.”

iii. 223.

If the excursion to Casamari, Alatri, Trisulti be made from hence, a carriage with two horses should be engaged at the station for two days. The cost is about 40 frs., but an exact agreement must be made beforehand with the vetturino for all that is required.

The road to the monasteries runs through a rich corn-clad country. On the left, the most conspicuous feature is *Fumone*, the knot of castellated buildings and cypresses on a conical hill, which mark the prison where Pope Celestine V. died. Many other villages glitter on the distant hills, and amongst the most conspicuous of them Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero, which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Liris. At length, on the edge of a hill, we come suddenly in view of the great monastery of *Casamari*, said, with the sole exception of Fossanuova, to be the finest monastic building in Latium. Utterly lonely, standing above the sluggish river Amasena, it is a perfectly pure Gothic building, with a church like a small cathedral. It is approached by a grand round-arched portal, within which, facing a little lawn, is the west front of the church.

Tradition derives the name of Casamari from *casa amara*, the *bitter house*, because of the perpetual silence which is enforced there ; but the name is really *Casa Marii*, since it was founded by a member of the famous family of Arpino. It first belonged to Benedictines, but was given to Cistercians in 1152 by Eugenius III. The foundation stone of the church was laid in 1203. Its interior is lofty, simple, and severe. The cream-coloured tint of the travertine is as

fresh as when it was built. The nave is separated from the aisles by seven clustered columns, on the capitals of which are some curious masonic marks. At the fifth column a screen of wrought iron cuts off the *clausura*. On the floor are curious chains of tiles, ornamented with the bees of the Barberini. From the right transept is entered the beautiful cloister, surrounded by Romanesque arches, with columns all different, as at the Lateran. The ceiling of the chapter-house is supported by splendid clustered columns.

Beyond the valley of the Amasena is *Veroli*, the ancient Verulae. This is a magnificently situated city, with a glorious view, and contains a great *Seminario*. Hence the drive may be continued to Alatri.

X *Ceccano* (Stat.), at the foot of a very picturesque town. Near this, on the left bank of the river Sacco is the site of *Fabrateria Vetus*.

Ceprano (Stat.) The town (*Locanda Nuova*) is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the railway. It has an old castle which was the scene of several events in papal history. Paschal II. lived here whilst he was quarrelling with Henry IV.; here Lucius II. had his interview with Roger of Sicily; and hither the cardinals came to welcome Gregory X. as Pope. Here, in 1266, the Count of Caserta, left by Manfred to defend the passage of the Garigliano, fled at the approach of Charles of Anjou.

“E l'altra, il cui ossame si accoglie
A Ceperan, là, dove fu bugiardo
Ciascun Pugliese.” *Dante, Inf. xxviii. 15.*

Crossing the Liris, we pass near the site of the Volscian Fregellae, which was colonised by Rome B.C. 328. It was destroyed in consequence of a rebellion in B.C. 125, and *Fabrateria Nova* founded in its stead.

Rocca Secca (Stat.) The town, seen high on the mountain side, is falsely mentioned by many writers as the birth-place of S. Thomas Aquinas, who was born in the family

house at Aquino. This is the station for Arpino and Sora, to the latter of which there is occasionally a diligence, but it is best to order a carriage beforehand from Sora. The town of *Arce*, which is seen on the right, is supposed to be identical with Arcanum, where Quintus Cicero had a villa.

Thirteen miles from Rocca Secca is *Isola*, famous for the beautiful *Falls of the Liris*. The cascade falls in a mass of water, encircled by smaller streams, from beneath an old castle, almost into the midst of the picturesque town. The colour is glorious and the iris even more lovely than that of Terni.

[Half a mile beyond Isola, near the *Cartiera* or paper-manufactory of M. Lefebvre, a terraced road of three miles up the olive-clad hills, leads to *Arpino*, which stands finely on two hills, one summit occupied by the cyclopean, the other by the Roman city. The latter is entered by a gateway of Roman masonry. Near it is a tomb, which the local antiquary Clavelli describes as that of King Saturnus, the legendary founder of the city.

Arpinum was a city of the Volscians, from whom it was taken by the Samnites, and from them, B.C. 305, by the Romans, under whom, in B.C. 188, it obtained the Roman franchise, and was enrolled in the Cornelian tribe. C. Marius was born here.

An even more important child of Arpinum was M. Tullius Cicero, who constantly speaks in his works of his native place. He describes its inhabitants as rustic and simple, as was appropriate to the rugged district in which they lived, but with all the virtues of mountaineers. When Arpino rebelled against Pius II., and was taken by his general, the Pope desired that it might be spared "for the sake of Marius and Marcus Tullius." The town itself has always been very proud of its distinguished citizens, whose busts adorn its little Casa Communale. The sites of houses are pointed out which are reputed to have belonged to them. The *Church of S. Michele* is shown as occupying the position of a Temple of the Muses; and that of *S. Maria di Civita*, on the apex of the hill, of a Temple of Mercury Lanarius. The admirable painter Giuseppe Cesari, commonly called the

“Cavaliere d’Arpino” (1560-1640), was born here in a house which is still preserved.

Mounting above the houses on the left of the town, a stony path over glaring steeps of limestone rock thinly planted with olives, leads to the *Citta Vecchia*. It has



Gate of Arpinum.

considerable remains of cyclopean walls, and behind a church on the citadel is one of the earliest architectural monuments in Europe, a most remarkable arch of gigantic rough-hewn stones without cement, projecting in different courses till they meet. It is said to resemble the gates at Tiryns and Mycenae.]

Beyond the Cartiera, two miles before reaching Sora,

the old conventual church of *S. Domenico Abbate* stands on an island in the Fibreno, close to its junction with the Liris. The nave is of very good and pure Gothic. In the adjoining convent *S. Domenico Abbate* died and Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.) was a monk. These buildings occupy the site, and are built from the remains of the beloved villa of Cicero, who says that "deep down in his heart he cherished a singular feeling and affection for the place.¹ Afterwards the island became the property of Silius Italicus.

"Silius haec magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet."

Martial, Ep. xi. 49.

The situation is charming, surrounded on all sides by water. Through the trees which overhang the Fibrenus are exquisite mountain views, and amid the rich vegetation lie fragments and capitals of columns. A tall pillar, with some Roman masonry grouped around it, stands at the west end of the church, and the crypt is supported by low massive pillars of granite and marble, evidently taken from the ruins of the villa. The ruin of a Roman bridge across the Liris, *Ponte di Cicerone*, remains.

Sora has a good inn, *Albergo di Roma*, very clean and reasonable. Carriages may be obtained here for the day. To Arpino and Isola with *S. Domenico*, 12 frs.; to Isola alone, 2½ frs.; to *S. Germano*, staying some hours at *Atina*, 20 frs.; to *Rocca Secca* from 12 to 15 frs. Sora is admirably situated for excursions.

Sora, a bright, well-paved town on the Liris, was originally a Volscian city, colonised by the Romans. The modern town was the birthplace of Cardinal Baronius. It has a ruined castle, which, after having passed through the hands of the Cantelmi and Tomacelli, now gives a ducal title to the Buoncompagni.

The present interest of Sora is contained in the fact that here Italian costume reaches its climax. The dress is purely Greek, so are the ornaments, and so, indeed, is the wonderful beauty of the women. The best peasants' jewels are all bought and sold here. Owing to the factories of the

¹ *De Legibus*, ii. 1, 3.

Liris and the great care which their owner, M. Lefebvre, bestows upon his workmen, the people are all most thriving and prosperous, and the valley of the Liris may be regarded as "the Happy Valley" of Central Italy.

[A comfortless diligence runs between Sora and Avezzano, in the Marsica, passing (right) within two miles of *Civita d'Antino*, which occupies the site and retains some polygonal walls of the ancient Antinum. A little below the village of Capistrello is the mouth of the Emissary of Claudino. Beyond this, the road crosses *Monte Salviano*, so called from the wild sage with which it is covered.]

It is a beautiful drive of five hours from Sora to S. Germano, halting at the mediaeval *Atina*, which occupies a striking position on one apex of a hill, while the remains of the Volscian city occupy the other, which is approached by a very steep rocky path behind a convent, opposite the gate of the latter town. *Atina* had the reputation of being one of the oldest of cities, and in Ughelli's *Italia Sacra* is said to have been founded by Saturn, whose tomb is claimed for *Atina* as well as *Arpinum*. The town was of great strength, and is mentioned as "*Atina potens*," by Virgil.¹ Silius Italicus speaks of its cold situation,

" monte nivoso
Descendens *Atina*."

viii. 398.

Aquino (Stat.) *No inn*; *Aquino* is perhaps more easily visited by a carriage from S. Germano—a carriage for the day costing 10 fr.

Aquino, the ancient *Aquinum*, was once a place of great importance. Strabo speaks of it in his time as "a great city, chief amongst the Volscian cities," and Cicero mentions it as "*frequens municipium*." Tacitus says that *Dolabella* was exiled and put to death here. The Emperor *Pescennius Niger* was born here. The Volscian city was destroyed by the Lombards, when the inhabitants took refuge at *Castro Cielo*, on the top of the mountain. Thence

¹ *Aen.* vii.

after a time they descended to Palazzuolo, where their descendants probably exist still.

The circuit of ancient Aquinum is now filled with vineyards and gardens, amid which gigantic fragments of ruin appear at intervals. The desolate suburban *Church of S. Maria Libera* is approached by an immense flight of marble steps, once the approach to a temple. The walls are encrusted with fragments of ancient carving. Glorious friezes of acanthus in the highest relief surround the great door.



Triumphal Arch, Aquino.

A mosaic of the twelfth century represents the Virgin and Child, and below, on either side, is a sarcophagus, with a female head projecting from it, one inscribed "Ottolina," the other "Maria." Ottolina has been identified with the wife of Adolfo, son of Landolfo of Aquino, first Count of Alsito, and sister-in-law of S. Thomas Aquinas. The interior of the church was very curious, having six pillars on one side of the nave and only three on the other; since 1870 ignorant love of uniformity has destroyed its interest.

Close to the church is a beautiful little *Triumphal Arch*, with Corinthian columns. A mill-stream has been diverted

through it, and it stands reflected in the clear water, which falls below it in a series of miniature cascades.

Descending the great marble staircase, we find a lane following the Via Latina, which retains some of its ancient lava pavement. Passing a succession of Roman fragments, we reach the ruined *Church of S. Tommaso*, in which are several beautiful pieces of frieze from temples. A little beyond, the Via Latina is crossed by the massive *Porta S. Lorenzo*, a Roman gateway in perfect preservation, by which we enter the circuit of the ancient city, passing through the still existing line of old walls. Farther down the Via Latina are a succession of buildings in ruins—a theatre; some colossal blocks, shown as having belonged to a temple of Diana, and now called *S. Maria Maddalena*; and a huge mass of wall, believed to have belonged to a temple of Ceres, afterwards converted into the basilica of *S. Pietro Vetere*. All the ruins are embedded in vineyards and gardens. Returning through the Arco S. Lorenzo, and following the little stream in the valley, we find a strange old church, supported upon open arches, through which there are most picturesque views of the present town, scrambling along the edge of tufa rocks, crested and overhung by fig-trees.

The mediaeval city, which arose under the powerful Counts of Aquino, is the oldest bishopric in the Roman Church. Its bishops sign all ecclesiastical documents immediately after the archbishops, and the whole cathedral chapter of Aquino have still the right to wear mitres and full episcopal robes.

S. Thomas Aquinas was born, March 7, 1224, in the still existing *Casa Reale* (the old palace of Aquino, with Venetian Gothic windows), being the son of Count Landolfo and his wife Teodora Caracciolo. His grandfather married the sister of the Emperor Frederick I., and he was therefore great-nephew of that prince. It has been the custom to say he was born at Rocca Secca, which, however, was never more than a mere "fortezza" of the Counts of Aquino, and never used by them as a residence; and all uncertainty has been cleared up by the recent discovery of a letter of the saint

in the archives of Monte Cassino, saying that he was coming to seek the blessing of the Abbot Bernard before setting out upon a journey, and that he intended to visit his birthplace at Aquino on the way. Here the youngest sister of S. Thomas was killed by a flash of lightning, while sleeping in the room with him and her nurse. At five years old S. Thomas was sent to school at Monte Cassino, but at twelve his masters declared themselves unable to teach him any more. On account of his stolid silence, he obtained the nickname of "the dumb ox," but his tutor Albertus Magnus, after some answers on difficult subjects, said, "We call him the dumb ox, but he will give such a bellow in learning as will astonish the whole world." At seventeen he received the habit of S. Domenico at Naples. His mother, the Countess Teodora, tried to prevent his taking the final vows, and he fled from her toward Paris. At Acquapendente he was intercepted by his brothers Landolfo and Rinaldo, who tore off his habit, and carried him to his father's castle of Rocca Secca. Here his mother met him, and finding her entreaties vain, shut him up, and allowed him to see no one but his two sisters, whose exhortations she hoped would bend him to her will. On the contrary, he converted his sisters, and, after two years' imprisonment, one of them let him down from a window, and he was received by some Dominicans, and pronounced the final vows.

Gradually S. Thomas became the greatest theological teacher and writer of his time. When he refused a bishopric, the Pope made him always attend his person, and thus his lectures were given in the different towns of papal residence—Rome, Viterbo, Orvieto, Fondi, and Perugia. The crowning work of S. Thomas was the *Summa Theologia*—the science of the christian religion; but to ordinary readers he is perhaps less known by his theology than by his hymns, of which "Pange Lingua" and "Tantum Ergo" are the most celebrated.

Near Aquino is the mountain castle of *Loreto*, which belonged to the parents of S. Thomas. It was while they were staying there that he, a boy, stole all the contents of the family larder to distribute to the poor. The legend

tells that, when his father intercepted him, and commanded him to give up what his cloak contained, a shower of roses fell from it to the ground.

Three miles beyond Aquino, the road which passes under the Arco S. Lorenzo reaches *Pontecorvo*, once an independent state like Monaco. In the Middle Ages it belonged alternately to the Tomacelli and to the abbey of Monte Cassino. Napoleon gave it as a duchy to Bernadotte. The town is well situated, and approached by a triumphal arch, adorned with a statue of Pius IX. The cathedral stands on the substructions of an ancient temple. The costumes here are magnificent.

On the left of the railway, the great convent of Monte Cassino is seen crowning a hill-top above the plain of the Garigliano, and then the fine old castle of Rocca Janula, before reaching *S. Germano* (Stat.) Inn, *Albergo Pompeii*, very clean, comfortable, and reasonable.

S. Germano occupies the site of the Roman Casinum, which Strabo describes as the last town of Latium on the Latin Way. Livy tells how Hannibal intended occupying it to prevent the Consul Fabius from advancing on Campania, but was led by a mistake of his guide to Casilinum. Silius Italicus mentions its springs and its foggy climate. Casinum continued to flourish under the empire, but was destroyed by the Lombards in the sixth century. Its modern name of *S. Germano* is derived from a holy bishop of Capua, a contemporary and friend of S. Benedict.

Half a mile from the town, just above the highroad from *S. Germano* to Rome, is the principal relic of Casinum, an *Amphitheatre*, very small, but perfect externally, built, as an inscription (now at Monte Cassino) narrates, at the private expense of Numidia Quadratilla, whose life and death are celebrated by Pliny the younger. The interior is an utter ruin. Just above is the little *Church of the Crocifisso*, occupying an ancient tomb, which is shown as that of Numidia Quadratilla. It is cruciform, with a dome in the centre, and much resembles the tomb of Galla Placidia at

Rayenna. The blocks of stone in the entrance walls are colossal. At the head of the steps in front of the church is a sacrificial altar. Immediately beneath are the vast remains of the seminary of Monte Cassino, occupying the site of the historic convent Plumbariola. Near the town, on the banks of the *Fiume Rapido*, are some ruins, supposed to belong to the *Villa of Varro*, of which Cicero has left a detailed description.¹ It was here that Marc Antony indulged in those orgies against which the great orator poured forth his eloquence.²

The *Collegiata* of S. Germano was built by the Abbot Gisulf in the ninth century, and, though greatly altered in the seventeenth century, retains its twelve ancient marble columns.

Donkeys (2 frs.) may be obtained for the ascent to the monastery. The steep stony path winds above the roofs of the houses, leaving to the right the ruins of the castle of *Rocca Janula*, twice besieged and taken by Frederick II. The views are indescribably beautiful, and small oratories by the wayside offer shelter from the wind and sun, and commemorate the Benedictine story. First we have that of S. Placidus, the favourite disciple of the patriarch; then that of S. Scholastica, the beloved sister; then a triple-chapel, where one of the Benedictine miracles occurred. Beyond these, a cross marks the final meeting-place of Benedict and Scholastica. It is not known that the twin sister of S. Benedict ever took any vows, though she privately dedicated herself to God from childhood. When her brother came to his mountain monastery, she followed him, and founded a religious house in the valley below (at Plumbariola, it is supposed), where she devoted herself to a life of prayer with a number of pious women, her companions. At her last interview with her brother on this spot, after they had passed the day together in religious exercises, Scholastica implored Benedict to remain with her till the morning, that they might praise God through the night, but the saint refused, saying that it was impossible for him to be absent from his convent. Then Scholastica bent

¹ *Res Rust.* iii. 5.

Phil. ii. 41.

over her clasped hands and prayed; and, though the weather was beautiful, and there was not a cloud in the sky, the rain began immediately to fall in such torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of such a terrific kind, that neither Benedict nor the brethren who were with him could leave the place where they were. "The Lord be merciful to you, my sister," said the abbot, "what have you done?" "You have rejected my prayers," answered Scholastica, "but God has been more merciful;" and thus the brother and sister remained together till the morning. S. Gregory the Great, who tells the story, says that one must not be surprised that the wish of the sister was heard by God rather than that of the brother, because, of the two, the sister was the one who loved Him the most, and with God the one who loves the most is always the most powerful.

As we draw nearer the convent, we find a cross in the middle of the way. In front of it a grating covers the mark of a knee which is said to have been left in the rock by S. Benedict when he knelt there to ask a blessing before laying the foundation stone of his convent.

Benedict came hither from Subiaco, when he had already been thirty-six years a monk, led through the windings of the Apennines, says the tradition, alternately by two angels and two birds, till he reached this spur of the mountain above Casinum, which had then already been ruined by Genseric. Strange to say, the inhabitants of this wild district were, in the sixth century of christianity, still pagan, and worshipped Apollo in a temple on the top of the mountain, where also was a grove sacred to Venus. Dante writes in allusion to this—

“ Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,
 Fu frequentato già in sua la cima
 Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.
 E io son quel che su vi portai prima
 Lo nome di colui che'n terra addusse
 La verità, che tanto ci sublima ;
 E tanta grazia sovra mè rilusse,
 Ch'io ritrassi le ville circostanti
 Dall' empio culto che'l mondo sedusse.”

We enter the abbey by a gate guarded by two lions, and ascend a low vaulted staircase, the only portions of the building which can be ascribed to the time of Benedict. On the right a lamp burns before an old marble statue of the founder; at the top Benedict and Scholastica kneel before the Virgin and Child. Here the poor peasants of the neighbourhood in their wonderful costumes—some quite Egyptian-looking—assemble to receive the dole of the convent.

The low vault of the entrance was intended to show the yoke of humility to which the entering monk must bend. It is inscribed: *Fornicem saxi asperum ac depressum tantae moli aditum angustum ne mireris, hospes, angustum fecit patriarchae sanctitas; venerare potius et sospes ingredi.* Above the gate is a square tower (modernised externally), of which the lower portion at least is of the same age. It contains two chambers inscribed: *Pars inferior turris, in qua S. P. N. Benedictus dum viverat habitabat:* and, *Vetustissimum habitaculum in quo SSmi patriarchae discipuli quiescebant.*

This then at least occupies the position of the cell where S. Benedict dwelt for twenty-three years (520-43), and which, as the source of monastic law, Pope Victor III. has not hesitated to compare to Sinai.

“ Haec domus est similis Sinaï sacra jura ferenti,
 Ut lex demonstrat hic quae fuit edita quondam.
 Lex hinc exivit, mentes quae ducit ab imis,
 Et vulgata dedit lumen par climata saeculi.”

Leo Ostiensis, Chron. Casinen. iii. 27.

The room in the upper part of the tower is shown as that in which Benedict saw in a vision the death of the bishop S. Germano. Here also, only two days after his last and miraculously-prolonged interview with her, he saw the soul of his sister Scholastica ascending as a dove to heaven, and becoming thus aware of her death and translation “was filled with joy, and his gratitude flowed forth in hymns and praises to God.” He then begged the monks to fetch her body, that it might be laid in the tomb in which he should rest himself.

The brother only survived the sister for forty days, days spent in the most austere observance of his own monastic rule. Feeling his end approaching, he bade the monks to carry him to the oratory of S. John Baptist, where he caused the tomb of his sister to be opened. Resting by its side, at the foot of the altar, he received the viaticum, and then, extending his hands to heaven, he died in the arms of his companions, March 21, 543, at the very hour which, according to the legend, he had foretold. Benedict was laid by Scholastica, "so that death might not divide those whose souls had been united in God."

A beautiful and spacious courtyard, by *Bramante*, adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a noble fountain in the midst, occupies the centre of the building. Open arcades, on either side, display other courts, now used as gardens, where, amid the flowers, are preserved many portions of the granite pillars from the church which the Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor III., built in the eleventh century. Colossal statues of Benedict and Scholastica guard the ascent to the upper quadrangle, which is surrounded by the statues of the great benefactors of the convent, those on the right being royal, those on the left papal. Near the entrance of the church are the parents of Benedict, of Placidus, and of Maurus. The living raven which hops about here, and which is quite a feature of the monastery, commemorates the ravens which miraculously guided the patriarch hither from Subiaco.

The existing *Church* was built in 1640 in the form of a Latin cross. It is of the most extreme magnificence—exceeds S. Peter's and rivals the Certosa of Pavia in the richness and variety of its marbles. The gates have plates of the original bronze doors of the church of Desiderius, inlaid in silver letters with a list of all the possessions of the abbey in 1066, when they were made at Constantinople. The roof of the nave is painted by *Luca Giordano*, and by the same painter is a great fresco over the doors, of the consecration of the first basilica by Alexander II. The stalls of the choir, though Renaissance, are splendid specimens of carved woodwork; in the centre of each is a Benedictine

saint. Here hang four great pictures by *Solimena*. In the left transept is the tomb of Pietro de' Medici, who was drowned in the Garigliano, December 27, 1503, by the overcrowding and sinking of a boat, in which he was taking flight after the defeat of the French by Gonsalvo da Cordova. The bas-reliefs are by Sangallo. In the opposite transept is the tomb of Guidone Fieramosca, last Prince of Mignano. In the side chapels are several works of *Marco Mazzaroppi*, the best being S. Gregory the Great, and the Martyrdom of S. Andrew. Beneath the high altar, and surrounded by a chain of lamps, repose Benedict and Scholastica, with these words only over their grave,

“Benedictum et Scholasticam,
 Uno in terris partu editos,
 Una in Deum pietate coelo redditos,
 Unus hic excipit tumulus
 Mortalis depositi pro aeternitate custos.”

In the crypt below, where Tasso, on his last journey to Rome, knelt by the founder's tomb, are some ruined frescoes by the rare master *Marco da Siena*. In the sacristy a number of magnificent old copes are preserved. Here are a curious old brazier and a stone lavatory.

The *Refectory* contains an immense picture by *Francesco* and *Leandro Bassano*. In the upper part, Christ is represented performing the miracle of the loaves and fishes; in the lower, S. Benedict is distributing the symbolical bread of the Benedictine rule. The painter Leandro has introduced his own figure to the left of the saint. In the corner is John Calvin, livid with disgust.

The *Library*, built in the sixteenth century, by the Abbot Squarcialupi, still contains about 20,000 volumes. Its origin mounts up to the foundation of the abbey, for S. Benedict mentions it in one of the rules of his Order. Eight hundred original diplomas remain, containing the charters and privileges accorded to the abbey by popes, emperors, and kings. The collection of Lombard charters deserves especial notice on account of the miniatures placed at the head of each, a contemporary portrait-gallery rudely executed, but at least interesting, as displaying the costume

of the time. The earliest charter, bearing date 884, is of a Prince of Beneventum, and begins—"Ajo Dei providentia Longobardorum gentis princeps." The earliest bull is that of Pope Zacharias of the beginning of the eighth century. Amongst the MSS. is a coeval MS. of Dante. Most of the pictures at Monte Cassino were removed to form the gallery at Naples. A few sketches, by old masters, which remain, are collected in the cell of S. Benedict.

It requires more than a passing visit to Monte Cassino in order really to appreciate it. The views are such as grow upon one daily, and are full of interest. The highest peak is *Monte Cairo*, near the foot of which is the patriarchal fortress of the family of S. Thomas Aquinas. Through the valley winds the Garigliano. In the plain between it and the sea the great battle was gained by Gonsalvo da Cordova, in which Pietro de' Medici perished, to whom his uncle, Clement VII., gave a tomb here. Between the mountains the Mediterranean may be descried, glittering in the bay of Caëta. The services which Monte Cassino has rendered to literature have exempted it from the entire confiscation which has fallen upon other religious houses in Southern Italy since its occupation by the Sardinians. But the monks have a bare subsistence allowed them, and times are indeed changed since the Abbot of Monte Cassino was the first baron of the kingdom of Naples, administrator of a diocese (created 1321) composed of 37 parishes; while amongst the dependencies of the abbey were 4 bishoprics, 2 principalities, 20 countships, 250 castles, 440 towns and villages, 336 manors, 23 seaports, 33 islands, 200 mills, 300 tracts of land, and 1662 churches. Its revenues at the end of the sixteenth century were valued at 500,000 ducats. The abbot is bishop during his spiritual rule, which is limited to six years, after which he becomes a simple monk again, only retaining the right of wearing the abbatial cross, and of precedence in religious ceremonies.

After leaving S. Germano, the railway passes nothing of importance till it reaches—

Teano (Stat.) The town, several miles to the right, at the foot of *Rocca Monfina*, contains the magnificent feudal castle of the Dukes of Sermoneta, built in the fifteenth century by the Dukes of Sessa. It, has stabling for a hundred horses. The cathedral only dates from 1530, but has ancient columns, and the town possesses other small remains of amphitheatre, theatre, etc., belonging to Teanum Sidicinum, which formerly occupied this site. In the cloister of a suppressed convent is the effigy of Marino Marziano, Duke of Sessa, who married a sister of Ferdinand I. of Arragon, but was so consumed by hatred of his brother-in-law that he openly received his enemy, John of Anjou, in his castle of Sessa, and afterwards tried to murder Ferdinand in a lonely spot between Teano and Cerignola. He was seized and imprisoned in the dungeons of the Castel Nuovo at Naples, where he died, some say was strangled.¹ The mineral springs of Teano had a very early celebrity and are mentioned by Pliny.² The chalybeate spring, called *Acqua delle Canterelle*, is the source of the Savone, stigmatised by Statius as “piger” or lazy. There is an exquisitely beautiful view towards the sea and islands from the neighbourhood of Teano.

Sparanasi (Stat.) Hence there is a road to Caëta. On the left (1 m.) the poor village of *Calvi* has ruins of an amphitheatre, theatre, and other remains of the ancient Cales, whose wine (*Vinum Calenum*) was praised by Horace.³ The cathedral is dedicated to its first bishop, S. Casto. Traversing the plain of the Volturno, and crossing the river, we reach—

Capua (Stat.) (Inn, *Locanda della Posta*), a walled city, founded 856, by Count Lando and his brothers, on the site of the ancient Casilinum. The *Cathedral* is approached by a quadrangular court surrounded by twenty ancient columns. The interior is a three-aisled basilica. Its twenty-four ancient granite columns have newly-gilt capitals.

¹ See Keppel Craven's *Excursions in Abruzzi*, 1838.

² xxxi. 5, 1.

³ *Ode* i. 20, 9.

The black marble font is supported on lions. At the first altar on the right is a Madonna, between SS. Stephen and Lucy, of 1489. The crypt has twenty-two ancient columns, and contains a sarcophagus with a relief of the Hunt of Meleager, and a Holy Sepulchre attributed to Bernini. Up to recent times the Archbishop of Capua was one of the greatest ecclesiastical dignitaries in Italy. In the *Piazza de' Giudici* is the modern *Arch of S. Eligio*. In front of the *Church of S. Eligio* are two ancient columns. The *Torre Mignana* still exists, to which the women fled when 5000 male inhabitants of Capua were massacred during the sack of the town by Caesar Borgia in 1501. The *Cappella de' Morti*, outside the town, is the place where mass was said for their souls. On October 1, 1860, the *Battle of Capua* was fought on the banks of the Volturno, and gained by Garibaldi over the troops of Francis II.

S. Maria di Capua (Stat.) or *S. Maria Maggiore*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Capua (Inn, *Albergo di Roma*), occupies the site of the ancient Capua. An Etruscan town, Capua was conquered by the Samnites in B.C. 423, but continued to be "urbs maxima opulentissimaque Italiae."¹ After the battle of Cannae the town opened its gates to Hannibal, who made it his winter-quarters, B.C. 216, at a time when the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants were proverbial. Five years later it was taken by the Romans, who degraded it to the position of a fifth-rate provincial town, but it rose again to prosperity under the Caesars, and continued to flourish till the invasion of Genseric, from which time it fell into ruin, being totally destroyed by the Saracens in A.D. 840. Of late years *S. Maria* has had a revival, chiefly owing to its having a small trade in leather. The magnificent ruins of the *Amphitheatre* (on the road to modern Capua, carriage thither 1 fr.; entrance 50 c.) only date from imperial times. Its measurements were nearly those of the Roman Coliseum, and it was capable of accommodating 100,000 spectators. It was from the gladiatorial schools of Capua that Spartacus broke out with seventy companions in B.C. 73. Not far distant are the remains of a *Triumphal*

¹ Livy, vii. 31.

Arch. The *Mons Tifata*, above Capua, so often mentioned in the history of the campaigns of Hannibal, was once crowned by a temple of Jupiter: the site is now occupied by *Chapel of S. Nicola*. Near the foot of the mount, on the site of a temple of Diana Tifatina ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from S. Maria, turning right beyond the amphitheatre) is S. *Angelo in Formis*, a very interesting early christian basilica, which is mentioned in records of the tenth, and is adorned with very remarkable frescoes of the twelfth century. The name *in formis* is derived from the remains of an ancient aqueduct in the neighbourhood.

The railway proceeds through the richly-planted Terra di Lavoro, level, and intersected with lines of poplars, with vines wreathing from tree to tree to—

Caserta (Stat.) Inns, *Crocella*, *Villa Reale*, *Vittoria*, *Stella*.

The famous *Palace of Caserta* (*casa-erta*, the dreary house) faces the station. In its vastness and desolation it recalls the Escorial. It is considered by Valery and others to be the noblest conception of a palace in Europe. It was built (1752) by Vanvitelli for Charles III., who bought the estate and its feudal right from the Caëtani, Dukes of Sermoneta. It forms a rectangle. Its façade is 746 feet long, 546 broad, and 113 high, and is built of the white limestone found near Capua.

“The situation of this palace is often condemned as flat; but is that a disadvantage? A convent, a Gothic castle, a villa, a hunting-lodge may, like ordinary men, seek distinction from eminence of station; but this august pile, like a true hero, involves all its dignity in itself. It depends on no accessories, nor tricks of the picturesque; it challenges inspection near or remote; it demands an immense plain and solitude.”—*Forsyth*.

To visit the *Interior* a permesso obtained at the Palazzo Reale at Naples is demanded (custode 1 fr., sacristan of chapel 25 c.) The apartments have the usual mixture of splendour and gloom, which is the characteristic of great palaces, but here the gloom predominates, and the sovereigns seem to have thought so, for they have scarcely ever inhabited Caserta. The columns of the theatre were

plundered from the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. The chapel contains a Presentation in the Temple by *Mengs*.

“If you wish to see specimens of all the marbles of this country collected in a short space, visit this palace. The stairs are formed of single blocks of the marble of Trapani, in Sicily, called Lumachella, and at each landing are lions exquisitely sculptured, with numerous statues of allegorical figures. The sides are of the finest marbles, among which you see the choicest breccias of Dragoni, and the marbles of Vitulano in Principato Ulteriore. There are twenty-four Ionic pillars adorning the centre of vestibule made of the red breccia of Mons Garganus in Apulia, and sixteen of the portico are of the yellow breccia of the same mountain.”—*C. J. Ramage*.

The *Gardens* (open to the public till Ave Maria), which trench upon the mountains, are of three kinds, the Italian garden with its waterfalls and mythological statues; the wood of the ancient Dukes of Caserta, which was the feudal park; and the English garden of Queen Caroline with its greenhouses and magnolias. The magnificent waterworks are supplied by a winding aqueduct twenty-one miles in length called *Ponte Maddaloni*, which brings the water from the foot of Monte Taburno, near Airola.

“Quoique nouveau, cet aquéduc semble pouvoir se passer du temps; il a le caractère et toute la majesté d’un ouvrage des Romains, et l’on pourrait très bien lui appliquer ce que Plutarque disait des monumens d’Athènes au temps de Périclès. Chacun d’iceux dès lors qu’il fut parfait, sentoît déjà son antique quant à la beauté.”—*Valery*.

The largest of the springs which supply the aqueduct is called *Fizzo*, the more abundant *Fontana della Duca*. Above Caserta is the little *Palace of S. Leucio* or *Belvidere*, with a pretty park.

[It is worth while to make an excursion from Caserta into the beautiful district of the *Matese*. The road crosses the Volturmo to *Cajazzo* (8 m.), a considerable town with a large castle of the Florentine Corsi, which occupies the site of Calatia.

“Nec parvis aberat Calatia muris.”

Sil. Ital. viii. 210.

A tomb near the highroad is shown as that of A. Attilius Calatinus, a general distinguished in the First

Punic War, whose epitaph is given by Cicero. The road again crosses the Volturno before reaching (11 m.) *Alife* on the site of *Allifae* of the Samnites, of which there are considerable remains. The walls form a rectangular parallelogram with gates in the centre of each side protected by bastions, and the lower portions of the walls are ancient. Two miles farther is *Piedimonte*, in a picturesque situation at the foot of the Matese, with a fine castle of the Dukes of Lorenzana. In the neighbouring *Val d'Inferno* is the source of the *Torano*, beneath a low natural arch. *Piedimonte* is the best point for the ascent of the Matese, of which the highest peak, *Monte Mileto*, is 6740 feet high. In the plain at the summit is a lake, said to be fathomless in the centre.]

Maddaloni (Stat.) is a clean town with balustrades and orange groves, and the ruin of a feudal castle. The brother of a Duke of Maddaloni fell a victim to the *Masaniello* Revolution, and his carriage was used by *Masaniello's* wife and mother when they paid their first visit of ceremony to the vice-queen.¹

Maddaloni is the best point from whence to make an excursion in search of the disputed site of the Caudine Forks, which some place between *S. Agata dei Goti* and *Airola*, a narrow tract watered by the brook *Isclero*, which falls into the *Volturno* (a romantic little valley quite incapable of containing the 30,000 men of the Roman army); and for which others indicate a valley three miles wide, which is entered close to *Arienzo*. Only the most far-reaching imagination can make any site in this neighbourhood agree with the account in *Livy*, which describes a plain traversed by a stream and surrounded on all sides by lofty cliffs, only penetrated by a narrow passage at each extremity. Here, when the Roman army had entered, it is said that they found the passage of exit filled up by stones and trunks of trees. Returning, they found their retreat blockaded in the same way, and, after being pent up for two days, were obliged to submit to the conditions of the *Carthaginians*, and stripped, scourged, and insulted, were let out one

¹ See Keppel Craven.

by one, being made to pass under a yoke to mark their disgrace.

Cancello (Stat.), whence the line to Nola (ch. v.) diverges on the left.

Purple-gray Vesuvius is seen on the left before reaching Naples.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES (NAPOLI)

Hotels.—*Bristol*, in a lofty healthy situation, above the town in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with a magnificent view. *Tramontana*, almost in the same situation, farther from the town. *Pension Britanique*, in the same situation, inferior, but convenient for solitary persons spending some time at Naples. *Nobile*, Rione Principe Amadeo, lower down, with less view; very good. *Hotel de Rome*, and *Hotel de Russie*, on the S. Lucia, close to the sea and the town, a lively situation, not generally considered unhealthy. *Hotels de Vesuve*, *Des Etrangers*, and *Metropole*, on the Chiatamone, very liable to fever. *Hotel Washington*, nearly in the same situation, very good, and generally esteemed healthy. *Hotels d'Amérique*, *Gran Bretagne*, *Du Louvre*, *De la Ville*, on the Chiaja, much dreaded on account of fever, though, for the most part, clean and comfortable. *Hotel Centrale*, at the end of the Chiaja, the least central of all the hotels, and terribly unhealthy. *Hotel Vittoria*, Piazza del Municipio. In all these hotels rooms free from smells and with a free circulation of air before the windows should be chosen (the back rooms of the Bristol and Tramontana must be avoided). Neapolitan fever is a serious matter. Persons especially liable to fever should visit the sights of the town from the excellent Hotel Quisisana at Castellamare, or the Hotel d'Angleterre near Pozzuoli, unless they can obtain good sunny airy rooms at Naples in a healthy situation. "Where the sun does not enter, the doctor does," is a well-known Neapolitan proverb.

Restaurants.—Hasler, 38 Vico Baglivo Uries, out of the Strada di Roma; Café del Palazzo Reale, Palazzo del Plebiscito, dinners at 5 P.M., 4 frs.; Café de l'Europe, Piazza S. Ferdinando.

Carriages in the town.—The course with one horse (a carrozella) 70 c., night 1 fr. 10 c.; the hour 1 fr. 50 c. (each following hour 1 fr. 10 c.), night 2 frs. 10 c. With two horses, the course 1 fr. 20 c., night 1 fr. 50 c.; the hour 2 frs. (each following hour 1 fr. 40 c.), night 3 frs. These prices hold good to and from the railway station, or for any distance within the barriers; each box is 30 c. extra. The porters at the railway station may charge 20 c. for putting each box on the carriage, 10 c. for each bag or smaller parcel.

Carriages to the neighbourhood.—To *Fuorigrotta* (Tomb of Virgil),

1 fr. 20 c.; two horses 1 fr. 75 c. To *Posilipo* (village), *Capodimonte*, *Vomero*, *Antignano*, 1 fr. 50 c.; two horses, 2 frs. 25 c. To *Portici*, 1 fr. 75 c.; two horses, 2 frs. 50 c. A carriage with one horse for the day to *Baiae* and *Cumae*, or to *Pompeii* costs 10 frs., but the price should be arranged in the presence of the hotel porter, and the drive to the Arco Felice at *Cumae* especially stipulated for.

Post Office and Telegraph.—Palazzo Gravina, in the centre of the town.

British Consulate.—70 Monte Oliveto.

Banker.—Turner, Strada S. Lucia.

Museo Nazionale, open from 9 to 4, entrance 1 fr.; free on Sundays and Thursdays from 9 to 12. (Signor Michele Ruggiero, Direttore degli Scavi del Regno, at the museum, must be asked for a ticket to draw at *Pompeii*.)

The *Churches* are almost all closed after midday, except the cathedral, and before that time are often inconveniently crowded for sight-seeing. They are stiflingly oppressive from the scarcity of ventilation and the fumes of incense, which, however, is most desirable in this country of filth, being in itself a relic of paganism.

“Da mihi thura, puer, pingues facientia flammæ.”

Ovid, Trist. v. 5.

An *Artist* will seek his work rather at *Baiae* and *Cumae* or on the islands than at *Naples*. But the lover of architectural subjects may find them in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, the ambulatory of S. Lorenzo, and the cloisters of Monte Oliveto.

NAPLES disputes with Constantinople the honour of possessing the most beautiful site of any city in Europe. “Just as it is asserted,” says Goethe, “that a man who has seen a ghost is never afterwards seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be affirmed that a man can never be utterly miserable who retains the recollection of *Naples*.”

“Parthenope, non dives opum, non spreta vigoris :
Nunc molles urbi ritus, atque hospita musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum :
Sirenium dedit una suum memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.”

Sil. It. xii. 28.

Greek emigrants from the neighbouring *Cumae* settled here and called their town *Parthenope*. But Athenian colonists came later and built a city close by toward the *Sebeto*, which they called *Neapolis*, after which the western

and older part of the town was known as Paleopolis, till B.C. 328, when it was taken by the Romans, after which the latter name disappears from history. As a Roman municipal town, Neapolis continued to flourish, retaining its Greek culture and institutions. Under the empire, the beauty and salubrity of the neighbourhood made it the favourite summer resort of the Roman aristocracy, and it was the perpetual theme of the Latin poets. Horace calls it "otiosa Neapolis,"¹ Martial "docta Neapolis,"² and Ovid "in otia natam Parthenopen."³ Virgil wrote his *Georgics* here, and was brought hither from Brundisium for burial. After suffering sieges from Belisarius and Totila, Naples became a dependency of the Exarchate of Ravenna, under a duke appointed by the Eastern Emperors, but, at length, throwing off their yoke, it established a republican government which lasted for 400 years under the nominal sovereignty of a duke. Count Roger de Hauteville taking it in 1130, founded the kingdom of the Two Sicilies—*Regno Unito delle Due Sicilie*.

Mediaeval Naples was a mile square; its walls may still be traced built up amongst the modern houses of the most crowded part of the town, and its four gates—Porta Nolana, Porta Capuana, Porta S. Gennaro, and Porta S. Maria di Costantinopoli. After the execution of the young Conradin, the last representative of the Norman race, at Naples, in 1269, the country was ruled for 176 years by Angevine kings. Charles I. of Anjou fixed his residence here, and the town became the permanent seat of government, as the island of Sicily threw off the French yoke in 1296. In 1442 Alfonso V. of Arragon and I. of Sicily seized Naples, but in 1496 the Arragonese dynasty were again driven out by the French in the person of Louis XII., soon after which the whole Sicilian kingdom acknowledged Ferdinand of Spain as its sovereign, and from 1503 to 1734 the two Sicilies were ruled by Spanish viceroys. In 1735 Philip V. of Spain made a solemn renunciation of Naples and Sicily in favour of his son Don Carlos, who re-established the monarchy (taking the name of Charles IV.),

¹ *Eph.* 5.² v. 78.³ *Met.* xv. 4.

and devoted himself with great energy to the improvement of the capital and prosperity of the country. In 1806 the kingdom was invaded by an army sent by Napoleon, who established the short-lived reigns of Joseph Bonaparte, soon transferred to Spain, and of Joachim Murat, who was driven out in 1815 by the Austrians. The Bourbon rule was restored in the person of Ferdinand I., whose misguided and misruling dynasty came to an end in 1860, when the feeble but well-intentioned Francis II. was dethroned by Garibaldi—a victim to the vices of his ancestors. Naples has always been fond of change: there is an Italian book which gives the history of the twenty-seventh revolt (Masaniello's) of "the very faithful town of Naples."

Naples has been truly described as "a paradise inhabited by devils;" but they are lively and amusing devils—insouciant and idle; good-natured and thieving; kind-hearted and lying; always laughing, except if thwarted, when they will stab their best friends without a pang. Almost everybody in Naples cheats, but they cheat in as lively and pleasant a manner as is compatible with possibilities. Nearly all the officials still peculate, and probably not more than two-thirds of the taxes ever reach the public exchequer. If the traveler is robbed, he will never secure redress, for, as in Ireland, it would be impossible to obtain evidence, or to find a jury sufficiently fearless to convict.

The Neapolitan nobility are still numerous, but few are of earlier date than that of Murat: the families of Pignatelli, Stigliano, S. Severo, Caraffa, and Caracciolo, are exceptions. Some Neapolitan nobles are also Roman princes and grandees of Spain, but few others, except the Caraccioli, have much left except their titles; the extinction of primogeniture has, for the most part, robbed them of their palaces and fortunes.¹ Their horses and liveries are no sign of wealth, but exemplify the national proverb—"Piu fumo ch' arrosto"—More smoke than meat. "Tutto per l'apparenza," All for show, is the motto of all Neapolitans of the upper classes, and they will starve them-

¹ For changes in Neapolitan society within the last hundred years, see Colletta, *Storia del Reame de Napoli*.

selves for weeks to produce an impression upon their neighbours. They almost all gamble, in the public lottery, if nowhere else. Scarcely any of the young men have professions: they spend their nights in dancing or cards, get up at midday, and perhaps take a turn in the Villa Nazionale in the afternoon. "Andiam far due passi" is the greatest fatigue they ever propose for themselves.

As it is the universal custom amongst the lower orders to marry at seventeen, and Neapolitan women are proverbially prolific, the tall, narrow houses in the back streets swarm with children like rabbit-warrens; whole families live huddled together without cleanliness or decency, and the air resounds at once with blows and cries, singing and laughter. Since the change of government and the enormous increase of taxation, poverty has greatly increased, though the town has suffered less than the country. Formerly also, though want often existed, starvation was unknown, as every thoroughly needy person could obtain help at the convents. Very little, however, is needed to sustain life at Naples, and there are thousands who consider a dish of beans at midday to be sumptuous fare, while the horrible condiment called *Pizza* (made of dough baked with garlic, rancid bacon, and strong cheese) is esteemed a feast. The English are apt to talk a great deal about the idleness of Neapolitans, either from legends which they have heard of the Lazzaroni, or because they are only acquainted with the natives as they are seen in the English quarter. But no European town presents a busier or more industrious aspect than Neapolitan Naples, and if the country people are not at work it is because they have nothing to do, for the land is so rich that for the greater part of the year it takes care of itself. Every one in the town who is not working, and as many as possible of those who are, spend the day in the open air, encumbering the narrow streets with their chairs, lathes, or carpenters' tables, or cobblers' stalls. Everybody seems to be amused, and occupies himself in amusing his neighbours. "Vede Napoli e poi muori" is the national feeling. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a very poor opinion

of our northern lands—"Sempre neve, casa di legno, gran ignoranza, ma denari assai."¹ It is suggested to the Neapolitans that they might improve, but they have the characteristic self-satisfaction of Spaniards, and "Pray leave us alone, we do not *wish* to improve," is their only reply.

Travellers who have known Naples before the time of the present government will miss many of its familiar and characteristic features, which have been annihilated by the sea-wall along the Chiaja, and the destruction of the greater part of the beautiful Villa Reale. The old historic Neapolitan names have also been changed to foolish Piedmontese appellations, which are utterly meaningless here, and even the "larghi, strade, vichi, calate," so characteristic of Naples, have become "piazze, vie, vicoli," under the Sardinian rule. At the same time Naples owes to the present government its magnificent drive along the Vomero.

Many of the national characteristics of the lower classes, of which we read so much in books of travels, have disappeared since the union of Naples with the north Italian kingdom, but a few remain. Crowds still listen on the quays to *Improvvisatori* or to men in rags who recite whole cantos of Orlando Furioso to a delighted audience, which will adjourn afterwards to admire the antics of *Policinella*. The *Acquaiuoli* still shout; *Scrivani Pubblici* or Public Letter-Writers still pursue their avocation in the arcades near the Piazza del Municipio; the *Caprajo* still drives his goats twice a day through the streets, and milks them under your windows, or on your staircase; men still become frantic over *Mora*; women still dance the *Tarantella* (but for money) to a tambourine in the temples of Baiae; and *Mangia Maccaroni*, or macaroni eaters, still devour (for money), as represented in the Pompeian frescoes, an incredible amount of *maccaroni* at Sorrento and Amalfi. Toilettes are still performed in the public street, and it is still common to see a group of young girls, in picturesque attitudes, busy picking the inhabitants from each other's hair. But the *Calessini* no longer dash along the Mergellina as they did in the time of the Bourbons, with from twenty to twenty-

¹ See Goethe.

four passengers inside, and a beggar or two taking the air (and the dust) for half a grano in the net underneath, the single horse going faster the more it was pulled, and being stopped by a hiss. The *King of the Thieves* no longer holds his sway unmolested, and is no longer bargained with for enforcing the restoration of articles stolen by his subjects.¹ Above all, the *Lazzaroni* are all but extinct, that marvellous under-population of the Marinella and Mergellina, which derived its name from wearing, for cheapness and convenience, only the white shirt and trousers which was the enforced garb of the lepers, who derived their name of Lazzari from their invocation of the Lazarus of the Gospel.²

There were different kinds of Lazzaroni. Those best known to strangers were content to do nothing but lie in the sun, lazily stretching out their hands with a laughing "qual co"³ to foreigners, and except on holidays, when they dressed very smart in laced jackets, seldom wore as much as the conventional dress above mentioned: indeed Alexander Dumas declares that the Lazzaroni began to fall into decadence from the time they consented to adopt a single garment.

"Dans nos promenades avec l'ambassadeur, il nous fit une malice qui nous causa une frayeur extrême. Il nous fit passer (ce que les femmes évitent toujours à Naples) sur le quai où se tenaient les lazzaroni, où ils avoient la permission d'être tout nus, sans chemise, sans nul vêtement et nulle draperie. Tout leur corps, ainsi que leur visage, est d'un rouge foncé; ils ressemblent à d'effrayants sauvages."

Memoires de Madame de Genlis, iii.

The better class of Lazzaroni were those of the port, who were for the most part hard-working and industrious, though their especial *métier* was to cheat, and they were often

¹ Madame de Genlis recounts how, when she went to Naples with the Duchesse de Chartres in the time of Ferdinand IV., the king himself had recourse to the king of the brigands to obtain the restitution of their "paniers," stolen as they were entering the town, and that the paniers were restored gratuitously owing to the royal interference, but that they had to *pay* for their servants' liveries stolen at the same time, as the king had omitted to mention those in his request. In 1857 his Majesty was still supreme, and undertook to obtain the restoration of a watch for the author within twenty-four hours.

² *Vocabulario del Dialetto Napolitano, 1789.*

³ Give me something.

excessively violent. Intensely superstitious, they were always ready to take up arms in defence of their saints, if they thought that their festas or shrines were endangered; but they were also loyal subjects of their king, and, in 1779, defended the town for two days against the French, with great self-sacrifice and courage.

The familiarity between servants and masters in Naples will astonish visitors from the north, as well as the dirtiness and laziness of Neapolitan servants, who almost universally refuse to do any kind of work except exactly that for which they are engaged. The best servants in Naples are all imported from North Italy. Almost more lazy still than the servants, are the Neapolitan workmen, who all insist upon a siesta of two hours after their dinner, for which they exact freedom at *mezzogiorno*. The very exercise of speech seems burdensome to these dwellers of "in otia natam Parthenopen," and a monosyllable is usually all the answer which a question will obtain.

Shopping in Naples is an unutterably wearisome and laborious occupation. The shopkeepers are often excessively rude, and, at best, Neapolitans always begin by asking four times as much as they intend to take, and yet, as Mark Twain says, if you give them what they first demand, they are ashamed of themselves for aiming so low, and immediately ask more. The sale of articles in coral and tortoiseshell, of views of Naples in guache, and of terracotta copies of the statues in the museums (usually broken in transport), are the most respectable industries: as to the "antiques," they are almost always of modern manufacture.

Naples abounds in benevolent institutions, of which the most remarkable are the Hospital of the *Incurabili*; the Foundling Hospital of *L'Annunziata*; the Workhouse called the *Reclusorio* or *Serraglio*; the Blind Asylum; the Lunatic Asylum, and the Home for Penitents, called the *Angelo Custode*.

One morning at least must be devoted to the numerous churches scattered through the labyrinthine streets of the old town, though their interest is almost entirely confined to their monuments, the buildings themselves, as Forsyth

observes, being "for the most part mere harlequins in marble." A carriage by the hour (so excessively cheap at Naples) is almost indispensable. With the best map or directions it will be next to impossible for a stranger to find his way on foot through the labyrinth of featureless streets all exactly like each other, and he will at first be utterly confused by the incessant noise of every kind. Many of the churches, however, will be frequently revisited by lovers of sculpture and painting.

As a central point, let us find ourselves in the *Piazza della Vittoria*, which may now be considered the centre of the strangers' quarter. On the north-east the busy *Strada di Chiaja* leads to the heart of the town. On the west are the gates of the *Villa Nazionale*, the small existing remnant of the *Villa Reale* which was laid out by the Duke of Medina in 1696 as a lovely garden overhanging the sea, with exquisite views towards the *Castel del Ovo*, *Vesuvius*, and the mountains above *Paestum*. Once the most enchanting of resorts, this garden possessed many quiet shady *boschetti*, as well as sunny walks, where invalids could enjoy the fountains and flowers. But these are destroyed since the union with *Sardinia*, and the *Villa Nazionale* (bordered on the north by the *Chiaja*) is now only a dusty strip of ill-kept shrubbery, without any view, and encircled by noisy high-roads. The most conspicuous object in the gardens is the granite basin of a fountain from *Paestum*, which long stood in the forecourt of the cathedral at *Salerno*. A band plays near this in the afternoons.

Turning left from the *Piazza della Vittoria*, by the *Chiatamone*, a terrace of handsome houses under the rock called *Pizzofalcone* (where *Odoacer* imprisoned the last emperor, *Augustulus*, in the *Castrum Lucullanum*), we reach the approach to the *Castel del Ovo*, the most picturesque object in *Naples*, occupying the tiny island which *Pliny* speaks of as *Megaritis*, and *Statius* as *Megalia*, now connected with the mainland by a breakwater. In the fourth century, being given by *Constantine* to the church, the island was called *Isola di S. Salvatore*. The castle was

begun in 1154 by *Maestro Buono* for William I., and was continued under *Nicola Pisano* for Frederick II. King Robert the Wise employed Giotto to adorn it with frescoes, but there is nothing of his work remaining. Within these walls Queen Sibylla, the unhappy widow of Manfred, was imprisoned by Henry VI., with her children : and Joanna I. was besieged here by Charles of Durazzo, and was taken prisoner, with her fourth husband, Otho of Brunswick. The castle is now a military prison.

We now enter the *Strada S. Lucia*—so familiar from the fisher song, a terrace overhanging the sea, having irregularly-built houses on the left, with shops for coral, lava, and photographs. Here we have our first glimpse of Neapolitan life in the oddly-filled stalls of the shell vendors, and in the fish, fruit, and lemonade sellers. A pretty fountain near the sea was the work of *Giovanni da Nola* and *Domenico d'Auria*.

The *Strada dei Giganti* ascends a little rising ground, and we find ourselves in the wide dusty modern *Piazza del Plebiscito* (called *Largo del Palazzo Reale* till 1860), with its glaring semi-circle of white columns converging to the *Church of S. Francesco di Paola* (built by *Bianchi*, 1817-31) and equestrian bronze statues of Charles III. (founder of all that there is of modern magnificence in Naples¹) by *Canova*, and Ferdinand I. by *Cali*. To the left, beyond the colonnade, the crowded *Strada di Chiaja* leads at the back of Pizzofalcone, under the arch called *Ponte di Chiaja*, to the *Piazza de' Martiri*, which has a column commemorating those killed in the four revolutions of 1799, 1820, 1848, 1860. This is the shortest means of communication with the English quarter and the *Piazza della Vittoria*.

Facing the church, with the appearance of a royal country villa, is the gray and red *Palazzo Reale*, sometimes called *La Reggia*, originally built in 1600 by *Domenico Fontana* for the Viceroy Count Lemos, but burnt down in 1837 and

¹ He built the palaces of Caserta, Capodimonte, and Portici, the Great Hospital, the Aqueduct of Caserta ; he was also the chief patron of the great excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and established the museum of Portici, which was the parent of the Museo Nazionale.

rebuilt in 1841. The interior is shown, but is little worth seeing, though there is a fine staircase. It was in the chapel of this palace that Maria Carolina, wife of Ferdinand IV. and daughter of Maria Teresa, knelt with her five daughters (afterwards all married to sovereigns) to pray for the soul of her sister Marie-Antoinette, immediately after receiving the dreadful news of her execution. Here also Queen Caroline took leave of her court before her second flight into Sicily from the French.

(If desired, the porter (30 c.) shows strangers to an office where they obtain an order for the interior, as well as for Caserta and the other palaces—attendant 1 fr.)

Behind the palace on the north is the world-famous *Teatro S. Carlo*, built by Charles III. in 1737, under the Neapolitan Angelo Cavasale, and renewed inside in 1777 under Ferdinando Fuga. It disputes with the Scala at Milan the reputation of being the largest theatre in the world, but it is seldom properly lighted. Many of the famous compositions of Rossini, Donizetti, etc., were performed here for the first time. Under the portico, public letter-writers still pursue their trade, though it has fallen off, as writing has been taught since the change of dynasty.

Beyond the theatre, at the gate of the little palace garden, are two bronze statues of horse tamers, given to Ferdinand II. by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

Hence we enter (right) the *Piazza del Municipio*, formerly Largo del Castello, full of petty theatres and booths for popular amusement. The perpetual noise is such as nothing can describe—

“Napoletani mastri in schiamazzare”

Alfieri, Son. cxliii.

On the right is the vast *Castel Nuovo*, the Bastile of Naples. It was begun by Charles I. in 1283, and continued by his successors, especially Alphonso I., in whose honour the grand triumphal arch, between two heavy Angevine towers, was erected in 1470 by the Milanese *Pietro di Martino*.¹

¹ It has been wrongly attributed by Vasari to Giuliano da Majano, who was only ten years old at the time of its erection. That Pietro was the architect was stated on his gravestone, formerly in S. Maria Nuova.

The attic is sculptured with reliefs representing the entry of Alphonso into Naples. The virtues of Alphonso are represented by allegorical figures above a second arch, and the whole is crowned by statues of S. Michael, S. Anthony, and S. Sebastian, added by Giovanni da Nola for the Viceroy Pedro di Toledo. Beneath the attic is inscribed—“Alphonsus rex Hispanus Siculus Italicus pius clemens invictus.” The reliefs of the bronze doors, of 1462, are by *Guglielmo lo Monaco*, and represent the victories of Ferdinand I. Embedded in the bronze is a cannon ball fired in the time of Gonsalvo da Cordova. Hence we enter a four-sided court, containing the *Church of S. Barbara*, the patroness of soldiers (custode right of triumphal arch, 50 c.), approached through a beautiful portal by *Giulio da Majano*, from whose hand also is a statuette of the Madonna and Child near the sacristy. Behind the high altar is an Adoration of the Magi vehemently extolled by Vasari, who attributes it to Van Eyck, but it is much painted over, and probably by no great master. Behind the choir is an admirable winding staircase of the fifteenth century, with 150 travertine steps, leading to the campanile. It was in the great hall of the castle, called *Sala di S. Luigi* (now an armoury), that Pope Celestine V. abdicated in 1294, and that the Count of Sarno and Antonello Petrucci were arrested for the “Conspiracy of the Barons” against Ferdinand I. of Arragon, and carried off to be beheaded outside the castle gate.

Opposite the castle is the Largo Medina, containing the beautiful *Fontana Medina*, a work of *Domenico d'Auria* in 1595, enlarged by *Cosimo Fansaga*.

On the opposite side of a tramway, a descent of five steps under Gothic arches leads to the *Church of S. Maria Incoronata* (open from 8 to 12), built by Joanna I. upon her marriage with Louis of Taranto in 1350. She incorporated in her new building the ancient palace chapel in which her marriage had taken place, and which contained (being the choir of the existing church), the frescoes of the Seven Sacraments long attributed to Giotto (who died eleven years before the marriage of Joanna), and really from the

hand of one of his scholars, perhaps Robertus di Oderisio. They represent :—

Central arch, right.—Marriage, *i.e.* that of Joanna I. and Louis of Taranto, who is represented with long red hair and beard, and a laurel crown. Behind the queen are her ladies of honour, behind Louis the priests. A violin player is vigorously at work, and the Court underneath is dancing the wedding dance.

Left.—Consecration—of Louis of Anjou, Bishop of Toulouse, by Pope Boniface VIII. The figures in the foreground have perished.

Left.—Confession—of Joanna.

Left (behind).—Communion.

Left (over door).—Extreme Unction—as administered to Philip of Taranto.

Left of the round window.—Baptism (by immersion)—of the son of the Duke of Calabria.

Right.—Confirmation—of the three children of Joanna.

The belief that these frescoes were from the hand of Giotto existed even in the time of Petrarch, who extols them in one of his epistles :—“ Si in terram exeat cappellam regis intrare non omiseris, in qua conteraneus olim meus Giottus pictor nostri aevi princeps magna reliquit manus et ingenii monumenta.”

The church is full of votive offerings for recovery from accidents and sickness. At the end of the left aisle is the *Cappella del Crocefisso*, containing some Giottesque frescoes of the end of the fourteenth century, by *Gennaro da Cola*. One of them represents Joanna's concession of the church to the Carthusians, and the monks doing homage to her for it. Opposite the *Incoronata* are a modern statue of Francesco Saverio, and the *Palazzo Fondi*, containing a small collection of pictures.

The Strada del Molo leads from the Piazza del Municipio to the sea, with the *Molo Grande* and lighthouse of 1843. In this neighbourhood the last relics of the once famous lazzaroni may be seen basking in the sun. The *Strada del Piliero* skirts the *Porto Grande*, used for merchandise. At the end is the pretty pink building called *L'Immacolatella*, occupied by the *Polizia Maritima*. A handsome fountain stands near it, close against the sea.

Hence, by skirting the *Porto Piccolo*, we reach the *Strada Nuova*, which runs along the shore, with beautiful views towards Vesuvius on one side, and S. Elmo on the other. The town also looks its best from hence—

“Onde dal porto suo pareo inchinare
La Regina del mar, la Dea del Mare.”

Tassoni, Secc. Rap. x.

As we enter the *Strada Nuova*, at its junction with the *Molo Piccolo*, a side street on the left leads in one minute to the *Church of S. Pietro Martire*, founded by Charles II., but remodelled in the last century. At the sides of the choir are sarcophagus tombs in the wall to Isabella di Chiaramonte, first wife of Ferdinand I.; his daughter Beatrice of Arragon, widow of Mattheus Corvinus, King of Hungary; Don Pedro of Arragon, brother of Alphonso I.; and Cristoforo di Costanzo, Grand Seneschal of Joanna I. In the right transept are two fine decorative figures by *Santa Croce*, and the expressive tomb of the lawyer Antonio Saverio Patrizi, 1572. Outside the entrance (probably ere this removed to the museum) was a curious ex-voto relief, dedicated to the Holy Trinity by Franceschino da Brignole, in gratitude for having been twice preserved from drowning when his companions were lost. Death, a crowned skeleton, stands over a pile of dead kings, popes, warriors, etc., and converses with a merchant, who offers a sack of gold for his life, and says—

“Tutti ti volio dare
Se mi lasci scampare;”

but Death answers—

“Se mi potesti dare
Quanto se poteste dimandare
Nun te pote scampare la Morte
Se ti viene la sorte;”

At the end of the *Strada Nuova*, near the railway station, a gateway called *Porta del Carmine*, between the two round towers, *Fidelissima* and *La Vittoria*, leads to a piazza containing the *Church of S. Maria del Carmine*, of which the handsome red-and-gray tower is a conspicuous feature.

Here Masaniello (who had his stronghold and was murdered in the adjoining Castello del Carmine in 1647) is said, but without evidence, to be buried. The original church on this site is said to have been founded by Margaret of Bavaria, daughter-in-law of Frederick II.,¹ with the ransom which she brought too late to purchase the life of her son Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, executed in his sixteenth year by Charles of Anjou. The murdered prince lies behind the high altar, under a stone marked R.C.C. (Regis Corradini Corpus), but is commemorated in a beautiful statue, modelled by Thorwaldsen, and executed by Schöpf of Munich in 1847, for Maximilian II. of Bavaria, as Crown Prince. The two reliefs on the pedestal (by Schöpf) represent the parting of Conradin from his mother in the Tyrol, and that (at the foot of the scaffold) from his bosom friend, Frederick of Baden, who, already married, and three years older than Conradin, had been his companion from childhood, and was executed with him.

“Faut-il mettre au rang des fictions une tradition touchante qui s'est transmise d'âge en âge? Un jour, les habitants de Naples aperçurent dans le golfe un vaisseau d'une forme et d'une couleur étranges : la coque, les voiles, les cordages, tout était noir. Une femme vêtue de deuil descendit du navire : c'était Élizabeth-Marguerite, la mère de Conradin. Au bruit de la captivité de son fils, elle embarqua tous ses trésors, et, devenue intrépide par amour maternel, cette Élizabeth, jusqu'alors si faible et si craintive, qui n'osait sortir de ses châteaux de Souabe ou du Tyrol, s'exposa aux hasards de la mer pour apporter la rançon de son enfant. Mais il n'était plus temps. Lorsqu'elle aborda à Naples, Conradin était mort. . . . L'archevêque la recut avec respect et lui apprit que désormais tout était fini pour elle. Alors l'infortunée ne demanda qu'une grâce : elle voulut élever un monument à celui qu'elle pleurait, sur le lieu même où il avait péri. Charles n'y consentit point, seulement il autorisa l'érection d'une église sur la place publique témoin de l'attentat, et, pour l'expier, il assigna des sommes considérables qui, jointés à l'inutile rançon, attestèrent à la fois les regrets d'une mère inconsolable et les remords tardifs d'un vainqueur sans pitié.”²—*Alexis de Saint Priest, Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.*

¹ Then become a simple countess by her second marriage with Meinhard von Görtz, Count of Tyrol. Queens of the Middle Ages lost their title by a second marriage.

² Another story narrates that the mother of Conradin devoted the money intended for his ransom to founding the monastery of Stams in Tyrol.

“Carlo venne in Italia, e, per ammenda,
Vittima fe’ di Corradino”

Dante, Purg. xx.

“Christendom heard with horror that the royal brother of S. Louis, that the champion of the Church, after a mock trial, by the sentence of one judge, Robert di Lavena—after an unanswerable pleading by Guido di Suzaria, a famous jurist—had condemned the last heir of the Swabian house—a rival king, who had fought gallantly for his hereditary throne—to be executed as a felon and a rebel on a public scaffold. So little did Conradin dread his fate, that when his doom was announced, he was playing at chess with Frederick of Austria. ‘Slave,’ said Conradin to Robert of Bari, who read the fatal sentence, ‘do you dare to condemn as a criminal the son and heir of kings?’ He added, ‘I am a mortal, and must die; yet ask the kings of the earth if a prince be criminal for seeking to win back the heritage of his ancestors. But if there be no pardon for me, spare, at least, my faithful companions; or if they must die, strike me first, that I may not behold their death.’ They died devoutly, nobly. Every circumstance aggravated the abhorrence: it was said—perhaps it was the invention of that abhorrence—that Robert of Flanders, the brother of Charles, struck dead the judge who had presumed to read the iniquitous sentence. When Conradin knelt, with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, he uttered these last words: ‘O my mother! how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day!’ Even the followers of Charles could scarcely restrain their pity and indignation. With Conradin died his young and valiant friend, Frederick of Austria, the two Lancias, and two of the noble house of Donaticcio of Pisa.”—*Milman’s Hist. of Latin Christianity*, v. 79.

The adjoining *Piazza del Mercato*, where a great market is held on Mondays and Fridays, is a spot where strangers may well study Neapolitan life amongst the lower orders, and where artists may find plenty of subjects amongst the booths, the pretty stalls of the lemonade-venders, hung with bright festoons of lemons like pictures of Girolamo dai Libri, and the groups of women round the three fountains. Of these, the largest is called *Fontana di Masaniello*, for it is here that, in 1647, the young fisherman Tommaso Aniello—Masaniello—of Amalfi, roused to fury by the fact of his young wife having been fined a hundred ducats for trying to smuggle three pounds of flour into Naples in a stocking to evade the octroi, first roused the people to the revolution, which led to his sovereignty of eight days, and ended in his early death. In the famous

executions which have taken place here, the Mercato answers to Tower Hill in London, and the Place de Grève at Paris. The scaffold, called *La Madaja*, was appropriately erected in front of the Vico del Sospiro. It was here that Conradin was beheaded, October 29, 1268.

On the north of the piazza stands the gay and thoroughly Neapolitan *Cappella della Croce*, where, in the second sacristy (entered at the end of the right wall) are preserved the carved block of stone on which Conradin suffered, and the porphyry pillar, supporting an ancient crucifix, which formerly stood on the site of the scaffold, commemorating the treachery of Giovanni Frangipani, Lord of Astura, by whom the young prince was betrayed, in the inscription—

“Asturis ungue leo pullum rapiens aquillinum
Hic deplumavit, acephalumque dedit,”

a horrible play upon the word *Astur* (vulture) and the castle of Astura. The block and cross, however, are the most interesting existing memorials of Conradin; the church, with its statue and inscription, are all of recent date.

On the south-west of the piazza, near an old stone cross, is the *Church of S. Eligio* (S. Loo—the patron of workers in metal), with a beautiful Gothic porch of the fourteenth century and a statue of the saint. A gate crosses the narrow street below the church, and, upon it, two heads, below the clock, record the romantic administration of justice upon this spot by the Regent Isabella of Arragon, daughter of Alphonso I., who, in 1501, insisted upon the marriage of a Baron Caracciolo with a young girl whom he had deflowered, upon the scaffold in the market-place, and had him beheaded immediately afterwards in the presence of his bride.

In the maze of streets north of the piazza is the *Church of the SS. Annunziata* founded by King Robert in 1304 and rebuilt 1760-82, of white marble, under *Vansitelli*. The proportions of the interior are fine. Near the high altar is a good work of *Spagnoletto*, and at its foot is the huge grave-stone of Queen Joanna II. 1435, the childless widow of Duke William of Austria, who succeeded her brother Ladislaus

on the throne, and in whom the house of Anjou, so terribly productive of tragedies, came to an end. It is in accordance with a clause in her will that the queen is buried "under a flat stone."

"Jeanne II. fit asseoir tous les vices sur le trône des Angevins sans la compensation d'aucun talent, ni d'aucune vertu."—*Alexis de Saint Priest.*

Very near the Annunziata is the *Porta Nolana*, with the towers of *Cara Fè* and *Speranza* on the city wall. Turning west from the gate, we find, in the street of the same name, the *Church of S. Agostino della Zecca*, founded by Charles I., but rebuilt in the last century. The third chapel on the right contains the tomb of Francesco Coppola, Count of Sarno, treacherously beheaded, after his safety had been guaranteed, with Antonello Petrucci (1487) in front of the Castel Nuovo, for the "Conspiracy of the Barons" against Ferdinand I. of Arragon. The sons of Petrucci were beheaded in the Largo del Mercato. The pulpit is very richly sculptured. In the cloister, now full of shrubs and flowers, brick is intermingled with the handsome gray stonework with admirable effect.

Returning to the Piazza del Municipio, we find on our right the *Palazzo del Municipio*, built 1819-25: in the vestibule are statues of (Ruggiero) Roger I. and (Federigo) Frederick II. On the left of the Strada S. Giacomo, the carriage should be stopped in front of a large building with a court used half for public offices, half as a kind of market. Here, on the left, an obscure door and passage will admit us to the *Church of S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli*, built by the Viceroy Pietro di Toledo in 1570. On the right of the entrance is a Holy Family of *Andrea del Sarto*—"a beautiful and genuine picture."¹ Ill seen in the choir is the magnificent tomb of Pietro di Toledo, 1553, by *Giovanni Merliano da Nola*, the son of a leather merchant, of whom we shall see numerous works at Naples. Statues of Justice,

¹ Burckhardt.

Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance stand at the corners of the pedestal, which supports a sarcophagus, adorned with reliefs illustrative of the victories of the viceroy,—“overcrowded, ill-composed pictures in stone.”¹ The whole is surmounted by kneeling statues of Don Pedro and his wife—the latter full of character and expression. Behind, with other monuments, is that of Walther von Hiernheim, 1557, counsellor and commander under Charles V. and Philip II. The third chapel on the left contains a Descent from the Cross, by *Gian Bernardo Lama*, like the “work of a Fleming who had studied in Italy.”²

Following the Strada S. Giacomo, we find ourselves in the main artery of Naples, which has borne for centuries the high-sounding ever-memorable name of *Toledo*, changed under the Sardinian Government to the indistinctive *Strada di Roma*. The street was opened by the magnificent Viceroy, Don Pedro di Toledo, in 1570, and leads from the Piazza del Plebiscito to the museum, a distance of about a mile and a half.

“Long et bruyant bazar bordé de hautes maisons, encombré jour et nuit de peuple et de carrosses, la première, je crois, des grandes rues, et qui mérite la réputation dont elle jouit auprès des amateurs de ce genre de merveilles.”—*Valery*.

“Toledo est la rue de tout le monde. C’est la rue des restaurants, des cafés, des boutiques ; c’est l’artère qui alimente et traverse tous les quartiers de la ville ; c’est le fleuve où vont se degorger tous les torrents de la foule. L’aristocratie y passe en voiture, la bourgeoisie y vend ses étoffes, le peuple y fait sa sieste. Pour le noble, c’est une promenade ; pour le marchand un bazar ; pour le lazzarone, un domicile.”—*Alexandre Dumas*.

“Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible : it is a double line in quick motion ; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and, in the middle of this tide, of a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you in the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter’s bench, you are lost among shoemakers’ stools, you dash among the pots of a macaroni-stall, and you escape behind a lazzarone’s night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle ; the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque ; some of the church-processions would frighten a war-horse.”—*Forsyth*.

¹ Perkins, *Italian Sculptors*.

² Burckhardt.

From the widening in the street called *Largo della Carità*, a direct way runs (left) to S. Martino and the castle of S. Elmo. On the right, the Strada della Corsea leads to the *Church of S. Maria la Nuova*, originally built by *Giovanni da Pisa* in 1268, on the site of the watch-tower *Mastria*, but rebuilt by *Franco* in 1596. It is approached by a handsome staircase. The interior is covered with paintings, the best being figures of the Franciscan theologians—*Bonaventura*, *Duns Scotus*, *Niccolo di Lira*, and *Alessandro da Alessandro*—in the cupola. We may also observe:—

First Chapel, right.—The Archangel Michael, *Antonio d'Amato*, long ascribed to Michael Angelo.

Third Chapel, right.—The Crucifixion, *Marco da Siena*.

Fourth Chapel, right.—The much-frequented shrine of S. Ciro, "Medico, Eremita, Martire."

Right Transept.—Tomb of Galeazzo Sanseverino, 1467. A beautiful work of the fifteenth century, in which the statue of S. Chiara especially deserves notice.

On the last pillar, an Annunciation, by *Agnolo Agnello de' Fiore*.

Chapel right of Choir.—Beautiful wooden crucifix by *Giovanni da Nola*.

High altar.—Madonna, by *Tommaso degli Stefani*, brought from the old chapel of S. Maria del Palazzo in the Castel Nuovo. The frescoes of the choir ceiling are by *Simone Papa the Younger*. On one side is a handsome monument of the Triventi family, of 1530.

Left aisle.—*First great Chapel* dedicated to S. Giacomo della Marca, and built by "Il gran Capitano" Gonsalvo da Cordova, whose nephew, Ferdinand, Duca di Sessa, and Governor of Naples, "humanarum miseriarum memor," raised tombs here to the two unhappy warriors, his enemies in the wars of Francis I. The nobly chivalrous epitaphs are by Paolo Giovio. The tomb on the right is that of Pierre de Navarre, general under Francis I., who strangled himself whilst a prisoner in the Castel Nuovo, 1528; that on the left is to Lautrec, 1528, who died of the plague whilst besieging Naples.

"Lautrec étoit brave, hardi, vaillant, et excellent pour combattre en guerre et frapper comme sourd; mais pour gouverner un état il n'y étoit bon."—*Brantôme*.

The adjoining convent has beautiful cloisters, always accessible, and where the picturesque well, and the profusion of orange and lemon trees, with their bright green relieved against the arches, will afford many "subjects" to an artist. In the ex-refectory are frescoes probably by the two Neapolitan *Donzelli*, though Crowe and Cavalcaselle

rather ascribe them to such an Umbrian painter as Francesco da Tolentino.

Proceeding down Strada Monte Oliveto, on the right is Palazzo Gravina (the post-office), an excellent work of *Gabriele d'Agnolo*, at the end of the fifteenth century, when it was built for Ferdinando Orsini, Duca da Gravina. Its frieze formerly bore an inscription declaring that he built his house—"sibi, suisque, et amicis omnibus." Though much injured and spoilt, this is still the handsomest palace in Naples, where fine buildings are scarce. Left is the *Piazza Montoliveto*, with a fountain surmounted by a bronze statue of Charles II. by *Cafaro*, 1668. On the left, at the back of the piazza, is the *Church of Montoliveto* (S. Anna dei Lombardi), built 1411 from designs of *Ciccione*, by Guerrello Origlia, the favourite of King Ladislaus, and Grand-Protonotary of the kingdom. In the vestibule is the tomb of Domenico Fontana, 1607, the architect of Sixtus V. The entrance is a fine specimen of Renaissance-work. From the art treasures it contains this is one of the churches best worth visiting in Naples. The help of the sacristan in opening the chapels is indispensable. We should especially notice :—

Right of Entrance.—Altar (of the Ligorio family), with a group by *Giovanni Merliano da Nola*, representing the Infant Saviour on His mother's knee, leaning forwards, child-like, to the little St. John—the sleeping Joseph is especially beautiful.

Left of Entrance.—Altar (of the Pezzo family), with sculptures by *Girolamo Santa Croce*, 1524.

First Chapel, right.—The family burial-place of Annibale Marino Curiale, 1490. Over the altar is an exquisite Annunciation by *Benedetto da Majano* with scenes from the lives of the Saviour and the Virgin beneath. On the left of the altar, is the tomb of Marino Curiale himself, with an inscription by King Alphonso I.—

“ Qui fecit Alphonsi quodam pars maxima regis
Marinus hac modica nunc tumulat humo.”

Third Chapel, right—of S. Antonio, has sculptures by *Girolamo Santa Croce*.

Chapel of the Madonna, right transept.—Tombs of the Viceroy Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, poisoned by his servants with a fig, 1532 ; and of Charles de Launoy, 1527, general under Charles V.

Reached by a passage from hence is the *Chapel of the Santo Sepolero*,

containing a most curious Pietà in terra-cotta, by the singular sculptor *Guido Mazzoni of Modena*, sometimes called *Il Modanino*, 1518. His figures, though grotesque, are dramatic and expressive, like living persons transformed into clay. In this instance contemporary figures are introduced—Sannazzaro as Joseph of Arimathea; Pontanus as Nicodemus; and Alphonso II. as St. John, kneeling. The Christ is unworthy, and by another hand.

In the Ante-Chapel are good fifteenth century tombs, including the curious monument of Antonio and Maddalena de' Alessandri.

The *Sagrestia Vecchia dei Benedettini* is a beautifully-proportioned chamber, surrounded by exquisite intarsiatura work by *Giovanni da Verona*. The frescoes are by *Giorgio Vasari*.

Choir.—The stalls have exquisite *intarsiatura* work by *Giovanni da Nola*, and their fine colour and forms make them much sought by artists as backgrounds. The frescoes of the Life of S. Benedict are by *Simone Papa the Younger*. All around are tombs. On the end wall (right) is that of Alphonso II., and (left) that of Guerrello Origlia, the founder of the church, by *Giovanni da Nola*.

Fifth Chapel, left.—Statue of the Baptist by *Giovanni da Nola*—his first work—very simple and stately.

Third Chapel, left.—The Flagellation, by *Giovanni da Nola*.

First Chapel, left.—(Piccolomini)—a treasure-house of Renaissance sculpture. A lovely presepio by *Antonio Rosellino*, in which, says Vasari, the “angels are singing with parted lips, and so exquisitely finished that they seem to breathe, and displaying in all their movements and expression such grace and refinement, that genius and the chisel can produce nothing in marble to surpass this work.” The tomb of Mary of Arragon, 1470, natural daughter of King Ferdinand I. and wife of Antonio Piccolomini, is also by *Rosellino*. The lunette is very beautiful. “Especially pleasing,” says Lübke, “is the figure of the maidenly and delicate princess lying on the sarcophagus, the two hovering angels at her side, and the gracious Madonna in the arched compartment above. Only the genii on the sarcophagus are somewhat constrained.” An Ascension with Saints is by *Silvestro de Buono*.

In the *Monastery* of Montoliveto, Tasso was kindly received during his sickness in 1588, and he wrote part of his *Gerusalemme* here, though without much hope of completing it—“In una età già inclinata, in una complessione stemperata, in un' animo perturbato, in una fortuna adversa, poco si può sperare senza miglioramento, e molto temere che'l fine de' miei travagli non debba esser la prosperità, ma la morte.” In his gratitude to the kind monks, the poet suspended his great work for a time, to begin his poem on “L'Origine della Congregazione di Monte Oliveto.”

The Strada Montoliveto falls into the Strada Quercia,

which joins the Toledo at the corner of the handsome *Palazzo Maddaloni* (now the Banca Nazionale), which belonged originally to the Marchese del Vasto, afterwards to the Dukes of Maddaloni. The entrance and staircase are from designs of *Fansaga*. The Hall, occupied as the Bank of Naples, has a fresco by *Francesco di Mura*, representing the siege of Naples by Ferdinand I. of Arragon. [A little farther north the Toledo widens into the *Largo di Mercatello*, containing the *Gymnasium*, and a modern *Statue of Dante*.]

Following the *Strada di Quercia* we reach the *Largo S. S. Trinita*, adorned with an obelisk called *Guglia della Concezione*, erected in honour of the Virgin, 1747, by *Gensino Bottiglieri*. Opposite, is the *Church of Gesù Nuovo*, or *S. Trinità Maggiore*, the great church of the Jesuits. It is a Greek Cross, built 1584, from designs of the Jesuit *Pietro Provedo*, in the palace of Roberto Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. The interior is well proportioned, and magnificent in decoration. Its cupola, covered with a representation of Paradise by *Lanfranco*, was destroyed in the earthquake of 1688; only the four Evangelists at the angles remain. Over the entrance is a great fresco of Heliodorus driven out of the Temple, painted in the rapid Neapolitan style by *Solimena* in his eighteenth year.

Left Transept, Chapel of S. Ignazio.—Frescoes by *Ribera*; statues of Jeremiah and David by *Fansaga*.

Right Transept.—Frescoes by *Luca Giordano*.

Opposite Gesù Nuovo, in the middle of the right side of the piazza, through the house No. 19, is the entrance to a hall in the suppressed *Convent of S. Chiara* (50 c.), which contains the most beautiful Giottesque fresco in Naples,—of the Miracle of the Loaves, painted here as a symbol of Franciscan charity: the arms of King Robert and his second wife appear on the border. The Saviour, seated between two palms, blesses the bread-baskets which the disciples have placed at His feet. In the foreground are S. Chiara with her garland, and S. Francis with his bag for bread on his shoulder.

Under a projecting green porch on the right of the Strada S. Trinità Maggiore, is the entrance to the court which contains the *Church of S. Chiara*, founded by Robert the Wise in 1310, but almost entirely built by Masuccio II. The exterior of the church is, for the most part, in the severe Gothic of the fourteenth century, and has almost the aspect of a fortress. The detached tower (which was fortified by the Spanish troops in the insurrection of Masaniello in 1647) was intended to consist of five storeys illustrative of the five orders of architecture, but the death of King Robert cut it short at the third.

The interior, overlaid with gaudy decoration in the eighteenth century, has entirely lost its ancient character, and is rather a ball-room than a church. The large central picture of the ceiling representing David dancing before the ark, is a work of the Neapolitan *Conca*. The frescoes of Giotto were covered with white stucco in 1730! Nevertheless, as the burial-place of its great dead, S. Chiara is one of the most interesting churches in Naples. We may observe:—

Left, First Altar.—The tomb of Onofrio di Penna, 1407, Secretary of King Ladislaus, by the famous sculptor *Antonio Bamboccio*. It encloses frescoes of the Madonna between two hermits, and of the Trinity adored by Antonio and Onofrio di Penna, interesting works of the rare artist *Francesco*, son of Maestro Simone of Naples.

Over the Entrance.—Fourteenth century reliefs relating to the history of S. Catherine.

Right Aisle, First Altar.—Tomb of Giovanni d'Ariano, Secretary of Queen Sancia.

Last Chapel, right.—Tombs, by *Sanmartino*, of Prince Philip de Bourbon, eldest son of Charles III., and of five others of his children.

We now reach a noble group of royal Angevine tombs, usually ascribed by Neapolitan writers and English guide-books to the native artist Masuccio II., but more probably (with the exception of that of King Robert) the work of different Tuscan sculptors, invited to Naples by Robert the Wise.

Behind the High Altar.—The noble tomb of King Robert the Wise, designed during his lifetime by Masuccio II., and finished after his death in 1350. Upon the seven panels of the sarcophagus the king is represented surrounded by his family, his first wife Iolante, his second wife Sancia, his granddaughter Joanna, and his son Charles, Duke of Calabria, with his wife Mary. Here the king is represented with a crown, but barefooted, and with a Franciscan robe which he wore as penance

for eighteen days before his death. The inscription (by Petrarch) is, "Cernite Robertum regem virtute refertum." Above, Robert is represented again throned in royal robes. At the top of all, S. Francis and S. Clare present the kneeling king, with Queen Sancia, to the Madonna. On the point of the gable is Christ in glory. The tomb was carried out by the Florentine brothers Pancius and Johannes, to whom it was entrusted by the king's granddaughter Joanna I.

"The most important of the Angevine tombs is that of king Robert himself—'Signor savio ed espertissimo in pace ed in guerra, e riputato un altro Salomone dell' età sua.'¹ Passionately fond of books, which 'were always by his side by night and by day, sitting or walking, in war and in peace, in prosperity as in adversity,' this rare monarch won the gratitude of men of letters of his time by the esteem in which he held them, and their admiration of his personal attainments. Before Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome, he went to Naples and voluntarily submitted to be examined by King Robert, who gave him a diploma setting forth his titles to the honour about to be conferred upon him by the Roman senate, bestowed upon him his royal mantle to wear at the ceremony, and being unable on account of his great age to assist at it in person, sent in his stead two officers of his household.

"An ardent partisan of the popes, to whom he owed his crown, much of King Robert's reign was passed in fighting for them against the German Emperors Henry VII. and Louis of Bavaria, who would have destroyed his kingdom had not the first died suddenly at Buonconvento, and the second been forced to retreat from Rome. Occupied in repeated and fruitless attempts to get possession of Sicily, and constantly obliged to reduce his turbulent barons to subjection by force, his public life was full of disquietude, while the death of his only son, the Duke of Calabria, upon whose tried capacities for government he had counted in the future, clouded his private life with bitter disappointment and grief. The succession had by Duke Charles's death devolved upon his daughter Joanna, who had been married by king Robert to his nephew Andrea. Their unhappy union, and the character of the future queen, filled the old monarch with apprehension, and helped to bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors*, p. 56.

On the right.—The tomb of Charles the Illustrious, Duke of Calabria, 1328, eldest son of Robert the Wise and father of Queen Joanna I. On the sarcophagus is the seated figure of the duke with sword and sceptre, who is represented again above as a reclining figure. Behind, a bishop, with four attendant priests, blesses the dying man. Over the angels drawing the curtain, are the Madonna and S. Louis, the kneeling duke and his royal daughter. The inscription on the sarcophagus is—"Justitiae relator et cultor, ac Reipublicae strenuus defensor."

"When King Robert (says Giannone)² asked Duke Charles how

¹ Giannone, iii. 126.

² *Storia di Napoli*.

he liked S. Chiara, he replied that, being without transepts and surrounded by many little low-roofed chapels which opened out of it like stalls, it looked to him like a stable. Piqued by this answer, or moved by a prophetic spirit, the king said, 'God grant, my son, that you may not be the first of us to eat in that stable!' Giannone tells us that Duke Charles was the first member of the royal family buried at S. Chiara, but as he died long before the church was completed, his body must have been deposited elsewhere in the interim. His recumbent effigy is draped in a royal mantle painted blue and decorated with golden lilies, and the front of the sarcophagus is adorned with small figures in relief representing the duke, with a sceptre and a sword, sitting in the midst of his counsellors and vassals, the first in their robes of office, the last in short doublets and cloaks. The wolf and the lamb drinking out of the same cup, sculptured at his feet, symbolise the wise and just conduct of affairs by which, while governing the kingdom during his father's absence, he induced the turbulent nobles to live at peace with their inferiors. The winged figures of Justice, Temperance, Force, Clemency, and Hope, grouped about the columns which support the sarcophagus, are well-merited emblems of his virtues."—*Perkins*.

* *Against the Wall, right*.—A tomb, sometimes said to be that of Queen Joanna herself,¹ but more frequently ascribed to her mother, Mary of Valois, 1328, second wife of Charles the Illustrious. Her effigy, in a long blue mantle, lies upon a sarcophagus, supported by caryatides standing on lions. The dead lady is also represented with her attendants on the front of the sarcophagus.

* *Left of High Altar*.—Tomb of Mary, Duchess of Durazzo, daughter of Charles the Illustrious and sister of Joanna I. She was three times married: first, to her second cousin, Charles I., Duke of Durazzo; secondly, to Roberto di Balzo, Conte di Avellino; thirdly, to Philip of Taranto, titular Emperor of Constantinople. Mary is represented crowned and in imperial robes, and the inscription styles her "Maria di Francia, imperatrix Costantinopolitana a ducissa Duracii."

* *Against the left Wall*.—Tomb of Agnese, daughter of Mary of Durazzo. She married first Can della Scala, and secondly Giacomo del Balzo, Prince of Taranto, titular Emperor of Constantinople. In the same grave lies her younger sister Clemencia, who died unmarried.

* Close by, *on the left Wall*, is the beautiful tomb, by Giovanni da Nola, of Antonia Gaudino, 1530, who died in her fourteenth year, on the day appointed for her marriage. The beauty of the child is depicted in her statue, and the grief of her parents is described in an epitaph by the Neapolitan poet Antonio Epicuro, of the Academia Pontano:—

"Nata eheu miserum, misero mihi nata parenti,
Unicus; ut fieres, unica nata, dolor;
Nam tibi dumque virum, taedas, thalamumque parabam,
Funera, et inferias anxius ecce paro.

¹ Giannone, *Storia di Napoli*, iii. 199. Other historians say she was buried in an obscure corner of the church, without any monument.

Debuimus tecum poni, materque paterque,
 Ut tribus haec miseris urna parata foret.
 At nos perpetui gemitus, tu nata sepulcri.
 Esto haeres, ubi sic impia fata volunt."

The *Pulpit* has interesting thirteenth century reliefs of christian martyrdoms, in which the white figures are relieved upon a black ground, a system of decoration frequently used by the Greeks, but of which this is a very early example in christian art.

Fifth Chapel, left.—Tombs of Count Soletto Raimondo del Balzo, 1375, and his wife Isabella.

Left, close to the Side-Entrance.—Tomb of Gabriel Adurinus, 1572, Admiral under the Emperor Charles V., a spirited half-figure.

Left, on third Pillar.—La Madonna delle Grazie, the only remnant (covered with silver offerings) of the frescoes with which King Robert, by the advice of Boccaccio, invited *Giotto* to cover the church.

Second Chapel, left.—On the left, the sarcophagus of Raimondo Cabano, 1336, the Saracen slave, a major domo under Robert I., who became Grand Seneschal of the kingdom, having married Filippa, originally a washerwoman of Catania, who had been raised to the position of a kind of governess to Joanna I. It was he who incited his royal mistress to the murder of her husband Andrea, and for this his wife, who survived him, with her children Robert and Sancia, were tortured with hot pincers through the streets of Naples, after Charles Durazzo had entered the city. *Right*, tomb of Perretto, second son of Raimondo.

First Chapel, left.—Tombs of the Merloto family.

A few steps farther down the Strada S. Trinità, we reach the *Largo S. Domenico*, in the midst of which is another "Guglia," surmounted by a bronze statue of S. Domenic, a foolish work of Fansaga, yet picturesque from its richness. On the right (No. 13) is the *Palazzo Casacalenda*, with a pillared court, a work of Vanvitelli. To the west (No. 12) is the handsome *Palazzo Corigliano*, built by the Neapolitan Mormando. Close by is (No. 9) the *Palazzo Sansevero*, designed by Giovanni da Nola, with frescoes by Corenzio. Opposite (No. 3) is the *Palazzo Alice*, a handsome work of the Renaissance. On the left we enter, by the south door.

The *Church of S. Domenico Maggiore*, which, in spite of alterations in the fifteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and fearful gilding within, retains much of its noble original Gothic from designs of 1285, ascribed to

Masuccio I. The western entrance, in a courtyard, has a grand inlaid Gothic portal, with angels and lions. The interior has three lofty aisles, with chapels full of tombs. An inscription records the consecration of the church by Pope Alexander IV. in person. It has ever since been the favourite burial-place of the Neapolitan aristocracy. Beginning from the main entrance we should notice :—

Right, First Chapel (Carafa, now Saluzzo).—Tomb of Galeotto Carafa, 1513. The rococo tomb of General Filippo Saluzzo, 1852.

Right, Second Chapel (Brancaccio).—Over the altar a Giottesque fresco, probably by *Agnolo Franco*. A Magdalen by *Stefanone*, a rare artist, pupil of Maestro Simone. On the right wall, tomb of Bart. Brancaccio, Archbishop of Trani, 1341.

Right, Third Chapel (Brancaccio).—Ancient frescoes (injured) on the side walls, probably by *Agnolo Franco*.

Right, Fourth Chapel (Capece) has good sixteenth century tombs.

Right, Sixth Chapel (Dentice).—Tomb of Dialta di Raone di Cosenza, wife of Luigi Dentice, 1383.

Right, Seventh Chapel (del Crocefisso).—Here Fra Giacomo di Caserta narrated that one morning he saw S. Thomas Aquinas hovering two feet above the ground in prayer, and that the Crucified One spoke, saying :—“ Bene scripsisti de me, Thome, quam ergo mercedem recipies ”; and that Thomas answered :—“ Non aliam nisi te, Domine.” Neapolitan tradition declares that the unknown painter of this miraculous crucifix was the master of Masuccio I.¹

At the sides of the high altar of the chapel are two beautiful monuments. That on the left commemorates Francesco Carafa, 1470, and is by some ascribed to *Agnolo Agnello del Fiore*, but is really the work of his pupil *Giovanni Merliano da Nola*—working under the influence and study of Michael Angelo. The inscription says, “ Huic virtus gloriam, gloria immortalitatem comparavit.” The opposite tomb is also by *Giovanni Merliano*.

Chapel, left of High Altar, of the Crocefisso.—Tomb of Ettore Carafa, Conte de Ruvo, 1511, executed during his lifetime.

Returning to the Church, the *next Chapel left.*—Altar-piece of the Madonna della Rosa with S. Domenic, perhaps by *Simone Napolitano*, an artist of whom some authorities doubt the existence.² Tomb of Mariano d’Alagni, Count of Bucchianino, and his wife Caterina Orsini, 1477, by *Agnolo Agnello del Fiore*. Close by, the tomb of Niccolo di Sangro, Prince of Fondi, by *Domenico d’Auria*—a poor work.

Left.—Chapel of the Aquino family. On the right wall the tomb of Giovanna d’Aquino, Countess of Mileto and Terranuova, 1345.

¹ See Perkins, *Italian Sculptors*, p. 52.

² See Burckhardt.

The Madonna with angels within the canopy of the tomb, is said to be the first work of *Simone Napolitano*. Beneath is an inscription to Giovanna's son Gaspare, who died at thirteen.

Left, near the entrance to the Sacristy.—The Gothic tomb of Cristoforo d'Aquino, 1342, son of Giovanna and her husband Tommaso. The deep repose in the face of the dead man, which is turned to the front, is very striking.

* *The Sacristy* has a ceiling decorated with frescoes by *Solimena*. High in the air, on a balustrade, are forty-five coffins of wood covered with scarlet. Ten contain the remains of the Princes and Princesses of the Arragonese dynasty, in whose time Neapolitan history attained its greatest glory. Here rest Ferdinand I., 1494 : Ferdinand II., 1496 : Isabella of Arragon, wife of Giov. Galeazzo Sforza the Younger, Duke of Milan, 1524 : Mary of Arragon, Marchesa del Vasto, 1568 ; Antonio of Arragon, second Duke of Montalto, and his two sons, Giovanni and Ferrante. The coffin of Alphonso I., 1458, is here, but his remains were taken to Spain in 1666. Many of the other illustrious dead have no inscription to mark them. Some of the coffins are surmounted by portraits. The mummy long shown as that of Antonello Petrucci, Minister of Ferdinand I., beheaded for the "Conspiracy of the Barons," is in reality that of his son Giovanni Antonio, executed a few months before his father. Above the coffin of Fernando Francesco d'Avalos, Marchese de Pescara, are his portrait, his torn banner, and a short sword, said to be that which was given up to him by Francis I. at Pavia, where he took a bloody revenge for his repulse when besieging Marseilles with the constable de Bourbon :—

"Piscario Marti debetur Martius ensis :

Barbara adest, tutus medios potes ire per hostes."

He died of his wounds at Milan in his thirty-sixth year, nobly lamented in the verses of his widow Vittoria Colonna, by whom his remains were brought hither.

Right Transept.—Right, tomb of Don Urso, with relief of S. Jerome by *Giovanni da Nola*. On a pillar to the left of the next chapel, is the tomb of Galeazzo Pandono, 1514, by *Giovanni da Nola*, with a lovely medallion of the Madonna giving fruit to the Infant Christ. After several other tombs, that (left) of the poetess Porzia Capece (1559), wife of Bernardino Rota, by *Giovanni da Nola*—an obelisk between two medallions, that of Bernardino inscribed "abiit non obiit," that of Porzia "discessit non decessit."

On a Pillar between two Chapels.—The monument of Niccolò Zingarelli, the celebrated musician, 1837.

Right, Cappella Brancaccio.—Right, beautiful tomb of Tommaso Brancaccio, 1492.

Tribune.—Frescoes by *Regolia* of the triumphs of the Dominicans over heretics. The Easter candlestick, with allegorical figures, is inscribed "Deo trino Ferdinandus Capua de Balzo erexit, 1585."

Second Chapel left of Tribune (dei Spinelli di Cariati).—Left, the

tomb of Carlo, Marchese d'Orsonuovo, 1633. Right, tomb of Cardinal Spinelli, 1530, by *Girol. Santacroce*.

Left Transept.—The Cappella Pignatelli and the tomb of Michele Riccio, the celebrated statesman, 1515, with S. Jerome before the cross, by *Agnello Agnelli del Fiore*. On the wall to the right of a side door, the monument of the poet Giambattista Marini of Naples, 1625. It is surmounted by a bronze bust by *Viscontini*, which was executed for Giovan Battista Manso, Marchese di Villa, heir of the poet, who kept it in his house in the Largo de' Girolomini, where it was seen in 1640 by Milton, who mentions it in his *Sylvarum*.

“Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam.”

The monument was removed hither by King Murat in 1813, from the cloisters of S. Agnello Maggiore.

Left of the Door.—Altar of Fabius Arcella, 1536, the Madonna is a most beautiful work of *Giovanni da Nola*.

Seventh Chapel, Left Aisle (Ruffo di Bagnara) contains several good tombs of the Tomacelli. Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo, conspicuous in the history of 1789, was buried here in 1827, without a monument.

Sixth Chapel, Left Aisle.—Left, the curious monument of Laetitia Caracciolo, 1340.

Fourth Chapel, left.—Statue of the Baptist, by *Giovanni da Nola*. Right, tomb of Alphonso de Rota, 1565, by *Domenico d'Auria*. Left, tomb of the poet Bernardino Rota, husband of Porzia, with allegorical figures of the Arno and Tiber, the best work of *Domenico d'Auria*, 1575.

Third Chapel, left (of Carafa Malizia).—Altar-piece of the martyrdom of S. John, by *Scipione Caetano*. Left, the tomb of Antonio Carafa, 1438.

The *Convent of S. Domenico*, which was a theological gymnasium of the Middle Ages, became celebrated in 1272 from the lectures of S. Thomas Aquinas, which Alphonso I. of Arragon and all his Court rode hither to listen to. S. Thomas was paid one ounce of gold, the equivalent to £1, a month—“*Mercede unius unciæ auri.*” The cell of the saint and his pulpit are preserved. His lecture-room is used for the meetings of the *Accademia Pontaniana*, founded in 1471 by Giovanni Pontano, secretary of state under Ferdinand I. There is no ground for the legend that the death of S. Thomas was caused by poison administered by order of Charles II.

“Carlo venne in Italia . . .

. . . e poi

Ripinse al ciel Tommaso, per amenda.”

Dante, Purg. xx.

Through the Calata di S. Severo (right) we reach the *Cappella di Sansevero* (S. Maria della Pietà de' Sangri, Principe di Sansevero—the keys are kept opposite, 50 c.), built in 1590 by Francesco di Sangro, Duke of Torremaggiore, enlarged as a burial-place for his family by Alessandro di Sangro in 1608, and greatly enriched by Raimondo di Sangro in 1766. It is filled with sculptures of the Bernini school, greatly admired by travellers of the last century and by *valets de place*. Between the chapels are memorial life-size statues of the Princes of S. Severo, while the Princesses are commemorated by statues of the Virtues, which were considered most to influence them. We may especially remark the statue of Cecco di Sangro over the west door, emerging from his grave in full armour, by *Francesco Cecebrano*, and the very curious statue which commemorates Antonio di Sangro, father of Raimondo, by *Queiroli*—*“Il Disinganno”—a man struggling, with the help of his good genius, to disentangle himself from the meshes of a net, typical of the struggles of Antonio against the entanglements of the world, which he renounced to become a monk after the death of his wife Cecilia. The man and net are sculptured out of the same piece of marble. Cecilia Caëtani, mother of Raimondo, is commemorated in a statue, by the Venetian *Antonio Corradini*, of “Modesty” covered with a transparent marble veil, through which the form and features are visible. The most remarkable sculpture of all, esteemed as priceless by the Neapolitans, lies below. It is a statue of the *Dead Christ, covered with a transparent white marble shroud, lying on a gray marble bed, by *Giuseppe Sammartino*.

“The coquettish display of transparent drapery appears especially repulsive in two much-admired marble works in the chapel of S. Maria de' Sangri. One of these is Sammartino's figure of the Dead Christ, whose form is visible through the shroud. While it is characteristic of the thoughtlessness of this frivolous style to degrade such a subject by making it the field for such refinement, the so-called figure of Chastity by Corradini produces a far more repulsive effect, its form being all the more unchastely displayed. The third on the list is Queiroli with his ‘Deluded Vice,’ *i.e.* a man who is struggling with the assistance of a genius to free himself from a great net. As usual,

the shamelessness of the idea keeps pace with the insipidity of the subject."—*Lübke*.

Returning to the Strada S. Trinità, and turning left, as far as the Strada Nilo, we find (near its entrance, right) the *Church of S. Angelo a Nido*, with a good Renaissance porch, founded 1426 by Cardinal Rinaldo Brancaccio del Seggio di Nido. On the right of the high-altar is his magnificent tomb,* a joint work of *Donatello* and *Michelozzo*. Within a curtained canopy are three figures, supporting on their shoulders a sarcophagus, with the sleeping figure of the cardinal. On the sarcophagus is a beautiful relief of the Assumption, by *Donatello*. The figures holding back the curtain are unspeakably grand, as the face of the dead man, which should be examined with a glass. Over the high-altar is S. Michael, by *Marco da Siena*.¹ On the left is the modern tomb of the Cardinals Francesco and Stefano Brancaccio. In the sacristy are S. Michael and S. Andrew, by *Roccardirame*.

To the west of the church are the *Biblioteca Brancacciana*, founded 1675, and the *University*, which is one of the oldest in Europe, having been founded by the Emperor Frederick II. in 1224. In the court are modern statues of Pietro della Vigna, Chancellor of Frederick II.; Thomas Aquinas; Giordano Bruno; and Giambattista Vico. South-west from hence, on the Largo di S. Giovanni Maggiore, is—

The *Church of S. Giovanni Pappacoda*, with an indescribably rich florid Gothic portal, one of the most important of the many works in Naples, by the Abbot *Antonio Bamboccio* of Piperna, built in 1415 for Artusio Pappacoda, Grand Seneschal of King Ladislaus. The archangels, Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, crown the pinnacles of the canopy. In the upper lunette is S. Peter enthroned; in the lower a Madonna and Child, with saints. The low bell-tower has graceful windows and an elegant Gothic frieze, supported on double columns. The church stands in a pretty bright little piazza with palm-trees.

¹ The illustrations in Perkins's *Italian Sculptors* give an admirable idea of these grand Neapolitan monuments.

A little west of the University is the Piazza Marcellina, containing the *Church of S. Marcellina*, 1626, and opposite this the *Church of S. Severino*, attached to a great Benedictine convent. The ceiling is painted by *Corenzio*, who was killed here in 1643 by falling from his painting-platform, and is buried near the door leading to the sacristy.

Through the last chapel on the right is the entrance to the outer sacristy, where, on the right, is the tomb of Giambattista Cicara, by *Pietro della Plate*, 1524. Opposite is the tomb of Andrea Bonifacio, who died at six years old, with his statue surrounded by weeping children, by *Giovanni da Nola*. Both tombs have inscriptions by Sannazaro. The sacristy has admirable carved woodwork. Near the choir, on the right, is the *Cappella dei Sanseverini*, containing the tombs, by *Merliano*, of the three brothers Sigismondo, Giacomo, and Ascanio Sanseverino, who were poisoned on the same day, in 1516, by their uncle Girolamo.

“Few stories are more tragical than that of Jacopo, Ascanio, and Sigismund, the ‘virtuous, valorous, and handsome’ sons of Ugo San Severino, Conte della Sassonara, and his ‘prudent and pious wife,’ Ippolita de’ Monti. Scandalised by the intrigues of Donna Luicia, the wife of her husband’s brother Geronimo, Donna Ippolita endeavoured, but without success, to open his eyes. The evil feeling thus engendered between them was fanned into a flame by Donna Luicia, who, furious at the death of one of her lovers, a servant of the three brothers, persuaded Don Geronimo to compass the death of his nephews by means of two Sicilian servants. The fatal deed was accomplished after a hunting-party, when the unsuspecting victims, having stopped to refresh themselves, drank poison in their wine, and, unable to obtain relief, expired soon after reaching home. Their unhappy parents sought to allay their grief by the celebration of sumptuous funeral rites, in which all the nobles of the city took part. Count Ugo, it is said, soon after died mad, but Donna Ippolita survived him for many years. The one striking feature of the monuments of her sons is the life-size statues seated upon the sarcophagus. In each the head is thrown back, and the limbs contracted as if by pain, not violently, but enough to hint at the cause [of their approaching death. The architecture is late Renaissance, and the bas-reliefs represent the Madonna adored by angels; God the Father in a glory of cherubim, worshipped by Enoch and Elias; Christ with seraphs and angels; and several saints. Though very mediocre, they are among the best of Merliano’s bas-reliefs, which are generally in an ultra-picturesque style.”—*Perkins’s Italian Sculptors*.

Behind the altar is the grave of Ippolita de' Monti, 1547, the heart-broken mother of the murdered brothers, inscribed :—

“ Hospes miserrima,
Miserimam defluens orbitatem,
En illa Hippolyta Montia
Post natus foeminae infeliciss.
Quae Ugo Sanseverino conjugii
Treis masc. expectationis filiis peperit,
Qui venenatio poculis
Vicit in familia pro scelus,” etc.

In the left transept are the monuments of Admiral Vincenzo Carafa, 1611, and Duca Francesco de Marmilis, 1649; and a Crucifixion by *Marco de Siena*, 1576.

The *Convent of S. Severino* (entrance to the left of the church, gateway on the right, 1 fr.), now used to contain the national archives, has several cloisters. That from designs of *Ciccione* contains twenty frescoes of scenes in the life of S. Benedict, a noble work, executed in the fifteenth century by the Neapolitan *Antonio Solario*—called “Lo Zingaro” from his early associations, but much injured by recent re-touching.

“This is an excellent work of the end of the fifteenth century, showing knowledge of the Florentine and Umbrian works of the time. Even the costumes belong only to this period. Never has the life of S. Benedict been better represented, except in the frescoes of Signorelli at Monte Oliveto. The type of man here portrayed is certainly inferior to the Florentine, and the nose and expression of the eye and lip have something of coarseness. But one forgets this in the number of lifelike and nobly drawn figures and likenesses, which move with dignity and grace upon the middle distance, while the architecture and landscape of the background are harmonious and pleasant. One may see that, like Giorgione, this master understood the charm of slender stems, with delicate foliage rising before or near steep masses of rock.”
—*Burckhardt*.

“Tradition makes Antonio Solario the Quintin Matsys of the south, for, according to it, he changed his smith's work for painting out of love for the daughter of Colantonio del Fiore. These pictures are amongst the most charming works of the fifteenth century. There is an air of quiet calm in the sweet religious peace portrayed, and without much action they are interesting from the groups of contemporaries; and still more from the landscape background, which displays

a beauty, power, and depth of feeling unknown to the Italian art of the fifteenth century, and rare even in the following epoch. Grand and bold rocks, and soft idyllic spots with charming vistas, give a value even to the less important scenes, and contribute to the delicious feeling of solitary and peaceful repose, which corresponds with the character of the place, and is doubly agreeable in the midst of the noisy life of Naples."—*Lübke*.

Turning north-west from hence, we quickly reach the Strada S. Biagio dei Librai, a continuation of the Strada S. Trinità. On the right is the *Monte della Pietà*, with a chapel painted by *Corenzio*, a Resurrection by *Santafede*, and (3d altar) a beautiful Assumption by *Ippolito Borghese* c. 1550, recalling the works of Raffaëlle. On the left side of the Strada dei Librai is (No. 121) the nobly-corniced *Palazzo Santangelo*, built by Diomede Carafa, Count of Maddaloni, in 1466.

Through the Vico S. Severino we reach the busy Strada dei Tribunali, where (left) is the *Church of S. Pietro Majella*, built by Pipino da Barletta (who defeated the Saracens at Lucera in 1300), and consecrated by Celestine V. The founder is buried in the left transept (1316). The ceiling of the nave is painted with the stories of Celestine V. and S. Catherine of Alexandria—a good work of *Calabrese*, who has usually only a very external bravura of colour,¹ but here his naturalism becomes almost dignified, especially when S. Catherine is borne upon clouds to Sinai by singing angels carrying torches and strewing flowers.

Turning left down the Strada dei Tribunali, near the Vico del Sole (right), is the curious *Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista del Pontano*, a little Renaissance building of black lava, erected in 1492 as a sepulchral chapel by Giovanni Gioviano Pontano, head of the Neapolitan Academia Pontaniana, Secretary of State to Ferdinand I., historian, astronomer, and Latin poet. He was a complete time-server, but seems to pride himself upon that characteristic in the inscription on his tomb. Near him is buried another half-pagan, half-christian poet, Pietro Compadre, 1501. The moral sentences between the pillars and windows, and

¹ See Burckhardt.

the inscriptions to his family and friends, are from the hand of Pontano, as well as his epitaph :—

“ Vivus domum hanc mihi paravi,
 In qua quiescerem mortuus.
 Noli, obsecro, injuriam mortuo facere,
 Vivens quam fecerim nemini.
 Sum et enim Johannes Jovianus Pontanus
 Quem amarunt bonae musae,
 Suspexerunt viri probi,
 Honestaverunt Reges Domini.
 Scis jam qui sum, aut qui
 Potius fuerim.
 Ego vero te hospes noscere in tenebris
 Nequeo,
 Sed te ipsum ut noscas rogo,
 Vale.”

Passing the uninteresting *Church of S. Maria Maggiore* or *Pietra santa*, built in 1654 from plans of *Fansaga*, we reach (left) *S. Paolo Maggiore*, occupying the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux, built by Tiberius Julius Tarsus, Procurator under Augustus. Two fine Corinthian columns from the temple stand in front of the portico, and the *torsi* of two statues of Castor and Pollux are preserved there in niches. The existing church (of the Theatines) was built in 1590 by Padre Francesco Grimaldi. The ceiling of the central aisle is by *Massimo Stanzioni*: the high-altar by *Ferdinando Fuga*. The *Cloister*, believed to occupy the site of the theatre in which Nero appeared as an actor, has twenty-four ancient granite columns.

Opposite, is the *Church of S. Lorenzo*, for the most part a modern building of *Sanfelice* (1732), but occupying the site of the church built by Charles of Anjou, to commemorate his victory over Manfred at Beneventum, which was begun by *Maglione*, but chiefly the work of Masuccio II., by whom it was finished in 1266. The greater part of this building was destroyed in the earthquake of 1732. Only the chief portal, the side door towards the cloister, and the chapels round the choir, with the Angevine tombs, are remains of the interesting church in which Petrarch prayed with the monks through the terrors of a fearful

storm on the night of November 24, 1343, and where Boccaccio beheld the beautiful "Fiammetta" (Mary, natural daughter of King Robert). The tower dates from 1487. In the interior we may notice :—

Right of Entrance.—A coat of arms in the pavement marks the grave of Giambattista della Porta, 1550-1616, the celebrated physician and natural philosopher, who suggested the first idea of an *Encyclopaedia*.

Right, Fifth Chapel.—Tomb of Giambattista Manso, Marchese della Villa, the friend and biographer of Tasso.

Right, Seventh Chapel (Del Balzo).—A very interesting picture, on a gold ground, by *Simone di Martino*, 1320, of the coronation of King Robert of Naples by his brother S. Louis of Anjou, Archbishop of Toulouse. In the predella are five scenes from the life of S. Louis. The picture is signed "*Symon de Senis me pinxit.*" All around are fleurs de lis.

The Ninth Chapel, right, contains a Madonna and Child, attributed to *Giotto*.

Chapel of Right Transept.—S. Francis establishing the rule of his order, a beautiful and important picture, by "*Lo Zingaro*" (Antonio Solario), an admirable Neapolitan artist of the fifteenth century.

Over the High Altar is a magnificent screen, with S. Francis, S. Lorenzo, S. Antony of Padua, statues by *Giovanni da Nola*, and several beautiful reliefs, probably from the same hand.

Behind the high altar, the beautiful Gothic ambulatory of Charles of Anjou, and the chapels of the choir remain, but greatly dilapidated. The Angevine tombs are of the most extreme interest. Beginning from the right, they are—

* Catherine of Austria, 1323, first wife of Charles the Illustrious, Duke of Calabria, and daughter of King Albert I., ascribed to *Masuccio II.* Spiral columns enlivened by mosaics and resting on lions, support a baldacchino over the sarcophagus, which is upheld by Hope and Love. Statuettes of SS. Peter, Paul, Catherine and Louis of Toulouse, stand at the head and feet of the effigy, and the front of the sarcophagus is decorated with roundels containing half-figures of the Madonna and saints.

Tomb of Robert of Artois, Count d'Eu, and Joanna of Durazzo, daughter of Philip II. of Taranto, who died together, July 20, 1387, probably poisoned by Queen Margareta—ascribed to *Masuccio II.*

In the *Chapel behind the Altar*, tombs of 1493.

Left Ambulatory.—Tomb of Charles I., Duke of Durazzo, first husband of Mary, sister of Queen Joanna, killed at Aversa, in 1347, by

Louis of Hungary, for the part he had taken in the murder of his brother Andrew, ascribed to Masuccio II.

In the *Choir* (left), strangely raised aloft in a niche, is the tomb of Mary of Durazzo, 1371, the eldest (infant) daughter of Margareta and King Charles III. of Durazzo, ascribed to Masuccio II. The princess is represented lying on her tomb, and again, on the front of the sarcophagus, borne to heaven by angels.

Left Transept, Chapel of S. Antonio.—S. Anthony of Padua upheld by angels, by *Simone Napolitano*, a rare artist, 1438.

Left, Second Chapel.—A Christ, by *Simone Papa*.

The little door near the pulpit leads to the cloister, on the left of which beautiful Gothic arches light the *Refectory*, in which the parliament met which declared Ferdinand, natural son of Alphonso I., heir of the throne. The convent is now confiscated, and the government have removed from hence to the Museum of S. Martin the tomb of Admiral Ludovico Aldemoresco, 1414, the beloved counsellor and friend of King Ladislaus. It was executed by the great master *Antonio Bamboccio* in his seventieth year, and, in the confusion of its relief, shows him in his decadence.

Farther down the *Strada de' Tribunali* (left) is the *Church of S. Filippo Neri* (of the Hieronymites), one of the finest modern churches in the town, erected 1592 from plans of *Dionisio di Bartolommeo*. The cupola and façade were added in 1620 by *Dionigi Lazzari*. The nave and aisles are divided by granite columns from the island of Giglio; the walls are covered with frescoes, of which the *Expulsion of the Money Changers from the Temple* by *Luca Giordano*, over the entrance, is the most noteworthy.

“No Painter ever made a worse use of extraordinary gifts than Luca Giordano, surnamed *Fa Presto*. Beauty, character, dramatic life, glow of colouring, all occur from time to time in the most striking way in his pictures, but a slight and rapid mode of finish was all he cared for, and he sacrificed every other quality to it. In burlesquely-treated subjects this perverse kind of self-injustice was less objectionable, and we can look with delight at this colossal fresco where Christ is driving the *lazzaroni*—like buyers and sellers—down the double steps.”—*Kugler*.

The chapels and sacristy contain a number of second-rate pictures. In the *Cappella di S. Francesco* is the tomb of Giovanni Battista Vico, an original Neapolitan thinker and writer, who published the *Scienza Nuova* early in the eighteenth century.

“L'illustre auteur de la *Science Nouvelle*, génie allemand sans le soleil de Naples, méconnu pendant sa vie et long-temps après sa mort, dont le système, compris seulement d'un petit nombre d'adeptes, a, de nos jours, été médité par de savans et profonds interprètes.”—*Valery*.

The adjoining convent has a handsome cloister.

From hence we turn (left) into the newly-built Strada del Duomo, and find (right) the *Piazza del Duomo*, with a pillar erected to S. Januarius after the eruption of Vesuvius in 1631. The *Cathedral of S. Gennaro* was begun by Charles I. in 1272, from designs said to have been made by *Masuccio I.*, and finished in 1316. It was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1446, and was rebuilt by Alphonso I. The façade is of 1788, but its central portal is a beautiful Gothic work of *Antonio Bamboccio* in 1407, erected by the Cardinal Legate Minutoli, who is represented under the arch, kneeling before the Madonna, attended by S. Peter and S. Gennaro. The cardinal was so enchanted with this portal when he saw it completed that he made Bamboccio an abbot, with a revenue of 400 ducats a year.

The interior has three aisles, separated by tawdry pilasters, enclosing granite columns from the temples of Apollo and Neptune, which once occupied the site of the church.

Over the entrance is, on the left, the tomb of Charles I. of Anjou (1285), the brother of S. Louis, but murderer of Conradin, “suspended like that of Mahomet between heaven and earth.”¹

“Colui del maschio naso.”

Dante, Purg. vii.

“Bene pareo maestà reale più ch' altro signore . . . grande di persona e bene nerboruto, di colore ulivigno, e con grande naso.”

Villani.

On the right is the tomb of his grandson Charles Martel, King of Hungary (1301). In the centre is Clemencia (1295), daughter of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and wife of Charles Martel. These tombs were removed hither from the choir by the Viceroy Olivares in 1599.

The pictures over the side-doors are by *Vasari*.

Beyond the *Second Chapel, right*, is the entrance to the *Cappella del Tesoro* (of S. Gennaro), built by the people, 1527-1608, in fulfilment

¹ Dumas. The heart of Charles I. was transported to Paris, and deposited in the Church of the Grands Jacobins, with the inscription—“Li coer di grand roy Charles qui conquit Sicile.”—*Petrineau des Noullis*.

of a vow made during the Plague, from plans of the Theatine *Padre Grimaldi*. An inscription records—

“Naples dedicates this chapel to the citizen, protector, patron, and liberator, the holy Januarius, who has rescued the town from famine, war, pestilence, and the fire of Vesuvius, by the intercession of his miraculous blood.”

The stories of Judith and the brazen serpent on the ceiling were painted by *Luca Giordano*—“*Fa Presto*”—in forty-eight hours. A number of pictures by *Domenichino* and *Spagnoletto* commemorate the life of S. Gennaro.

The legend of the saint narrates that he was Bishop of Benevento; and in the tenth persecution he came, with six of his companions, to Naples to comfort and encourage the Christians. They were seized and taken to Pozzuoli, and exposed to wild beasts in the amphitheatre, but the beasts refused to devour them. Then S. Gennaro was thrown into a furnace, but came out unharmed. Finally he was beheaded at the Solfatara, September 19, 305. His body was brought from Pozzuoli to Naples by the Bishop S. Severo in the time of Constantine, when two bottles of blood, collected by a christian matron after the martyrdom, are said instantly to have melted on being placed in the hands of the bishop. From that time the occasional liquefaction of the blood has been considered essential to the prosperity of Naples, and is supposed to take place on September 19, December 16, and the first Saturday in May, upon which days the phials of blood are brought in contact with the head of the saint in its massive silver bust. As some terrible misfortune is always supposed to follow any failure of the miracle, all the violence of Neapolitan passion and demonstrativeness is let loose on these occasions, when the people, headed by a number of weird old women, who are called the “relations of S. Januarius,” and are allowed the places of honour, curse and abuse the saint in the most violent manner if he delays the accomplishment of their wishes, while the whole church resounds with sobs and outcries, which are exchanged for blessings and shouts of delight when the liquefaction takes place.

“Une heure à peu près s'écoula sans que le miracle se fit. Pendant

cette heure, la foule fut assez tranquille ; mais c'était le calme qui précède l'orage. Bientôt les rumeurs recommencèrent, les grondements se firent entendre de nouveau, quelques clameurs sauvages et isolées éclatèrent. Enfin, cris tumultueux, vociférations, grondements, rumeurs, se fondirent dans un rugissement universel dont rien ne peut donner une idée.

“ Le chanoine demanda une seconde fois s'il y avait des hérétiques dans l'assemblée ; mais cette fois personne ne répondit. Si quelque malheureux Anglais, Russe ou Grec, se fût dénoncé en répondant à cet appel, il eût été certainement mis en morceaux, sans qu'aucune force militaire, sans qu'aucune protection humaine eût pu le sauver.

“ Alors les parentes de Saint Janvier se mêlèrent à la partie : c'était quelque chose de hideux que ces vingt ou trente mégères arrachant leur bonnet de rage, menaçant Saint Janvier du poing, invectivant leur parent de toute la force de leurs poumons, hurlant les injures les plus grossières, vociférant les menaces les plus terribles, insultant le saint sur son autel, comme une populace ivre eût pu faire d'un parricide sur un échafaud.

“ Au milieu de se sabbat infernal, tout à coup le prêtre éleva la fiole en l'air, criant :—Gloire à Saint Janvier, le miracle est fait !

“ Aussitôt tout changea.

“ Chacun se jeta la face contre terre. Aux injures, aux vociférations, aux cris, aux clameurs, aux rugissements, succédèrent les gémissements, les plaintes, les pleurs, les sanglots. Toute cette populace, folle de joie, se roulait, se relevait, s'embrassait, criant :—Miracle ! miracle ; et demandait pardon à Saint Janvier, en agitant les mouchoirs trempés de larmes, des excès auxquels elle venait de se porter à son endroit.

“ Au même instant, les musiciens commencèrent à jouer et les chantres à chanter le *Te Deum*, tandis qu'un coup de canon tiré au fort Saint Elme, et dont le bruit vint retentir jusque dans l'église, annonçait à la ville et au monde, *urbi et orbi*, que le miracle était fait.”—*Alexandre Dumas*.

The statues of forty other saints are carried in procession, and are all made to do obeisance to S. Gennaro, the “family of the saint” shouting out his superiority over each of the others as he approaches. There were once two phials of the supposed blood in this church. Charles III. carried off the contents of the second phial to Madrid, where the miracle is performed annually at the same time as at Naples. Voltaire defends the worship of S. Januarius against Addison and other protestant writers.

“ Tous les auteurs pouvaient observer que ces institutions ne nuisent point aux moeurs, qui doivent être le principal objet de la police civile et ecclésiastique ; que probablement les imaginations ardentes des climats

chauds ont besoin de signes visibles qui les mettent continuellement sous la main de la Divinité; et qu'enfin ces signes ne pouvaient être abolis que quand ils seraient méprisés du même peuple qui les révère." —*Essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des Nations.*

Right, Fifth Chapel.—Tomb of Cardinal Carbone, 1405, by *Bamboccio*.

Right Transept.—Various tombs of the Caraccioli, including that of Innico Caracciolo, by *Pietro Ghetto*.

The Cappella Minutolo, at the back of the transept (open from 6 to 8 A.M.), is a beautiful Gothic building, a relic of the Cathedral of S. Salvatore built by Charles II. The frescoes are by *Tommaso degli Stefani*, 1230–1310, and (much painted over) are the only known works of this artist, who has been placed on a level with Cimabue. The beautiful tomb of Cardinal Arrigo Minutolo, 1412, is by *Bamboccio*. At the sides, are the tombs of (left) Archbishop Orso Minutolo of Salerno, 1327, and (right) Archbishop Filippo Minutolo of Naples, 1303, probably by Masuccio II. The statue of Giovanni Battista Minutolo, 1586, is by *Girolamo d'Auria*.

The (following) Cappella Tocco contains the grave of S. Aspreno, first Bishop of Naples. The frescoes of his story, though greatly over-painted, are attributed to *Pippo Tesauero*, 1270.

Under the High Altar is the tomb of S. Gennaro, decorated by Cardinal Oliviero Carafa, whose statue kneels near. Steps lead into the crypt called the *Confession of S. Gennaro*.

Left of the High Altar is the Gothic *Cappella Capece-Galeota*, with some tombs of the family by *Fansaga*.

At the end of the Left Aisle is the Bishops' Throne of 1342, and in the *Left Transept* the *Tomb of the Genoese Pope Innocent IV. (Sinibaldo Fiesco), who died at Naples in 1254. This monument of the enemy of Hohenstaufens, who excommunicated Frederick II. at the Council of Lyons, and to whom the House of Anjou owed the kingdom of Naples, was erected by Archbishop Umberto di Montoro in 1318. It has been attributed both to Masuccio I. and to Pietro di Stefano, but the former died thirteen and the latter eight years before its erection; it is probably the work of Masuccio II., who was son of Pietro, and pupil and godson of Masuccio I. Formerly the tomb was several storeys in height, adorned with mosaics, and an arch with a lunette representing the Pope and Archbishop Umberto kneeling before the Madonna.¹ Now it is only a sarcophagus bearing the figure of the Pope with his triple crown, and an inscription which speaks of Frederick II. as a viper—"Stravit inimicum Christi, colubrum Federicum."

"Innocent died master of Naples, the city of his great adversary, in the palace of Peter de Vincà, the minister of that adversary. He left a name odious for ambition, rapacity, implacable pride, to part, at least, of Christendom. In England, where his hand had been the

¹ Gregorovius.

heaviest, strange tales were accredited of his dying hours, and of what followed his death. It was said that he died in an agony of terror and remorse : his kindred were bitterly wailing around his bed, rending their garments and tearing their hair : he woke up from a state seemingly senseless, 'Wretches, why are ye weeping? have I not made you all rich enough?' He had been, indeed, one of the first popes, himself of noble family, who, by the marriage of his nieces, by heaping up civil and ecclesiastical dignities on his relatives, had made a papal family. On the very night of his death, a monk, whose name the English historian conceals from prudence, had a vision. He was in heaven, and saw God seated on His throne. On His right was the Holy Virgin, on His left a stately and venerable matron, who held what seemed a temple in her outstretched hand. On the pediment of this temple was written in letters of gold, 'The Church.' Innocent was prostrate before the throne, with clasped and lifted hands and bowed knees, imploring pardon, not judgment. But the noble matron said, 'O, equitable Judge, render just judgment. I arraign this man on three charges : Thou hast founded the Church upon earth, and bestowed upon her precious liberties ; this man has made her the vilest of slaves. The Church was founded for the salvation of sinners ; he has degraded it to a counting-house of money-changers. The Church has been built on the foundation-stones of faith, justice, and truth ; he has shaken alike faith and morals, destroyed justice, darkened truth.' And the Lord said, 'Depart, and receive the recompense thou hast deserved ;' and Innocent was dragged away."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity*, vol. iv.

The Relief over the Pope's tomb, of the Madonna adored by Innocent and Umberto, is by *Pietro di Stefano*. An inscription close by indicates the grave of Andrew of Hungary, 1315, the murdered first husband of Queen Joanna I.—"Laqueo necatus."

Against the Left Wall is the tomb of Pope Innocent XII., 1700 (the Neapolitan Archbishop Antonio Pignatelli), who has also a monument in S. Peter's. His arms are *pignatelli*—little cream-jugs. This was the last pope who wore the moustaches and beard of a cavalier.

In the following Chapel (Seripandi) is an Assumption of *Pietro Perugino*, painted for Pietro Carafa in 1460.

After the next chapel is the descent to S. Restituta. Right of the entrance to it are the tombs of Giambattista Filomarini, who held a high military appointment under Charles V., by *Finelli*, and of Cardinal Alfonso Gesualdo, 1603, by *Naccarino*. Left of the entrance are the monuments of Tommaso Filomarini with his bust by *Finelli*, and of Cardinal Alfonso Carafa, 1565.

The Chapel of S. Restituta (50 c.) was, till 1291, the Cathedral of Naples. It dates from the seventh century, and still retains its basilica form. The pillars are supposed to be relics of the Temple of Apollo on this site. The ceiling by *Luca Giordano* represents the body of S. Restituta taken in a boat by angels to Ischia. Over the high altar is a picture of the Madonna between S. Michael and S. Restituta, by

Silvestro Buono, who flourished in Naples at the end of the fifteenth century. It is a very remarkable work, with a warm glow of colour, and beautiful dignified figures resembling those of the Venetian school of the time. Left of the high altar is the *Cappella del Principio*, the oldest oratory in Naples, with a curious mosaic of the Madonna, the first (del Principio) picture of the Madonna honoured in the town. An inscription mentioning the name "Lellus," and the date 1309, probably alludes to its restoration. On the left wall of this chapel are two great marble slabs with reliefs of the twelfth century—being probably part of the ancient ambones. These are the oldest sculptures in Naples. The minute figures (which represent scenes in the lives of SS. Joseph, George, and Januarius) are in the style and almost the proportion of those carved upon ivory caskets, diptychs, and altar fronts.¹

On the right of the high altar is the entrance of the *Chapel of S. Giovanni in Fonte*, the eight-sided baptistery, which is probably the oldest christian monument in Naples, attributed to the time of Constantine, when it is supposed to have been consecrated by S. Sylvester. The mosaics which cover the cupola and part of the walls are believed to date from the sixth century. The mosaic in a recess, of the Madonna between S. Gennaro and S. Restituta, c. 1300, is worthy of Cimabue.

Returning to the great church, the *Second Chapel*, left, has a picture, "the Unbelieving Thomas," by *Marco da Siena*, signed Marcus de Pino Senensis faciebat, 1573. Opposite this is the *Font*, an antique basen of Egyptian basalt, with Bacchanalian emblems.

Turning to the right from the cathedral down the *Strada del Duomo*, and then following the *Strada Anticaglia*, the first street on the left, through an arch on the right we may reach the *Church of S. Maria delle Grazie*, built by *Giacomo de Sanctis* in 1500.

First Chapel, left (Giustiniani).—The Burial of Christ, a beautiful relief, full of expression, by *Giovanni da Nola*. The tomb of Galeazzo Giustiniano Longo, Admiral under Charles V.

Right of Entrance, the tomb of the celebrated jurist Fabrizio Brancaccio, by *Giovanni da Nola*, 1576.

Second Chapel, right (Ceramo).—Relief of the Conversion of S. Paul, by *Domenico d'Auria*, 1540.

Sacristy.—Relief, the Madonna delle Grazie, by *Giovanni da Nola*.

Crossing the *Strada del Duomo*, and continuing in the same line eastward, we reach (left) the *Church of S. Maria Donna Regina*, so called from having been rebuilt and endowed by Mary, daughter of Stephen IV. of Hungary, and widow of Charles II., who died in 1309. Her lovely tomb

¹ See Perkins's *Italian Sculptors*, p. 49.

by Maestro Tino or Lino da Camaino (a Sienese sculptor appointed by the queen's will), and Maestro Gallardus da Sermona, stands in a chapel behind the high altar. The sarcophagus is supported by figures of Fortitude, with a dead lion and club; Justice with a globe and sword; Prudence with a double face, holding three books in her hand, and with a snake about her arm; and Moderation, with a bird pecking at a fruit in her hand. In niches in the front of the sarcophagus are figures of Robert the Wise, his first wife Iolante of Arragon, his father Charles II., his son Charles the Illustrious, and his brother St. Louis of Toulouse. Angels hold back curtains to show the figure of the dead queen. The church belonged to a convent, and retains the grille of the nuns: it is very rich in *pietra-dura* work.

Proceeding eastward to the Strada Carbonara, and turning to the left down the Via Grillo, we find, on the left, the * *Church of S. Giovanni a Carbonara*, built by Masuccio II. for John of Alexandria in 1343, and enlarged by King Ladislaus in 1400. A double open staircase leads first to the *Cappella SS. Filippo e Giacomo*, of which the portal is a beautiful specimen of the Angevine Gothic of the fifteenth century: it contains the graceful tomb of Ferdinando Sanseverino, which recalls the works of Donatello. From a lofty platform, to the left, we enter the Church of S. Giovanni, ugly and painted, but containing most precious specimens of sculptors' art.

On entering, the eye is at once arrested by the stupendous and magnificent tomb, erected by his sister Joanna II. to King Ladislaus, 1414, the masterpiece of *Andrea Ciccione*. It rises, above the door behind the choir, in three stages to the whole height of the church. In the first stage, four colossal statues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice support the whole. Then, above an architrave with an inscription, are the seated figures of King Ladislaus and his mother, Margareta of Durazzo, with Loyalty, Charity, Faith, and Hope. In the third story, angels are drawing aside a curtain to display the sarcophagus which contains the king's body. On the summit is an equestrian figure

of Ladislaus, with his sword in his hand. He was three times married, but died without children in his thirty-seventh year. In the last year of his life, he had made the daughter of an apothecary at Perugia his mistress ; she complained to her father that he was beginning to love her less, and by her father's advice she poisoned him.

In a beautiful octagonal Gothic chapel behind the high altar is the tomb, also by *Ciccione*, of Gian. Caracciolo (commonly called Ser-Gianni), the handsome seneschal of Joanna II., who long vainly schemed to secure his affections. One day she demanded of her courtiers what animal was most antipathetic to them. One said a toad, another a spider, Caracciolo declared that the creature he most dreaded was a rat. The next day, when he was going to his room, he met a servant with a cage full of rats. As he was trying to pass, the servant opened the cage door, and the rats rushed out. Caracciolo fled, and, trying all the doors in the passage, found only one open ; it was that of the queen's chamber. He was created Grand Seneschal, Duke of Avellino, and Lord of Capua. One day, in 1432, he desired the queen to make him Prince of Salerno, and, when she refused, he boxed her ears. His most deadly foe, the Duchess of Sessa, overheard the quarrel, and finding her mistress afterwards in tears, prevailed upon her to consent to the death of Caracciolo. The next morning he was found murdered in his room by men who summoned him to open, saying that the queen was seized with apoplexy, and could not die without seeing him. He was buried in secret by four monks in the chapel he had built.

His statue is a standing coloured figure, grasping a dagger, stiff but very characteristic, and the whole monument is an interesting example of the transition to the Renaissance style. The epitaph is by Lorenzo Valla. The frescoes round the chapel, as well as the colouring of the monument, are by *Leonardo di Bisuccio* (from Bisozzo, near Milan) after 1433, essentially Giottesque in style.

Left of the Altar is the *Cappella dei Marchesi del Vito*, a Doric temple, founded by Galeazzo Caracciolo in 1516. The monuments of Galeazzo and Nicolantonio Caracciolo are surmounted by their figures

in armour, which, with the statues of saints between, are by the best Neapolitan sculptors of the sixteenth century.

The *Sacristy* contains fifteen pictures by *Vasari*.

In the middle of the left wall is the beautiful *Altar-Chapel of the Miraboli*, containing the tomb of Giovanni Mirabollo, favourite of Ferdinand I.

On the piazza in front of the church, the Neapolitans held those bloody gladiatorial combats, which Petrarch beheld with such horror in the time of Joanna I.¹ On the right of the piazza is the *Palazzo Caracciolo*, which was inhabited by the Duke of Guise at the time of the rising of Masaniello. The first street on the right leads to the *Church of the SS. Apostoli*, built on the site of a Temple of Mercury by Padre Grimaldi in 1608: the ceiling is painted by *Lanfranco*.

The *Strada Carbonara* ends toward the east at the *Porta Capuana*, where, on the outside, a noble Renaissance gate, of 1485-95, by the Florentine *Giuliano da Majano*, is inserted between two ancient round towers. The market in front, with its booths of fish, cakes, maccaroni, cheeses, with the sparkling harness of the mules, and women in their bright handkerchiefs, screaming and gesticulating, is a truly Neapolitan scene. Here, in the summer, are numberless stalls of the melon-sellers, who offer their customers a feed, a drink, and a wash (with the rind) for one grano. Looking toward the gate on the inner side, on the left is the *Church of S. Caterina a Formello*, built 1523, with a cupola in imitation of that of Brunelleschi at Florence. On the right stood formerly the *Castel Capuano*, built by William I., 1154-66. It was here that the handsome Giovanni Caracciolo was murdered, August 25, 1432, by the hired assassins of Covella Ruffo, Duchess of Sessa, who stamped upon the corpse of her victim.

To the west the *Via Grillo* and *Strada Carbonara* lead into the *Piazza Cavour*, at the west end of which is the *Museo Nazionale*.

¹ *Ep. Fam.* v. 6.

The *Museo Nazionale* (sometimes called the *Studji*) is open daily from 9 to 3; admission, 1 fr. each person; on Sundays and Thursdays free. (Permission to draw at Pompeii must be obtained at the Museum; apply to Signor Michele Ruggiero, Direttore degli Scavi del Regno.¹)

The building, now occupied as the Museum, was begun by the Viceroy Duca d'Ossuna as a barrack, but was remodelled by the Viceroy Conde de Lemos (1599-1601), that it might be used for the University. After various changes, the edifice was appropriated by Ferdinand I., 1816, to the reception of the spoils from Pompeii and Herculaneum scattered through the palaces of Portici, Caserta, and Capodimonte, and he was so pleased with the result of this arrangement that he caused himself to be represented as Minerva in the Museum he created, which was called Museo Borbonico, till the occupation of Naples by the Piedmontese. We shall only notice the most interesting objects it contains. There are no seats in the museum, to which a long visit is most fatiguing—camp-stools should be taken.

On the right of the vestibule we enter a number of halls, in which the mummied Pompeii has its apotheosis, and which are entirely occupied by *Frescoes and Mosaics*, chiefly found at Pompeii, in rare instances, at Herculaneum or Paestum. The pictures are not numbered, but may be found by the Roman numerals, which mark the wall compartments. In comparison with the many masterpieces of Polygnotus, Panaenus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Apelles, and others, mentioned by classical authors, this collection is nothing, but, such as it is, it is a most precious deposit of ancient art, full of variety and beauty, of simplicity and truth, and of knowledge of form and colour. When we remember that it is almost entirely taken from one small provincial Roman town, the idea we derive of the works of art which must have existed in the capital and other large towns is simply astounding.

¹ The principal sculptures and pictures in the Museum have been engraved in the fine work—*Il Reale Museo Borbonico*, 16 vols., issued by the Stamperia Reale, 1824-57.

“Les artistes campaniens ne cherchaient plus ce que enseigne et ce qui élève ; ils cherchaient ce qui charme et ce qui émeut. Ils avaient abandonné *l'Iliade*, qui était le livre des maîtres grecs, pour les *Métamorphoses* d'Ovide ; ils étaient descendus de l'Olympe sur la terre. Leurs types préférés, c'est Narcisse, c'est l'hermaphrodite, c'est Adonis, c'est Ganymède, c'est Omphale, c'est Andromède, ce sont les bacchantes, les nymphes, les néréides, les centaouesses, les satyres, les faunes, at les amours ; ce sont surtout les amantes malheureuses, Didon, Médée, Dircé, Pasiphaé, Ariadne. Même lorsqu'ils peignent quelque grand dieu ou quelque héros fameux, bienfaiteur de l'humanité, les peintres de la décadence ne le mettent en scène que dans ses aventures galantes.”—*H. Houssaye.*

We may especially observe—

Hall III.

- X XXI. Scene in a Temple of Isis—from the Temple of Isis at Pompeii.
- XXIV. Cimon nourished from the breast of his daughter Pero—the subject of “*Caritas Romana.*”
- XXVI. (From the Casa dei Dioscuri) Medea with the sword. Beneath, Medea about to kill her children, who are playing with dice : probably after an original of Timomachus, and full of individuality. The happy innocence of the children and the terrible intention of the mother are marvellously expressed.

Hall IV.

- XXVIII. (From the Casa di Lucrezio), Great central picture of the drunken Hercules, surrounded by scenes from his labours.
- XXIX. (From the Casa dei Dioscuri) Perseus and Andromeda. (Right—under window) Cassandra prophesying.
- + * XXXI. (From Herculaneum) Telephus nursed by the hind, and Hercules hearing with amazement that a child so nursed is his own son.
- XXXII. (From Herculaneum) Scenes from the Story of Hercules.
- * XXXVII. (From Herculaneum) Theseus after the death of the Minotaur—imitated by Canova—a marvellous picture, the hero calm, proud, and triumphant : the children full of charm and grace.
- + * XXXIX. (From the Casa del Poeta) Achilles delivering Briseis to the heralds of Agamemnon, Patroclus leading her in. The Centaur teaching Achilles to play on the lyre. The opposition of the delicate body of the young and beautiful Achilles to the massive torso of the centaur (kept purposely in shadow) is a marvel of art.
- * XL. (From the Casa del Poeta) The Sacrifice of Iphigenia. Carried to the altar by Ulysses and Diomedes, she

appeals to her father, who turns away to hide his grief: Calchas prepares to strike the fatal blow.¹

Hall V.

(Left of entrance) Many charming scenes from Pompeii in the Myths of Fauns and Satyrs, and the celebrated "Dancers" of Herculaneum, on a red, brown, or black ground.

XLV. The Purchase of Love, imitated by Thorwaldsen.

"The smaller the pictures are, the more charming they also seem to be. Few will forget the servant-girl stealing a look at a letter which her mistress is reading, the young girl dressing, and the exquisite little picture called 'Le Marché des Amours.' Two maidens are buying loves from a lady who deals in them. She has got three to sell, but the purchasers cannot make up their mind. A little love, who stands by the knee of one of the hesitating girls, does his best to be bought; another, whom the *marchande d'amours* holds up for their inspection by the wings, with no more ceremony than if he were a chicken, stretches out his little arms with pathetic entreaty. A third, seen through the bars of his cage, waits patiently, and still the two girls are perplexed, and know not which to take."—*Kavanagh*.

Hall VI.

LIX. Three pictures from Paestum—commemorating a warrior.

LXIV. The Dioscuri.
Ceres.

Hall VII.

LXVIII. Hephaestus and the shield of Achilles.

LXXI. Scene in the legend of Io.

Underneath, right (from the Casa del Poeta), Jupiter.

LXXII. A picture, from Herculaneum, has the name of the artist
"Alexander of Athens."

Hall VIII.

(The last on the right) Exquisite mosaics from Pompeii, Herculaneum, Capua, and Baiae. Observe the chained dog from the threshold of Casa del Poeta at Pompeii, with the inscription "Cave Canem."

The passage leading to the Pompeian Halls leads also to the *Galleria Lapidaria*, in the inner division of which, on the right, is the famous *Farnese Hercules* (Ercole Farnese), the work (as an inscription at the foot of the club

¹ The attitude is described by Euripides: "Agamemnon sees Iphigenia advance to the fatal altar; he groans, he turns away his eyes, he bursts into tears, he covers his head with his pallium."

tells us) of Glycon of Athens. It was found during the reign of Paul III. in the Baths of Caracalla, but the legs were missing. Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, the Pope's nephew, employed Michael Angelo to supply them, but he destroyed his work, saying that it was not for men to finish the work of gods. The legs were afterwards completed by Giacomo della Porta, but, after they were finished, the real legs were found in a well on the Borghese property, three miles from the place in which the statue was discovered. Prince Marcantonio Borghese gave them to King Ferdinand II., and the statue is now complete, except its left hand. The statue (of which there are several ancient copies) appears on coins of Athens, and on Roman coins of Caracalla, by whom it was brought from Greece.

“The Farnese Hercules is the work of an Athenian, Glycon, and is a copy of an original of Lysippus. The hero is represented as resting from his work, but he is standing erect, and supporting himself only with his left shoulder on his club, which is covered with the lion's skin. In the right hand, which is resting against the back, he is holding the apples of the Hesperidae. The design is extremely grand, and the figure has something of the ideal-form of a demi-god, not merely from its colossal size, but still more from the powerful structure of the limbs. The exceeding smallness of the head also, combined with the exaggerated breadth of shoulder, chest, and thighs, may be justified as characteristic of the Hercules type. The bombastic manner, on the other hand, with which the muscles are exhibited, expressing rather outward show than inward power, cannot certainly be attributed to an original of Lysippus, but only to the exaggerated style of Glycon.”—*Lübke*.

“The placid attitude of the Hercules and benign inclination of head seem to invite adoration, and rather announce the divinity of some temple than a mere object of sculpture displaying, as it is thought, the muscles of a man just respiring from toil.”—*Forsyth*.

At the opposite end of the gallery is the famous statue of the *Farnese Bull* (Il Toro Farnese), a group of great historic interest, though so much restored by Bianchi, who worked under the direction of Michael Angelo, that very little of the figures (no head but the herdsman's) is original. The group stood in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace at Rome, and was only brought to Naples in 1786. With most of the best works of art in what is now called the

Museo Nazionale, it was the private property of the Bourbon kings (Princes Farnese).

“The Farnese Bull was executed by Apollonius and Tauriscus of Tralles in Caria. We may reckon these artists among the foreign masters who worked at Rhodes and supplied her demands. At any rate the colossal group was brought, we are told by Pliny, from Rhodes to Rome, where it became the property of Asinius Pollio. Under Pope Paul III. (1534-49) it was found near the Baths of Caracalla, and passed with the Farnese inheritance to Naples. Although much restored, its composition is correct on all important points, and corresponds with the accounts which Pliny gives of the subject.

“The subject of the composition refers to the punishment which Zethus and Amphion, the sons of Antiope, destined for Dirce, in order to revenge their mother. For Dirce had not only tormented Antiope with signal barbarity, but had even ordered her two sons, who had grown up unknown as shepherds, to bind her rival to the horns of a wild bull and let her be dragged to death. The murder of their mother was on the point of taking place, when the recognition between mother and sons was brought about by a fortunate chance. The tables were now turned, and the furious sons inflicted on Dirce the punishment which she had devised for Antiope.

“The group represents this moment. According to tradition, the scene takes place on the Cithaeron, which is indicated by the rocky soil and the small figure of a shepherd who is looking on, and by various animals of the chase. Zethus and Amphion, two vigorous, though slender youthful figures, are standing opposite each other on a projection of the rock, endeavouring to restrain the wildly-resisting bull, and to fasten the victim to it. Dirce, whose beautiful body, only partly concealed by drapery, has fallen helplessly, as if paralysed with horror, is imploring in vain for pity, and clasping the leg of one of the brothers. Inexorably they both continue their work, while Antiope is quietly looking on in the background. In the next moment the voluptuous beauty of the splendid female figure will be for ever annihilated. The group has similar excellencies with that of the Laocoon, and is perhaps even more artistically and boldly constructed; it merits admiration also in a technical point of view as the most colossal marble work of antiquity.”—*Lübke*.

From the middle of the principal hall a staircase leads down to the basement with the *Halls of Egyptian Antiquities and Christian Inscriptions*.

In the left wing of the inner hall are (against pillars) the famous *Heracleian Tables of Bronze*, found, in 1732, not far from the site of Heracleia, and valuable as specimens of Greek paleography. One has an inscription which is

Greek on one side and Latin on the other ; the other has only a Greek inscription.

From the end of the outer *Galleria Lapidaria* we enter a gallery devoted to *Ornamental Wall Decorations from Pompeii*, executed with marvellous delicacy. LXXIII. has paintings from the Fullonica or dyer's workshop of Pompeii, exhibiting the process of a dyer's work.

Returning to the vestibule, the door on the left of the entrance leads to the *Gallery of Statues* (Raccolta dei Marmi). Observe :—

First Portico.—Sala degli Imperatori.

Left.—Julius Caesar, a colossal bust, considered to be the finest likeness in existence.

Left.—Seated statue of Augustus, from Herculaneum.

Left.—Caligula, an armed statue, found in the bed of the Garigliano in 1787 : statues of this emperor are very rare, as they were almost all destroyed through the hatred of the people after his death.

Left.—Claudius, a seated statue from Herculaneum.

Left.—Antonia, daughter of Drusus, a most characteristic statue.

Left.—Galba, a bust.

Left.—Titus, a colossal bust.

Left.—Trajan, an armed statue found in the Garigliano.

Left.—Antoninus Pius, a beautiful colossal bust.

Left.—Lucius Verus, an armed statue, with much expression.

Left.—Puppienus, a bust.

Second Portico.—Sala dei Balbi.

* *Centre.*—Equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the Elder, Praetor and Proconsul, erected (as the inscription on the pedestal tells), at the public expense, in the basilica of Herculaneum, where it was found, without the head and one hand, in 1693. The restorations are by *Canardi*.

* Equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the Younger (Praetor and Proconsul like his father), found at the same time with the other statue. During the French invasion of 1799, the head of this statue was shivered by a cannon ball, while standing in the Palace of Portici, but the sculptor Brunelli collected the fragments, and executed the present head from a cast of them.

“Les statues des Nonius père et fils sont les plus fines, les plus légères, les plus aristocratiques, si on peut le dire, de toute l'antiquité.”—*Dumas*.

“Roman works which remind us of the spirit of Greek art in their dignity and simplicity.”—*Lübke*.

Other statues here represent the wife and daughters of the elder Balbus.

*Third Portico.—Capo Lavori.*¹

Left.—Torso of Venus.

- * *Left.*—Psyche, found in the amphitheatre at Capua, of the school of Praxiteles, an exquisitely beautiful fragment, well known by copies.

Left.—Torso of Bacchus, “the Farnese Bacchus,” an original Greek work of the school of Praxiteles, in the fourth century, B. C.

Left.—Antinous, a beautiful work of the time of Hadrian.

- * *Centre.*—The seated statue of Agrippina the Elder, youngest daughter of Agrippa and Julia, and granddaughter of the great Augustus. She was the devoted wife of Caesar Germanicus, and, after his murder in Asia, landed at Brindisi, bearing herself the urn which contained his ashes. The veneration which her character secured from the Roman people ensured the jealousy of Tiberius, who banished her to the barren island of Pandataria, where she died of starvation, A. D. 33. Her ashes were afterwards brought back to Rome by her son Caligula. This is the noblest portrait statue in existence, considered by Winckelmann to be superior to those of the Capitol and the Villa Albani.

Left.—Homer, a bust.

“I confess nothing gives me a greater idea of Greek sculpture than that it should have devised and depicted these features. A blind poet and bard, this was all we know of him. And Art placed on the brow and countenance of the old man this divine mental struggle, these marks of foreboding efforts, and at the same time that perfect expression of the peace enjoyed by the blind.”—*Burckhardt.*

Left.—Juno, a fine Roman work.

Left.—Minerva, from Velletri.

Left.—Aeschines, from Herculaneum. Full of power and depth of characterisation, this was considered by Canova to be one of the most important statues of antiquity. This statue was formerly supposed to represent Aristides.

Centre.—Nereid on a sea monster.

Centre.—Bacchus and Silenus, the Bacchus modern.

Centre.—Venus Callipyge, from the palace of the Caesars at Rome. The head, right leg and hand, part of the left arm, and the naked breast, are restorations by Albaccini.

Centre.—Warriors and Amazons. Four figures from the votive offering of Attalus II., King of Pergamus, to the Acropolis of Athens, in commemoration of his victories over the Gallic invaders of Greece. Other statues from the great group on

¹ The numbers were in process of change in 1882.

the southern wall of the Acropolis are at Venice, Rome, and Paris.

Left.—Venus, from the amphitheatre of Capua. Beautiful, but much restored by Brunelli.

Left.—Adonis, from the same amphitheatre of Capua, a beautiful Greek statue, but much restored by Cali.

Left.—Athlete, from Herculaneum, supposed to be a copy of the celebrated Doryphoros of Polycletus.

Centre.—Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the Athenian friends, who slew Hipparchus, brother of the tyrant Hippias, in B.C. 514. A copy of the work of Antenor, which stood in the market-place at Athens,—from the Farnese collection. The head of Aristogeiton is antique, but does not belong to this statue.

Left.—Diana, an interesting statuette, from a little temple at Pompeii.

Left.—Minerva, a curious archaic Greek statue from Herculaneum.

Left.—Orestes and Electra, an ancient Greek group.

* *Right.*—Juno, “the Farnese Juno,” a grand colossal bust of most majestic beauty.

“This head of Juno has greater claim than any other to be regarded as executed after Polycletus. The artist had to embody in the goddess of marriage less a distinct spiritual power than a moral influence, the sacred significance of a common human relation; and in this he succeeded with a masterly hand.”—*Lübke*.

From the south (entrance) end of the second portico one enters the

First Hall of Sculpture.

Centre.—Apollo, a seated figure, carved from a single block of porphyry, with the head and lyre in white marble.

End Wall.—Jupiter, a colossal bust from his temple at Pompeii. Jupiter, from the temple at Cumae.

Right Wall.—Jupiter Ammon, from Herculaneum.

Second Hall.

Centre.—Mars seated, with his sword on the ground—head, left arm, right hand, and shield modern.

Third Hall.

Centre.—Cupid caught in the folds of a dolphin, the head and arms are modern, by Solari.

Opposite.—Atlas, with the world upon his shoulders.

Wall of Entrance.—Pan teaching Bacchus to play on the flute.

Wall of Exit.—Ganymede with the Eagle, ill restored.

Cupid, after Praxiteles.

Statue of Aesculapius, very interesting as having been found on the island dedicated to him in the Tiber at Rome.

Fourth Hall.

Centre.—*Left*, an Amazon falling from her horse.

Right.—Hercules and Omphale.

Fifth Hall.

Centre.—The Mosaic of the Battle of the Issus, found in the Casa del Fauno at Pompeii in 1831.

- * *Central Niche.*—The Farnese Flora, sometimes called “La Speranza.” From the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. A colossal statue of the latest period of Greek art; the head, arms, and feet are restorations.

Sixth Hall.

- * *Centre.*—The Caëta Vase (Krater), covered with reliefs relating to the birth of Bacchus. It bears the name of the Athenian sculptor *Salpion*. It was found on the shore, amongst the ruins of Formiæ, where it had been long used by the boatmen in mooring their boats; the marks of ropes are still perceptible. It was then for a time used as a font in the Cathedral of Caëta, whence it was transferred to the museum.

Entrance Wall, left.—An old Greek gravestone, with a representation of the person commemorated,—by Alxenor of Naxos, B.C. 470.

Seventh Hall.

Centre.—Beautiful Bacchic vases, candelabra, and the Base of a statue of Tiberius, with the names of fourteen towns of Asia Minor, which the emperor rebuilt after an earthquake, and reliefs relating to them.

Entrance Wall.—Greek relief of the Nuptials of Helen and Paris.

- * *Wall of Exit.*—An exquisitely beautiful relief of Orpheus and Eurydice in the under-world, with Hermes, the guide of souls. The names, in Greek, are beneath. There is a replica of this in the Villa Albani at Rome.

Returning, opposite the entrance of the Halls of Sculpture is that to the *Collection of Bronzes*.

First Hall (of animals).

Centre.—Horse from Herculaneum.

Centre of Left Wall.—Colossal head of a horse, which once stood in the Temple of Neptune (Piazza S. Gennaro), in Naples. Archbishop Cardinal Carafa had the rest of the horse melted down, and the metal used for bells, pleading as his excuse that he wished to check the superstition of the people, who believed that the statue had a miraculous power of healing horses. His cousin, Diomede Carafa, saved the head, and preserved it in his palace.

Second Hall.

Silenus and Bacchus.

- * Narcissus, an exquisitely beautiful statuette found in Pompeii in 1865, one of the finest known original Greek works in bronze. The whole attitude is one of dreamy listening. Some call this statuette Pan, and others the Youthful Bacchus.
- * The Dancing Faun, found, 1831, in the "Casa del Fauno" at Pompeii, which has ever since retained its name. One of the most beautiful bronzes of antiquity.

Third Hall.

- * *Centre.*—The Resting Mercury, found in Herculaneum, 1768.

"We here see the messenger of Jupiter resting for a moment, his right hand supported on a rock, and his left, which holds the rod, carelessly hanging over his knee; one leg is stretched out, the other drawn back, and the head is slightly bent forward with an intelligent expression of countenance. It is a fresh picture of elastic youth, resigning itself to a moment's easy repose after preceding effort; one of the numerous ideas which the palaestra afforded to Greek sculptors. It is evidently an original, probably of the time and school of Lysippus."—

Lübke.

"Le Mercure assis, si jeune, si naïf."—*Valery.*

Centre.—Sleeping Satyr.

The Drunken Faun, full of life-like truth. On either side, a Runner.

Right Wall.—Apollo playing on the Lyre, from an aediculum at Pompeii, a work of the school of Pasiteles.

Entrance Wall.—Plato, a Greek work of c. 450 B.C.

Fourth Hall.

Equestrian statue of Nero. Once in the arch which leads from the Forum of Pompeii to the Temple of Fortune.

Bust of Scipio Africanus.

The Head of an Athlete, with the name of the artist—"Apollonius, son of Archias of Athens."

At the end of the central hall is the *Staircase*, which was formerly decorated with the statue, by Canova, of Ferdinand I. as Minerva. The affected features of the ridiculous old king looked most grotesque beneath the helmet of Pallas, but it was an ungracious act on the part of the present government to remove and shut up the statue of the founder of the Museum. A door on the first landing (*mezzanino*) leads to a succession of rooms filled with miscellaneous objects, including collections of *Mediaeval Art* and ancient *Glass* and *Terra-cottas*.

Returning, on the opposite side of the staircase is the entrance to several rooms occupied by the *Collection of Antiquities from Cumae*, formed by Leopold de Bourbon, Count of Syracuse.

Continuing to the *Upper Floor*, the central door leads to the *Library* (Biblioteca)—open from 8 to 2. On the left are small rooms containing the *Collection of Papyri* from Herculaneum, and a number of articles of food and other small objects found in Pompeii. Between these we enter—The *Picture Gallery* (Pinacoteca).

The first rooms contain little of importance, though we may notice—

First Hall.—Roman School.

- 27. *Sassoferrato*. The Adoration of the Shepherds—characteristically full of life.
- 46. *Polidoro da Caravaggio*. Christ sinking under the Cross.

Second Hall.—Schools of Parma and Genoa.

- 16. *Bartolommeo Schidone*. Christian Charity.
- 21. *Schidone*. The Designing Cupid.
- 37. *Parmegianino*. The City of Parma, as Pallas, embracing the young Alessandro Farnese.

Third Hall.—Lombard School.

- 12. *Parmegianino*. Portrait of Amerigo Vespucci.
- ✓ 17. *Cesare da Sesto*. Adoration of the Magi, 1524,—very rich in its accessories.

Fourth Hall.—Venetian School.

- 20. *Titian*. Paul III. with his nephew Pier Luigi, and a cardinal.

Fifth Hall.—Sala di Correggio.

- 1. *Salvator Rosa* (a native of Arenella near Naples). Jesus with the Doctors.
“Salvator paints the most brutal people round the helpless Child.”—*Burckhardt*.
- 2. *Sebastian del Piombo*. Madonna and Child.
- * 3. *Correggio*. The Madonna resting, during the flight into Egypt, with the Holy Child in her lap; the turban which she wears has given the picture its popular name of “La Zingarella.” It is also sometimes called “La Madonna di Coniglio,” from the rabbit in the foreground. The Virgin has wonderful beauty and expression; figures of angels hover above.
- 5. *Titian*. Danae—painted for Duke Ottavio Farnese in 1548.

- * 7. *Correggio*. Marriage of S. Catherine—from the Farnese Gallery at Parma.
 “The Child, astonished at the strange ceremony, is looking up laughing at the Virgin.”—*Kugler*.
- * 8. *Titian*. Portrait of Paul III.—unfinished, but admirable.
 “One may again and again cultivate one’s eye on this picture, and try to enter into the infinite mastery of Titian, which cannot be satisfactorily described in words.”—*Burckhardt*.
- * 11. *Titian*. Philip II. of Spain. A rival to the masterpiece at Madrid.
- 12. *Giuseppe Ribera* (Lo Spagnoletto). S. Sebastian, 1651—the last picture of the master painted with feeling.
- 13. *Giuseppe Ribera*. S. Jerome.
- 14. *Ribera*. S. Jerome in meditation.
- 15. *Guercino*. The Magdalen in prayer.

Sixth Hall.—Sala di Raffaello.

- 1. *Ann Caracci*. *Pieta*.
- 5. *Giulio Romano*. La Madonna della Gatta—a domestic scene in the Holy Family, executed after “the Perla” of Raffaello. The cat is an introduction of Giulio Romano.
- 7. *G. Bellini*. The Transfiguration—an admirable picture, with a beautiful north-Italian landscape, believed to have been a very early work of the master.
- 8. *School of Raffaello*. Columbus.
- 11. *Pietro Perugino*. Madonna and Child.
- 12. *Andrea del Sarto*. Pope Clement VII.
- 15. *Luini*. Madonna and Child.
- * 17. *Raffaello* (?) Portrait of the Cavaliere Tibaldi (his master of arms).
- 19. *Andrea del Sarto*. A copy from the portrait by Raffaello of Pope Leo X, with Cardinal Giulio de’ Medici and Cardinal Luigi de’ Rossi, in the Pitti at Florence. This picture is treated in Naples (but nowhere else) as an original work of Raffaello.
- * 21. *Raffaello* (?) Portrait of Cardinal Passerini.
- * 22. *Raffaello* (?) La Madonna del Divin Amore. S. Elizabeth supports the little arm of the Holy Child, as, from His Mother’s lap, He blesses S. John, who kneels at Their feet. Joseph enters behind. The execution of this picture is sometimes attributed to Giulio Romano, and it is probably only a copy of that in the Bridgewater Gallery in London.
- 24. *Pietro Novelli of Monreale*. The Trinity, with the Madonna as a suppliant.
- 26. *Garofalo*. The Deposition.
- 28. *Palma Vecchio*. S. Jerome interceding with the Madonna for two suppliants.

- * 30. *Domenichino*. The Guardian Angel.
- 32. *Claude Lorraine*. Landscape, the figures by *Filippo Laini*.
- 34. *Pinturricchio*. The Assumption.
- 37. *Titian*. The Magdalen.
- * 41. *Parmegianino*. A Lovely Peasant Girl, said to be the daughter of the artist.
- 44. *Andrea Sabbatini da Salerno*. S. Benedetto enthroned between SS. Placido and Mauro—the Doctors of the Church beneath.
- 47. *Guido Reni*. Atalanta's Race.
- 56. *Sebastian del Piombo*. Portrait of Alexander VI.

Seventh Hall.—Sala delle Venere.

- 14. (Perhaps removed.) *Andrea Mantegna*. S. Eufemia with the Lion—a youthful work of the artist, of grand but earthly beauty, painted in 1459.

“The earliest and perhaps noblest conception of ideal beauty ever attained by the master.”—*Burckhardt*.

Returning to the top of the great staircase, and crossing to the other side, we find on the right the entrance to the *Cabinet of Gems* (*Oggetti Preziosi*), containing an infinity of lovely objects, amongst which we may specially observe (near the window) the exquisite *Tazza Farnese*, made from a single sardonyx, beautifully sculptured. A number of cases contain precious objects found in Pompeii.

“Voulez-vous des formes pures, suaves, sans reproches? Voyez ces anneaux, ces colliers, ces bracelets. C'est comme cela qu'en portaient Aspasia, Cléopâtre, Messaline. Voilà les mains qui se serrent en signe de bonne foi; voilà un serpent qui se mord la queue, symbole de l'infini; voici des mosaïques, des antiques, des bas-reliefs. Voulez-vous écrire? voici un encrier avec son encre coagulée au fond. Voulez-vous peindre? voici une palette avec sa couleur toute préparée. Voulez-vous faire votre toilette? voici des peignes, des épingles d'or, des miroirs, du fard, tout ce monde de la femme, *mundus muliebris*, comme l'appelaient les anciennes.”—*Alexandre Dumas*.

The following door, inscribed *Raccolta Pornografica*, leads to a small room filled with a most curious collection of objects found in Pompeii, whose nature is explained in the fact that men only are admitted.

“Les maximes de la morale ont moins résisté aux flammes du Vésuve que les images du vice.”—*Valery*.

The opposite room contains a valuable *Collection of Medals* (*Medagliere*).

We now enter the *Second Picture Gallery*. We may notice—

First Hall.—Bolognese School.

1. *Lavinia Fontana*. The Samaritan woman at the well.
9. *Guido Reni*. Nausikaa and her maidens.
36. *Annibale Caracci*. Hercules between Virtue and Vice.
- * 38. *F. Romanelli*. A Sibyl.
44. *Guido Reni*. Modesty and Vanity.
47. *Guercino*. S. Peter repenting—with a pocket-handkerchief!
55. *Annibale Caracci*. Rinaldo and Armida.

Second Hall.—Tuscan School.

5. *Sodoma*. The Resurrection, 1536.
30. *Ghirlandajo*. Madonna and Child enthroned, with two saints.
31. *Filippo Lippi*. Madonna and Child, with two angels.

In the centre of this room is a beautiful "Baptistry" of bronze of the fifteenth century.

From the third hall, right, open two Cabinets. The first Cabinet is occupied by Byzantine and Old Florentine pictures. The second Cabinet is of interest here as illustrating the *Old Neapolitan School*.

- 1, 7, 11. *Silvestro Buono*. The Magdalene, The Baptist, The Death of the Virgin.
5. *Roccaderame*. S. Michael.
6. *Colantonio del Fiore*. S. Jerome.
12. *Filippo Tesauero*. Madonna and Child with saints.
14. *Maestro Stefanone*. S. Giacomo della Marca and two angels, 1320.

Third Hall.—Neapolitan School, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

1. *Pietro Donzelli* (?) The Crucifixion.
3. *Pietro Donzelli* (?) S. Martino.
7. *Il Zingaro* (Antonio Solario). Madonna with SS. Peter, Paul, Sebastian, Asprenus, Candida.
21. *Simone Papa*. Madonna and Child, and the Crucifixion.
22. *Pietro and Ippolito Donzelli*. Madonna between S. Sebastian and S. Giacomo della Marca.
- * 32. *Simone Papa the Elder*. S. Jerome, S. Giacomo della Marca, and S. Michael, with the donors Bernardino Turbola and Anna de Rosa—the best known work of the artist, painted after study of Flemish pictures.
32. *Andrea da Salerno* (Sabbatini). The Adoration of the Magi, painted in the spirit of his master Raffaello.
34. *Sabbatini*. S. Benedict giving the robe of his Order to S. Maurus and S. Placidus.

Fourth Hall.—*Neapolitan School of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.*

9. *Massimo Stanzioni.* S. Jerome at Prayer.
37. *Stanzioni.* The Adoration of the Shepherds.
54. *Luca Giordano*—"Fa Presto." S. Francis Xavier baptising savages—painted in three days, "which makes me envy something in his palette."—*Burckhardt.*
71. *Luca Giordano.* Madonna del Rosario.
75. *Giordano.* Consecration of the Church of Monte Cassino by Pope Alexander.
81. *Il Calabrese.* The Prodigal Son.
 "The painter evidently regarded the antecedents of his principal personage as something very pardonable—'he could not help it.'"—*Burckhardt.*

In this room are glass cases containing many precious objects, chiefly in crystal, and, on a separate table; the famous *Cassettina Farnese*, of silver gilt wrought early in the sixteenth century, by *Giovanni de' Bernardi* of Castel Bolognese.

Fifth Hall.—*German and Dutch School.*

40. *Lucas Cranach.* Christ and the Adulteress—a fine example of the master.
- * 50. *Pierre Breughel.* The Covetous Hypocrite.
54. *Breughel the Elder.* Six blind men leading each other into a pit.
73. *Mirevelt (?)* A young Magistrate of Antwerp—a capital portrait.

From the fifth hall is the entrance to a series of rooms occupied by the *Collection of Greek-Italian Vases*, the most important being (No. 2360) the three glorious vases found at Nola, decorated with scenes from the Siege of Troy. From the first round hall (left) we reach the *Museo Santangelo*, purchased from the Palazzo Santangelo by the town of Naples in 1865. Between the last of its rooms is the *Collection of Small Bronzes*, chiefly found in Pompeii, and exceedingly interesting and beautiful. From the sixth hall, is the entrance to rooms filled with larger objects from Pompeii—beds, couches, candelabra, etc.

[Opposite the south-west of the Museum, the modern Strada di S. Maria Costantinopli, cuts through the old town. The first side alley on the left is the Vicolo S. Aniello, a thorough Neapolitan street, almost a staircase,

and crowded with pigs, turkeys, chickens, etc. At the top, on the left, is the *Church of S. Agnello* or *S. Aniello*, founded 1517, and enclosing a chapel which is said to date from the sixth century. It has an atrium with ancient frescoes, and it contains several sculptures by *Santa Croce* and *Domenico d'Auria*, and a magnificent altar-screen by *Giovanni Merliano da Nola*, in which the principal feature is the Madonna, with the Child in her lap, seated upon the crescent-moon, and looking down upon two figures presented by SS. Domenic and Augustine, beneath whom the souls in purgatory are holding out their arms for help. Near the entrance of the church are curious sixteenth century tombs of the Puberico family.]

North from the Museum the *Strada Reale di Capodimonte* ascends the hill, crossing the valley, with the low-lying district called *Della Sanità*, by the *Ponte della Sanità*, erected in 1809. Upon the hill to the right is the *Collegio dei Cinese*, where Chinese converts are educated as missionaries. Many go forth from hence with an almost certainty of martyrdom, and those who have died thus are represented in their pictures in the college with the instruments of their suffering.

A little beyond the viaduct, a road turns off on the left to *S. Gennaro de' Poveri*, a hospital for 400 poor people; where, on payment of 1 fr. to the porter, you are supplied (without further payment) with a guide for the *Catacombs of S. Gennaro*, which are entered through a little church containing some interesting frescoes by *Andrea (Sabbatini) da Salerno*.

The Catacombs of Naples, which underlie the northern heights of Capodimonte, are very inferior in interest to those of Rome (though the passages are higher and wider), but yet are worth seeing. They burrow through the tufa rocks in two and sometimes three stories, and are said to extend as far as Pozzuoli. Visitors are first shown the *Chapel of S. Gennaro*—a basilica—where the body of the martyred saint was buried by Bishop John I. of Naples in 430. Two niches in the right wall are pointed out as the graves of Bishop John I., 432, and Bishop Paul, 764; in

the second niche is the fresco of a bishop. Behind the (modern) altar, in the semi-circular tribune, is an episcopal throne cut in the tufa. The numerous passages through which strangers are conducted have evidently been used by both Pagans and Christians as burial-places. The early martyrs of Naples, afterwards canonised, were buried here. The Catacombs were also used for burial in the plague of 1656, since which a great part of them has been walled up. Rude paintings of the usual early christian emblems are found in abundance. On All Souls' Day the Catacombs are open to the public, when they present a very curious spectacle.

Returning to the Strada Nuova di Capodimonte, we ascend to the circular space called *Tondo di Capodimonte*, where the tariff for carriages comes to an end. Here, on the left, is the entrance of the *Villa Gallo* or *Regina Isabella*, built by the Duca di Gallo in 1809, and bought by Queen Isabella in 1831.

On the right is the entrance to the *Palazzo Reale di Capodimonte* (a permission must be obtained at the Palazzo Reale in the town. Guide 1 fr., porter 50 c.) This palace, which has nothing but its situation to recommend it, was begun in 1738 by Charles III., under the Sicilian architect, *Giovanni Medrano*, and finished in 1843. Having been built over a part of the Catacombs, enormous expense was involved in strengthening its substructions. There is very little worth seeing, though the gardens are much admired by Neapolitans.

South-west of the palace is the *Observatory* (La Specola), whence, by a steep descent, we may reach the *Botanic Garden* (Orto Botanico), a little to the north-west of which is the *Reale Albergo dei Poveri* or *Reclusorio*, an immense poorhouse, begun by the magnificent Charles III. under *Ferdinando Fuga*, and finished by *Vanvitelli*. It is inscribed "Regium totius regni pauperum hospitium." The wide *Strada Foria*, which leads westward to the Museum, divides into two ways at the Albergo dei Poveri. That on the right leads to the Campo Santo Nuovo, that on the left to the picturesque *Ponti Rossi*, remains of the aqueduct called Aqua Julia, which was made by Augustus to supply the

fleet at Misenum with water. The red bricks, with which the tufa is lined, have given these ruins their name.

Turning to the right from the *Albergo dei Poveri* down the *Strada dell' Arenaccia*, five minutes will bring us to the *Protestant Cemetery* (*Cimiterio dei Protestanti*), planted with cypresses and myrtles, etc. Amongst other tombs we may notice that of the Margravine Elizabeth of Anspach Baireuth, 1828, who is buried in the same grave with her son and her friend, Sir William Gell. Opposite this cemetery, the *Via del Campo Santo Vecchio* leads to the old Neapolitan cemetery, only used for the poor. It contains 366 horrible pits, one of which is opened every day. The bodies of the dead (unattended by any relations) are then chucked out of their coffins into the pit upon a general heap of corpses, exhibiting all the various progressions of decay—a terrible and disgusting sight. Hither the whole population of Naples pour out on November 2—All Souls' Day—when they “eat a feast for the good of the dead!”

South-east from hence the *Strada Nuova di Poggio Reale* leads to the *Campo Santo Nuovo* (one-horse carriage from town 1 fr. 50 c.), in a beautiful situation.

Wearied with filthy streets and dirty yelling yelping people, let us now turn from the Museum up the hill to the west by the *Strada di Salvatore Rosa*, which leads to the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, a noble terrace opened since the change of government, with glorious views over the town and bay.

“With every winding of the way, with every hill, with every valley, the view of town, of gulf, of mountains and islands is changed, and, in the glory of sea and distance, one does not know where to look, whether to the amphitheatre of the town flooded in sunshine, or to the upland gardens full of golden oranges and blood-red pomegranates, to the pleasant villas, or to each artistic group of exquisite pines, palms, and cypresses.”—*Gregorovius*.

Far on, in the windings of the terrace, are the Hotels Bristol and Tramontana. Thence the road descends to Fuorigrotta, close to the Grotto of Posilipo.

Two ways ascend to S. Martino and S. Elmo. The more usual but much longer way is to continue the Strada di Salvatore Rosa for some distance, and then where the road goes to Antignano on the right, turn to the left by a small chapel, following a path which leads, first left, then right, to the court below S. Elmo. From the Toledo (Strada di Roma), opposite Palazzo Maddaloni, the *Strada dei Sette Dolori* leads up to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, whence, on the right, just beyond No. 363, below a very pink house, a steep ascent forms the most direct way to S. Elmo. Donkeys are waiting at the bottom of the ascent, and are very desirable for those who mind a steep walk over rough stones. In Neapolitan a donkey is *ciucio*, the attendant *pedone*. A one-horse carriage to S. Elmo costs from 3 frs. to 3 frs. 50 c. ; a donkey 1 fr. to 1 fr. 50 c.

From a quiet platform on the steeper ascent we gain a view which is perhaps better known from pictures than any other, to those who have never seen Naples. On the right, a great solitary umbrella-pine rises from a garden of palms and oranges, upon terraces overhung with masses of banksian roses and wistaria. Behind are the port, with its shipping, and the blue bay, beyond which Portici and Torre del Greco lie in lines of sparkling houses under the lower slopes of Vesuvius, over which rise its twin purple-gray peaks, the larger casting a whiff of silvery smoke upon the turquoise sky. In the distance is Castellamare, backed by aerial mountains. To the left extends far and wide the vast town, brown and yellow, with monotonous flat roofs, only broken by the great mass of S. Chiara, and by a number of domes of the smaller churches, one of which, almost at our feet, is covered with blue and orange tiles, arranged—Eastern fashion—in gaudy patterns. Farther still to the left, the height of Capodimonte rises, with its palace and gardens, and a number of hills follow, covered with villas and gardens, with pines and cypresses breaking their sky-line, till they join the steps of S. Elmo.

S. Elmo derives its name from S. Eremo, "the holy retreat" (*i.e.* of the Carthusian monks). The magnificent fortress was built for King Robert the Wise by Giacomo de Sanctis, but was enlarged and altered by the great viceroy, Pedro di Toledo. Under the present Government it is used as a prison.

To the left, below the fortress, is the entrance to

the famous *Convent of S. Martino*, now called Museo Nazionale; open from 10 to 4; admission 1 fr. On Sundays, from 9 to 2, free.

The *Convent of S. Martino*, begun in 1325 by Charles, Duke of Calabria, but almost entirely rebuilt in the seventeenth century, was magnificently endowed, and was one of the noblest monastic institutions in Italy. Since the change of government, its revenues have been confiscated and its monks expelled; but its buildings have been respected, and a great part of the convent is in a transition state (1882) of arrangement as a *National Museum and Library*, all the books seized from religious institutions being supposed to be arranged there.

Through the first court and a wicket we reach a *Cloister*, which is surrounded by monuments, coats of arms, and inscriptions from destroyed buildings or confiscated convents. Much of the sculpture deserves attention. In a room opposite the entrance is the triumphal barge of Charles III. The central door on the right leads to a number of rooms, chiefly devoted to the beautiful collections of Abruzzi and Capo di Monte china and Venetian glass purchased by the town of Naples from the collection of the Cavaliere Bongi. Amongst the relics preserved here are the hat of the famous Cardinal Ruffo, the dress of Poerio, and a life-size figure of Padre Rocco, the famous Dominican preacher (by whose efforts Naples was first lighted), in the habit he wore in his lifetime. An extraordinary *presepio*, containing many hundreds of figures, with Neapolitan costumes and action, is an immense amusement to children.

The *Great Cloister* surrounds a garden with its graceful Doric columns and marble arches, and is very bright and attractive. The arcade to the right ends in a passage leading to the *Belvidere* of the monks, with an exquisitely beautiful view of sea, mountains, and town.

The first door in the arcade to the right of the first cloister forms the present approach to the *Church*.

It is reached by a series of chambers, of which the *Chapter-House* has a ceiling by *Belisario Corenzio*, and the *Tesoro* contains the Deposition from the Cross, one of the

finest works of *Giuseppe Ribera*, "Lo Spagnoletto" (1593-1656), who took Caravaggio as his model, and was always more full of power than feeling; as he delighted in horrors, this is perhaps the quietest of his important works. The story of Judith on the ceiling of this room is affirmed to have been painted by *Luca Giordano* in forty-eight hours!

The ceiling of the *Sacristy* is by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino*, by whom also is the Crucifixion on the entrance wall, his finest work. The *Ecce Homo* is by *Stanzioni*; the Denial of S. Peter by *Michelangelo Caravaggio*.

Between the sacristies, the visitor enters the *Choir* of the church—"véritable bonbonnière," as Valery calls it, which has a ceiling by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino*. Here is the beautiful Nativity of *Guido Reni*, left unfinished at his death. Four other colossal pictures are—

Ribera. The Communion of the Apostles.

Carracciolo. The Washing of the Feet.

Stanzioni. The Last Supper.

Given by the Heirs of Paul Veronese. The Institution of the Eucharist.

Turning into the nave we come to—

Right, Second Chapel.—*Massimo Stanzioni*. The Story of S. Bruno, 1631.

"In these pictures we find an elevated beauty and repose, a noble simplicity and distinctness of line, united with such excellent colour, as are rarely to be met with at this period."—*Kugler*.

Over the west door.—*Stanzioni*. The Pietà.

"Splendid even in ruin; equal to the most feeling pictures of Vandyke, and in its noble keeping and foreshortening of the dead body excelling all Neapolitans, including Spagnoletto."—*Burckhardt*.

It is said that, as the colour of this picture was rather dark, Spagnoletto persuaded the monks to let him wash it, and used corrosive fluid. When Stanzioni was entreated to restore it, he refused, saying that it should remain a monument of Spagnoletto's enmity.

At the sides.—Moses and Elias, and in the lunettes over the chapels, the Prophets, by *Spagnoletto*.

"Along the nave are the twelve prophets of Spagnoletto, each thundering down from his own compartment; all seem variously inspired, yet all are children of the same dark, deep-featured family."—*Forsyth*.

Left, First Chapel.—*Massimo Stanzioni*. Madonna with two Carthusian bishops. Side pictures by *Andrea Vaccaro*.

Left, Second Chapel.—Carlo Maratta, 1710. The Baptism of Christ, painted in his eighty-fifth year.

Left, Third Chapel.—Giambattista Carracciolo (master of Stanzioni). The gorgeous *marble decorations* of the church are chiefly from designs of Cosimo Fansaga.

If we turn to the right from the Piazza Vittoria, we find ourselves in the *Chiaja*, celebrated fifty years ago for its society, especially for the literary reunions at the house of the venerable Capece Latro, Archbishop of Tarento. On our left is the Villa Nazionale, now a dusty and misused garden. The *Riviera di Chiaja* leads, by a turn to the right, to the Grotto of Posilipo, and on the left, to the Mergellina, which till lately was one of the most characteristic quarters of Naples: where lazzaroni sprawled in the sun; where men danced and ate maccheroni, and women screamed and scolded; where beggars implored for *soldi*—“for the sake of your dead, Signore, for the sake of your poor dead;” where fishermen were seen drawing in their nets, with the bare limbs of antique beauty which inspired the piscatorial verses of Sannazaro; and where, ever and anon, a *corricolo* came dashing past, twenty persons standing or sitting in a kind of gig, and two or three more hanging in the net beneath, in which a beggar could always take his drive for half a grano, considerably less than a farthing—sixteen persons in all, travelling perfectly well with one half-skeleton horse, and the horse, in true Neapolitan spirit, seeming to enjoy it.

On the right is the *Church of S. Maria del Parto*, usually called *Chicsa di Sannazaro* from having been built upon the estate which was given, in 1496, to the poet Jacopo Sannazaro by Frederick II. of Arragon. He followed his prince into exile, and, finding his villa destroyed by the French on his return, wrote

“La vendetta d’Apollo ha fatto Marte,”

and gave his land to the Servite monks, who built the church, which they named from his poem “De Partu Virginis.” Behind the high altar is the tomb of the poet,

executed in his lifetime by *Fra Giovanni da Montorsoli* from designs of Girolamo Santacroce. A richly-decorated sarcophagus is surmounted by a bust of Sannazaro, inscribed with his academic name, Actius Sincerus. Bembo wrote the inscription, which, taking advantage of the position, places Sannazaro next to Virgil in genius—

“ Da sacro cineri flores ; hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Musa proximus ut tumulo.”

At the sides of the tomb are statues of Apollo and Minerva, generally believed to be David and Judith. Sannazaro in his poems copied the style of Virgil, having been chosen by the Pope, who feared the influence of the returning love of classical literature, as the poetical champion of Christianity.

In the first chapel on the right is a picture by *Leonardo di Pistoia* of S. Michael trampling on the Devil, represented as a beautiful Neapolitan woman who tempted the youthful virtue of Diomede Caraffa, Bishop of Ariano, buried near this spot. It is this picture which has given rise to the Neapolitan expression for seductive beauty, “Una diavola della Mergellina.”

On the left, projecting into the sea, are the picturesque ruins of the *Palazzo di Donn' Anna*, begun by Cosimo Fansaga, in 1638, for the beautiful Donn' Anna Carafa di Stigliano, wife of the Viceroy Duca Medina di las Torres, but never finished.

The road now winds, a diorama of loveliness, high above the sea, through pines, aloes, and vineyards, amid which villas are interspersed, with glorious views towards the town, Vesuvius, and the more distant mountains—

“ La beata spiaggia
Che di Virgilio e Sannazar nasconde
Il cener sacro.”

Where the road turns, near the end of the promontory, a path on the left leads through bosquets of myrtle and coronilla, interspersed with ruins. Some of these are called the *Scuola di Virgilio*, and others the *Villa of Vedius Pollio*, the friend of Augustus, who fed his tame lampreys with the flesh of his slaves.

Continuing the high road, on the left is the entrance to the *Grotto of Sejanus* (entrance 1 fr.), a tunnel two-thirds of a mile in length. It is called after the favourite of Tiberius, but is of earlier date, and is asserted by Strabo to have been constructed by M. Cocceius Nerva, B.C. 37. An inscription has been found stating that it was repaired by the Emperor Honorius, A.D. 400.

Beyond the *Punta di Corroglia* is a lovely view of the Bay of Bagnoli, and the islands, Nisida, Procida, and Ischia. Here, till recently, might be read a Neapolitan inscription upon a tavern, now destroyed as too epicurean, but very typical of the Neapolitan character—

“ Amici, alliegre magnammo e bevimmo
 Fin che n' ci stace uoglio e la lucerna :
 Chi sa s'a l'altro munno n' ci vedimmo ?
 Chi sa s'a l'altro munno n' c' è taverna ?”

“ Friends, eat and drink joyously, as long as there is oil in the lamp : who knows if we shall meet in the other world : who knows if in the other world there is a tavern ?

“ Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
 With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
 My heart was hot within me ; till at last
 My brain was lightened when my tongue had said—
 Christ is not risen !”

Clough.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSIONS WEST OF NAPLES.

IF weather, health, and waves are favourable, the most beautiful places in the neighbourhood of Naples may be seen in eleven days; but all to whom it is possible will wish to linger longer in the exquisite spots on the coast, especially at Sorrento and Capri, while the artist will find it impossible to tear himself away from Amalfi, which is perhaps altogether the most picturesque place in Europe. Hurried travellers may divide their days thus:—

1. Excursion to Pozzuoli, Baiae, and Cumae, returning to sleep at Naples or Pozzuoli.
2. Excursion by steamer to Procida and Ischia (the boats only leave in the afternoon). This excursion is only worth while to very good sailors, though several days may be delightfully spent at Ischia.
3. Island of Ischia.
4. Return by early boat and ascend Vesuvius. (It may be well to sleep at Castellamare.)
5. Pompeii. (This may be most conveniently seen from Castellamare.)
6. Sorrento—Vigna Sersale, etc.—sleep at Sorrento.
7. Excursion to Capri (or from Naples)—sleep at Sorrento.
8. Drive to Salerno, spending several hours at La Cava on the way—sleep at Salerno or La Cava.
9. Excursion to Paestum—sleep at Salerno or La Cava.
10. Drive to Amalfi—ascend to the Cappuccini Convent, etc.—sleep at Amalfi.
11. Ride or walk to Ravello and La Scala—sleep at Amalfi.
12. Return to Naples or Rome.

A road to the right, at the end of the Chiaja, leads to the mouth of the Grotto of Posilipo, above which those who do not wish to leave their carriages may see, high on

the left, close above the grotto, the ruined columbarium known as the *Tomb of Virgil*.

A door in the wall, on the left of the approach to the grotto, and a very steep staircase, lead to the columbarium, which is situated in the pretty fruit-garden of a Frenchman (M. Bonniot), who charges 1 fr. entrance to each person.

Virgil desired that his body should be brought to Naples from Brundisium, where he died, B.C. 19, and there is every probability that he was buried on this spot, which was visited as Virgil's burial-place little more than a century after his death by the poet Statius, who was born at Naples, and who describes composing his own poems whilst seated in the shadow of the tomb—

“ En egomet somnum, et geniale secutus
Littus, ubi Ausonio se condidit hospita portu
Parthenope, tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni tumulis adcanto magistri.”¹

Silv. iv. 4, 50.

If further confirmation were needed of the story that Virgil was laid here, it would be found in the fact that Silius Italicus, who lived at the same time with Statius, purchased the tomb of Virgil, restored it from the neglect into which it had fallen, and celebrated funeral rites before it.

“ Silius haec magni celebrat monumenta Maronis
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
Heredem, dominumque sui tumulive, larisve
Non alium mallet, nec Maro, nec Cicero.”

Martial, Ep. xi. 48.

“ Above all others,” says Pliny, “ did Silius venerate the image of Virgil, whose birthday he kept more religiously than his own, for the most part at Naples, where he used to visit his tomb as he would a temple.”² Up to that time

¹ “ Lo ! idly wand'ring on the sea-beat strand
Where the fam'd Syren on Ausonia's land
First moor'd her bark, I strike the sounding string ;
At Virgil's honour'd tomb I sit and sing ;
Warm'd by the hallow'd spot, my Muse takes fire,
And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.”

² Lib. iii. *Ep.* 7.

Eustace's Trans.

the tomb had only been cared for by a poor country-man—

“ Jam prope desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
Nomina qui coleret, pauper, et unus erat.
Silius optatae succurrere censuit umbrae,
Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, tulit.”

Ep. xi. 49.

The tomb was originally shaded by a gigantic bay-tree, which is said to have died on the death of Dante. Petrarch, who was brought hither by King Robert, planted another, which existed in the time of Sannazaro, but was destroyed by relic-collectors in the last century. A branch was sent to Frederick the Great by the Margravine of Baireuth, with some verses by Voltaire. Dante mentions the spot—

“ Vespero è già colà dov' è sepolto
Lo corpo, dentro al quale io faceva ombra :
Napoli l' ha, e da Brandizio è tolto.”

Purg. iii.

If from no other cause, the tomb would be interesting from its visitors : here Boccaccio renounced the career of a merchant for that of a poet, and a well-known legend, that S. Paul visited the sepulchre of Virgil at Naples, was long commemorated in the verse of a hymn used in the service for S. Paul's Day at Mantua—

“ Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrymae ;
Quantum, inquit, te fecissem,
Vivum si te invenissem,
Poetarum maxime !”¹

The tomb is a small, square, vaulted chamber with three windows. Early in the sixteenth century a funeral urn, containing the ashes of the poet, stood in the centre, supported by nine little marble pillars. Some say that

¹ “ When to Maro's tomb they brought him
Tender grief and pity wrought him
To bedew the stone with tears ;
What a saint I might have crowned thee,
Had I only living found thee,
Poet first and without peers !”

Robert of Anjou removed it, in 1326, for security to the Castel Nuovo, others that it was given by the Government to a cardinal from Mantua, who died at Genoa on his way home. In either event the urn is now lost. Opposite the entrance of the tomb is placed a copy of the epitaph,

“ Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces,”

which originally appeared on the frieze, and is described by Villani in his *Cronace de Napoli* as existing in 1526. The epitaph now inscribed upon the tomb itself dates from 1554—

“ Qui cineres? Tumuli haec vestigia? Conditur olim
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.”

It is just beneath the tomb that the road to Pozzuoli enters the famous *Grotto of Posilipo*, a tunnel about half a mile long, in breadth from 25 to 30 feet, and varying from about 90 feet in height near the entrance, to little more than 20 feet at points of the interior. Petronius and Seneca mention its narrow gloomy passage with horror, in the reign of Nero, when it was so low that it could only be used for foot-passengers, who were obliged to stoop in passing through. In the fifteenth century King Alphonso I. gave it height by lowering the floor, which was paved by Don Pedro di Toledo a hundred years later. In the Middle Ages the grotto was ascribed to the magic arts of Virgil. In recent years it has been the chief means of communication between Naples and Baiae, and is at all times filled with dust and noise, the flickering lights and resounding echoes giving it a most weird effect. However much one may abuse Neapolitans, we may consider in their favour, as Swinburne observes, “what a terror this dark grotto would be in London!”¹

Emerging from the grotto, which may be considered as the barrier of the noise of Naples (the entrance on the farther side is very picturesque), is the village of *Fuorigrotta*, where

¹ A second and wider Grotto of Posilipo, to accommodate the steam tramway from Naples to Pozzuoli, with promenades for foot-passengers along the sides, was opened August 15, 1882.

the little *Church of S. Vitale* contains the tomb of Count Giacomo Leopardi, a native of Recanati, who, having been a prodigy of boyish learning, then philologer, poet, and philosopher, died at Naples, June 14, 1837.

[Hence a divergence may be made (right) to the site of *Lago d'Agnano*, an ancient crater, till lately a picturesque lake, two miles in circumference, but recently drained, and no longer worth a visit, except for those who make a long stay at Naples.

To the south-east of the crater is the sulphureous cave called *Grotta del Cane* (50 c.), because its vapours render a dog insensible in a few seconds. Pliny describes the cave as the "breathing-place of Pluto." Extortionate wretches generally swarm in the neighbourhood with animals which they offer to "die" for the amusement of visitors, a dog is the favourite victim.

"Le tour du malheureux chien était venu. Son maître le poussa dans la grotte sans qu'il opposât aucune résistance; mais une fois dedans, son énergie lui revint, il bondit, se dressa sur ses pieds de derrière pour élever sa tête au-dessus de l'air méphitique qui l'entourait. Mais tout fut inutile; bientôt un tremblement convulsif s'empara de lui, il retomba sur ses quatre pattes, vacilla un instant, se coucha, raidit ses membres, les agita comme dans une crise d'agonie, puis tout à coup resta immobile. Son maître le tira par la queue hors du trou; il resta sans mouvement sur le sable, la gueule béante et pleine d'écume. Je le crus mort.

"Mais il n'était qu'évanoui: bientôt l'air extérieur agit sur lui, ses poumons se gonflèrent et battirent comme des soufflets; il souleva sa tête, puis l'avant-train, puis le train de derrière, demeura un instant vacillant sur ses quatre pattes comme s'il eût été ivre; enfin, ayant tout-à-coup rassemblé toutes ses forces, il partit comme un trait et ne s'arrêta qu'à cent pas de là, sur un petit monticule, au sommet duquel il s'assit, regardant tout autour de lui avec la plus prudente et la plus méticuleuse attention.

"Tout cela est bien hideusement cruel, mais c'est l'habitude. D'ailleurs, les animaux en meurent, c'est vrai, mais aussi les maîtres en vivent, et il y a si peu d'industries à Naples, qu'il faut bien tolérer celle-là."—*Alexandre Dumas*.

"The poor animal who is now undergoing the experiment at the *Grotta del Cane* has already been three years at it, and, at a moderate computation, he has been killed a hundred times a year. In about three or four minutes' time, being held down to the steam, he is in violent convulsions, and immediately afterwards has every appearance

of being dead : upon being brought again into the air, his lungs begin to play violently, and in four or five minutes' time he is perfectly recovered."—*Miss Berry's Journals*, 1784.

Cluverius says that the grotto was used as a place of execution for Turkish captives, who were shut up there to die of suffocation, and it is asserted that Don Pedro de Toledo tried the animal experiment upon two galley slaves with fatal effect.]

Half a mile beyond the grotto is the extinct crater of *Astroni*, a hollow, several miles in circuit, used as a royal preserve. A *permesso* is necessary. (Under the Bourbons to fire a gun in this neighbourhood was to ensure the punishment of the galleys for life.)

The main road from Fuorigrotta leads, between poplars hung with garlands of vine, to the sea at *Bagnoli*, where there are warm springs and baths. Opposite is the little island rock of *Nisida*, of which, as the ancient Nesis, the poisonous vapours are described by Lucan—

“ Traxit iners coelum fluidae contagia pestis
Obscuram in nubem, Tali spiramine Nesis
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis,
Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant,

Lucan, Phars. vi. 89.

The hideous buildings of a modern lazaretto take the place of the woods of Statius—

“ Spectat et Icario nemorosus palmite Gaurus,
Silvaque, quae cinctam pelago Nesida coronat.”

Silv. iii. 1. 147.

The view is lovely towards the promontory of Misenum as we drive round the sandy bay towards Pozzuoli. Everywhere we meet those “*veteris vestigia flammae*,” which gave the name of Phlegraean to the district.¹ A little before reaching the town, a bridle-road on the right turns off to the *Solfatara* (admission 50 c.), the Forum Vulcani of Strabo, a semi-extinct volcanic crater, which still sends forth sulphureous gases from its fissures (*fumaroli*). At some points water can be heard boiling beneath the surface. A large

¹ Forsyth.

stone thrown violently upon the ground makes a report like distant artillery.

“ Est locus, exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter magnaëque Dicarchidos arva,
Cocyta perfusus aqua : nam spiritus extra
Qui furit, effusus funesto spargitur aestu.
Non haec autumnno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite laetus ager ; non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur :
Sed chaos, et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
Gaudent ferali circum tumultata cupressu.
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Bustorum flammis, et cana sparsa favilla.

Petronius Arbiter, Carm. de Bell. Civ.

“ . . . tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes coctoque bitumine campos
Ostentant. Tellus, atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis,
Aestuat, et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus.
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exhibilat antris.
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire fretis, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscera terrae
Mandit, ex exesos labefactat murmure montes.”

Silius Italicus, xii. 133.

To the east are the white alum-bearing hills still called by their ancient name of *Colles Leucogaei*, and at their foot rise the aluminous waters called *Fontes Leucogaei*.¹ A Cappuchin convent, between the Solfatara and Pozzuoli, marks the spot where S. Januarius was beheaded in A.D. 305, and a stone is shown as that on which the saint suffered, tinged with his blood, which is believed to liquefy and boil whenever the miracle takes place in the Cathedral of Naples.

Of all Italian robbers those of Pozzuoli are the most offensive. As the traveller's carriage ascends the little hill to the town gate, he is beset by a pack of vociferous guides, who pounce upon him as their prey, and whose insolence and extortions, wholly uncontrolled since the change of government, know no bounds. As Stamer (*Dolce Napoli*) says, “Until the foreigner has spent half an hour in Pozzuoli,

¹ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 2.

he has never understood the signification of the verb 'to pester.'" The would-be guides are for the most part as ignorant as they are unpleasant, and should on no account be permitted to accompany a visitor beyond the walls of Pozzuoli, as their system is to play into the hands of all the custodes at Baiae and Cumae, and to divide the plunder. It is perfectly easy to find the way alone in Pozzuoli itself, which is little more than a village; indeed the sights can scarcely be mistaken. If, however, the traveller is betrayed into taking a guide, he should make a strict contract beforehand that he is not to pay more than 1 fr. for all the (ludicrous) services he receives. Ladies, on engaging a carriage at Naples, should make the porter of their hotel stipulate with their driver that he should protect them against the "guides" of Pozzuoli. The town is full of vendors of false "antiquities," manufactured at Naples, and buried for a time to give them a look of age.

Pozzuoli. *Hotel Gran Bretagna* (Pension of Mrs. Dawes), 6 frs. to 8 frs. a day, according to rooms, very good, comfortable, and well managed. Pozzuoli is now brought into most convenient proximity to Naples by the steam tramway, through the new tunnel of Posilipo, opened in 1882.

To the christian traveller the chief interest of Pozzuoli will lie in the fact that on the 3d of May, A.D. 59, the *Castor*, a ship of Alexandria, landed here a Jewish prisoner—S. Paul.

"And we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so we went toward Rome."—Acts xxviii. 13, 14.

Puteoli is described by Strabo as having been important on account of its commerce with Alexandria; but the chief cause of its prosperity always lay in the abundance of its mineral waters, which attracted the richest Roman citizens to its baths during the summer season, and lined its coasts with their villas. It was to Puteoli that Sulla retired after his resignation of the dictatorship in B.C. 79, and here that he abandoned himself to those debaucheries which led to his death in the following year. The ruin of the town has

been caused by the Saracenic invasions of the Middle Ages, by earthquakes, and the increase of malaria.

The *Temple of Augustus*, in the upper part of the town, which was erected by the Roman knight Calpurnius, and which looked down upon S. Paul as he landed, is built into the modern *Cathedral of S. Proculus*, the companion of S. Gennaro, which contains the monuments of the Duke de Montpensier, viceroy under Charles VIII., who died here in 1495, while a prisoner on parole to Gonsalvo de Cordova, and of Giovanni Battista Pergolese, the composer, who died in his twenty-sixth year, 1736.

In the Piazza Maggiore is an ancient statue of a senator—Q. F. Mavortius Lollianus—found in 1704, with the head added from another ancient statue; the opposite statue represents Bishop Leon of Cardenas, viceroy under Philip III.

From the angle of the piazza one must turn to the right, pass under an archway, ascend the hill, and then turn to the left, to reach the ruins of the *Amphitheatre* (50 c.), which are unusually perfect, and measure 480 feet by 382. Within its walls Nero entertained Tiridates, King of Armenia, and himself, seizing a lance from a guard and hurling it into the arena, killed two bulls at one blow. Under Diocletian, S. Januarius and his companions were fruitlessly exposed to wild beasts here.

Descending to the shore, at the farther or western extremity of the town is a narrow street marked "Bagni e Tempio di Serapide," which leads to the *Temple of Serapis* (admission 1 fr. 50 c.), which was overwhelmed by the earthquake of 1538, and excavated in 1750. It had a square court, enclosed by forty-eight granite and marble columns, with a circular temple surrounded by sixteen Corinthian columns of African marble in the centre. Only the bases of the inner columns remain, the pillars themselves having been carried off to Caserta. The three principal remaining columns belonged to the portico. Fixed in the Greek marble pavement, one of the rings to which the sacrificial victims were attached is still to be seen. A little farther west some pillars, almost covered by the sea,

bear the name of the *Temple of Neptune*. A few fragments beyond this are called the *Temple of the Nymphs*, rather farther still are some ruins supposed to have belonged to the *Puteolaneum*, the delightful villa of Cicero, where he wrote his *Questiones Academicæ*, and which he sometimes called his Academia. In this villa the Emperor Hadrian (who died at Baiae, A.D. 138) was buried, and here Antoninus Pius erected a temple. Pliny says that after the death of Cicero a warm spring burst forth here, of which the waters were found to have medicinal properties useful in disorders of the eyes.¹

As we leave Pozzuoli on the west we see thirteen huge piles still remaining in the bay. These once supported some of the twenty-five arches of the mole (mentioned by Seneca as *pilæ*) upon which S. Paul landed. The piles are masses of brick faced with stone and cemented by pozzolána.

It was across this bay that Caligula made his bridge of boats, seizing every vessel in the ports of Italy for the purpose.

“Caligula invented a new kind of spectacle, such as had never been heard of before. For he made a bridge, about three miles and half long, from Baiae to the mole of Puteoli, collecting trading vessels from all directions, mooring them in two rows by their anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together; the first day mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, wearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-axe, a Spanish buckler and sword, and in a cloak of cloth of gold; the following day, dressed as a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy, named Darius, one of the Parthian hostages, and attended by a cohort of Praetorian guards, and a number of his friends in cars of Gaulish fashion. I know that most people believe that this bridge was designed by Caius, in imitation of Xerxes, who, to the amazement of the world, laid a bridge across the Hellespont, which is somewhat narrower than the distance between Baiae and Puteoli. Others, however, think that he did it to excite alarm in Germany and Britain which he was just about to invade, by the report of some stupendous work. But for myself, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say that the reason assigned by some of the courtiers who lived in greatest intimacy with him was—that when Tiberius was

¹ *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 2.

in doubt about the nomination of a successor, and inclined to choose his grandson, Thrasyllus, the astrologer, had assured him that Caius would no more be Emperor than he would ride on horseback across the gulf of Baiae."—*Suetonius, Calig.* xxix.

Crossing the fertile district called *La Starza*, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Pozzuoli we see the *Monte Nuovo*, an extraordinary volcanic crater which overwhelmed the prosperous village of Tripergola, having been suddenly thrown up to the amazement of the neighbourhood during the earthquake of the first days of October 1538. It is a hill $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in circuit, rising to a height of 440 feet!

"Ce tremblement de terre de 1538 est le grand événement de Pouzzoles et de ses environs. Un matin, Pouzzoles s'est réveillée, a regardé autour d'elle et ne s'est pas reconnue. Où elle avait laissé la veille un lac, elle retrouvait une montagne; où elle avait laissé une forêt, elle trouvait des cendres; enfin, où elle avait laissé un village, elle ne trouvait rien du tout.

"Une montagne d'une lieu de terre avait poussé dans la nuit, déplacé le lac Lucrèce, qui est le Styx de Virgile, comblé le port Jules, et englouti le village de Tripergole.

"Aujourd'hui, le Monte Nuovo (on l'a baptisé de ce nom, qu'il a certes bien mérité) est couvert d'arbres comme une vraie montagne, et ne présente pas la moindre différence avec les autres collines qui sont là depuis le commencement du monde."—*Alexandre Dumas.*

Near the Monte Nuovo the road to Baiae branches off on the left, and that to Cumae ascends a hill. Following the latter, we soon have a lovely view across the *Lake of Avernus*, "pestilent Avernus," to the sea.

"Nunc age, Averno tibi quae sint loca quomque lacusque,
Expeditam; quali natura praedita constant.

Principio, quod Averno vocantur nomine, id ab re
Impositum est, quia sunt avibus contraria cunctis,
E regione ea quod loca quom venere volantes,
Remigiom oblitae, pennarum vela remittunt,
Praecipitesque cadunt, molli cervice profusae
In terram, si forte ita fert natura locorum;
Aut in aquam, si forte lacus substratus Averno.
Is locus est Cumas apud; acri sulfure montes;
Obpletei calidis ubi fumant fuintibus anctei."

Lucretius, vi. 738.

There is little in the hills around Avernus, dismally barren in winter, though radiant with vines in summer, to recall the

feeling with which this lake, the especial lake of the poets, was formerly regarded. The "Tartarean woods" have entirely disappeared, and the hills are now perfectly bare which are described by Pliny as inhabited by the Cimmerii, who lived in a city of caves like the existing gipsies at Granada, and are represented by Festus as a race of men dwelling in regions impervious both to the morning and evening sun, then shut out by the thick forests.



Lake of Avernus.

“ There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
 The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells ;
 The sun ne'er views th' uncomf'ortable seats,
 When radiant he advances, or retreats :
 Unhappy race ! whom endless night invades,
 Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.”

Odys. xi. 14, Pope's Trans.

The pestilential and sulphureous vapours which rose in the hollow encouraged the ancient belief in its supernatural qualities, and led to the erection of temples upon the shores of the lake, in order to appease the infernal deities, to whose realms it was said to be the entrance. Here Ulysses is supposed to have descended to the shades.

“ Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
 Where to the main the shelving shore descends ;
 The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
 Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods :

There fix thy vessel in the lovely bay,
 And enter then the kingdoms void of day ;
 When Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
 Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron ;
 And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
 Cocytus' lamentable waters spread ;
 Where the dark rocks o'erhang the infernal lake,
 And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Odys. x., Pope's Trans.

The lake was considered to be unfathomable,¹ and it was believed that no bird could fly across its poisonous waters and live, whence possibly the Greek name *Aopvos* was derived.

" Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
 Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris :
 Quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes
 Tendere iter pennis. Talis sese halitus atris
 Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat ;
 Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon." ²

Aen. vi. 238.

" Tum, tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
 Et formidatus volucris, letale vomebat
 Suffuso virus coelo, Stygiaque per urbes
 Religione sacer saevum retinebat honorem."

Sil. Ital. xii. 124.

Hannibal tried to make himself agreeable to the natives by sacrificing to the terrible deities of Avernus, whilst he was reconnoitring the fortifications of Puteoli. But superstition vanished when the sacred groves were destroyed, and a canal was cut by Augustus to admit first the waters of the Lucrine Lake, and then those of the sea, into the stagnant Avernus, that he might form a port, the Portus Julius—large enough to contain the whole Roman fleet at once. Great is said to have been the agitation of the waters as this design was accomplished.

¹ Lycophron Alex. 704. Lucan. ii. 665.

² " Deep in the craggy gorge a cavern yawned ;
 A pitchy lake and forests black as night
 Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed
 O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight—
 Such baneful exhalation though the air
 Reeked from its murky jaws : by Grecians hence
 Aornos named."

Richard's Trans.

“ An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra,
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aequor ;
Julia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso ;
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur aestus Avernis ? ”

Georg. ii. 161.

But henceforth the terrors of the place were dispelled.

“ Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum. ”

Sil. Ital. xii. 121.

Nero, the great desirer of the impossible, is said afterwards to have entertained the absurd idea of constructing a canal, navigable for ships, from the Tiber to Avernus, and thence to the Gulf of Baiae,¹ and works for this purpose were actually begun. The communication between the lakes was again cut off when the eruption and earthquake of 1538 formed the Monte Nuovo, but some remains of the canal which connected them may still be discovered.

The hill we have been ascending, now called *Monte Barbaro*, is the Mons Gaurus of the classics.

“ Ut maris Aegaei medias si celsus in undas
Depellatur Eryx, nullae tamen aequore rupes
Emineant, vel si, convulso vertice, Gaurus
Decidat in fundum penitus stagnantis Averni. ”

Lucan. ii. 665.

“ Illic Nuceria, et Gaurus navalibus acta. ”

Sil. Ital. viii. 534.

On reaching the summit, we must turn to the left by a hollow way, which is crossed by the *Arco Felice*, a noble brick arch, 64 feet in height, and pre-eminently picturesque. The ancient pavement remains belonging to the road from Puteoli to Cumae. The steep banks are full of tombs. Very near the arch was the monument of Tarquinius Superbus, which Petrarch saw and describes in his *Itinerary*. A little to the left, after passing the arch, is the entrance to the vaulted passage nearly half a mile long, which was constructed by Agrippa to make a direct communication between Cumae and Avernus.² It is now called *La Grotta della Pace*, from a Spaniard, Pietro della Pace, who brought it again into notice in the sixteenth century.

¹ Suet. *Nero*, xxxi. Tac. *Ann.* xv. 42.

² Strabo, v. 245.

As we descend from the Arco Felice towards Baiae, the ruins of Cumae lie on the right rather more than a mile from the arch. Cumae, the Greek Kymê, occupied the summit of a tufa hill, the "sea-girt cliffs" of Pindar.¹



Arco Felice, Cumae.

Probably founded by Aeolians in B.C. 1050, Cumae was the most ancient Hellenic settlement in Italy, and occupied a site thoroughly Hellenic in character, being a hill-fort overlooking, but not immediately near the sea. It was also one of the wealthiest cities of the peninsula, and its influence on the civilisation of Italy is proved by the fact that all the Italian alphabets were derived from the Cumean. From hence the Sibylline books were taken to Rome, and here the last of the Roman kings, Tarquinius Superbus, took refuge with Aristodemus, tyrant of the town, and died in exile in B.C. 509. The naval victory which was gained in

¹ *Pyth. E. 6.*

behalf of Cumae over the Etruscans, by Hiero of Syracuse, is celebrated by Pindar.¹

Cumae was besieged and taken by the Samnites in B.C. 427, and by the Romans B.C. 337, after which it sank into a Roman municipium. Petronius Arbiter died here during the reign of Nero, opening his veins in a perfumed bath. He talked to his friends, closing the veins when the conversation became interesting, and opening them again when he was bored; ordered his most precious vase to be broken that the emperor might not inherit it; and, when dying, gave to a friend his "Trimalcion," the eternal memorial of imperial debauch.

In the time of Juvenal, Cumae was nearly deserted.

"Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllae."

Sat. iii. 1.

After almost fading out of existence under the later empire, the town was restored by Totila, but was burnt by the Saracens in the ninth century and utterly destroyed four hundred years after by the citizens of Naples and Aversa, because it was occupied as a stronghold by pirates.

Cumae is chiefly remembered now as the abode of its Sibyl, who from the earliest ages was believed to dwell in a cavern beneath the Acropolis, which, undermined and destroyed in the siege of the citadel by Narses, is said to have answered to the description in Virgil of the cavern of a hundred mouths, where the Sibyl delivered her oracles.

"Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum :
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae."

Aen. vi. 42.²

¹ *Pyth.* i.

² "A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place
An hundred doors an hundred entries grace ;
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound."

Dryden's Trans.

High above the vineyards rises the hill of the *Acropolis*, the first spot in Italy in which the Greek emigrants found a home, and within whose recesses the Sibyl resided. Some fragments of its ancient walls remain, and, from its summit, where there are some small remains of a *Temple of Apollo*, there is an exquisite view.

[On the north-western shore a tower (Torre di Patria), near a lake and forest, marks the site of *Liternum*, where Scipio Africanus passed the latter years of his life in rural pursuits and philosophic pursuits.

“ In così angusta, e solitaria villa
Era'l grand'uomo che d'Affrica s'appella ;
Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla.”

Petrarch, Trionfo della Castità.

Scipio died here, and Byron speaks of—

“ Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore,”

though his ashes were probably removed to the family burial-place at Rome, where a sarcophagus was long shown as his, with the words “*Ingrata patria*” as part of its inscription, which has now disappeared, but has left a name to the tomb. The lake, which we see from Cumae, now called *Lago di Patria*, was the *Liternina Palus*, and the neighbouring forest was the *Gallinaria Pinus*, long celebrated for its banditti.]

The other foundations of temples and minor buildings at Cumae, though many of them are named by *ciceroni*, are scarcely worth notice, with the exception of the *Amphitheatre* (near the road leading to the *Lago di Fusaro*), which retains its twenty-one rows of seats, half-concealed by brushwood ; but there is a wild loveliness in the site of the Greek town, which, combined with the intense antiquity of its associations, will make it, in the eyes of many, the most striking part of the excursion.

[On the left of the descent is the western entrance to the passage called the *Grotto of the Sibyl*, supposed to have been the cavern through which she led Aeneas to his sacrifice to the infernal deities. Carriage drivers generally try to persuade travellers to take this way, as, besides

shortening the distance to Baiæ, it enables them to share the plunder of the various custodians (1 fr. each person, torches 1 fr. each). Should we, undeterred, advance like Aeneas to this cave, we shall find it no "alta spelunca," but a low, dark, unpleasant passage.

Midway, on the left, is the approach to a small chamber called the entrance to the Infernal Regions,

—"that dim cave
Secluded, where the awful Sibyl dwells,
Whose soul with Divination's mystic lore
The prophet-god inspires."

Aen. vi. 11, Richard's Trans.

Visitors are carried on the backs of the too officious guides into another chamber with mosaic pavement, which is flooded from a spring, and called the Bath of the Sibyl, with regard to whom most travellers will share the feeling of Forsyth, that "a reasonable man will seek nowhere for a poetical being, except in the poem that produced it." If the traveller follows the grotto, he emerges on the western shore of Avernus.

On the opposite shore of the lake (abounding in snakes in summer) are some ruined *Baths*, commonly called the Temple of Apollo].

A pleasanter route follows the shore of the *Lago del Fusaro*, the Palus Acherusia of the ancients, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano. It is still, as in classical times, celebrated for its oysters, for the better enjoyment of which a pavilion was erected in its waters by Ferdinand I. The lake communicates with the sea by the canal called *Foce del Fusaro*, on the north side of which the *Torre di Gaveta* marks the ruins of the *Villa of Servilius Vatia*, who was praised for escaping hither from the dangers of Rome under Nero; though, says Seneca,¹ he only knew "how to hide himself, not to live."

Upon the hills to the left, between Fusaro and Avernus, at the spot called *Scalandrone*, are some ruins, supposed to have belonged to the *Villa Cumana* of Cicero, where he first saw the young Octavius, who was staying in a neigh-

¹ *Ep.* 55.

bouring villa with his mother Accia and her second husband Lucius Philippus.¹

A rough road, which passes several ruined tombs, leads to *Baiæ* (*Hôtel della Regina*, tolerable restaurant: guides most annoying and unnecessary), an exquisitely beautiful place.

Horace describes the bay of "pleasant *Baiæ*" as surpassed by no other in the world—

"Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis."

Ep. i. 1, 83.

and Martial writes—

"Litus beatae Veneris aureum Baias,
Baias superbae blanda dona naturae
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,
Laudabo digne non satis tamen Baias."

xi. *Ep.* 81.

The great castle built by Don Pedro de Toledo in the sixteenth century combines wonderfully in views with the three ruins, which are called the Temples of Mercury, Venus, and Diana. These, however, are mere names, unless the "Temple of Diana Lucifera" really bore an inscription identifying it with that mentioned by Propertius. In the so-named Temple of Mercury, called "Il Troglia" by the natives (left from the hotel—in a vineyard) is a curious echo: women generally offer to dance the tarantella there. Venus seems to have been the tutelary goddess of this luxurious shore.²

Baiæ was supposed to derive its name from *Baius*, a companion of Ulysses—

". . . illic, quos sulfure pingues
Phlegraei legere sinus, Misenus, et ardens
Ore giganteo sedes Ithacesia Baii."

Sil. Ital. viii. 539.

". . . docet ille, tepentes
Unde ferant nomen Baiæ, comitemque dedisse
Dulichiae puppis stagno sua nomina monstrat."

Id. xii. 113.

The celebrity of the place was chiefly due to its hot

¹ Cicero, *Ad. Att.*

² Martial, xi. *Ep.* 80.

springs, which began in the latter years of the Republic to attract rich Romans to its shores, and which are described by Pliny as surpassing all others in number and variety, being sulphureous, aluminous, acidulous, etc.

“ Quid referam Baias, praetextaque littora velis,
Et, quae de calido sulfure fumat, aquam ?”

Ovid, Art. Am. i. 255.

“ Nam mihi Baias

Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen illis
Me facit invisum, gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus. Sane myrteta relinqui,
Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit.”

Horace, i. Ep. 15, 2.

“ Vos quoque caeruleum, divae Nereides, agmen,
Surgite de vitreis spumosaë Doridos antris,
Baianosque sinus, et foeta tepentibus undis
Littora tranquillo certatim ambite natatu.”

Statius Silv. iii. 2, 12.

“ Nec desunt variae circum oblectamina vitae :
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
Enthea fatidicae seu visere tecta Sibyllae
Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo ;
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri.”

Statius Silv. iii. 5, 95.

From the number of palatial villas erected upon the shores of this “far-famed watering-place,”¹ Baiae soon became typical as the abode of luxury, and is mentioned by Seneca as “diversorium vitiorum”—a place where all restraint was thrown off. Nero and Caligula made it especially notorious by their crimes and follies.

“ Baiae was usurped by the great alone. They admitted no towns, no commonalty, nothing but palaces on their “golden shore.” Men, who possessed half a province elsewhere, contended here for a single acre. They who wanted room on the bank built into the sea, and there met the freshness and salubrity of another element. In the course of a few minutes you sail past the highest names of antiquity. You see Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Piso, Caesar, Tiberius, Nero, all crowding in for the most beautiful angles, and elbowing each other’s villas. Yet what are these villas now? Alas! nothing but masses of built tufo which you can hardly distinguish from the tufo of the

¹ Martial, vi. 43.

hill, naked walls, skeletons which were concealed from the ancients themselves, and covered with marbles too beautiful to remain."—*Forsyth.*

[An excursion should be made from Baiæ to the Cento Camerelle, Piscina Mirabile, and Misenum. The proper price for a boat is 3 frs. The excursion may also be made on foot, in which case, about one mile beyond the Castle of Baiæ, we reach the village of *Bacoli* (*Trattoria del Monte de Procida*), looking down upon the bay called *Mare Morto*, and situated just above the remains of the ancient *Bauli*.¹ The small remains of a *Theatre* near the shore are often shown as the tomb of Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was really buried higher up, under "a humble monument upon the road to Misenum, near a villa of Caesar the Dictator, which, elevated above surrounding objects, overlooks the coast and the bays below."² Hence it was that Nero fled, for "the face of a country cannot change its aspect like the countenances of men," and here "the offensive prospect of that sea and those shores lay ever before his eyes, and there were even those who believed that the sound of a trumpet was heard from the surrounding hills, and that wailings arose from Agrippina's grave."³]

Almost every famous man of the late republic and the empire had his villa on this coast; but now the glory has departed: the land has become a desolation and reproach, and a desert and a curse, and all her cities are "everlasting wastes."

Some ruins near the theatre, for the most part submerged, belong to the *Villa of Hortensius*, celebrated for his fish-ponds filled with the muraenæ to which he was devoted. This villa was afterwards possessed by Antonia, wife of Drusus and sister-in-law of Tiberius (so familiar to us from her statues at Rome), who had the same passion for pet muraenæ, and decorated one of them with golden earrings.

It is here that Cicero lays the scene of his supposed dialogue with Catulus and Lucullus, which forms the

¹ "Ipso in littore."—*Sil. Ital.*

² Tacitus, *Ann.* xiv. 9.

³ *Ibid.* xiv. 10.

second book of his *Academics*.¹ Here also it was that Nero planned the murder of Agrippina, and that the freedman Anicetus, commander of the fleet, suggested that she should be drowned by her vessel being submerged between Baiae and Bauli—a design which failed, owing to her skill in swimming. Here also, after his mother's death, Nero poisoned his aunt Domitia, that he might inherit her property at Baiae.

“ Dum petit a Baulis mater Caerellia Baias,
 Occidit insani crimine mersa freti.
 Gloria quanta perit vobis ! haec monstra Neroni
 Nec quondam jussae praestiteratis aquae.”

Martial, iv. Ep. 63.

It was here also, probably, that the Empress Sabina, the great-niece of Trajan and ill-used wife of Hadrian, died, and also Hadrian himself, who was buried in the villa of Cicero.

The earlier villas were on the heights ; it was under Augustus that it became the fashion to build them along the shore, and even in the sea.

The curious subterranean chambers called *Cento Camerelle* (the hundred little chambers), or *Carceri de Nerone* (prisons of Nero)—admission 50 c.—are supposed to have belonged to the villa of Julius Caesar, which was given by Augustus to his sister Octavia after the death of her second husband Mark Antony. It was here that her son Marcellus, adopted son of Augustus and husband of his daughter Julia, expired in his twentieth year, to the unbounded grief of the Emperor ; and here also, probably, the bereaved mother and uncle (B.C. 22) listened to Virgil while he recited his famous verses—“ In Marcellus eris,” etc.²

On the high ground between the Bay of Bacoli and the Mare Morto is the *Piscina Mirabile*—the wonderful fish-pond (admission 50 c.—the custode's house is on the right), a reservoir to receive the waters of the Julian Aqueduct, and supply them for the Roman fleet. It is 234 feet in length and 88 feet in width, and has a vaulted ceiling supported by 48 stupendous columns. It possibly

¹ Cic., *Acad.* ii. 3, 40.

² *Aen.* vi. 886.

belonged to the projected works of Nero, who “began a reservoir from Misenum to Lake Avernus, covered in, and enclosed by piazzas, into which all the warm springs at Baiae were to be turned.”¹

To reach Misenum it is necessary to return through the village of Bacoli. Carriages may be taken as far as the embankment now uniting the promontory to the mainland, to which formerly it was only joined by the strip of land called *Spiaggia di Miliscola*. The embankment divides the Mare Morto from the harbour. The great war-harbour which Augustus constructed here in the old port of Cumae—the “Portsmouth of the Roman Empire,” as Forsyth calls it—consisted of three basins, of which the inner was the Mare Morto, connected with the other basins by a very narrow entrance, which could be closed by a bridge. On the south side of the port, at the spot now called *Casaluce*, are some remains of the town of Misenum. Here Pliny the younger lived with his mother in a house separated by a court from the sea.² Farther west, at *Il Forno*, where the Mare Morto opens into the outer port, are some ruins of a theatre. It was on board the ship of Pompey, in the harbour of Misenum, that Octavius, Antony, and Pompey met, and concluded a treaty for dividing the Roman Empire between them. Here the Admiral Menas proposed to Pompey to cut the ropes and carry the two triumvirs off to sea. “You should have done it, Menas, without asking me,” answered Pompey. The elder Pliny was stationed here as commander of the fleet at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, in which he perished.

The almost isolated headland, called the promontory of Misenum, is said by some to have derived its name from Misenus, one of the companions of Ulysses,³ but more generally from the trumpeter of Aeneas supposed to be buried here.

“ Atque illi Misenum in littore sicco,
 Ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum ;
 Misenum Aeoliden ; quo non praestantior alter
 Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

¹ Suetonius, *Nero*, xxxi.

² vi. 20.

³ Strabo, v. 245.

At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
 Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
 Monte sub aërio : qui nunc Misenus ab illo
 Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen."

Aen. vi. 162, 232.¹

"Qua jacet et Trojae tubicen Misenus arena."

Propertius iii. *El.* 18, 3.

A boy may be taken from the village for a few soldi as a guide to the top of the hill, where there are remains of a mediaeval castle. The view of the bays of Naples and Caëta is beautiful. All around are ruins of villas; some near the summit of the hill are pointed out as the villa of Lucullus, the extravagance of which drew forth the lines of Horace—

"Tu secunda marmora
 Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulcri
 Immemor, struis domos;
 Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
 Summovere littora,
 Parum locuples continente ripa."

ii. *Od.* 18.

The buildings here afterwards became known as the "Villa Misenensis" of Tiberius.

"Caesar Tiberius quum, petens Neapolim,
 In Misenensem villam venisset suam,
 Quae monte summo posita Luculli manu
 Prospectat Siculum, et despicit Tuscum mare."

Phaedrus, ii. 5.

"Being detained by storms, Tiberius died at a villa formerly belonging to Lucullus, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign. Some say that a slow-consuming poison was given him by Caius (Caligula). Others say, that during the interval of the intermittent fever with which he was seized, food was denied him when he asked for it. Others affirm that he was stifled by a pillow thrown upon him, when, on recovering from a swoon, he called for his ring which had been taken from him in the fit. Seneca writes, 'that finding himself dying, he took his signet-ring off his finger, and held it a while, as if he would deliver it to some one; but put it again upon his finger, and lay for a time, with his left hand clenched, and without moving; when, suddenly calling his attendants, and no one answering, he rose; but his strength failing him, he fell down near the bed.'"—*Suetonius, Tiber.* lxxxiii.

¹ See also *Sil. Ital.* xii. 155. *Stattius' Silv.* iii. 1150.

We may return by the Miliscola (Militis Schola, from being the exercise ground of the Roman marines), which ends in the tufa rock called *Monte de Procida*, covered with vineyards and with ruins of villas, amongst which are pointed out those of the villa of Cornelia, which she purchased of the heirs of Marius, and where she died in exile. It was bought by Lucullus after her death. At the Miliscola, travellers who wish for the shortest possible sea passage embark for Procida (boats 2 frs.)

The flat district between the Mare Morto and the Lago di Fusaro is supposed to be the *Elysian Fields*—*Campi Elisi*—of Virgil. They are covered with poplars and mulberries, garlanded with festoons of vines, and interspersed with tombs, where the dead, chiefly sailors of the fleet, as is shown by inscriptions removed to the museum, rest “far removed from human concern.” There are many spots which will recall the charming description of the Baian farm of Faustinus in Martial¹—the “rough vine-dresser bringing in the ripened grapes; the savage bulls bellowing in the deep valley; the crafty nets set for greedy thrushes; the long-haired children, freed from the rule of their master, delighted to obey the farm-bailiff,” etc. Still, those whose imagination is excited by the name are sure to be disappointed.

“The name of the Elysian Fields sounds harmoniously to the ears of the classic youth, and opens enchanting scenes to his imagination. He will be disappointed in reading the description, and little less so in contemplating the reality. In the splendour of a Neapolitan firmament, he will seek in vain for the *purple light* so delightful to his boyish fancy; and on the sandy beach of the *Mare Morto* he will discover no traces of the crystal Eridanus; he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss. The truth is, Virgil improves and embellishes whatever he touches; kindled by the contemplation of nature, his genius rises above her, and gives to her features charms and beauties of his own creation. The hills, the groves, the paths, he copied from the scenery now before us; but he waters them with purer streams; he calls up unfading flowers to grace them; and he lights them with a new sun and milder constellations.”—*Eustace's Classical Tour*.

In returning from Baiae to Pozzuoli, we pass the

¹ iii. 58.

Bagni di Tritoli, one of the baths mentioned by Pliny as *Posideanae*, from Posides, a freedman of Claudius. A little higher up the hill, reached by a path from hence, are the *Stufe di Nerone* (50 c.), a passage in the rock, at the end of which rise some warm springs. The heat is sufficient to boil an egg, though the cook is liable to share the fate of the dog at the Lago d'Agnano. As the *Thermae Neronianae*, these springs were a well-known cure in classical times, and were believed to be a panacea for all maladies—

“ Quid Nerone pejus ?”
Quid thermis melius Neronianis ?”

Martial, Ep. vii. 34.

and in the Middle Ages their efficacy had such a repute as to excite the fury of three physicians of the school of Salerno, who, disembarking on the coast by night, completely destroyed the bathing establishment, but were themselves shipwrecked on Capri and lost as they were returning. Dionis de Sarno mentions that an inscription in the palace of King Ladislaus held up their names to universal execration.

“ Ces temples du plaisir par la mort habités,
Ces portiques, ces bains prolongés sous les ondes,
Ont vu Néron, caché dans leurs grottes profondes,
Condamner Agrippine au sein des voluptés.
Au bruit des flots, roulant sur cette voute humide
Il veillait, agité d'un espoir parricide ;
Il jetait à Narcisse un regard satisfait,
Quand, muet d'épouvante et tremblant de colère,
Il apprit que ces flots, instruments du forfait,
Se soulevant d'horreur, lui rejetaient sa mère.”

Casimir Delavigne.

We now skirt the remains of *Lucrine Lake*, *Lacus Lucrinus*, the Styx of Virgil, a great part of which has been swallowed up by the Monte Nuovo. It was separated from the sea by a causeway, called *Via Herculea*, from a tradition that it was made by Hercules, who drove the bulls of Geryon across it.

“ Et sonat Herculeo structa labore via.”

Propertius, iii. 18.

“ Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam
Cocyti memorat, medioque in gurgite ponti
Herculeum commendat iter, qua discidit aequor
Amphitryoniades, armenti victor Hiberi.”

Sil. Ital. xii. 116.

The oysters of the lake are mentioned by Cicero as “Lucrinenses,” and are frequently the theme of the poets.

“ Circaeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu.”

Juvenal, Sat. iv. 140.

“ Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia.”

Horace, Epod. ii. 49.

The heat in summer by the Lucrine lake is tremendous; thus Martial wrote to Faustinus at Tivoli—

“ Dum nos blanda tenent lascivi stagna Lucrini,
Et quae pumiceis fontibus antra calent ;
Tu colis Argivi regnum, Faustine, coloni,
Que te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeaei pectora monstri :
Nec satis est, Baias igne calere suo.
Ergo sacri fontes et littora grata valete,
Nympharum pariter Nereidumque domus.
Herculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.”¹

Ep. iv. 57.

Horace extols the mussels, which he says were better than the murex of Baiae—

“ Sed non omne mare est generosae fertile testae ;
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,
Ostrea Circacis, Miseno oriuntur echini.”

Sat. ii. iv. 31.

- 1 “ While near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat,
You taste the cooling breeze, where, nearer home,
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome :
But now the sun to the bright lion turns,
And Baiae with redoubled fury burns ;
Then, briny seas and tasteful springs, farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confused with Nereids dwell ;
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.”

Addison's Trans.

The winter hours of the two rival steamers for Ischia and Procida involve staying two nights at Casamicciola. The steamers usually leave the port at Naples (Molo Piccolo) together about 2 P.M. (inquire), arriving about 5 P.M., and return at about 5½ A.M., arriving about 8½. Fares—Return ticket, 1st cl. 5 frs. ; 2d cl. 3 frs. 50 c. Single ticket, 3 frs. 50 c. During the bathing-season of July and August there is an additional early boat leaving Naples at 9 A.M. and returning at 4 P.M. from Casamicciola. The voyage occupies from 2½ to 3 hours, though the distance is only 20 miles. Embarkation and landing at Naples and Casamicciola costs 20 c ; at Procida and Ischia 10 c. These charges are fixed by tariff. A commissionaire from the hotels at Casamicciola is usually on board the boats. *Market Boats* to Procida perform the voyage in 2 to 6 hours, fare 50 c. each person.

Bad sailors may sometimes find a boat at Miliscola for the short passage (2 frs.) to Procida, and thence across to Ischia (1½ fr.) There is, however, not much worth notice at Procida. Most travellers will go direct to Casamicciola. Monte Epomeo is most conveniently ascended from thence.

In favourable weather a boat (25 frs.) will perform the voyage from Ischia to Capri in 6 hours.

Procida (no decent inn), the ancient Prochyta, is declared by Strabo and Pliny to be a fragment torn in an earthquake from the neighbouring Aenaria or Ischia. The geological formation of both islands is the same, and both are entirely volcanic, formed of pumice-stone and lava. Statius speaks of “*aspera Prochyta*,”¹ and Juvenal alludes to it as the very type of all that is wretched and dismal ;¹ but Procida is much changed since those days, and is now well populated, and radiant with vegetation, being the great market-garden for Naples.

The island, three miles in length, is for the most part flat, and there is nothing but the height called *Punta di Rocciola* to justify the epithet “*Prochyta alta*” of Virgil.³ Near this, facing north, is the town of *Procida*, which has a glorious view from its fortress. Those who wish to explore the island may walk hence (2¾ m.) to the beach of *Chiaiarella*, below the fort of *S. Margarita*, and near the pretty islet of *Vivara*, which is the nearest point to Ischia, about ¾ hour’s row.

The women of Procida—Procidane—retain much of

¹ *Silv.* ii. 2.

² iii. 5.

³ *Aen.* ix. 715.

ancient costume, which is best seen on September 29, the festa of S. Michele, where the tarantella may be seen danced *con amore*.

A great part of the island was the property of John of Procida, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers. It was confiscated by Charles I., but was afterwards restored.

Ischia is 20 m. from Naples, and 2 m. from Procida; it is 15 m. in circumference. Its present name is a corruption of *Isola*, for thus it was known in the Middle Ages. In ancient times it was called *Aenaria*, a name which Pliny derives from its having been the station of the fleet of Aeneas; *Inarima*, a name only used by the Latin poets; or *Pithechusa*, which Pliny considers to come from the pottery, *πίθοι*, manufactured on the island, but which the poets generally derive from *πίθηκος*, because monkeys were found here. Thus Ovid writes—

“ Inarimen, Prochytenque legit, sterilique locatas
Colle Pitheculusas, habitantum nomine dictas.”

Met. xiv. 89.

The island was colonised by Greeks from Chalcis at a very early period, probably at the same time as Cumae, but the settlers were soon forced to fly to the mainland by the terrible eruptions of Monte Epomeo, the ancient Epopeus, a volcano of much older date than Vesuvius. It was believed that the agitations of the mountain were due to the struggles of the giant Typhoeus, imprisoned beneath it for his rebellion against Jupiter, as Enceladus was under Etna.¹

“ Apparet Prochyte saevum sortita Mimanta :
Apparet procul Inarime, quae turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iäpetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejactantem.”

Silius Italicus, xii. 147.

“ Campana fremens ceu saxa vaporat
Conditus Inarimes aeterna mole, Typhoeus.”

Lucan. v. 100.

The last eruption took place in 1302. For more than

¹ Pind. *Pyth.* i. 18.

five centuries Epomeo has been at rest, but, like other volcanic districts, the island is full of hot springs, which make it the hospital of Italy.

“The island of Ischia is a good example of a great volcanic cone, the flanks of which are covered with numerous small parasitic cones, while the great central volcano has long been extinct, and one side of its crater-wall is completely broken down; some of the small parasitic cones around its base have been formed within the historical period—one of them as recently as the year 1301.”—*Judd's Volcanoes.*

Travellers will probably proceed at once to *Casamicciola*, a delightful resting-place, where all prices are fixed by tariff.

Small boats on landing 20 c. each person.

Facchini from the landing-place to the carriage, for each box, 20 c.; for each bag, 10 c. *Facchini* from the landing-place to any spot within the commune, for every package under 50 chilo, 40 c.; over 50 chilo, 50 c.

Carriages, with 2 horses, the course 1 fr. 50 c.; the 1st hour, 2 frs. 50 c.; succeeding hours, 1 fr. 50 c. With 1 horse, the course 70 c.; 1st hour, 1 fr. 50 c., succeeding hours, 1 fr.

Horses, the course 50 c.; the hour 1 fr.; for the ascent of Monte Epomeo, 5 frs. and *buonomano*.

Donkeys, the course 40 c.; the hour 80 c.; for the ascent of Monte Epomeo, 4 frs. and *buonomano*.

Boats, to Procida, 10 frs.; to the mainland, 15 frs.; to Pozzuoli, 20 frs.; to Capri, 25 frs.

Hotels.—*La Piccola Sentinella*, the best, with an English landlady, whose sons speak French and German. Very clean and good, and a pleasant garden. Pension 7 to 12 frs. according to the season and rooms. *Pension Suisse*, very well situated and comfortable, with a nice garden, kept by M. de Rivaz, son of the doctor whose work on Ischia has made him a name. *Hotel Bellevue*, in a beautiful position, with delightful walks in gardens and vineyards, and a very comfortable house, but the rooms are too much exposed to the sun in summer, and are far from the baths.

Casamicciola is exquisitely beautiful, and always enjoys a pleasant breeze in summer, and it is a very good central position from whence to make excursions. Its waters, especially from the source called *Gurgitello*, have been found most efficacious in cases of paralysis, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In 1881 the continual undermining of the springs produced, the effect of an earthquake,

which, in six seconds, laid many of the poorer habitations level with the ground. Unfortunately the catastrophe occurred at the dinner-hour, and from its extreme suddenness, a great number of persons were buried in the ruins of their houses, but, except in rare instances, all the larger and stronger buildings escaped.

Many of the old towers, by which the island was once fortified, are still standing amongst the vineyards, used as church towers, or occupied as houses. An excursion should be made to the old church and convent of *S. Restituta* (to whom the old cathedral of Naples is dedicated), the patroness of the island, near *Lacco*, the headquarters of the straw-plaiters, where there is a pretty festa on the 17th of May; and to the Saracenic town of *Forio*. But still more interesting is the ascent of *Monte Epomeo*, now generally known as *Monte de S. Nicola*, 2878 feet in height. The ascent is easily accomplished in two hours, and is practicable on donkeys. The Ischia road is followed for some distance, then a path strikes off to the right, through a variety of zones, like those of Etna on a very small scale—first vineyards, then chestnut-woods, lastly a district of bare rock. Near the summit is the *Cappella di S. Nicola*, with galleries and cells for hermits, formerly seven in number, who subsisted by begging, and were first established by Beatrice della Quadra, and revived by a German in the time of Charles III. Hence steps are cut in the rock to the Belvidere, whence there are glorious views of the bays of Caëta, Naples, and Salerno.¹ The descent may be made by the villages of *Fontana* and *Moropano*.

A pleasant road of 4 m., crossing the lava stream of 1302, called *Lava del Arso*, leads from Casamicciola to the town of *Ischia*, at the north-east corner of the island. An old Roman aqueduct still carries water from Monte Notaro to the town, which contains nothing worth seeing, though the insulated castle built by Alphonso I. of Arragon, and connected with the mainland by a stone pier, is highly picturesque, and is well known in England from the drawings of Stanfield. Here the famous Ferdinand

¹ See Timæus in Strabo, v. 9.

d'Avalos, who afterwards succeeded his father Alfonso as Marquis of Pescara, was born in 1489. He was betrothed in his sixth year to the five-year-old Vittoria, eldest child of Fabrizio Colonna and great-niece of Pope Martin V. The little Vittoria was sent by her parents to be educated in Ischia under the care of Costanza d'Avalos, Duchess of Francavilla, the elder sister of her future husband, who had been invested by Ferdinand II. of Arragon with the governorship of the island. She held a little court here, frequented by poets and literary men, amid whose society Vittoria grew up, till her marriage in 1509. During the absence of her warrior husband Vittoria continued to reside in Ischia, which, in the phraseology of the day, became one of the best-loved haunts of Apollo and the Muses. Thus it is apostrophised by Bernardo Tasso :—

“ Superbo scoglio, altero e bel ricetto
 Di tanti chiari eroi, d'imperadori,
 Onde raggi di gloria escono fuori,
 Ch' ogni altro lume fan scuro e negletto ;
 Se per vera virtute al ber perfetto
 Salir si puote ed agli eterni amori,
 Queste più d'altre degne alme e migliori
 V'andran, che chiudi nel petroso petto.
 Il lume è in te dell' armi ; in te s'asconde
 Casta beltà, valore e cortesia,
 Quanta mai vide il tempo, o diede il cielo.
 Ti sian secondi i fati, e il vento e l'onde
 Rendanti onore, e l'aria tua natia
 Abbia sempre temprato il caldo e il gelo !”

After the life of Pescara, not unstained by treachery, had closed at Milan in 1525, Vittoria remained for a year in retreat at the convent of S. Silvestro at Rome, but afterwards returned to Ischia, and devoted herself for three years to those poetical compositions, which were a kind of “In Memoriam” to her husband. The governorship of Ischia remained in the hands of the family of d'Avalos till 1734.

To this castle Ferdinand II. and his wife Joanna fled from Charles VIII. in 1495 and were refused admittance. At length the castellan, Giusto della Caudina, assented to

the entrance of the king and queen alone, when the king ran him through with his sword, and then admitted all his followers. In 1501 King Frederick with his family also took refuge here with the Duchess of Francavilla, when he was despoiled of his kingdom by Louis XII. of France.

The little lake of Ischia, 1 m. from the town, was an ancient crater. Near it was a casino of the Bourbon kings.

The costumes of the women of Ischia—Ischiajole—are often very picturesque.

“The island of Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea; the vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards interspersed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, etc., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut-groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. But that which crowns the scene is Mons Epomeus. Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle afford pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus.”—*Bishop Berkeley to Pope, 1717.*

A boat leaves Ischia once a week for the island of Ponza, starting about midday.

Two steamers leave Naples for Capri in the morning, and touch at Sorrento at 10½. The whole distance occupies nearly four hours. Both steamers are rickety and roll horribly in the slightest swell. “La Favorita” is a slightly better and steadier boat than “La Regina Margherita,” though the latter belongs to a company who do all they can to force passengers to go by it. The fare from Naples is 3 frs. Both steamers stop at the Blue Grotto, which is entered (weather permitting) in little boats. Tickets to visit the Blue Grotto are issued on board, price 1 fr. 25 c., but the boatmen expect a *buonomano* of 10 c. The steamers are always accompanied by a number of singers, guitar-players, and *mercanti ambulanti* (of coral, inlaid wood,

walking-sticks, and music), who will usually ask (literally) six times the sum with which they are satisfied in the end.

The *Railway* and a *Carriage* may be taken to Sorrento, and thence the steamer for the transit of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour to Capri (return ticket 3 frs.) A boat may be taken from Sorrento (2 hours) with two rowers, price 8 frs.

Hotels.—*Quisisana* (the best), pension 7 frs., 'beautifully situated on the central ridge of the island, with a delightful garden, reading-room, etc. *Hotel Pagano*, pension 6 frs., in the same situation, with a fine palm-tree in its garden, chiefly frequented by Germans. *Croce di Malta*, inferior. *Gran Bretagna*, *Du Louvre*, near the Marina, pension 5 to 6 frs., convenient for bathing, but cold in winter and spring, and greatly inferior in beauty of position.

Boats.—Each hour $1\frac{1}{2}$ fr. ; to the Blue Grotto, 2 frs. ; to Sorrento and back, with two rowers, 8 frs. ; with 4 rowers, 12 frs. ; passing the night at Sorrento, with 2 rowers, 12 frs. ; with 4 rowers, 18 frs.

Donkeys, the whole day, 3 frs. ; half day, 2 frs. ; guide (quite useless), 4 frs.

The *Island of Capri* (in the dialect of the people Crapi), the ancient Capreae, is a huge limestone rock, a continuation of the mountain range which forms the southern boundary of the Bay of Naples. Legend says that it was once inhabited by a people called Teleboae, subject to a king called Telon, whence Silius Italicus calls the island "antiqui saxosa Telonis insula."¹ Augustus took possession of Capreae as part of the imperial domains, and repeatedly visited it. His stepson Tiberius (A.D. 27) established his permanent residence on the island, and spent the latter years of his life there, abandoning himself to the voluptuous excesses which gave him the name of Caprineus.²

"I believe that Tiberius was captivated by the perfect solitude of the island, for there are no harbours in its neighbourhood, and fewer stations even for ships of an inferior class, while none could put in unperceived by the coastguard. The climate is mild in winter, having the shelter of a mountain, which intercepts the violence of the winds : the summer is tempered by western breezes, and rendered enchanting by the wide expanse of sea which the island overlooks : there was also a delightful view of the bay of Naples, before the fiery eruptions of Vesuvius changed the face of the country. Tradition asserts that the Greeks occupied the opposite coast, and that Capreae was inhabited by the Teleboi. Be this as it may, Tiberius selected for his retreat twelve villas, bearing different names, and of considerable magnitude.

¹ viii. 543.

² Suet. *Tib.* 63, 64.

And in proportion as he had formerly devoted himself to public affairs, so he now entirely gave himself to secret debauchery and hidden wickedness."—*Tacitus*, iv. 67.

The first point usually visited in Capri is the *Blue Grotto* (Grotta Azzurra), which is entered from the sea by an arch under the wall of limestone cliff, only available when the sea is perfectly calm. Visitors have to lie flat down in the boat, which is carried in by the wave and is almost level with the top of the arch. Then they suddenly find themselves in a magical scene. The water is liquid sapphire, and the whole rocky vaulting of the cavern shimmers to its inmost recesses with a pale blue light of marvellous beauty. A man stands ready (3 frs.) to plunge into the water when the boats from the steamers arrive, and to swim about; his body, in the water, then sparkles like a sea-god with phosphorescent silver; his head, out of the water, is black like that of a Moor. Nothing can exaggerate the beauty of the Blue Grotto, and perhaps the effect is rather enhanced than spoiled by the shouting of the boatmen, the rush of boats to the entrance, the confusion on leaving and reaching the steamers.

"The rower took in his oars; we were obliged to lie down in the boat, which he guided with his hands, and we glided into a dark recess beneath the stupendous rocks which are washed by the great Mediterranean. Instantly we were in a vast vault, where all gleamed like the ether. The water below us was like a blue-burning fire, lighting up the whole. All around was closed in; but, beneath the water, the little opening by which we had entered prolonged itself almost to the bottom of the sea, forty fathoms in depth, and expanded itself to about the same width. Thus the powerful sunshine outside threw a reflected light upon the floor of the grotto, and streaming in now like fire through the blue water, seemed to change it into burning spirit. Everything gave back the reflection; the rocky arch—all seemed as if formed of consolidated air, and to dissolve away into it. The drops of spray tossed up by the movement of the oars, fell red, like fresh rose-leaves. It was a fairy world."—*Hans Christian Andersen*, *The Improvisatore*.

"J'avais devant moi, autour de moi, dessus moi, dessous moi, et derrière moi, des merveilles dont aucune description de pourrait donner l'idée, et devant lesquelles, le pinceau lui-même, ce grand traducteur des souvenirs humains, demeure impuissant. Qu'on se figure une immense caverne toute d'azur, comme si Dieu s'était amusé à faire une tente avec quelque reste du firmament; une eau si limpide, si transparente, si pure, qu'on semblait flotter sur de l'air épaissi; au

plafond, des stalactites pendantes comme des pyramides renversées ; au fond, un sable d'or mêlé de végétations sous-marines ; le long des parois qui se baignent dans l'eau, des pousses de corail aux branches capricieuses et éclatantes ; du côté de la mer un point, une étoile, par lequel entre le demi-jour qui éclaire ce palais de fée ; enfin, à l'extrémité opposée, une espèce d'estrade ménagée comme le trône de la somptueuse déesse qui a choisi pour sa salle de bains l'une des merveilles du monde."—*Alexandre Dumas, Le Spéronare.*

That the Grotta Azzurra was known to the Romans is evinced by the existence of a subterranean passage, leading to it from the upper heights, and now blocked up : it was also well known in the seventeenth century, when it was described by Capranica.

There are other beautiful grottoes in the cliffs surrounding the island, the most remarkable being the natural tunnel called the *Grotta Verde*, under the southern rocks, quite as splendid in colour as the Grotta Azzurra itself—a passage through the rocks, into which the boat glides (through no hole, as in the case of the Grotta Azzurra) into water of the most exquisite emerald. The late afternoon is the best time for visiting this grotto. Occasionally a small steamer makes the round of the island, stopping at the different caverns.

On landing at the Marina, a number of donkey women offer their services, and it will be well to accept them, for the ascent of about 1 m. to the village of Capri is very hot and tiring. On the left we pass the *Church of S. Costanzo*, a very curious building with apse, cupola, stone pulpit, and several ancient marble pillars and other fragments taken from the palaces of Tiberius.

The little town of Capri, overhung on one side by great purple rocks, occupies a terrace on the high ridge between the two rocky promontories of the island. Close above the piazza stands the many-domed ancient church, like a mosque, and so many of the houses—sometimes of dazzling whiteness, sometimes painted in gay colours—have their own little domes, that the appearance is quite that of an oriental village, which is enhanced by the palm-trees which flourish here and there. In the piazza is a tablet to Major Hamill, who is buried in the church. He fell under French bayonets,

when the troops of Murat, landing at Orico, recaptured the island, which had been taken from the French two years and a half before (May 1806) by Sir Sidney Smith. Through a low wide arch in the piazza is the approach to the principal hotels, *Quisisana* being the favourite resort



At Capri.

of the English, *Pagano* of the German colony. There is a tiny English chapel. An ascent of half an hour by stony donkey-paths leads from Capri to the ruins called the *Villa Tiberiana*, on the west of the island, above a precipitous rock 700 ft. high, which still bears the name of *Il Salto*.

“The place of execution is still shown at Capri, whence, after long and agonising tortures, Tiberius ordered those who were condemned to die to be thrown, before his eyes, over the precipice into the sea, where a band of men from the fleet received them, and broke their bones with clubs and oars, lest any life should be left in them.”—*Suetonius, Tib. lxii.*

Near the Salto is a little *locanda*. A few steps farther is the old *Faro* of Capri. A very little farther still is the *Villa di Giove* (*Villa di Timberio*), the principal residence of Tiberius.

“Even when Tiberius had quite defeated the conspiracy of Sejanus, he was so little reassured, that for the next nine months he never left the villa of Jupiter.”—*Suetonius, Tib.* lxv.

Near this are a number of vaults, chambers, and underground corridors, now used as wine-cellars or cow-stalls (the marble steps and columns of *giallo* in S. Stefano come from hence). Above, where there is an exquisite view of the bays of Naples and Salerno as far as Paestum, stands the *Chapel and Hermitage of S. Maria del Soccorso*, supposed to be the spot where Tiberius met the fisherman.

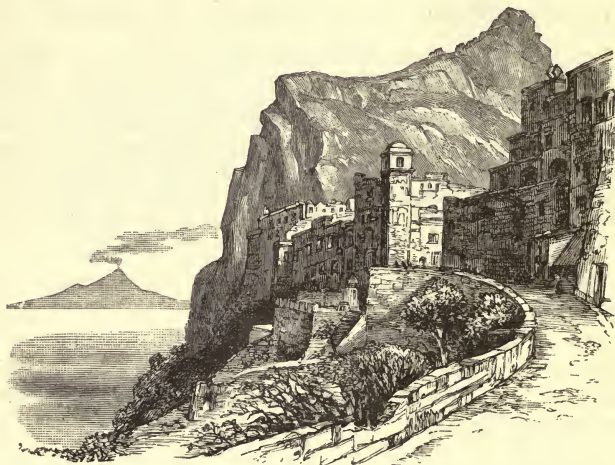
“A few days after his arrival in Capri, a fisherman suddenly coming up to him, when he wished to be alone, and presenting him with a large mullet, he commanded that the man’s face should be scrubbed with the fish; being terrified to realise that he had been able to steal upon him from the back of the island, over such rugged and steep rocks. As the man, whilst he was undergoing his punishment, expressed his satisfaction that he had not offered him also a large crab which he had likewise taken, he commanded that his face should also be torn with its claws.”—*Suetonius, Tib.* lx.

Reached by a path turning to the left, from the ascent to the Salto, at about half an hour’s walk from Capri, is the *Arco Naturale*, a wonderful natural arch in the strangely-contorted rock, which, with the view it frames of delicate mountains on the mainland, presents splendid material for artists. On the opposite side of the valley are remains of a *Grotto of Mithras*.

Below the Hotel Quisisana, between the castle hill of Castiglione and that called *Tuoro Grande*, is the *Certosa*, founded in 1363 by Count Giacomo Arcucci, High Chamberlain of the kingdom. It was here that Hudson Lowe (the gaoler of Napoleon on S. Helena) had his headquarters from 1806 to 1809, after the gallant seizure of the island, which he held for two and a half years.

A good path (turning to the right from Hotel Quisisana) leads to the *Punta Tragara*, the south-eastern point of the island, where, near the ruins of the ancient harbour, are the three picturesque island rocks named *I Faraglioni*, the nearest called *Monacone* (the monk), the second *Stella*, the third *Lo Scopolo*.

A new road has been constructed (1881) from Capri to Anacapri, passing the fort built by Murat in 1809, and the small ruins called *Campo Pisco*, whence a zigzag road in the steep cliffs, passing beneath the ruins of a pirate's castle of 1544—*Palazzo di Barbarossa*—leads to the heights of Anacapri, where the island is far more fertile than at Capri, and is covered with olives and fruit-gardens, amid which stands the village of Anacapri with its pretty white houses and cupola-bearing church.



Capri.

The view from *Monte Salaro*, the highest point of the island on this side, is most striking. Vesuvius is exquisitely ærial in its delicate tints.

“A wreath of light blue vapour, pure and rare,
Mounts, scarcely seen against the bluer sky,
In quiet adoration, silently—
Till the faint currents of the upper air
Dislimn it, and it forms dissolving there,
The dome, as of a palace, hung on high
Over the mountain.”

Trench.

The visitor who lingers in Capri may interest himself

in tracing out the remains of all the twelve villas of Tiberius. Besides the Villa Tiberiana and the Villa di Giove, these are the *Villa Giunone* (before reaching S. Maria del Soccorso); the *Palazzo della Marina*, where an altar of Cybele and beautiful marbles have been found (near the old steps leading to Anacapri); near Damecuta, above the Blue Grotto; near the Certosa; near Castiglione, to the south of the town; near Mitromana; in the plain of Sopra-Fontana, called the *Grotte Tiberiane*; near Tragara; on the terraced height of S. Michele; in the Campo di Pisco; and, on the north, at Ajano, near S. Costanzo. A relief exhibiting Tiberius riding a led donkey, as modern travellers do now, was found on the island, and is now in the museum at Naples. Capri has a delightful winter climate, and is most comfortable as a residence. The natives are quite unlike the Neapolitans, pleasant and civil in their manners, and full of courtesies to strangers. The women are frequently beautiful, and good models may be obtained here by artists more cheaply than anywhere else. One franc a day is the usual price of a model, and yet the artist may feel he is doing no injustice, as 60 c. a day would be the wages of a day's hard work in the fields. Easter is perhaps the pleasantest time of all at Capri, and the Easter ceremonies are very curious and unlike any others in Italy. In Holy Week no bell rings, and silence prevails as much as possible. A grand procession on Good Friday is followed by a solemn service on Easter Eve, when even the priests lie flat upon the floor as they chaunt, till the resurrection moment arrives, when the doors are thrown open suddenly, all the bells clang out together, numbers of little guns and crackers are let off *in* the church itself, and so many people give freedom to a little bird which they have hitherto concealed in a handkerchief (emblems of the freed soul) that the whole air is filled with them. The bishop of Capri was formerly supported by a tax on quails, which abound upon the island, and was thus commonly known as "Il Vescovo delle Quaglie."

CHAPTER V.

EXCURSIONS EAST OF NAPLES.

SOON after leaving the town, the railway, of which the first part is the oldest in Italy, crosses the *Sebeto*, often little more than a dry torrent-bed, rightly described by Metastasio as “quanto ricco d'onor, povero d'onde.” The line runs along the coast—“full of little cities, of gardens, of fountains, and of rich men”—which Boccaccio regarded as the most beautiful corner of Italy,¹ to—

Portici (Stat.) (All guides here are impostors, and should be rejected.) Charles III. built a *Palace* and made gardens, which are little worth visiting, upon a lava stream at Portici. The carriages on the great road to the south pass under the porticoes of the royal residence. Nevertheless this was the favourite abode of Murat, who furnished it with a magnificence which was a great contrast to the simple, frugal habits of the Bourbons. The dirty suburb called Portici is supposed to take its name from Porticus Herculis—a temple of Hercules situated at the western gate of Herculaneum.

This is the station nearest to Herculaneum (which is best understood *after* a visit to Pompeii). On leaving the station one should first turn to the right to *Resina*, then to the left, and again to the right down the principal street. The *Officina delle Guide* is marked by an inscription at the corner of the Vico di Mare. (Carriages from Naples, 2 frs., are more convenient for a visit to Herculaneum; omnibus—from the Largo di Castello—50 c.)

The foundation of *Herculaneum*, mentioned by Ovid as “*Herculea Urbs*,” was attributed to Hercules—

¹ Decameron, *Giorn.* ii. *Nov.* 4.

“ Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat,
Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla.”

Martial, Ep. iv. 44.

The history of the town is exceedingly obscure, and it owes all its attraction to the circumstances of its destruction and discovery, having never risen above the condition of a third-rate city in ancient times. It was probably a Pelasgic settlement, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Samnites, from whom it was taken by the Romans in B.C. 293. In the reign of Nero, A.D. 63, it was half destroyed by an earthquake, and in A.D. 79 the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii, annihilated Herculaneum, covering it with volcanic mud, which hardened into coarse tufa, and was, in its turn, afterwards covered by successive streams of lava.

The discovery of Herculaneum in 1709 is due to the energy of Emmanuel de Lorraine, Prince d'Elboeuf, married to a Neapolitan, and established at Portici, who, hearing that a native of Resina had discovered many fragments of sculptured marble in sinking a well, purchased the right to excavate on the spot, and continued his subterranean research for five years, after which the Austrian Viceroy, Count Daun, interfered, and claimed restitution on behalf of the State of all the treasures D'Elboeuf had found. Since then such ignorant and dishonest overseers have been employed in the works that thousands of precious fragments have been lost for ever, and it is only marvellous that some of the larger statues, especially those of the family of Balbus, should be preserved, and still visible in the museum at Naples.

Owing to the fact that the excavations run under the populous suburbs of Resina and Portici, the greater part of the buildings which have been discovered have been again filled up. The principal remains (visible by torchlight) belong to a *Theatre*, which had eighteen *cunei*, or rows of seats, capable of containing 8000 persons. An inscription tells that it was built by a private citizen, L. Annius Mammianus Rufus, but at what date is unknown. Hence a street, bordered by porticoes, led to the *Forum*, on the north side of which stood a *Basilica*, built by M. Nonius Balbus, praetor and proconsul, by whom also the gates and walls of the city

were erected. The discovery of a villa and several small temples produced the most beautiful frescoes and statues in the museum at Naples. A curious memento of earthly vanity, laid bare when the city was first opened, was an inscription in red paint upon the wall, announcing that the gladiators of Rufus would give two combats in the amphitheatre, and that there would be a hunt, with a velarium. It is almost impossible to realise that the ruins which we now see in their black gulf can have been once beneath the blue sky, "before," as Tacitus says, "the burning mountain of Vesuvius changed the face of the country."¹

"Some workmen were digging the gloomy well on the brink of which we now stand looking down, when they came on some of the stone benches of the Theatre—those steps (for such they seem) at the bottom of the excavation—and found the buried city of Herculaneum. Presently going down, with lighted torches, we are perplexed by great walls of monstrous thickness, rising up between the benches, shutting out the stage, obtruding their shapeless forms in absurd places, confusing the whole place, and making it a disordered dream. We cannot, at first, believe, or picture to ourselves, that *this* came rolling in and drowned the city; and that all that is not here, has been cut away, by the axe, like solid stone. But this perceived and understood, the horror and oppression of its presence are indescribable."—*Dickens*.

"Herculanum, au lieu d'irriter la curiosité, la fatigue : on descend dans les fouilles d'Herculanum comme dans une mine, par une espèce de puits ; ensuite viennent des corridors souterrains où l'on ne pénètre qu'avec des torches ; corridors noircis par la fumée, qui de temps en temps laissent entrevoir, comme par la déchirure d'un voile, le coin d'une maison, le péristyle d'un temple, les degrés d'un théâtre ; tout cela incomplet, mutilé, sombre, sans suite, sans ensemble, et par conséquent sans effet. Aussi, au bout d'une heure passée dans ces souterrains, le plus terrible antiquaire, l'archéologue le plus obstiné, le plus infatigable curieux, n'éprouvent-ils qu'un besoin, celui de revoir la clarté du jour, ne ressentent-ils qu'un désir, celui de respirer l'air du ciel."—*Alexandre Dumas*.

The royal villa of *La Favorita*, at the end of the principal street of Resina, has a pretty garden.

It was usual formerly to make the *Ascent of Vesuvius* from Resina. It is, however, better to take a carriage (with 3 horses, 30 frs.) direct from Naples to the Observatory and the tavern called the Hermitage.

At Resina guides may be taken, 6 frs. One guide is *quite* sufficient

¹ *Ann.* iv. 67.

for a large party, and more are always in the way. Horses cost 5 frs., donkeys 4 frs., but can only be used as far as the foot of the cone. A chaise-à-porteurs from Resina, with 8 bearers, costs 60 frs. ; from the Hermitage, 40 frs. ; from the foot of the cone, 30 frs.

These directions, however, only apply to the old way of visiting Vesuvius. In 1881 an arrangement was made by the Government to secure visitors from the rapacity of touts and guides, which most tourists will adopt, though the enormous and unreasonable charge of 25 frs. by day, and 30 by night, is made to each person for locomotion alone. Carriages leave the office in Naples, at 42 Via S. Brigitta, at 7 A.M. in summer, and 8 A.M. in winter, or an arrangement may generally be effected at the different hotels to start from thence. The last part of the ascent of the cone (a very short distance) is effected by the curious *Ferrovía Funicolare*.

The price of a ticket for visiting Vesuvius and Pompeii in the same day, including luncheon at Pompeii and dinner at Vesuvius (!), is 50 frs. If visitors (as is often most natural) decline what the authorities choose to consider the orthodox way of visiting Vesuvius, a charge of 5 frs. is made for *every* person ascending the mountain, at a barrier on the way.

In whatever manner it be undertaken, the latter part of the ascent is glaringly hot in summer, and fatiguing when the mountain is covered with snow, but at most seasons the difficulties are ludicrously exaggerated. Every one should wear their worst clothes ; boots are ruined by the sharp lava, and coloured dresses are stained by the fumes of the sulphur.

Delicate persons, who do not wish to make the final *Ascent of Vesuvius*, will find it quite worth while to drive as far as the Observatory, for the sake of a near view of the lava streams, with their strange contortions and delicately-beautiful colouring.

“ There is a sentence of Burke which indicates, with his usual felicity, the compensation to be derived from that apparent waste of energy to which, in all times of its history; the polemics of the Church have given occasion :—‘ Old religious factions are volcanoes burned out ; on the lava and ashes, and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions, grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn.’ Those who have seen the sides of Vesuvius can well appreciate the force of this image. There indeed may be seen tracts of desolation, bare, black, and lurid, beyond any other which earth can show. These are where the sulphur still lingers and repels every effort of vegetation. But there are also tracts, close adjoining to them, and even in the midst of them, where the green vineyard, the gray olive, the golden orange, and the springing herb, mark that, out of the attrition and decomposition of the ancient streams of lava, the vital forces of nature

can assert themselves with double vigour, and create a new life under the very ribs of death. So it is with extinct theological controversies. So far, indeed, as they retain the bitterness, the fire and brimstone of personal rancour and malignity, they are, and will be to the end of time, the most barren and profitless of all the works of man. But if this can be eliminated or corrected, it is undeniable not only that truths of various kinds take root and spring up in the soil thus formed, but that there is a fruitful and useful result produced by the contemplation of the transitory character of the volcanic eruptions which once seemed to shake the earth."—*A. P. Stanley, Essays on Church and State.*

"Vesuvius," says Goethe, "is a peak of hell, rising out of paradise." There is no volcano concerning which we have so complete a series of historical records, especial attention having been attracted to it from its position in a thickly-populated district, and its close proximity to the city of Naples.

"Nothing is more certain than the fact that the Vesuvius upon which the ancient Romans and the Greek settlers of Southern Italy looked, was a mountain differing entirely in its form and appearance from that with which we are familiar. The Vesuvius known to the ancients was a great truncated cone, having a diameter at its base of eight or nine miles, and a height of about 4000 feet. The summit of this mountain was formed by a circular depressed plain, nearly three miles in diameter, within which the gladiator Spartacus with his followers were besieged by a Roman army. There is no evidence that at this time the volcanic character of the mountain was generally recognised, and its slopes are described by the ancient geographers as being clothed with fertile fields and vineyards, while the hollow at the top was a waste overgrown with wild vines.

"But in the year 79 a terrible and unexpected eruption occurred, by which a vast cratered hollow was formed in the midst of Vesuvius, and all the southern side of the great rim surrounding this crater was broken down. Under the materials ejected during this eruption, the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were overwhelmed and buried."—*Judd's "Volcanoes."*

Even a *résumé* of the many eruptions of Vesuvius is wearisome reading. By far the most celebrated was that of August 24, 79, which covered up and embalmed Pompeii and destroyed Herculaneum, both already half ruined by the earthquake of A.D. 63. Since then fifty-nine eruptions have occurred, the most terrible being that of December 16, 1631, when the mountain, "sweating fire," as Professor

Palmieri calls it, discharged seven streams of lava, overwhelming Bosco, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, and destroying 3000 persons. Each eruption has altered the form of the mountain, the outline of its summit having completely changed even within the last twenty years. From the great rain caused by the steam of eruptions, the falling dust generally descends like paste and sets like concrete. This is the *puzzolana*, which the Romans used as mortar. The rock formed by the volcanic mud, which is firm, though light and porous, is the *tufa*, of which Naples is built. The lower slopes of Vesuvius are covered with vineyards of *Lacrima Cristi*, the wine of ashes, celebrated by Chiabrera—

“ Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,
 Ch' a sbigottir la gente
 Diede nome dolente
 Al vin, che sopra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?
 Lacrima dunque appellerassi un riso,
 Parto di nobilissima vendemmia.”

A drive of less than two hours leads from Resina to the Hermitage, now a tavern, where *Lacrima Cristi* is sold (2 frs. : the real price to the natives is 50 c.!) Near this the lava streams are exceedingly picturesque, contorted like the lizards and crocodiles of a nightmare, their “ropy surfaces” having been caused by slowly-moving currents.

The ascent of the cone begins at the point called *Atrio del Cavallo*, about half an hour beyond the Hermitage. Should the *Ferrovia Funicolare* be rejected, the ascent is a clamber through the ashes or on the loose lava, not the least dangerous or difficult, and not fatiguing to a man in good health. A stick is an advantage, but the assistance offered by importunate natives is ridiculous, and they are very much in the way. The top of the mountain has been fitly likened to a ruined coal-pit, with the lava for shag. Its form varies so constantly that it is impossible to describe what will be seen. Sometimes the traveller looks down into a fiery pit; sometimes he can cross part of the crater, always going forward like Dante, and leaving a flame where his feet have trod; sometimes the hot stones and sand

which are ejected render it dangerous for him even to approach the edge of the circle. But at all times, the view is glorious, and is, as Goethe found it, "a bath of beauty, to wash away the fatigues of the ascent."

"Tout ce qui entoure le volcan rappelle l'enfer, et les descriptions des poètes sont sans doute empruntées de ces lieux. C'est là que l'on conçoit comment les hommes ont cru à l'existence d'un génie mal-faisant qui contrariait les desseins de la Providence. On a dû se demander, en contemplant un tel séjour, si la bonté seule présidait aux phénomènes de la création, ou bien si quelque principe caché forçait la nature, comme l'homme, à la férocité."—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

After leaving Portici, the line of railway intersects the great lava streams of 1794. On the left we still have dilapidated yellow houses, and on the right the blue sea and distant Capri, till we reach—

Torre del Greco (Stat.) (Hotel, *Torre d'Ogrieco*.) A town perpetually destroyed by Vesuvius, and rebuilt on and from its lava streams. Its history has given rise to the Neapolitan witticism—"Napoli fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga."

The line now runs nearer the foot of Vesuvius, and the peak of the crater swallows up the view of Monte Somma. The *Convent of Camaldoli* is seen (left) on a volcanic mound beneath the mountain. The domed buildings in the vineyards, the wells with their revolving wheels, and the hedges of prickly pear, give a very eastern character to the country. We pass through a stony wilderness of lava, before reaching—

Torre dell' Annunziata (Stat.) A large fishing-town, with flourishing macaroni manufactories, where Charles IV. established a great powder manufactory, placing the inhabitants, to their infinite terror, between the dangers of a double volcano of nature and man. There is a beautiful view of the bay from hence, with the islet and ruined fort of *Rovigliano* in the foreground.

A branch line leads, in 10 minutes, from *Torre dell' Annunziata* to *Castellamare*, the station for Sorrento. There are crowds of carriages

at the station, for which it is necessary to make a bargain. The right prices for Sorrento are—2 horses, 5 frs. ; 1 horse, 3 frs.

(*Hotels, Qui-si-sana*, or *Gran Bretagna*, most excellent ; in a high situation, with a beautiful view, and walks in the woods behind ; pension 12 frs.¹ *Hotel des Étrangers*, in the same situation. *Reale*, in the town, not far from the railway station.

Castellamare is a large dirty town, situated between the sea and the lower spurs of the Monte S. Angelo. It occupies the site of Stabiae, destroyed by Sulla in the Social War, and overwhelmed at the same time with Pompeii in the eruption of A.D. 79. The castle, which gave a name to the modern town, was built by Frederick II.

Castellamare is a most uninviting place to those who do not ascend by the Hotel Quisisana, through an avenue of ilex, by a very steep hill, to the royal Casino of *Quisisana* (now the property of the Municipio), erected on the site of a palace built by Charles II. of Anjou. Its name was invented by Ferdinand I. The view is glorious of Vesuvius, the plain of Pompeii, and the bay, and there are delightful walks in the many-fountained royal *parco*, or in the *bosco* on the mountain-side, which gives Castellamare an advantage over Sorrento, where all the walks are shut in by walls.

In summer Castellamare is much frequented for its mineral waters, which are of three kinds—*acqua media*, sulphuric ; *acqua rossa*, chalybeate ; and *acqua acetosella*, aperient. It is the custom for people with liver complaint to drink half a bottle of the first in the morning ; a tumbler of the second, with wine, at midday ; and as much as possible of the last in the evening. Delightful excursions may be taken along the mountains on donkeys or on foot, and there are drives along the old Sorrento road, or to the ruined castle of *Lettere* (5 m.), whence there is a lovely view. A longer expedition may be made to the *Cappella di S. Michele*, on the top of Monte S. Angelo. It contains a statue of the archangel, which is said to perspire freely on the first of August, when the blessed dew is collected on cotton-wool by a monk, and distributed in little bottles to the faithful.

¹ The Hotel Quisisana is the best point whence to visit Pompeii—about 2½ m. distant (carriages, 2½ frs.) In the unhealthy state of Naples, this is a great advantage to those who wish to avoid the hotels in the great city.

The drive of $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Castellamare to Sorrento occupies $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr. and is one of the most beautiful in Italy. The road passes beneath the Convent of Puzzano (now a pension—*Puzzano Cottage*) to the *Capo d'Orlando*, which gave a name to the naval victory gained here by Ruggiero d'Oria (July 14, 1299) over the fleet of Frederick II. On the left of the road are precipitous cliffs, overgrown here and there with euphorbia or cytizus.

The carriage rattles over the paved streets of several villages. *Vico* (*Hotel de Vico*) has a cathedral containing the tomb of Gaetano Filangieri, the famous jurist (1788). After crossing a handsome bridge, in a lovely valley clothed with olives, to the oriental-looking village of *Seiano*, we have a view of Vico, with its bright houses and arches, which has been painted by Stanfield and a thousand other artists. The road now ascends to the *Punta di Scutolo*, and descends through groves of oranges, pomegranates, and olives to *Meta* (*Pension, Villa di Sorrento*), at the entrance of the rich *Piano di Sorrento*, in which we pass the villages of *Carotto*, *Pozzo Piano*, and *S. Aniello* (*Albergo di Cocumella*—pension, 6 frs.), and cross two ravines which will recall the *latomiae* of Syracuse in their walls of perpendicular rock and the rich growth of their carpet of oranges, before reaching *Sorrento*.

The *Hotels* line the cliff, which abruptly overhangs the sea, and have delightful gardens and orange groves on the land side. They are—*Hotel Vittoria*, outside the entrance of the town, the largest and most pretentious and expensive, but very comfortable; pension, 12 frs. *Hotel d'Angleterre* (*Villa Nardi*), quieter and more old-fashioned, approached by a lovely lemon grove; pension, 10 frs. *Hotel Tasso* (*or Tramontano*), once the Villa Strongoli, excellent, with a very pretty garden—the older building having been Tasso's house. *Hotel Sirena*, above the port of "Marina Grande"—very good, but anglicised and rather dear. Very reasonable lodgings for the summer may be obtained in many delightful villas in the orange groves near the town.

Donkeys, half day, 2 frs. ; whole day for the longer excursions, 4 frs. To Scaricatojo, 2 frs. ; to Vigna Sersale, 1 fr. 50 c.

Boats to Capri : with two rowers, 8 frs. ; three to four rowers, 12 frs. ; five to eight rowers, 16 frs.

Carriages, for the half day, 5 frs. ; to Castellamare, 2 horses, 5 frs. ; 1 horse, 3 frs.

Sorrento is delightfully cool in summer compared with other places in this part of Italy.

“ Zephyro Surrentum molle salubri.”

Sil. Ital. v. 466.

But the village looks north, and is often very damp and cold in winter; and in spring it is well to be prepared for the sudden change from the heat of Naples to the chill breezes here.

As we enter Sorrento, we cross a deep ravine on a bridge guarded by a statue of S. Antonino, patron of the city. The town extends along a rocky platform above the sea, which comes up almost close to the cliffs, never leaving more than a very narrow strip of beach. Two tiny creeks at the extremities—*Marina Piccola* and *Grande*—are crowded with fishing-boats and fishermen’s houses. There are no remains of the villa of Pollius Felix, extolled by his friend Statius; and, though tombs and vases are often found in the gardens, there are few visible relics of the ancient Surrentum, except some pillars of a temple engrafted into the porch under the tower belonging to the cathedral, which contains an old episcopal chair, with a canopy supported by pillars from some ancient building.¹ A gaily-painted chapel near this is now used as a kind of antiquarian museum. The population is busy and prosperous, chiefly occupied in straw-plaiting, lace-making, or the carving and inlaying of olive wood, in which Sorrento drives a brisk trade. A statue of Torquato Tasso (erected 1870) stands at the entrance of the modern street, which has been driven straight through the shady alleys of the old town since the change of government, and which is lined by olive-wood shops; that of *Gargiulo* should be visited. Much of the picturesqueness of the place has been swept away since 1870, especially the Porta S. Antonino, at the south end of the town, which was surmounted by the bust of that sainted bishop who is said to have saved Sorrento by soundly thrashing with his stick Sicardo, Prince of Beneventum, when he came to besiege it in 836. He is

¹ The original cathedral was at S. Renato, now a picturesque ruined convent in an orange-garden.

still the patron saint of Sorrento, and adored by its inhabitants. Miss Kavanagh, in her pleasant *Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies*, mentions how a Sorrento girl said to her with Italian *naïveté*—"Signora, he is our father, and, for my part, I never pass beneath the gate but I look up and say, 'Father, since you are our father, why, then guard us well.'"

The poet Torquato Tasso was born in the house occupied by part of the Hotel Tasso, being the son of Bernardo Tasso (author of a poem on Amadis of Gaul), belonging to a noble family of Bergamo, and of Porzia de' Rossi, his wife. Hither also he fled, in 1577, after his seven years' captivity at Ferrara. He had embarked, dressed as a shepherd, at Caëta, and at sunrise he reached Sorrento, where his beloved sister Cornelia, who had married Marzio Sersale, a noble cavalier of the town, was living as a widow. Finding her alone, he at first pretended to be a messenger from her brother, and gave her such a terrible account of his sufferings and misfortunes that she fainted away. On her recovery he revealed himself, exacting a promise that she would only reveal the secret to her two sons, Antonino and Alessandro; her neighbours believed him to be a cousin from Bergamo.

No one should visit Sorrento without taking a donkey or walking to its most beautiful view, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant. If we leave the town by the new road to Massa we shall find, on the left, a steep path, the old bridle-road, which ascends the side of the hill to the *Vigna Sersale* (entrance 50 c.), the vineyard of Tasso's sister, Cornelia Sersale, whence there is the most glorious view, through some noble umbrella pines growing in a very picturesque valley, of Capri with its jagged cliffs rising above a shimmering sea—showing the "tremolar della marina" of Dante, the "aquae tremulum lumen"¹ of Virgil.

Hence one may proceed to the village of *Massa Lubrense*, to which there is a carriage road from Sorrento. Beyond is the promontory at the end of the peninsula, called *Punto della Campanella*, from the watch-bell erected there on a tower by Charles V. to give notice of pirates. The ancient name was Capo di Minerva, from a temple which Ulysses

¹ *Aen.* viii. 25.

is said (by Strabo and Seneca) to have built there to the goddess. In returning from Massa we may visit, on the *Punta di Sorrento*, the natural arch and cove called *Bagni di Diana*, or *della Regina Joanna*, which, with Vesuvius smoking in the distance, forms another lovely artistic subject.



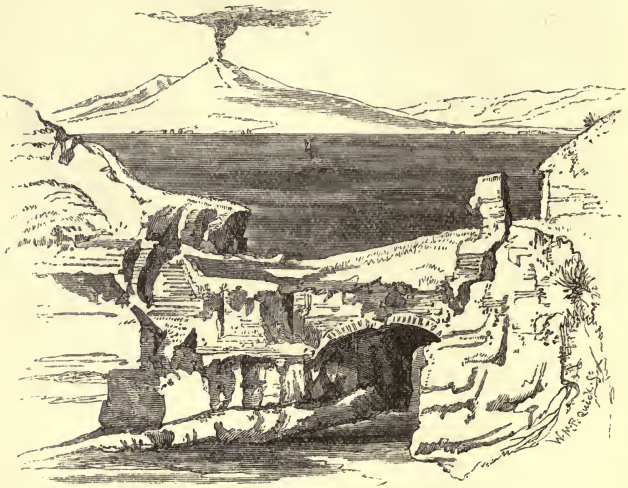
Vigna Sersale, Sorrento.

“ O fortunato peregrin, cui lice
Giungere in' questa terra alma e felice.”

Tasso.

Beautiful also is the immense depth of pink ravine at the entrance of the town from Castellamare, with perpendicular walls of rock and a tiny stream below, crossed at either end by a bridge of a single arch at an immense height. High in the air are gay houses with pergolas of vines and painted shrines. The cliffs are overhung by wild figs, cytizus, *erba della fontana*, and a thousand flowers; long tresses of ivy swoop into the depths, and the narrow, rugged staircases, clinging to or cut off the rock, add to the effect.

In general, however, Sorrento is less agreeable for walking and riding than La Cava and Amalfi, as nearly all the paths are shut in by high walls, obscuring the view, for a great distance from the town. Excursions may be made to *Il Deserto*, a deserted convent above Massa, with a fine view of Capri; to the *Conte della Fontanelle*, and the *Arco Naturale*, in a romantic position above the sea, but much spoiled since the greater part of the arch fell in in 1851; to



Baths of Queen Joanna, Sorrento.

Caserlano, a chapel with an exquisite view of the sea and islands; to *S. Maria della Neve*, beyond Massa; and to *S. Maria a Castello*, with a view of the village of *Positano*, where there is a pretty little illumination on the 15th of August. A boat-excursion may be made to *Crepolla*, with its picturesque Romanesque ruined church of *S. Pietro*, and even to the distant *Isles of the Sirens* or *Li Galli* and *Insulae Syrenusae*, now known individually as *Isola di S. Pietro*, *Il Castelletto*, and *Rotonda*. After having been used as prisons

by the Republic of Amalfi, they are now quite deserted, and as dismal as when Virgil described them.

“Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant.”

Æn. v. 864.

A fine coast road will soon be constructed to Amalfi. Those who now wish to go thither by water should order a boat from thence to be ready to meet them at the *Scari-catojo* (with two rowers, 7 or 8 frs.; with four rowers, 10 frs.) It is possible to ride within half an hour of the embarking place, but then there is an immense rock staircase to be descended.

The people of Sorrento are for the most part unspoiled, and civil to strangers. The women wear pretty blue lace veils on festas, and the processions at Christmas and on Good Friday and several church festivals are striking and picturesque. If you give to beggars, they thank you with “La Madonna v’accompagna,” or “Cento mill’anni,” meaning “May you have a hundred thousand years’ freedom from purgatory.” The dialect, however, is harsh and very unpleasant. The peasants marry amongst one another—and, it must be allowed, to please their parents, for a house, a position—for anything but love. They value life and enjoy it to the utmost, but they have little dread of death, which they speak of as going to “la patria.” The wine of the Piano di Sorrento is wretched enough now, but is celebrated by classical authors.

“Surrentina bibis? nec myrrhina picta, nec aurum
Sume; dabunt calices haec tibi vina suos.”

Martial, xiii. 110.

“Surrentina vafer qui miscet faece Falerna
Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo;
Quatenus ima petit volvans aliena vitellus.”

Horace, *Sat.* II, iv. 55.

Leaving Torre dell’ Annunziata, the main line of railway turns inland through a rich country, for whose lava soil the

cultivators pay as much as £12 an acre. Soon mounds of ashes on the left indicate—

Pompeii (Stat.) (*Hotel Diomede*, at the entrance of the ruins, very poor accommodation, tolerable food—luncheon, 3 frs. ; dinner, 4 frs. ; pension, 5 frs. There are several other tiny inns, with pension at 4 frs. 50 c.) Three or four hours are quite as much as the ordinary tourist gives to Pompeii. Artists must be furnished with a *permesso* to draw from the museum at Naples—see p. 82.

Portantinas with two bearers are provided at the station.

Entrance. The traveller pays 2 frs. for admission, and is then provided with a guide. Invalided soldiers are thus employed—living ruins to watch over the other ruins. Large parties are often hurried round the excavations together ; those who wish for more than a superficial visit should be provided with a private order. The very civil guides are not allowed to accept any *mancia*, but if they give satisfaction, travellers, on leaving, may buy some of the photographs for sale at the entrance, which is to their profit.

Pompeii was a very ancient city of Campania, at the mouth of the river Sarnus. In the latter years of the Republic it became a favourite summer resort of wealthy Romans. Amongst others, it was greatly beloved by Cicero, who had a villa here—"Tusculanum et Pompejanum valde me delectant," and little supposed, when Sulpitius, to console him for the death of Tullia, spoke of the corpses of cities which he saw on his return from Asia, how exactly the expression would apply to the town of his predilection.¹

In the reign of Nero, February 5, 63, a tremendous earthquake occurred, of which the shock fell heaviest upon the towns nearest Vesuvius. Herculaneum was partially, and Pompeii entirely destroyed, and the feeling of insecurity was afterwards so great that it became a question at Rome whether the Pompeians should be allowed to build again upon so dangerous a site. Eventually they were permitted to build, and Pompeii was rapidly reconstructed, its shops and houses restored, and its forum decorated with statues. Still, its people were too poor to attain to their former splendour, and all was unfinished when the great eruption

¹ Valery.

of August 24, 79, occurred, which did not destroy, but embalmed the then existing Pompeii. It is a great loss for the modern world that the final catastrophe occurred in 79 and not in 63, for it is the modern town and not the ancient one which was covered up; its Greek temples, its Etruscan pictures, its buildings of the Republic, and its archaic statues, had perished sixteen years before.¹ In finding all the pillars here of stucco, not of marble, it is necessary also to remember that this was never more than a third-class city of 30,000 inhabitants.

The first result of the eruption was a shower of ashes, which covered the town to a depth of three feet, but left the inhabitants time to escape. Many, however, must have returned to seek their treasures, or have been suffocated before they could get away, as more than 600 corpses have been found. A tremendous shower of red-hot pumice stones next overwhelmed the town to a depth of 7 feet, and this was followed by a succession of other showers of ashes and pumice stones, till the city lay under a mass twenty feet high. A village, which retained the old name, was afterwards built on the site, but was destroyed by the eruption of 472, and since that time there has been no attempt at rebuilding.

In 1748 a peasant, who was sinking a well, discovered some sculptures and paintings, and when the attention of Charles III., who had recently been excited by the discovery of Herculaneum, was drawn to it, he ordered excavations. The amphitheatre was cleared in 1755, the forum, the street of tombs, and several of the larger houses during the reign of Murat. Now 60,000 lire are annually allowed for the *scavi* by the Government.

“Nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the City of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, all vivid with undimmed hues; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday,—not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors,—in the forum the half-finished columns as left by the workmen’s hand,—in its gardens the sacrificial tripod,—in its halls the chest of treasure,—in its baths the strigil,—in its theatre the counter of admission,—in its saloons the furniture and the lamp,—in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast,—in its cubicula the

¹ See Beule—*Le Drame de Vésuve*.

perfumes and the rouge of fated beauty, and, everywhere, the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and life."—*E. Bulwer Lytton*.

"La vue de Pompéi montre bien mieux que toutes les dissertations quelle était l'existence municipale, la prospérité et l'éclat des colonies romaines. Cette petite ville de troisième ordre, dont un cinquième seulement nous est connu, possède un Forum, huit temples, une basilique, trois places publiques, des thermes, deux théâtres, et un superbe amphithéâtre."—*Valéry*.

The first impression on entering the mummied city of Pompeii is always one of disappointment. Its streets are straight, narrow alleys, in which the ruts worn by the waggon-wheels remain in the lava pavement, being almost the only object, except the town walls, upon which we can look with any certainty that it belonged to the original town which perished in the earthquake. At intervals are stepping-stones for the use of foot-passengers in the wet weather, which turned these streets into watercourses. The windowless houses, of concrete or brick, are perfectly without outside ornament, and look more like ruined cow-sheds and pigstyes than anything else. The doors are the only external openings into their tiny courts. The ground-floors of the larger houses were often let in shops, as is still the case in the *palazzi* of Naples and Palermo. In many instances the marble shop-counters still exist. There are a few trade signs, but they are rare; political notices painted on the walls are more frequent. An occasional phallus indicates the superstition of the evil eye. Where there were no shops, blank walls faced the streets, the few necessary openings being barred with iron, as in Oriental towns. There are seldom any ruins of more than ground-floor walls remaining; the upper storeys, probably of wood, must have been burned by the red-hot stones of the eruption.

We enter the tiny houses by the *prothyron*, where the porter or *janitor* had his den or *cella*. This leads us to the central court—*atrium*, in the midst of which was the reservoir—*impluvium*. Hence different chambers opened on the right and left, receiving light from the court. Beyond the atrium was the *tablinum* or public room; the *peristylum*,

an open court with colonnades, the usual summer sitting-room; and the *triclinium* or dining-room. The columns are of tufa, covered with stucco, and both the columns and walls were painted with the brightest colours attainable, though in great taste and harmony. The best of the central wall paintings, which in most cases have given their present names to the houses, have been removed to the museum at Naples; but many of the beautiful arabesques remain. That all were fresh and brilliant when found, in the style followed by Raffaele and his pupils in the Loggia, and that nothing had any appearance of antiquity, is accounted for by the fact that nothing had been in existence for more than sixteen years before the catastrophe occurred which embalmed it for more than sixteen centuries and a half. The many proofs of the open-air life which must have existed here make one imagine a very different climate to that of Southern Italy at the present time; a winter of the nineteenth century would be unendurable in the comfortless toy-houses of Pompeii.

From the *Porta Marina*, beyond the ticket-office, the visitor ascends a narrow street to the Forum. On the right we pass the *Basilica*, or law-court, an open area once surrounded by Ionic brick columns, covered with stucco. Here many inscriptions relating to the public games were found scratched or painted on the walls. On the left is the ruin called the *Temple of Venus*, from a statue which was found here. It is surrounded by remains of columns, and retains its great altar and a smaller altar for incense. A terminal statue remains *in situ*.

The *Forum* is one of the most striking points in Pompeii, and is one of those whence the purple destroying mountain is best seen, rising above the red and yellow ruins of the city. It was never completed, and its pedestals for statues were for the most part unoccupied when it was swallowed up. On its south side are buildings called the *Tribunals*, supposed to have belonged to the Law Courts. On the east, at the corner of the *Strada dell' Abondanza*, is the *Chalchidicum*, probably an Exchange, which was built (as is shown by a still existing inscription over the side

entrance) by the priestess Eumachia. Its court was once surrounded by fifty-four columns of Parian marble; in a niche is a copy of the statue of Eumachia now in the museum, erected by the fullers (*fullones*). Beyond this, facing the forum, is the so-called *Temple of Mercury* with a richly-sculptured altar. Next comes the *Curia*, a kind of town-hall, in a very ruinous state; then the *Pantheon*, sometimes



Forum of Pompeii.

called the *Temple of Augustus*, from his statue which stood here between statues of Livia and Drusus, all now in the museum. The well-known picture of the meeting of Ulysses and Penelope and many others were found here.

A *Triumphal Arch*, of brick, once coated with marble, crosses the *Strada del Foro* from hence to the *Temple of Jupiter*, which stood upon a pavement 10 ft. high, at the north end of the forum. A stair leads to the upper story, whence there is a striking view—

“ I stood within the city disinterred ;
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
 The Mountain’s slumberous voice at intervals
 Thrill through those roofless halls ;
 The oracular thunder penetrating shook
 The listening soul in my suspended blood ;

I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
 I felt, but heard not :—through white columns glowed
 The isle-sustaining Ocean flood,
 A plane of light between two heavens of azure :
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;
 But every living lineament was clear
 As in the sculptor's thought ; and there
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
 Seemed only not to move and grow
 Because the crystal silence of the air
 Weighed on their life ; even as the Power divine,
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine."

Shelley.

Following the *Strada del Foro*, we reach (right) the little *Temple of Fortune* erected (as an inscription tells us) on his own ground, at the expense of Marcus Tullius, the Duumvir. Turning left in front of the *Arco di Nerone*, into the *Strada delle Terme*, the second door on the left is that of the Public Baths or *Thermae*, in which we see the *apodyterium*, or dressing-room ; the circular *frigidarium*, or cold bath, its marble pavements fresh as when laid down ; the *tepidarium*, or tepid bath, with a beautiful cornice and an ancient brazier ; and the *calidarium*, or hot bath, with a remarkable ribbed ceiling. Nearly opposite (right) is the ruin called the *House of the Tragic Poet*, from the pictures of a poet reading and a theatrical rehearsal which have been found here. This building is described as the "House of Glaucus" in Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*. On the threshold lay the mosaic of "Cave Canem" now in the museum. Several wall-paintings remain in one of its rooms.

Continuing the *Strada delle Terme*, on the right is the *House of Pansa the Aedile*, one of the largest in Pompeii, and an admirable specimen of the house of a rich man under the Empire. On its threshold was the greeting "Salve" in mosaic. Cicero, when on his way to Cilicia, was the bearer of a letter to Atticus "ex Pansae Pompeiano."¹

Turning to the right, towards the *Porta di Ercolano*, we pass (left) the *Scuola Pompeiana*, fitted up for modern

¹ *Ad Att.* v. 3.

students by the Government. Right, is the *House of Sallust*, with a great fresco of the story of Actaeon and Diana, and beyond it a bakehouse with mills and ovens. Farther on the right is the building called the *House of the Surgeon*, from the number of surgical instruments found there. A tavern on the left has a large phallus towards the street to avert the evil eye. Next is the *House of the Vestals*.

We now reach the *Porta di Ercolano*, a gate in the town walls which belong to the original Pompeii, and are 2925 yards in circumference. The gate is in ruins, but its plan is obvious, of a central arch 14½ ft. wide, and two side arches for foot-passengers, 4½ ft. wide and 10 ft. high. Beyond this, in the suburb called Pagus Augustus Felix, we enter the *Street of Tombs*, and may notice—

Right.—A large *pedestal* unfinished.

Left.—*Tomb of Marcus Cerinus* with an inscription, and a vaulted niche, in which the fully-armed skeleton of a soldier was found. He was evidently on guard at the neighbouring gate, and, faithful to his trust, only took shelter here from the burning shower, whilst his fellow-citizens were escaping.

Left.—*The Niche-Tomb of Mamia the Priestess*, inscribed—“*Mamiae Publii filiae sacerdoti publicae locus sepulturae datus decurionum decreto.*”

Right.—*The Tomb of T. Terentius Felix*, with an inscription.

Right.—*The Tomb of the Garlands*, decorated with Corinthian pilasters, sustaining wreaths.

Right.—*An open Tomb with a Seat*. Near this the skeletons of a woman and three children were found—locked in each other's arms.

Left.—Ruins of a villa, called, without reason, the *Villa of Cicero*: several beautiful mosaics and paintings, including the eight celebrated Dancing Girls, were found here.

Right.—Two shops, then the ruins called the *House of Mosaic Columns*.

Left (beyond the Villa of Cicero), the *Tomb of Servilia*.

Left.—*The Tomb of Aricius Scaurus*, with dilapidated reliefs of gladiatorial combats. An inscription records a decree of the decurions for the erection of this tomb and a statue of Aricius in the forum.

Right.—An arcade, behind which were shops. The skeleton of a mule was found here.

Right.—Ruined tombs.

Left.—*The Circular Tomb*, with pilasters. On the basement are reliefs. A staircase leads to a circular chamber adorned with arabesques, with niches for urns.

Left.—The rich *Tomb of Caius Calventius*.

Left.—*The Tomb of Naevolia Tyche*, with her bust, a relief representing the dedication of the tomb, and an inscription stating that Naevolia erected it for herself, for C. Munatius Faustus, an Augustal and magistrate (to whom the decurions had granted the “bisellium,” a seat of honour in the forum, on account of his merits), and their freedmen and freedwomen. The bisellium is represented on one side of the tomb, on the other is a relief of a vessel entering port—probably in allusion to the soul of the deceased.



Street of Tombs, Pompeii.

Left.—*A Triclinium*—for funeral feasts.

Right.—*Tomb* erected by *Alleia Decimilla*, Priestess of Ceres, to her husband Marcus Alleius Lucius Libella and her son, on a site given by the people—built of blocks of travertine to resemble the pedestal of a column.

Left.—*The Villa called the Villa of Diomed*, from the tomb opposite. Under the portico which surrounded the little garden of this villa, seventeen bodies of women and children were found. They had provided themselves with food, and were evidently suffocated in their refuge, having attempted to escape too late.

“In the house of Diomed, in the subterranean vaults, a number of skeletons were discovered in one spot by the door, covered by a fine

ashen dust that had evidently been wafted slowly through the apertures, until it had filled the whole space. There were jewels and coins, candelabra for unavailing light, and wine hardened in the amphorae for a prolongation of agonised life. The sand, consolidated by damp, had taken the forms of the skeletons as in a cast; and the traveller may yet see the impression of a female neck and bosom of young and round proportions.¹ It seems to the inquirer as if the air had been gradually changed into a sulphureous vapour; the inmates of the vaults had rushed to the door, to find it closed and blocked up by the scoria without, and, in their attempts to force it, had been suffocated with the atmosphere.

“In the garden was found a skeleton with a key in its bony hand, and near it a bag of coins. This is believed to have been the master of the house—the unfortunate Diomed, who had probably sought to escape by the garden, and been destroyed either by the vapours or some fragment of stone. Beside some silver vases lay another skeleton, probably of a slave.”—*E. Bulwer Lytton*.

Right.—Tomb with an inscription stating that it was erected by Marcus Arrius Diomedes, freedman of Julia, magistrate of the suburb of Augustus Felix, to his own memory and that of his family.

Having returned to the Herculaneum Gate, let us now follow the *Vicolo del Mercurio*, the first cross street on the left. The third street which crosses this is the important *Strada del Mercurio*, running from the forum to the town-wall. Here, if we turn north towards the wall is (right, No. 7) the *House of Castor and Pollux, or the Dioscuri*, two buildings connected by a peristyle, with frescoes in their chambers. The pictures of Perseus and Andromeda, and Medea contemplating the murder of her Children, were found here. No. 5 is called the *House of the Centaur*, in which the beautiful picture of Meleager and Atalanta was found. (Right), No. 2 is the *House of Meleager*, very richly decorated and painted, with a remarkable peristyle on the left of the atrium. (Left), No. 23 is called the *House of Apollo*, from the numerous representations of the god found there. (Left, returning), No. 18 is the *House of the Wounded Adonis*, so named from a statue.

Returning to the corner of the *Vicolo del Mercurio*, on the right is the fountain with a head of Mercury, which gives a name to the street. On the left, No. 1 is a *Tavern* with curious convivial and erotic frescoes. No. 4 (right) is

¹ Now in the museum at Naples.

called *Casa dei Cinque Scheletri*, from five skeletons found there. In the adjoining street on the left is the well-preserved *House of the Labyrinth*, where the mosaic of Theseus and the Minotaur was found.

Continuing the *Strada di Mercurio*, Nos. 23, 24 (right) are the *House of the Little Fountain*, with a pretty mosaic fountain adorned by a bronze statuette of a boy (right) and a goose (a copy; the original is at Naples). No. 22 is the *House of the Large Fountain*, with a fountain similar to the last, only larger. Nos. 20, 21 (right) are the *Fullonica*, or Fuller's Shop, with chambers containing vats for dyes and ovens for dyeing cloths surrounding the atrium. The curious frescoes, in the Museum, illustrative of the fuller's art, were found here. No. 7 (left) is called the *House of the Anchor*, from the anchor upon the threshold. No. 14 (right) is the *House of the Barber*.

“Quand on se place du milieu du carrefour des rues, d'où l'on voit de tous les côtés la ville qui subsiste encore presque en entier, il semble qu'on attende quelqu'un, que le maître soit prêt à venir; et l'apparence même de vie qu'offre ce séjour, fait sentir plus tristement son éternel silence.”—*Madame de Staël, Corinne*.

On reaching the arch of the *Strada del Mercurio* let us turn left into the *Strada della Fortuna*, which leads to the Nola gate. No. 1 (left) is the *House of the Faun*, one of the largest in Pompeii. Mosaics here take the place usually occupied by pictures on the walls. The mosaic of the Battle of the Issus was found here, in the exedra opening upon the peristyle. No. 59 (right) is called *Casa della Pareta Nera*, from the black wall adorned with frescoes. No. 57 (right) is the *Casa dei Capitelli Figurati*, so called from the capitals of the pillars at its entrance. No. 51 (right), called the *House of Ariadne*, is a large building painted in brilliant colours. No. 48 (right), the *Casa della Caccia*, has frescoes of combats with wild beasts.

Beyond the *Strada della Fortuna*, in the *Strada di Nola*, is the *Casa del Fauno Ubriaco*, excavated in 1879, and the most important of recent discoveries. Its frescoes are very perfect and beautiful. The statue of a drunken faun found here has been removed to the Museum.

We must turn to the right from the *Strada della Fortuna* down the *Vico Storto* into the *Strada de' Augustali*, where, turning left towards the walls, and passing (left) a *Public Bakehouse*, we find No. 45 (left), the *House of the Bear*, with a graceful fountain named from a mosaic on the threshold, with the greeting "Have." No. 40 (right) is the *House of the Dolphin*; No. 36 is a *Bakehouse*, where eighty-one loaves were found in an oven.

Reaching the *Strada di Stabia*, we should first turn to the left. No. 5 (right) is the *House of Marcus Lucretius*, the name of its owner having been discovered by the address on a letter which was found! Returning down the *Via di Stabia*, we should now enter the *Strada dell' Abondanza* at its eastern extremity. This was the especial street of shops, and was closed against carriage traffic by stone pillars at the end towards the forum. No. 15 (left) is the *House of Cornelius Rufus*, with a bust inscribed with his name. No. 8 (right) is the entrance to the *Stabian Thermae*. No. 4 (left) is the *House of Olconius*, with paintings.

Turning to the right down the *Via del Lupanare*, we find, No. 47 (right), the *House of Siricus*, with remarkable paintings in a room to the left of the atrium, especially *Vulcan* presenting *Thetis* with weapons for *Achilles*. No. 18 is the *Great Lupanare*, in which most of the erotic pictures have now been removed or covered up. This house stands at the corner of the *Vicolo del Balcone Pensile*, so called from (No. 28) the *House with the Balcony*.

Returning, we should cross the *Strada dell' Abondanza* into the *Strada del Teatro*, which lead to the *Foro Triangulare* (No. 30), one of the most picturesque and interesting spots in Pompeii. It was once surrounded on three sides by a portico of 100 Doric columns, but on the side towards the sea stood a beautiful little *Greek Temple* (called without reason *Tempio di Ercole*), which was evidently ruined by the earthquake of 63, and never afterwards restored. Behind it are the remains of a *Bidental*—an expiatory altar marking the spot where a thunder-bolt had fallen. In the small chambers near this several skeletons were found,

apparently of priests, with the knives and vessels used in sacrifices.

Adjoining this Forum on the left is the *Great Theatre* (No. 20), one of the few buildings not entirely covered by ashes. It was placed on the edge of a tufa hill, was semi-circular, lined throughout with marble, and open to the air and view. Numbers and divisions remain on some of the seats, showing that the space allotted to each person was 1 foot 3½ inches. Some of the stone rings for the poles which supported the awning may still be seen at the top of the encircling wall. Everything in the town indicates that the rage for plays, which still distinguishes the Neapolitans, existed in Pompeii.

To the left is the *Little Theatre, or Odeum* (No. 19), in wonderful preservation. An inscription records the presentation of its pavement by M. Olconius.

Below this are the many-columned remains of the *Soldiers' Quarters*, where a quantity of armour was found, together with female ornaments, indicating that women were allowed to live in the barracks. No less than sixty-three skeletons of men, women, and children were found here.

Turning left into the *Strada di Stabia*, we reach immediately (No. 25) the tiny *Temple of Aesculapius*, with a large altar, and then, in the *Strada di Iside* (No. 28, left) the *Temple of Isis*, exceedingly rich and well preserved, which, an inscription over the entrance informs us, was restored after the earthquake of 63, at the expense of a boy of six years old, N. Popidius Calsinus, who was consequently made a decurion. This is the most complete specimen now extant of a heathen temple at the time of the Christian era. We may see the little inner temple or cell rising in the midst of the consecrated area, in which the priest, withdrawn from view, ministered alone in the presence of God.¹

Hence (in spite of the possible opposition of self-seeking guides) we must not fail to cross the unexcavated part of the town for about a quarter of a mile, to the *Amphitheatre*, which now stands quite alone in the country. It is exter-

¹ See A. P. Stanley, *Christian Institutions*.

nally insignificant, having been formed by excavation as far as the second storey, but the interior (length, 146 yds. ; width, 115 yds.) is very striking. The outer wall still surrounds the circle, in which some of the seats remain, but the greater part is a grassy slope. The encircling corridor and the grand entrance, with the stones for securing the palla, are perfect. In this amphitheatre Dion Cassius states that the inhabitants were assembled at the time of the eruption, and, finding their return to the city cut off, they probably escaped from hence.

“The looking from the ruined city, into the neighbouring grounds overgrown with beautiful vines and luxuriant trees ; and remembering that house upon house, temple on temple, building after building, and street after street, are still lying under the roots of all the quiet cultivation, waiting to be turned up to the light of day ; is something so wonderful, so full of mystery, so captivating to the imagination, that one would think it would be paramount, and yield to nothing else—to nothing but Vesuvius ; but the mountain is the genius of the scene. From every indication of the ruin it has worked, we look, again, with an absorbing interest to where its smoke is rising up into the sky. It is beyond us, as we thread the ruined streets ; above us, as we stand upon the ruined walls ; we follow it through every vista of broken columns, as we wander through the empty courtyards of the houses ; and through the garlandings and interlacings of every wanton vine.”—*Dickens.*

In returning to the Porta Marina, a visit should be made to the *Museo* (left), which contains a number of bodies found amongst the ruins, coated with plaster for their preservation. Very beautiful and touching is the figure of a young girl, and perhaps even more so that of a Roman slave, evidently overtaken by death while asleep, with a countenance of the most perfect repose. A mother and daughter lie close together. A pregnant woman still wears her ring. A dog appears to have died in great agonies. There are several skeletons of horses and dogs, and that of a cat. In a dish is the skeleton of a sucking pig, evidently prepared for dinner. Amongst the minor objects here, the early window-glass is of great interest.

After leaving Pompeii, the railway crosses the rich plain of the Sarno—

“ Sarrastes populos, et quae rigat aequora Sarnus.”

Virgil, Aen. vii. 738.

“ Nec Pompeiani placeant magis otia Sarni.”

Statius, Silv. i. 2, 265.

Angri (Stat.) was the place where the great struggle of Italian history ended in the last fight of Teias and Narses, in which the last Gothic king was vanquished by the mighty eunuch.

“The king marched at the head of the Goths, bearing in his right hand a lance, and an ample buckler in his left : with the one he struck dead the foremost of the assailants ; with the other he received the weapons which every hand was ambitious to aim against his life. After a combat of many hours, his left arm was fatigued by the weight of twelve javelins which hung from his shield. Without moving from his ground, or suspending his blows, the hero called aloud on his attendants for a fresh buckler, but in a moment, while his side was uncovered, it was pierced by a mortal dart. He fell : and his head, exalted on a spear, proclaimed to the nations that the Gothic kingdom was no more.”—*Gibbon*, ch. xliii.

Pagani (Stat.) In the *Church of S. Michele* is the tomb of *S. Alphonso de' Liguori*, Founder of the Redemptorists, and Bishop of S. Agata. He died at Pagani in 1787, and was canonised in 1839 by Gregory XVI. Pius IX. visited his mummy in 1850, and left his pontifical ring upon its dead finger.

Nocera (Stat.) occupies the site of Nuceria Alfaterna, the rival of Pompeii in classical times. It is called Nocera de' Pagani from a Saracenic colony of Frederick II., who was sometimes contemptuously called “The Sultan of Nocera.”¹ Here the beautiful Greek, Helena, widow of Manfred, died in the castle in 1271, after five years' imprisonment, though only in her twenty-ninth year ; and here also died Beatrix of Provence, one of the four queen-daughters of Count Raymond Beranger, who, as wife of Charles I. of Anjou, entered Italy riding at the head of his troops.

¹ Villani preserves the quaint words of the famous taunt which Charles of Anjou addressed to Manfred before the battle of Beneventum—“Alles e dit moi a le Sultan de Nocere hoggi meterai lui en enfers, o il mettar moi en paradis.”

“La mort de Béatrix fut considérée comme une grande perte. Tant que Béatrix avait vécu, malgré l'orgueil reproché à cette souveraine, elle avait su mettre des bornes à l'humeur violente de son époux. Béatrix vivante, Conradin ne serait pas monté sur l'échafaud. La présence d'une mère aurait rendu impossible le supplice d'un enfant.”—
Alexis de Saint Priest.

S. Louis of Anjou, son of Charles III., was born here. It was here also that (1386) the fierce Pope Urban VI. (Bartolommeo Prignano) imprisoned the cardinals whom he suspected of favouring his rival, the Antipope Clement VII.

“The Pope inveigled such of the rebellious Cardinals as were not there, to Nocera, as though to hold a consistory. Six of them, the most learned and of best repute, were seized and cast into a close and foetid dungeon, an old tank or cistern. There Theodoric à Niem (whose relation is extant) found them in the most pitiable state. The Cardinal di Sangro, a tall and corpulent man, had not room to stretch out his feet. They were loaded with chains. The Pope's ministers questioned them, adjured them in vain to confession. The inquisitors returned to the Pope; two of them burst into tears. Urban sternly taunted their womanish weakness. Theodoric, by his own account, ventured to urge the Pope to mercy. Urban became only more furious; his face reddened like a lamp; his voice was choked with passion. He produced a confession, wrung forth the day before by torture from the Bishop of Aquila, which inculpated the Cardinals. The conspiracy, indeed, with which they were charged by the suspicion of Urban, or by their enemies who had gained the ear of Urban, was terrible enough. They had determined to seize the Pope, to declare him a heretic, and to burn him. They were brought before the public consistory; if they had confessed, it was believed that they would have been made over to the executioner and the stake. They persisted in their denial; they were thrust back into their noisome dungeon, to suffer from hunger, thirst, cold, and reptiles.

“Three days after the Cardinals were submitted to the torture. The Cardinal di Sangro was stripped almost naked, and hoisted by the pulley. The Cardinal of Venice, an old, feeble, and infirm man, was racked with even worse cruelty from morning till dinner-time. He only uttered, ‘Christ has suffered for us.’ The Pope was heard below in the garden, reciting aloud his breviary, that the executioner might be encouraged by his presence.

“Urban was besieged in Nocera; among his fiercest enemies was the Abbot of Monte Cassino; but he had still active partizans in Italy. The Pope was at the head of a great interest. Raimondello Orsini made a bold diversion in his favour. A Genoese fleet hovered on the coast. Pope Urban made a sudden sally from Nocera, reached first friendly Benevento, then got on board the galleys between Barletta and Trani. He dragged with him the wretched Cardinals, who, if

they reached Genoa alive, survived not long. By some accounts they were tied in sacks and cast into the sea, or secretly despatched in their prisons. One only, an Englishman, was spared: it was said, out of respect for, or at the intervention of, King Richard II."—*Milman, Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The railway passes near the *Church of S. Maria Maggiore*, an exceedingly curious circular building, 80 ft. in diameter, first used as a baptistery, then as a cathedral. Its chief peculiarity is its dome, ceiled with stone internally, but covered externally with a false roof, for all attempts in the tenth and eleventh centuries to construct true roofs of stone were failures.¹ The basin in the centre is surrounded by a double circle of ancient columns, the inner granite, the outer pavonazetto. The frescoes on the very damp walls are of the fourteenth century.

Swinburne describes the extraordinary festa of La Madonna della Galline at Nocera. During her procession hundreds of hens were placed on the poles supporting her image, and the miracle consisted in the birds sitting quiet! They were in fact so dreadfully frightened by the crowd and noise, that they remained as still as if perched at roost.

Passing the Apennines, the railway now reaches—

La Cava (dei Tirreni) Stat. *Inn, Albergo di Londra*, most excellent and reasonable.² The little town of La Cava, arcaded throughout like Padua, occupies the site of Marcina, an ancient Etruscan city mentioned by Strabo. Having been taken by Genseric when he was marching to Rome at the summons of the Empress Eudoxia, it was entirely destroyed, and its inhabitants sought refuge in mountain caves till they were united in 1080 within the walls of a small city under the jurisdiction of the great neighbouring convent of Cava. In 1514 their constant quarrels with the abbots led to their being made independent under a bishop of their own.

La Cava is within reach of many delightful walks and rides, and is a charming summer retreat, but no ordinary

¹ See Fergusson, *Handbook of Architecture.*

² The landlord here makes all arrangements and saves all trouble as to the excursion to Paestum, which is made from hence, with great comfort, in the day, returning in time for dinner.

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traveller would linger there if it were not for the vicinity of the great Benedictine Convent of Cava, the most celebrated, except Monte Cassino, in Southern Italy. A winding ascent of 2 m. leads thither from the town, passing the *Church of Pietra Santa*, with a curious rock projecting through the floor before the altar, where the First Crusade was preached. Here Urban II., coming on pilgrimage to the convent with Duke Roger and his Norman knights, insisted that the whole party should dismount as they were unworthy to travel, otherwise than on foot, over the ground where so many holy men had trod. Beyond this, the richly-wooded valley narrows into a gorge—"a Swiss valley with the sky and vegetation of Southern Italy"¹—till we reach the little village of *Corpo di Cava* (*Albergo di Michele Scapolatrello*, tolerable, pension 5 frs.), occupying an exquisite position at the foot of high mountains. Hence it is only a few steps to the *Abbey of Cava*, which is most striking in appearance, though its façade is an addition of 1796.

About the year 1006, Alferius, a young nobleman of Salerno, of the family of the Pappa Carbone, was sent on a political mission to Otho III. of Germany by Waimar III., Prince of Salerno. At the then newly-founded monastery of S. Michel de Cluse near Susa he fell dangerously ill, and was nursed by S. Odillon of Cluny, who was halting at the monastery on his return to Rome. On his recovery, the near sight of death and the teaching of S. Odillon decided him to renounce the world entirely for the service of God, and after the fulfilment of his mission and his return to Salerno, he retired to a cave above the gorge of the Selano, which had already been inhabited by Luitius, a hermit-monk from Monte Cassino. Here so many disciples gathered around him, that, in 1025, Waimar III. and his son made a donation to the church of the cavern and domain of Cava, where the monastery was founded.

In the portico of the church are two magnificent ancient sarcophagi, and the tomb of Sibylla of Burgundy (second wife of Roger Borsa, Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and daughter-in-law of Robert Guiscard), who died at Salerno,

¹ Valery.

where her husband is buried. The interior of the church, which contains one of the finest organs in Italy, has been adorned with modern frescoes by the Roman painter *Morani*, relating to the history of S. Benedict and his early disciples. Amongst the pictures are works of *Carlo Dolci*, *Sabatini*, and *Il Calabrese*. To the left of the high altar is the tomb of



Abbey of Cava.

the founder, S. Alferius, enclosed in part of the grotto in which he lived as a hermit, and where he died in his 120th year, being found dead upon his knees on the evening of Holy Thursday, "just as the sun lighted the mountains of La Cava with its last rays before disappearing behind the sea." By his side repose the two succeeding abbots—Leo of Lucca, whose life was spent in trying to check the cruelties of Gisulf, Prince of Salerno, over whom he alone had any influence; and Peter of Salerno, the nephew of Alferius and tutor of Pope Urban II., who, according to

the monastic legend, was escorted into the heavenly kingdom at his death by the three great abbots of Cluny—Odo, Mayeul, and Odillon.¹ The three abbots buried here in sarcophagi of *pietra dura* are those commemorated in the verses of John of Capua—

“ Abbas Alpherius primus virtute coruscus,
Anno centeno bis deno vixit in orbe.
Quem Leo subsequitur, vir providus atque benignus,
Qui laudabiliter tres denis praeftit annis.
Ordinis instructor post Petrus tertius abbas,
Ipse quaterdenis est loris fortius usus.”

Here also is the grave of the fourth abbot, Constabilis, “*puer inclytus et venerandus*,” who reigned only a year, but is supposed to have appeared in a vision to rescue some of the monks of his convent, who were taken prisoners by the Moors whilst trading on the coast of Africa. A sepulchral stone, with a mitre reversed, in another part of the church, is said to cover the remains of the Antipope Gregory VIII., who was made prisoner at Sutri by Calixtus II., and sent for the rest of his life to the monastery of Cava, where he died in 1122. This tradition is disputed by Muratori, and the stone perhaps really marks the remains of a less celebrated antipope, Theodoric, who, having vainly opposed Pascal II., became a monk in the convent, where he died. A third antipope, Innocent, was imprisoned in the convent by Alexander II. There is a most picturesque Gothic *Cloister*, and a *Crypt*, in which the monks were formerly buried; piles of bones are preserved there.

The *Archivio* of Cava is the most important monastic collection in Italy, comprising 60,000 contracts or donations, 40,000 acts written on parchment, and 1600 bulls or diplomas. The most ancient document bears the date of 840, and is signed by Radelchi, Prince of Beneventum. Amongst the charters, the earliest is the act of donation made to S. Alferius by the Prince Waimar of Salerno, written on parchment in Lombard characters, and dated 1025. A diploma of King Roger has a Greek inscription and a golden seal. The manuscripts include the *Etymologies* of Isidor

¹ *Vitae Patrum Cavensium*.

of Seville, of the ninth century; *Bede, De Temporibus*, and some letters of Charlemagne. But the two greatest treasures are the *Codex Legum Longobardorum*, the oldest and most remarkable of the three known ancient digests



Cloister of S. Trinità, Cava.

of Lombard law; and the *MS. Bible* on vellum, supposed to have been written in the seventh century..

“A ceux qui s’occupent d’exégèse, cette Bible peut offrir des variantes et des leçons pleines d’intérêt. Ils remarqueront d’abord que les livres de l’Ancien et du Nouveau Testament ne sont pas toujours distribués selon l’ordre suivi dans la Vulgate; que les Psaumes offrent beaucoup de leçons conservées de l’ancienne version italique, et qu’après le recueil des 150 psaumes en succède un dernier, mis par l’Église au rang des apocryphes, bien que plusieurs Pères l’aient regardé comme un chant composé par David lui-même pour célébrer sa victoire sur Goliath. Ils verront aussi que la première Epître de Saint Jean renferme le célèbre passage: *Et hi tres unum sunt*, mais qu’il se trouve des différences dans l’ordre des versets et même des variantes dans les paroles du texte.”—*Dantier, Monastères Benedictins.*

Turning down the valley from the convent door, there is a most beautiful ride or walk (impossible for carriages) to the wild *Ravine and Grotto of Salvator Rosa*, who lived long at Cava, and studied in these solitudes. Most exquisite is the first view of Corpo di Cava from the depth below, and then the glimpses through the woods of the purple peaks of Monte Finestra, especially in spring, when the steep banks are covered with flowers. From the grotto it is easy to return to the main road. Other lovely walks from La Cava are those to *S. Liberatore*—whence there is an exquisite view, to Croce, Arco, and S. Martino. The country is excessively rich and fruitful. The figs of La Cava are celebrated, and the small fruit which remain from autumn, being covered up through the winter, ripen in spring. Columella¹ says, “Tunc præcox biferâ descendit ab arbore ficus,” and Virgil speaks of “bis pomis utilis arbor.”² The hills are full of little towers used in the “Caccia dei Colombi”—catching pigeons in nets, which is the popular amusement of the upper classes at La Cava in October.

The most remarkable mountain in this neighbourhood is *Monte Finestra*, so called from a strange caverned passage near the summit showing the light through. The ruined *Abbey of Bocato in Gobbo*, concerning which there are many weird traditions, may be visited from La Cava.

A beautiful view opens as the railway descends the incline to *Vietri* (Stat.), in the Bay of Salerno. Here a picturesque tower on the shore is a favourite subject with artists.

(*Carriages to Amalfi*), with 2 horses, 7-8 frs. ; with 1 horse, 4-5 frs. The price must be distinctly settled before entering the carriage.)

“On first quitting Vietri, Salerno is left low down upon the sea-shore, nestling into a little corner of the bay which bears its name, and backed up by gigantic mountains. With each onward step these mountain-ranges expand in long aerial lines, revealing reaches of fantastic peaks, that stretch away beyond the plain of Paestum, till they end at last in mist and sunbeams shimmering on the sea. On the left hand hangs the cliff above the deep salt water, with here and there a

¹ x. i. 403.

² *Georg.* ii. 150.

fig-tree spreading fan-like leaves against the blue beneath. On the right rises the hillside clothed with myrtle, lentisk, cystus, and pale yellow coronilla—a tangle as sweet with scent as it is gay with blossom. Over the parapet that skirts the precipice lean heavy-foliaged locust-trees, and the terraces in sunny nooks are set with lemon-orchards. There are few olives and no pines. Meanwhile each turn in the road brings some change of scene—now a village with its little beach of gray sand, lapped by clearest sea-waves, where bare-legged fishermen mend their nets, and naked boys bask like lizards in the sun—now towering bastions of weird rock, broken into spires and pinnacles like those of Skye, and coloured with bright hues of red and orange—then a ravine, where the thin thread of a mountain streamlet seems to hang suspended upon ferny ledges in the limestone, or a precipice defined in profile against sea and sky, with a lad, half dressed in goat-skin, dangling his legs into vacuity and singing—or a tract of cultivation, where the orange, apricot, and lemon-trees nestle together upon terraces with intermingled pergolas of vines.”—*J. A. Symonds*.

“Una costa sopra ’l mare riguardante, la quale gli abitanti chiamano la costa d’Amalfi, piena di picciole città, di giardini, e di fontane, e d’uomini ricchi, e procaccianti in atto di mercatanzia.”—*Boccaccio, Giorn. ii. Nov. 4.*

The road soon passes through the fishing village of *Cetara*, the boundary of the Republic of Amalfi in the middle ages. High on the right is *Ratto*. There is a most exquisite view from the guard-house on the *Capo del Tumulo*. Hence the road descends by the *Capo del Orso* (off which Filippino Doria gained a great victory over the fleet of Charles V., in which the Spanish viceroy, Don Hugo de Moncada, was killed) to *Maiori*, most exquisitely situated amongst orange-groves, beneath the castle of *S. Nicolà*. Here the inhabitants show a cave in which they say “a crocodile lived, who ate the early Christians.” The next village, *Minori*, where the relics of *S. Trofimenà* are preserved in the church, is perhaps even more beautiful.

“Not in variety of interest, but in grandeur, in picturesque grouping and outline, and above all in loveliness of colouring, this Amalfi Riviera far surpasses any part of that from Nice to Genoa. Nothing in picture or imagination can surpass the colour of the sea: it is not blue, it is not purple, it is not green, but it is all of these by turns, nay, all of these together, flashing into and flashing through one another, and passing in the distance into an indescribable blended hue of all three—the reflexion of the amethyst in the surface of the turquoise. The whole coast is a series of deeply-indented bays and coves,

separated by bold and varied rocky promontories, each crowned with its ruined mediaeval fort, quaintly machicolated. In the little bays are various towns and villages: Cetara, Maiori, Minori, Atrani, curiously piled up, each against its rocky glen, with quaint arcades and towers, and bright-coloured walls and houses—each with its tiny strip of white beach, and boats, and swarm of children in scant clothing or in none, splashing in the bright water. And thus, through a series of such scenes of marvellous beauty, is Amalfi approached.”—*Dean Alford*.

Yet *Atrani*, raised high against the steep hillside, behind a causeway with arches, is the most picturesque of all the towns on this wonderful coast. Its tall Saracenic tower is a conspicuous feature.



Watch-tower near Amalfi.

Here, the little church of *S. Salvatore a Bireta* is the place where the doges of Amalfi were elected and buried—the Westminster Abbey of the Riviera. It has noble bronze doors belonging to the set wrought at Constantinople, and presented to different churches in South Italy by the family of Pantaleone of Amalfi. They bear the date 1087. In the interior of the church is a mediaeval relief like those of

Ravenna. Masaniello—Tommaso Aniello—was born at Atrani in 1647, and his father's cottage is pointed out on the heights towards Pontone.

Turning the corner of the rocky promontory, we come at once upon Amalfi.

April 28-30

(*Hotel Cappuccini*, kept by the admirable family of Vozzi, one of the most comfortable small hotels in Italy; pension, 12 frs. : the *old* hotel is a picturesque house upon the shore, but the Cappuccini Convent, perched high amongst the rocks, is now for the second time fitted up as a hotel under the same proprietors. *Hotel de Luna*, an old convent, with a most picturesque cloister, also very good.)

Two Hotel Cappuccini - The former convent



Amalfi.

Amalfi, the Athens of the middle ages, is said to have been founded by emigrants from Melfi, and to have derived its name from thence. It is first mentioned, as a bishopric, in a letter of S. Gregory the Great, in the sixth century. In the seventh century it was already governed by its own doges. In the beginning of the ninth century it was plundered by the relic-hunting Sicardo, Prince of Salerno, who attacked it, in order to seize the body of S. Trofimena,

and, being opposed, carried off the inhabitants into exile; but they came back four years after, having burned Salerno. From this time the citizens of Amalfi elected their own dukes, and rose to the greatest prosperity. The Emperor of Constantinople established a court in the town, for the regulation of all controversies in naval matters. The laws of Amalfi—the *Tabula Amalfitana*—became for centuries those of all Europe, and for a time it was recognised as the first naval power in the world. At the end of the ninth century it was a walled town, with its own arsenal, and its doges obtained the title of Defenders of the Faith, for their services against the Saracens, with whom the coast towns kept up perpetual warfare. In 987 Amalfi was created an archbishopric, and in the time of Robert Guiscard it had fifty thousand inhabitants; it had sent out colonies to Byzantium, Asia Minor, and Africa, and its merchants traded in all parts of the world. The hospital which led to the institution of the Hospitallers of St. John, afterwards famous as Knights of Malta, was due to the merchants of Amalfi, who long engrossed the trade of the Levant, the Pisans, Genoese, and Venetians only rising on their ruin. At the end of the tenth century Amalfi was besieged by Roger Bursa, but the Crusades, which drew off the attention of its assailants, saved it for a time from being captured. In 1129 Count Roger of Sicily made war upon it, and after he had taken the subordinate cities of Ravello and La Scala, forced Amalfi to capitulate in 1131, and took it under his protection, allowing the citizens to be ruled by their own laws and magistrates. But four years afterwards Amalfi was attacked by the Pisans, and though Count Roger hastened to its assistance, and destroyed many of the Pisan vessels, those which escaped bore away the greatest treasure of the republic—the *Pandects of Justinian*—which was carried off from Pisa by the Florentines 300 years later. In 1137 the Pisans returned in vengeance. Ravello and La Scala were taken and plundered, and Amalfi was forced to purchase peace. From that time the power of the republic was gone, and in 1343 the town was totally ruined by a great inroad of the sea, which destroyed

almost the whole of its buildings, with its arsenals and harbour. Now there is only a population of 6506, for the most part miserably idle, though the town has manufactories of paper, soap, and maccheroni.

“Only man is vile” in this earthly paradise. Without having suffered from it, no one can imagine the dreadful pest of beggars which has grown up under the Sardinian government, and which make a long stay in the once enchanting Amalfi almost unendurable. Three-fifths of the able-bodied men, and every woman and child, beg. The greater part of the population now loiter idle all day long in the streets or on the beach, ready to pounce upon strangers, and “Qual’ co’, Signo” resounds on every side, till the traveller, half maddened, is driven back to his hotel, or into the higher mountains. The only hope of future comfort is *never*, under any circumstances, to be tempted to give to a beggar; once give, and you are lost.

The *Hotel Cappuccini* is a charming old house with tourelles, hanging cupids, and a broad balcony in the centre of Amalfitan life. Close by is a wonderfully-picturesque boat-house, a relic of the old republic, and the boats coming and going, the net-mending on the beach, and the number of people in the windows, are a perpetual amusement. The shore is a series of pictures, which come to a climax in the view looking back from *Il Cicco*, where the beach comes to an end. Here travellers who provide themselves with a key from Don Matteo Vozzi, the landlord of the *Cappuccini*, may have access to a cottage and garden above the sea, where they can enjoy the beauty undisturbed: it is the only quiet spot in Amalfi.

One side of the little piazza of the town is occupied by the picturesque *Cathedral of S. Andrea*, half Saracenic and half Romanesque, with a tall tower, of 1276, inlaid with coloured tiles, and a beautiful open Gothic portico, with pillars brought from Paestum, surmounting its great flight of steps. The bronze gates were cast (like those of Atrani, Monte Gargano, and Monte Cassino) at Constantinople by the Byzantine bronze-caster Staurachios. They are inscribed — “Hoc opus Andreae memori consistit honore auctoris

studiis effectum Pantaleonis, his ut pro gestis succedat gratia culpis;" and—"Hoc opus fieri jussit pro redemptione animae suae Pantaleon filius Mauri de Pantaleone de Mauro de Maurone comite." Their date is about 1066.

"All these gates were the gift of two persons, father and son, members of a noble family at Amalfi, named Pantaleone. A chronicler tells us that Mauro di Pantaleone, the head of the family, was a man of great wealth, and the father of six sons, 'the eldest of whom, Pantaleone II., kept himself apart from the wickedness of his people, and walked righteously before God, doing much good at Salerno; lodging in his house all those who were bound on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and providing them with money and all things needful for their journey. He also founded hospitals at Antioch and Jerusalem, wherefore his fame spread far and wide, and he was well spoken of by all men, whether they knew him personally or by report.' This excellent man was the donator of the bronze gates which fill the portals of the churches at Monte Cassino, Amalfi, and Monte Gargano, and his son, Pantaleone III., of those of San Salvatore at Atrani. They are divided into panels, upon which Scripture subjects and personages are represented in outline by means of incised lines, filled in with silver and with metallic compositions coloured red, black, and green. The figures are exactly such as are represented in Byzantine manuscripts and mosaics, stiff in action, straight-lined and long-proportioned."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

On the left of the entrance is an ancient porphyry vase as a font. Two sarcophagi have reliefs of the Rape of the Proserpine, and the Farewell of Theseus and Ariadne. From the right aisle a staircase leads to the crypt (entrance 20 c.), which dates from 1239, but was renewed and coated with precious marbles in 1719. The paintings on the ceiling are by *Aniello Falcone*, the master of Salvator Rosa. Here, under the central apsis, rests the body of S. Andrew, brought from Constantinople by Cardinal Capuano in the beginning of the thirteenth century. In the next century it was discovered that the miraculous oil called Manna of S. Andrew exuded from the body, as from that of S. Nicholas at Bari—

"Vide in sembianza placida e tranquilla,
Il Divo, che di manna Amalfi instilla."

Tasso, Ger. Cong. ii. 82.

This has attracted endless celebrated pilgrims from all parts of the world, amongst them Pope Pius II., in whose

reign the head of S. Andrew was carried off to Rome, to be received with royal honours, and become one of the four great relics of the Vatican basilica. The bronze statue in the crypt at Amalfi was presented by Philip III. of Spain, and is the work of *Michelangelo Naccarino*. It represents the apostle walking, and proclaiming the gospel as he walks—

“He is aged, and his countenance bears the traces of weariness and suffering—but, at the same time, of an unimpaired will, and unabated courage and love. He is advancing onward through the dark crypt of the world and of life, preaching the gospel of freedom and peace. ‘Go thou and do likewise,’ the glorious figure seems to say to the beholder.”—*Frederika Bremer*.

The process of making macaroni may be witnessed at Amalfi, and excellent paper is manufactured, and may be bought there. But no one must fail to walk up the old street, with its many curious archways, like those of an Oriental city. Beyond their dark recesses is the beautiful *Valle de' Molini*, where brilliant glints of sunshine fall, between the old buildings, upon the radiant lemons and oranges hanging over the high walls above the stream which turns the mills, near which *Pteris aquilina*—the Amalfi fern, may be found in shadowy places. A manufactory has now spoiled the view, so often painted, of the double bridge and perpendicular peaks at the end of the gorge, but artists will still find the valley exceedingly rich in “subjects”—

“The valley is full of mills, each going with its deafening clack, and its great splash of water,—each variously contrived so as to borrow the descending motive power, and to pass it on, and thus presenting a series of arches, and aqueducts, and bridges, and stone stairs, and piled-up roofs, such as I should think can nowhere else be found. Add to all this diversity of form, the colours of stone, and wet wood, and brick, and clinging vegetation, and chemical matter employed in the mills; insert here and there a cottage-door with a family group,—the old man on his staff, the old woman spinning, the half-naked children, the curious, mummy-like chrysalis of an infant in its swathing clothes; break the series now and then with a pergola, or trellised canopy of lemon-trees, bright green in the leaf, violet purple in the young shoot, hanging their pale, gold fruit almost thicker than the leaves,—and then let all the scene be dappled with the dark, cool shadows of the south, cut clear into the white mass of sunshine,—let

it all be towered over by fantastic rocks of every shape and tint, leaving only a broad stripe above for the blue heaven to look down through ; and you have but the vain struggle of words with the unparalleled strangeness and overpowering beauty of the glen of the *molini* at Amalfi."—*Dean Alford*.

Beyond the rocky barrier at the end of the valley the path winds up the hill to the picturesque ruins of *La Fonderia*—a wonderfully artistic scene, with many little bridges crossing the stream, and a grandly-wild rocky background. The same path leads to La Scala.

Those who are staying on the shore must climb up to the once famous *Convent of the Cappuccini*, or "La Canonica," now a hotel, formerly approached by a staircase (now in ruins) from the sea-shore. The restoration of these stairs is intended (1882) ; but meanwhile we can only reach the convent by following the filthy, tortuous alleys of the upper town, beginning opposite the cathedral—

"The city lies, if I may so say, singularly piled upon itself. Beside it, the narrow Ghetto in Rome would be a Corso. The streets are little passages between the tall houses, and right through them. Now one comes through a door into a long landing-place, with small openings on the sides leading into dark chambers, then into a narrow lane between brickwork and walls of rock, steps up and steps down, a half-dark labyrinth of dirty passages. I often did not know whether it was a room or a lane in which we were. In most places lamps were burning ; and if it had not been so, although it was midday, it would have been dark as night."—*Hans Christian Andersen, The Improvisatore*.

A ridge in the cliff leads, from the last houses, high above the sea, to the monastery, which was founded for Cistercian monks by Cardinal Pietro Capuano in 1212. In 1583 it was given to the Capuchins, but was seized by the Sardinian Government, and for some time used as a naval school. A great grotto in the rock, formerly a Calvary, has a world-renowned view. The sharply-pointed Saracenic cloisters, overhung by the red rocks, are most picturesque, and so is a mural fountain in one of the courts.

There is an exquisitely-beautiful walk, or ride from hence along the edge of the cliffs above the sea to *Conca*, and beyond it to *Furore, Praiano, Vettica Maggiore, Positano*,

and *Agerola*. At Positano, Flavius Gioja was born, who constructed the nautical compass—c. 1302—with eight points, the last point being adorned with a *fleur de lis* in honour of his sovereign, Charles II. of Anjou. It had been known to the Chinese for 4000 years that the load-



Cappuccini Cloister, Amalfi.

stone would turn to the north, but they had never applied magnetism to navigation. Each village has its own small antiquities to show; each is eminently picturesque in situation; and most of all are the effects beautiful in looking back upon Amalfi, with its *Castello Pontone* crowning the roseate cliffs, and one delicate distance unfolding itself beyond another, to the aërial mountains behind Paestum.

“ Now to him who sails
 Under the shore, a few white villages
 Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
 Some on the margin of the dark blue sea
 And glittering thro' their lemon-groves, announce
 The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
 A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
 Their ancient landmark, comes. Long may it last ;
 And to the seaman in a distant age,
 Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
 Serve for their monument !”

Rogers.

Every one who stays at Amalfi must visit Ravello—

9-95
 (2nd)
 Guide, 2 frs. ; donkey, 2 frs. Prices must be fixed ; a donkey boy without one of the—most provoking—guides is quite sufficient.

The new ascent to Ravello turns up the mountain-side to the left, beyond the first promontory after Atrani, and winds easily up the hillside for two miles, above the torrent Dragone, to *Ravello*, a tributary city to Amalfi, but once large and important, containing thirteen churches, four monasteries, and many palaces and other handsome buildings. Now it is a mere village, but retains relics of its ancient walls and many traces of its former grandeur.

The donkey-boys will go direct to the *Duomo of S. Pantaleone* built by the high admiral, Niccolo Ruffolo, in the eleventh century, when the town was made a bishopric by Pope Victor III., at the request of Roger Bursa. The magnificent bronze doors of 1176, erected at the expense of Sergio Muscettola and Sigelgaita his wife, are the work of “ Magister Nicola di Bartolomeo,” a native of Trani, who copied Byzantine designs : their fifty-four panels have reliefs from Scripture history. The interior of the cathedral is much modernised. The pulpit of 1272 is one of the richest in Italy. It is approached by a marble staircase, over the entrance to which is a bust of the donor, Sigelgaita Ruffolo. This pulpit was used for the gospel, the opposite pulpit, erected by Bishop Costantino Rogadeo in the beginning of the twelfth century, and adorned with extraordinary mosaic representations of Jonah entering and vomited forth by the whale, being used for the epistle. In the choir are an ancient episcopal throne, and two mosaic candelabra.

Nicholas Breakspeare, Pope Adrian IV., celebrated high mass here in 1156, in the presence of 600 nobles of Ravello. It is claimed that the blood of S. Pantaleone here has the same properties as that of S. Gennaro at Naples.

Close to the cathedral is the beautiful thirteenth century *Palazzo Ruffolo*, one of the most ancient and well-preserved of Italian palaces, entered by a high-towered gateway. It has a beautiful semi-Saracenic cloister, with delicate fern-leaf decorations. Its chambers have been inhabited by Adrian IV., Charles II. of Anjou, and Robert the Wise. It is now the residence of an English family, who permit strangers to visit its lovely gardens, and whose generous and disinterested labours amongst the poor of Ravello, show their fruits in the superiority of the population here to those of all the neighbouring villages.

The *Church of S. Giovanni del Toro* dates from the time of King Roger, and has a beautiful pulpit of that period. From the adjoining garden there is a glorious view over the Gulf of Minori. The little *Church of S. Maria de Gradillo* has three apses and a cupola, and a detached bell-tower with a cupola, of very Oriental character.

One may return to Amalfi by following the winding donkey-paths along the hills to *La Scala*, which, only about two miles distant, was the seat of another bishopric, founded by John XVI. in 987, and not united to that of Ravello till 1603. In its *Vescovado* are the tombs of Simonetti Sannella, 1348, and Marinella Ruffolo, wife of Antonio Coppola, 1400. Its magnificent episcopal mitre was presented to the people of La Scala by Charles I. of Anjou in recognition of their valour against the Saracens. The other churches have curious architectural fragments of interest.

The scenery between La Scala and Amalfi is magnificent, the most conspicuous feature being *La Scaletta*, with its fortified basilica of *S. Eustachio*, which contains the monument of Filippo Spina, 1346. *Minuto* is another picturesque point, with a church, a great tree, and a rocky staircase. High in the mountain behind is the ruined hermitage of *S. Maria de' Monti*.

On leaving Vietri, the railway turns east along the crescent-shaped bay of Salerno.

Salerno (Stat.)—*Hotels, Vittoria*, at the entrance of the town from Vietri, with a garden, pension 10-12 frs. ; *Angleterre* (the hotels here are indifferent, and Salerno is best seen in an excursion from La Cava).

Salerno is a dull place with a beautiful view from the Marina, which is now called Corso Garibaldi. Turning to the left by the Prefettura, one reaches the *Cathedral of S. Matteo*, rebuilt on the site of a more ancient cathedral by Robert Guiscard in 1076, and consecrated by Gregory VII. in 1087—"a pile so antique and so modern, so repaired and rhapsodic, that it exhibits patches of every style, and is of no style itself."¹ That the Norman princes aspired to the empire of the East is shown by the inscription which Robert Guiscard caused to be engraved on the front of this cathedral, in which he gives himself the imperial title. The front of the cathedral towards the street has a fine Gothic porch with lions. This is the entrance of the atrium—a forecourt, like those of S. Clemente and S. Alessio at Rome, decorated with ancient columns brought from Paestum. In the centre stood the granite basin, now in the Villa Reale at Naples. Around the walls are fourteen early Christian sarcophagi. The beautiful bronze doors were given by Landolfo Butromilea and his wife Guinsah in the time of Archbishop Alfano, 1085-1121. Above them, recording the restoration of the church by Robert Guiscard and its dedication to S. Matthew, is the inscription—

“ A Duce Roberto donaris apostole templo :
Pro meritis regno donetur ipse superno.”

The ambones, pulpit, Easter candlestick, and pavement of the choir are beautiful specimens of mosaic work. Many tombs of archbishops are interesting, one curiously adapting a Bacchic sarcophagus. The chapel on the right of the high altar was built by the famous John of Procida, who bore such an important part in the tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers which drove the French out of Sicily, and who was

¹ Forsyth.

afterwards chancellor under Pedro of Arragon. It has a splendid altar of wood and ivory, and is covered with (restored) mosaics of great magnificence. It is believed that King Manfred (of whom John of Procida was the physician and friend) is represented under the form of S. Fortunatus, who is dressed in the splendid costume of the emperors, without their crown, and bears a white Latin cross in his left hand. John of Procida himself is represented on his knees before the image of S. Matthew, with the inscription—

“Hoc studiis magnis fecit pia cura Johannis
De Procida, dici meruit quae gemma Salerni.”

“A en juger par cette image, sans doute fidèle, sa physionomie n'avait rien du caractère élevé, de l'expression noble qui devraient révéler le libérateur de la patrie, le héros de l'indépendance. Son front est bas, son oeil est petit, l'ensemble de ses traits exprime l'astuce, la finesse et la circonspection.”—*Alexis de Saint Priest.*

Another inscription, removed from the mole long since ruined, records its erection by Manfred—“Magnificus rex Siciliae,” on the intervention of John of Procida—“ipsius domini regis socii et familiaris.”

Here, by a singular chance, in the chapel of the partisan and avenger of the House of Swabia which he so bitterly hated, is the fine statue of Gregory VII. erected by Pius IX., who transferred the remains of his great predecessor to this spot from the sixteenth century tomb at the side. This tomb was erected by Archbishop Colonna in the place of the interesting original monument which Robert Guiscard ordered to be constructed, only a few days before his own death, to Hildebrand—“the Caesar of spiritual conquest: the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order,” who died in exile at Salerno in 1085.

“Death came slowly upon Gregory at Salerno. He spoke even to the end with undoubting confidence on the goodness of his cause, of his assurance that he was departing to heaven. He gave a general absolution to mankind; but from this all-embracing act of mercy he excepted his deadly enemies, and those of the church, Henry, so called the king, the usurping pontiff Guibert, and those who were their counsellors and abettors in their ungodly cause. His last memorable words have something of proud bitterness: ‘I have loved justice and hated

iniquity, and therefore I die an exile.' 'In exile,' said a churchman of congenial feelings, whose priestly pride was not rebuked by that spectacle of mortality, 'in exile thou canst not die! Vicar of Christ and His apostles, thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession!'"—*Milman, Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

"Ce fils du pauvre charpentier de Soanna, d'abord simple moine puis cardinal, fut l'âme du saint-siège sous trois papes, devint pape à son tour, et alors seul contre tous, entreprit l'oeuvre qui peut se résumer ainsi : rendre au clergé sa pureté primitive, affranchir l'Église de toute dépendance temporelle, enfin sous la haute direction du pontificat romain, donner à la société chrétienne cette vaste unité qui fut l'idéal du moyen âge. Devant cette oeuvre si grande, et alors si éminemment sociale et civilisatrice, il me semblait voir tomber bien des erreurs, bien des préjugés accrédités contre cette Hildebrand, auquel ses adversaires ont été obligés de reconnaître des moeurs irréprochables, un complet désintéressement et une inébranlable constance dans la défense de la cause qu'il avait embrasée."—*Alphonse Dantier, Monastères Bénédictins.*

Gregory VII., canonised by Gregory XIII., has a festival, observed here and at Rome, nowhere else in the Catholic world. Near the tomb of the Pope—strangely decorated with an ancient relief of the Rape of Proserpine—is the grave of Cardinal Caraffa, who desired in his lifetime to be laid "where Gregory VII., sovereign pontiff, watchful guardian of ecclesiastical liberty, still protects it, though lying in his grave."

In the left aisle is the beautiful tomb of Queen Margaret of Durazzo, wife of Charles III., 1412, by Antonio Bamboccio. Angels draw back the curtain to disclose the figure of the sleeping queen, who is represented again on the front of the sarcophagus seated in the centre of her court. Near this is the grave of Sigilgaita, second wife of Robert Guiscard, with her son Roger Bursa, and her grandson William, in whom the line of Robert Guiscard became extinct. This is that imperious daughter of Gisulf, Prince of Salerno (for whom the great Norman repudiated his gentle first wife Alberada), who fought bravely in battle against the Greeks by the side of her husband, but who is accused by the English chroniclers¹ of having hastened her husband's death by poison. Ordericus Vitalis describes how, when

¹ William of Malmesbury and Roger of Hoveden.

her stepson, returning ill of his wounds from Greece, was sent by his father to the physicians of Salerno, Sigilgaita determined to poison him. Bohemund, feeling himself to be dying, sent for his father, who at once summoned his wife. "Is Bohemund alive?" he said in a severe tone. "How can I tell, sire," she replied. "Bring me," he said, "the Holy Scriptures and my sword." Then seizing the weapon, he made this oath upon the sacred volume—"Do you hear me, Sigilgaita, I swear by the Holy Scripture that if my son Bohemund dies of the malady of which he is sick, I will kill you with this sword!" Terrified, she prepared an antidote, which she sent by the doctor. Bohemund recovered, but, adds Ordericus Vitalis, "he remained pale for the rest of his life."

Opposite the tomb of Queen Margaret is that of Nicolai Piscitelli, 1471, with his sleeping figure and statues of Faith, Hope, and Love. The Inner Sacristy contains a wonderfully wrought *Ivory Altar*, with thirty reliefs from the Old and New Testaments, presented by Robert Guiscard to the church. The *Crypt*, which is richly cased in marbles, contains the relics of S. Matthew brought from the East in 930. The bronze statue of S. Matthew is of the school of Bernini. Behind the altar is a pillar on which the native saints—Fortunato, Caio, and Ante (who are believed to have suffered on the site of the railway station), are said to have been beheaded under Diocletian.

The *Archbishop's Stable* is said to have been built with columns from Paestum. Artists will certainly seek, in the valley behind the town, the remains of a beautiful *Aqueduct* of 1320. The Olivetan Church contains the tomb of one Peter Barliardus, with an inscription relating the story of his life—

"He was a famous schoolmaster, ninety-five years old, consequently a great magician. One day, three of his grandchildren, who were under his tuition, happened to meet with his conjuring book, and to read aloud a cabalistic passage in it; at this powerful summons the devils appeared to know their pleasure, and frightened the boys to death. When Peter came home and saw the fatal catastrophe of his family, he evoked his infernal spirits, and chided them for having killed the children; but the imps proved their innocence cleverly, and

the accident brought the old wizard to so speedy and lively a sense of his crimes, that in a fit of compunction he instantly seized his pernicious books, and kneeling before the door of this church, burned them all to ashes. A fountain bubbled up immediately on the spot, and runs to this day in commemoration of the event. Peter, still having doubts of his salvation, begged a crucifix, which hung before him, to give him some sign of forgiveness, and lo! the image opened its eyes, bent its head forwards, and the old man dropped down dead, overwhelmed with joy and contrition."—*Swinburne's Travels.*

Salerno was the place where Tancred took prisoner his aunt, Constantia, wife of his enemy the Emperor Henry IV., and sent her back with all honour to Germany. The Angevine kings always called their eldest sons Princes of Salerno. But the town is chiefly celebrated for its School of Medicine, founded by the Saracens and fostered by Charlemagne. Petrarch gave it the name of "Fons Medicinæ," and S. Thomas Aquinas describes it as being as remarkable for medicine, as Paris for science, or Bologna for law. In 1100, its members published rules for restoring and preserving health (*Regimen Sanitatis*) in Leonine verses, dedicated to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, that Prince being then at Salerno under the care of its physicians for the cure of a wound received in Palestine, from which his wife Sibylla had sucked out the first dangerous poison. They were comically detailed in their advice—

" Anglorum Regi scripsit Schola tota Salerno,
Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum,
Parce mero, coenato parum, non sit tibi vanum,
Surgere post epulas, somnum fuge meridianum,
Non mictum ratine, nec comprime fortiter anum."

Frederick II. greatly enriched the school by his grants. Its after decline was due to the monopoly of medicine by the religious orders in the fourteenth century.

It is about 24 m. from Salerno to Paestum, and the drive (25 frs.) occupies rather less than four hours; but the excursion is made more pleasantly from the comfortable hotel at La Cava. The railway should

be taken thence to Battipaglia, and the landlord sends on a carriage to be ready there for the drive of $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. to the temple.

Luncheon must be taken. There is no accommodation and bad food at Paestum, which is subject to malaria after sunset.

The road from Battipaglia runs through a country only recently cultivated. Where it remains in its wild state, vast herds of buffaloes graze in the marshes, and plunge into the marshy swamps to escape the loud-buzzing stinging flies of Virgil.

“ Volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, oestrum Graii vertère vocantes ;
Asper, acerba sonans ; quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta ; furit mugitibus aether
Concussus, silvaeque, et sicci ripa Tanagri.”

Georg. iii. 147.

The road is lined with tamarisk and wild quince, and enlivened by masses of the *Ceritha aspera*, with its pretty yellow bells. In many places the country is entirely overgrown with asphodel—the flower of death. About 3 m. from our destination a bridge crosses the Sele, the ancient Silarus, of petrifying celebrity.

“ Nunc Silarus quos nutrit aquis, quo gurgite tradunt
Duritiem lapidum mersis inolescere ramis.”

Sil. Ital. viii. 583.

Now we soon come in sight of *Paestum*, with its temples, a lasting witness to the splendour of the ancient Greek colony of Poseidonia—the City of Neptune. The name was changed when the town fell into the hands of the Romans in B.C. 273, after which it began to be deserted, owing to the increase of malaria. Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh century, carried off all its portable sculptures to Salerno, and Paestum has since been a desert, though the city walls, 3 m. in circumference, are still visible, built of gray stone, no granite or lava having been used in them. Of the four gates, that on the east is still perfect. All the later buildings, the temples of Roman date, the amphitheatre, and theatre, have perished ; only the Greek temples seem imperishable. Till lately the whole neighbourhood was a weedy wilderness, now there is some

attempt at cultivation. There seem to be no descendants remaining of the famous roses, though Swinburne (1785) describes the small damask roses as shooting up amidst the ruins, and flowering with a very high perfume, both in spring and autumn, as Virgil describes—

“ Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram ;
Forsitan et, pingues hortos quae cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paesti.”

Georg. iv. 116.



Temples of Paestum.

Martial speaks of sending violets and privet to Paestum, as we should of sending coals to Newcastle;¹ and Propertius describes the drooping of the roses under the scirocco—

“ Vidi ego odorati victura rosaria Paesti
Sub matutino cocta jacere Noto.” *iv.* 5, 60.

Ausonius speaks of their dewy freshness at sunrise—

“ Vidi Paetano gaudere rosaria cultu,
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.”²

Idyll, xiv. 1

¹ *Ep.* ix. 27.

² “ I have watched the rosebuds that luxuriate on Paestum’s well-tilled soil, all dewy in the light of the rising dawn-star.”—*Symonds’s Trans.*

Tasso also alludes to them—

“ Qui vi insieme venia la gente esperta
D'al suol che abborda de vermiglie rose ;
Là ve come si narro, e rami e fronde
Silaro impetra con mirabil' onde.”

Tasso, Ger. Lib. i. xi.

The *Temples* (entrance to their enclosure—guarded by a custode, whose residence here means almost certain death—1 fr. each person) are true Doric in their majestic simplicity, though each differs slightly from the others in details of arrangement and taste. The most magnificent is ² the *Temple of Neptune*, the central of the three, measuring 195 feet by 78, and built of yellow travertine. The general effect of this temple is glorious, yet the columns, measuring 29 feet in height including their capitals, and 6 feet 10 inches in diameter at their base, are ill-proportioned. ³ The *Basilica*, to the south of this, nearer the Silarus, measures ¹ 180 feet by 80. The *Temple of Ceres*, nearest the approach from Salerno, and at some distance from its companions, measures 108 feet by 48. 74

“ This temple, which is the smallest, consists of an outer range of columns, quite perfect, and supporting a perfect architrave and two shattered frontispieces. The proportions are extremely massy, and the architecture entirely unornamented and simple. These columns do not seem more than forty feet high, but the perfect proportions diminish the apprehension of their magnitude ; it seems as if inequality and irregularity of form were requisite to force on us the relative idea of greatness. The scene between the columns of the temple consists on one side of the sea, to which the gentler hill on which it is built slopes ; and on the other of the grand amphitheatre of the loftiest Apennines, dark purple mountains, crowned with snow, and intersected here and there by long bars of hard and leaden-coloured cloud. The effect of the jagged outline of mountains, through groups of enormous columns on one side, and on the other level horizon of the sea is inexpressibly grand.”—*Shelley, Letters.*

“ They stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.”

Rogers.

[Few will continue their wanderings farther along the Lucanian coast, which has little beauty, and is a constant prey to malaria.

The inhabitants of the little fishing-town of *Agropoli* maintain that S. Paul lingered there on his way to Rome, and still show the print of his foot. *Campo Saraceno* marks the site of a Saracenic camp. The southern point of the bay of Salerno is the *Punta di Licosa*, off which lies the little island *Licosa*, anciently *Leucosia*, named from one of the sirens. Beyond this, after crossing the *Alento*, the ancient Hales, we may notice (about 20 m. from Paestum) *Castellamare della Bruca*, close to which are considerable remains of polygonal walls, marking the site of *Velia*, a Greek colony, founded by the Phoceans, B.C. 540. The balmy air of this place made it a resort of invalids in classical times, and Horace proposed to visit it, and inquired of his friend Numerius Vala for particulars.

“ Quae sit hiems Veliae, quod coelum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, et qualis via ; nam mihi Baias
Musa supervacuas Antonius.”

Ep. i. 15, 1.

The city had once two harbours—

“ Portusque require Velinos.”

Aen. vi. 366.

Fifteen miles farther, at *Torrione*, near the shore and the *Punta di Palinuro*, is the supposed tomb of Palinurus, the pilot of Aeneas, drowned off this coast.

“ Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo solemnia mittent,
Aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.”

Aen. vi. 380.

Beyond the river Mingardo is the small town of *Policastro*, which gives a name to a gulf. As Buxentum, it was the birthplace of the Emperor Severus Libius. In front of its cathedral are some ancient pillars, half buried in the earth.]

CHAPTER VI.

NOLA, AVELLINO, AND BENEVENTUM.

(There are four trains in the day from Naples to Avellino, via Canello, taking about 4 hours on the way, 8 frs. 60 c. ; 5 frs. 40 c. ; 2 frs. 70 c.)

AFTER leaving Canello (see Ch. II.) the railway follows the rich plain at the back of Vesuvius to—

Nola (no decent inn), one of the oldest cities in Campania, celebrated for the courage with which, under the guidance of M. Marcellus the praetor, it thrice repulsed Hannibal in 215. Silius Italicus calls it “*poeno non pervia Nola*.”¹ Here, in A.D. 14, the great Augustus died.

“On the morning of his death, being fully sensible of his approaching end, Augustus inquired whether there were any popular excitement in anticipation of it. Being, no doubt, reassured upon this point, he called for a mirror, and desired his gray hairs and beard to be decently arranged. Then asking of his friends around him whether he had played well his part in the drama of life, he muttered a verse from a comic epilogue, inviting them to greet his exit with applause. He made some inquiries after a sick grandchild of Tiberius, and falling into the arms of Livia, had just strength, in the last moment of expiring, to recommend to her the memory of their long union.”—*Merivale, Hist. of the Romans under the Empire.*

In the fourth century, the famous Pontius Meropius Paulinus, a native of Bordeaux, was made bishop of Nola, whither he came to visit the grave of its first bishop S. Felix. He is said to have first introduced the use of bells in churches, whence the names of “*Nola*” and “*Campana*” as applied to such bells in the Middle Ages. Before his time the Christians used wooden rattles, *sacra ligna*, to summon people to prayer. S. Felix and S. Paulinus, who died in 431,

¹ Sil. Ital. viii. 534.

are both buried in the church of *S. Felice in Cimitile*, to the north-west of Nola. There are few remains of the ancient town, Carlo Caraffa and Orso Orsini having built their palaces at Naples and Nola from the remains of its amphitheatre in the seventeenth century. The lordship of Nola had been granted by Charles of Anjou to Guy of Montfort, son of the famous Earl of Leicester. His daughter married Raimondo Orsini, the first of the illustrious Roman family who settled in the Neapolitan kingdom, where his descendants became Princes of Taranto and Dukes of Gravina.

The revolution of 1820, under General Pepe, began at Nola on the 2d of July.

A little to the north of the town is the *Seminary*, where the curious Oscan inscription, called Cippus Abellanus, is preserved. The Franciscan monastery of *S. Angelo*, a quarter of a mile from hence, has a fine view.

A celebrated native of Nola was the Dominican Giordano Bruno, who made a great sensation in the theological world in the sixteenth century by his pamphlet.—*Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, treating all religions as human inventions, laughing at miracles as impostures of priestcraft, and declaring the plain law of nature to be the only one worth following. He was protected in England at the Court of Elizabeth, but, venturing back to Italy in 1600, was seized by the Inquisition and burned at Rome. In 1478, Nola was the birthplace of the famous sculptor Merliano, many of whose works we have seen at Naples, and who is commonly called Giovanni da Nola.

The famous *Vases of Nola* are in every museum in Europe. A countless multitude of these vases, evidently of Greek origin, have been found in the sepulchres near the town. Their material is a pale-yellow clay, upon which the designs are painted in red. Dionysius¹ notices the strong predilection of the inhabitants of Nola for everything Greek.

Palma S. Gennaro (Stat.) This little town, on a height facing Vesuvius, has a picturesque Gothic castle.

The railway winds into the beautiful hills at the back

¹ *Exc. Leg.* p. 2315.

of Vesuvius, overlooking an inexpressibly rich and fertile district, to—

Sarno (Stat.) The town, mountain, and river here all bear the same name. The castle was the stronghold of Francesco Coppola in the "War of the Barons" against Ferdinand of Arragon. Walter of Brienne was buried in the ancient church of S. Maria della Fóce, rebuilt in 1701. The Cathedral is of 1625.

Mercato S. Sanseverino (Stat.) is beautifully situated. The hillset fortress is united to the town by a chain of battlemented walls and towers. In the principal church, *S. Antonio*, is the beautiful Gothic tomb of Tommaso III. di Sanseverino, high-constable of the kingdom, 1358; his statue is full of character. His descendants were princes of Salerno, till Ferrante Sanseverino, the fourth prince, fell into disgrace and died in France, an exile and a Protestant, upon which his domains were confiscated. A railway is in progress from Sanseverino to Salerno, passing *Baronisi*, the scene of the death of Fra Diavolo, familiar from the opera of Donizetti.

Solafra (Stat.) is exquisitely placed. The railway follows the intricate windings of the hills, with glorious mountain views to—

Avellino (Inn, *Centrale*, tolerable), the chief town of the province of Principato Ulteriore, taking its name from Abellinum, an ancient city of the Hirpini, of which there are some remains near the village of Atripalda, two miles distant. Avellino has been a bishopric since 884. Its princes, the Caraccioli, had a palace here, which is now the custom-house. Sergianni Caracciolo, the lover of Joanna II., was a native of Avellino. Now the place is chiefly known from its manufactories of hats and of chairs, while much of the gay harness which adorns the mules of Southern Italy is also made here. The old corn-market, "Aula Cereris," is picturesque, and built from ancient fragments.

The custom is not yet extinct amongst the women of Avellino of washing their hair once a week with a preparation of wood ashes, which makes it a flaxen yellow.

No one will visit Avellino except as a stepping-stone to the famous shrine of *Monte Vergine*. A carriage with two horses (6 frs.) should be taken to the village of *Ospedaletto*, where horses (2 frs. each) may be ordered to be ready for the ascent to the monastery.

Passing beneath the walls of a great prison, the road to Monte Vergine winds through the groves of filbert-trees from which Pliny says that Avellana derived its name. The sanctuary is seen high in the bare side of the mountain. The country abounds in wayside shrines adorned with faded garlands, recalling the lines of Tibullus.

“ Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florea sarta lapis.”

I. *El.* i. 11.

On leaving Ospedaletto, a bridle-path winds through steep rocky chestnut woods. This is now the only approach, though the common people, by unpaid and voluntary labour, had made a carriage road as far as the last ascent, when the change of government put a stop to it: a hotel, which was being constructed for pilgrims under the Bourbons, is also left unfinished. Most indescribably magnificent are the views over the purple and green billows of inland mountain, overtopped here and there by a snowy peak. Artists will certainly paint the picturesque view of Vesuvius, as seen behind the last, almost perpendicular, buttress of the mountain. Deep below on the left are the buildings and garden of *Mercogliano*, a second convent, where the abbot and the greater part of the monks of Monte Vergine have been accustomed to spend the winter, to evade the rigour of the mountain snows. Here the archives are preserved, dating from the ninth century. Amongst later documents are diplomas from King Roger, William II., one of Henry VI., seven of Frederick II., three of Charles I., three of Robert, three of Joanna II., two of Alfonso I.; with above three hundred papal bulls (the oldest of Alexander II.), 18,000 parchments, and many other MSS.

The convent of Monte Vergine is buttressed against a ledge of the mountain. It occupies the site of a Temple of Ceres, the mother of the gods, of which four *porta santa* columns remain. One legend derives its name from

Virginus, a magician, who had a garden of medicinal herbs here, whence he prepared his drugs, others from the poet Virgil, and there is still a level spot on the mountain called "L'orto di Virgilio."

"Sous les Romains, la montagne portait déjà, comme aujourd'hui, le nom de Mont Vierge—Mons Parthenius—et les légendaires assurent qu'elle dut cette appellation au séjour du chaste Virgile. Frappé de la lecture des oracles sybillins qui prédisent la naissance d'un Dieu sauveur, le poète vient interroger sur leur montagne les prêtres de Cybèle. Par mauvais vouloir ou par impuissance, ceux-ci se refusent à satisfaire sa curiosité. Alors il s'adresse à la déesse elle-même : il l'évoque au moyen d'herbes magiques qu'il fait venir d'Orient et planter dans son jardin. Mais la légende affirme que ce jardin demeura enchanté. Elle ajoute qu'à l'époque de l'arrivée des moines, l'un d'eux ayant eu l'imprudence de s'y engager, s'y trouva enfermé comme dans un labyrinthe sans issue."—*Dantier, Monastères Bénédictins.*

To these solitudes, in 1119, under the pontificate of Calixtus II., S. William of Vercelli retired, a man still young, but already worn by penance and fasting. It is said that a flock of white doves accompanied him up the rugged mountain-path and seemed to indicate the way. They stopped near a fountain, half hidden under the snow, and then disappeared. Here William built a hermitage, to which the fame of his piety and austerities soon attracted the faithful of the neighbourhood, who constructed cells for themselves around the "Fount of Doves." Such was the origin of the congregation of Monte Vergine, at first a knot of peasant disciples, who began to build their own church upon the mountain. Legend tells that they had only one ass to aid them in carrying their materials, and that one day the ass was devoured by a wolf, which was forthwith compelled by the saint to take the place of its victim, and to bear its burdens.

With the assistance of King Roger, whose confessor S. William became, the church of Monte Vergine was completed and consecrated in 1182. It soon became famous as a place of pilgrimage, owing to its possession of the famous relics of S. Januarius, which were only *borrowed* by the Neapolitans in 1467, but have never been returned. The institution was greatly enriched by Catherine de

Valois, Princess of Taranto, and titular Empress of Constantinople, and by her son Louis of Taranto, second husband of Queen Joanna I. But in 1515 Monte Vergine was forced to become simply an annex to the Hospital of the Annunziata at Naples, and was despoiled of its revenues. Some years afterwards, a poor monk sought the hospitality of the convent, and, struck with its poverty, laughingly promised the inmates, on taking leave, that, if he ever became pope, he would remedy their troubles. That poor friar, Peretti of Montalto, eventually mounted the papal throne as Sixtus V. and restored the revenues of Monte Vergine, which continued to flourish till the Sardinian occupation of Southern Italy, and was even one of the three privileged houses spared by the French on the suppression of monastic communities in the kingdom of Naples.

The court of the convent is covered with snow for six months of the year. Hence a semi-circular staircase leads to the church, which was built for the most part in 1629: it follows the ancient plan, but very little remains from the buildings of the twelfth century, except the principal entrance. On the right of the nave is the chapel of the Princes of Taranto, containing what is now the great object of pilgrimage—the colossal picture called *La Schiavona*, or *La Madonna di Costantinopoli*. The head is Byzantine, and is said to have been brought from Antioch, but the archives of the convent prove that the rest of the picture is the work of *Montano d'Arezzo*, summoned expressly from Florence for its execution, and employed upon it at Naples under the direction of King Robert. Only the face is coloured; the body is of brown wood, and supports an angel with extended wings on each shoulder. The picture was presented to the sanctuary by Catherine de Valois, who was buried near it (in 1346), with two of her children, Ludovico and Maria: their original tombs have perished, but a modern monument commemorates them. Amongst the votive offerings in this chapel is a picture representing Marguerite, wife of Louis III. of Anjou, demanding succour from the Virgin, when on the point of shipwreck.

The *Chapel of the Sacrament*, on the right of the high

altar, contains an ancient tabernacle encrusted with mosaics, which was presented by Charles Martel, son of King Charles II., in 1290. On the left is the beautiful thirteenth century tomb of a lady of the Filangieri family, who is represented recumbent, with angels drawing the curtains above her head. Her figure is supported by allegorical statues of Courage, Patience, Prudence, and Faith. Near the altar is the tomb of a knight, Bertrade, Vicomte de Lantrec, 1355, who endowed this chapel; and opposite is the tomb of his son. These are of the same family as that Lantrec who died of the plague at Naples two hundred years later, and to whom the chivalry of an enemy gave a noble tomb in S. Maria Nuova. Another monument is that of the unhappy wife of the infamous Sergianni. The chapel called the *Chapel of King Manfred*, to the left of the high altar, contains a huge and marvellous crucifix of the thirteenth century, with stiff and pendant hands, while the feet are crossed and nailed. A great sarcophagus, sculptured with lions' heads, bears the name of Minius Proculus, and is said to have been intended by King Manfred for his own burial-place, but after his defeat and death at Beneventum, to have been given by Charles of Anjou to one of his own French followers. On the right and left are two figures of knights in coats of mail. There is a legend that the bones of the great Manfred really received christian burial here in secret, having been collected by the monks of Monte Vergine, to which he had always shown a special veneration, when the intolerance of the Pope had scattered them on the banks of Rio Verde. The adjoining *Chapel of the Deposition from the Cross* contains the beautiful tomb of Catherine de Lagonesse, a member of a Provençal family attached to the fortunes of the Angevine kings. Here is a strange collection of ex-votos, including a quantity of women's hair, and a mummified Beato, who died in 1601. Amongst the other treasures of the church are the supposed bones of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, brought from Constantinople.

In May, "Monsignore" (the abbot), a very great dignitary of the Church, comes to reside at Monte Vergine. This is

the great event of the year, and the processions at this time are a very beautiful sight, often filling the whole of the mountain-paths and zigzags from Mercogliano to the shrine, with chaunting figures bearing torches through the night. It is the offerings made on these occasions which keep the buildings of the convent in repair.

Such is the feeling with which the shrine, or rather perhaps the excitement of its festa is regarded, that Neapolitan husbands of the lower orders are frequently bound by their marriage contracts to take their wives on the usual Pentecost pilgrimage to Monte Vergine. After leaving the shrine the pilgrims usually pass the night at Nola and proceed on the following day to *La Madonna del Arco*, 7 m. from Naples, near Vesuvius. The devotion here still expiates an insult offered to the Madonna on Easter Monday, 1500, when a man—afterwards hung by the Count of Sarno—threw a ball at her image upon a wall, which immediately spirted with blood. Here also, in 1590, Aurelia del Prete, having been thrown down by a little pig which she had bought as she was about to return from her pilgrimage, had the audacity to curse the sanctuary and its founder, for which she was punished by the loss of her feet, as is narrated in an inscription!

From the summit of Monte Vergine there is a glorious view over the sea, with the two bays of Naples and Salerno, and the coast towards Caëta; whilst inland the snowy peaks of the Abruzzi, the town of Beneventum, and the land of the Hirpini, with its villages, are visible.

Only one mile from Mercogliano, on the road to Naples, is *Monteforte*, with an old castle, bestowed by Charles of Anjou on Guy de Montfort, probably on account of the connection of names. Between Avellino and Pompeii is the ruined *Abbey of S. Maria della Valle Reale*, founded by Charles of Anjou in memory of his victories over Manfred and Conradin. A portion of the cloister remains.

A railway leads from Naples to Foggia, *viâ* Benevento, in 9 hrs. 1st cl., 17 frs. 35 c. ; 2d cl., 13 frs. 30 c. ; 3d cl., 6 frs. 90 c.

Leaving Caserta, the line turns to the north-east.

Dugenta (Stat.) Here there is a picturesque ruined castle. A few miles distant, on the right, is *S. Agata de' Goti*, probably standing on or near the site of Saticola, and singularly placed on a volcanic hill, surrounded by the windings of the river *Isclero*. The cathedral is modern, with an old mosaic pavement.

Telese (Stat.) is near the ruins of the Samnite town Telesia. A sulphureous pool is called *Il Lago di Telese*. A little to the right is *Guardia* (best reached by carriage from Maddaloni), the principal feudal tenure of the Sanfremondo family, and a very picturesque place.

“The views to the south and eastward command the course of the two rivers Volturno and Calore to the point of their junction, as well as the plain beyond it, under Mount Taburnus : on the other side it reaches nearly to Piedimonte, through the beautiful valley of Faiechio, on the flank of the Matese, whose higher regions, glittering with snow, and broken into bluff masses or fantastic peaks, offer a majestic contrast to the softer beauties which grace the midway belt of forest that intervenes between the bare and sublime extremities of the mountain and the cultivated lands that enrich its roots.

“These lower slopes show, between their clumps of olive and fruit-trees, the windings of a little stream called the Titerno, which, at this distance, have the effect of so many silver pools ; while a limited proportion of villages, and occasionally a ruined castle or white-washed monastery, appears upon some isolated projection, thrust forth by the roots of the mountain into the numerous dark and mysterious glens that border them.”—*Keppel Craven*.

The lower slopes of Monte Taburno are thickly clothed with olives, as in the time of Virgil—

“Oleâ magnum vestire Taburnum.”

Georg. ii. 38.

Solopaca (Stat.) There is a diligence (15 frs.) from hence to Termoli, on the Adriatic, passing through Campobasso. The road passes through *Sepino*, near which, at *Attilia*, are the remains of Sepianum, with perfectly-preserved walls, and ruins of a theatre and an aqueduct. “On the eastern gateway is an inscription, no

longer legible, which admonishes the magistrates to protect the shepherds and their flocks passing through the town from the soldiers and inhabitants. This corroborates the fact that the annual migration of herds from Apulia to the mountains is of most ancient origin, and that their route was the same as at the present day, the road from east to west falling into the lines of the *tratturos* or sheep-paths."¹

Benevento (Stat.). *Locanda di Caëta*. Carriages to town—1 horse, 60 c.; 2 horses, 1 fr. By the hour, 1 fr. 50 c.; 2 frs. Horace complains of the inn here—

“ Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum ; ubi sedulus hospes
 Paene macros arsit, turdos dum versat in igne :
 Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
 Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
 Convivas avidos coenam, servosque timentes
 Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.”

Sat. i. 5, 71.

According to tradition, Beneventum was founded by the hero Diomede, son of Ulysses and Circe. Its original name of Maleventum, being considered of evil augury, was changed after it was taken from the Samnites by the Romans. The town soon afterwards rose to importance, and was one of the eighteen Latin colonies which were both able and willing in B.C. 209 to furnish the quota of men and money required for continuing the Carthaginian war. The position of Beneventum on the Via Appia, at the junction of its two great branches, one leading into Apulia, the other to Venusia and Tarentum, led to its being constantly visited by the Roman emperors, and adorned by them with noble buildings, amongst which the triumphal arch of Trajan was the most remarkable. In the sixth century the town became the capital of a Lombard duchy, and continued to be an independent State long after the fall of the Lombard kingdom in the north. Napoleon I. conferred the title of Duke of Benevento on Talleyrand.

A bridge, built by Pius VI. over the river Calore, and a steep ascent, lead from the station into the town. On the right is the *Cathedral*, with a noble façade of the twelfth century, richly adorned with sculpture and with splendid

¹ Keppel Craven.

bronze doors. Numerous fragments of ancient sculpture are built into the campanile, including a relief of a boar decorated for sacrifice. The interior is that of a grand basilica, with five aisles, divided by fifty-four ancient columns. The two beautiful ambones are adorned with statuettes, and rest upon columns supported by lions and griffins; one of them bears the name of the sculptor, "Nicolaus de Monteforte, 1311." The paschal candlestick is an exquisite work of sculpture. The people of Benevento assert that they possess here the body of S. Bartholomew, which is also claimed by the Romans, who say that Benevento possesses nothing more important than the relics of S. Paulinus of Nola. On the south side of the cathedral is a piazza, with fountains, and a most picturesque entrance to the *Archbishop's Palace*, guarded by lions. In the courtyard of the palace, amongst other antiquities, is a fine relief of the Hunting of the Calydonian Boar, and one of the Rape of the Sabines, which formerly adorned a fountain near S. Sofia. The first bishop of Benevento is said to have been S. Pothinus, a disciple of S. Peter.

Proceeding in a direct line from the station, and passing an *Egyptian Obelisk*, covered with hieroglyphics, we reach the Saracenic-looking *Church of S. Sofia*, with double rows of columns and arches in the interior. The lovely cloister, erected under John IV., is surrounded by sixty small columns, with rich and varied capitals. A well in the centre recalls those of Venice. The archives of this convent were amongst the richest in Italy.

Turning to the left from hence, round the walls, we soon come upon the magnificent *Porta Aurea*—the *Arch of Trajan*, built of Parian marble, erected by the senate in honour of the emperor—"fortissimo principi." The reliefs tell the story of the adoption, wars, triumphs, sacrifices, alliances, and apotheosis of Trajan, and are of the best period of Roman art.

The *Castle*, built by Guglielmo Bilotta, governor under John XXII., 1323, is now a prison.

It was on the banks of the Calore that, on February 26,

1266, the battle of Benevento was fought, in which the unfortunate Manfred was vanquished and killed. His Germans and Saracens fought with desperate valour, but his Apulian barons deserted him. The king himself plunged into the thick of the fight, and fell by an unknown hand. His body was afterwards recognised by a peasant, who laid it across his ass, and went along shouting, "Who will buy King Manfred?"¹ As he died under excommunication, Charles of Anjou ordered him to be buried by the bridge of Benevento, where his enemies raised a huge mound of stones over his grave. But the fury of Pope Clement IV. ordered the body of Manfred to be torn up, and it was buried again on the frontier of the kingdom, on the banks of the river Verde, in the Abruzzi—

“ Biondo era, e bello, e di gentile aspetto ;
Ma l'un de' cigli un colpo avea diviso.

Poi sorridendo disse : Io son Manfredi
Nipote di Costanza imperadrice :
Ond' io ti prego che quando tu riedi
Vadi a mia bella figlia, genitrice
Dell' onor di Cicilia e d'Aragona,
E dichì a lei il ver, s'altro si dice.

Poscia ch' i' ebbi rotta la persona
De due punte mortali, io mi rendei
Piangendo a quei che volentier perdona.
Orribil furon li peccati miei ;
Ma la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia,
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.

Se 'l pastor di Cosenza, ch' alla caccia
Di me fu messo per Clemente, allora
Avesse in Dio ben letta questa faccia,
L'ossa del corpo mio sarieno ancora
In cò del ponte, presso a Benevento,
Sotto la guardia della grave mora.

Or le bagna la pioggia, e muove il vento
Di fuor dal regno, quasi lungo 'l Verde,
Ove le trasmutò a lume spento.”

Dante, Purg. iii.

¹ “ Il Conte Giordano (Lancia) e chi dica il Conte Bartolommeo Semplice, como vidde il suo corpo, subito il conobbe, e levato un grande strido, con infinite lagrime se gli gittò addosso, baciandolo, e dicendo. Ohimè Signor mio, Signor buono, Signor savio, chi ti ha così crudelmente tolto la vita.”—*Collemeccio.*

The Calore joins the Sabato beneath the walls of Benevento; the fish in the latter river have produced the proverb—"A Benevento si mangia il Venerdì il pesce fresco del Sabato."

A branch line of railway to the north connects Benevento with Campobasso (Ch. VII.)

Some few lovers of classical sites may perhaps think it worth while to make an excursion from Beneventum to *Le Mofette* (8 m. from Gesualdo, and 4 from Trigento), a sulphureous pool, overhung by a vapour containing the same kind of gas as the Grotta del Cane, which has been identified with the Lake of Amsanctus described by Virgil—

“ Est locus Italiae medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles; densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxi et torto vertice torrens;

Hic specus horrendum, saevi spiracula Ditis,
Monstratur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperuit fauces; quis conditur Erinnyis,
Invisum numen, terras coelumque levabat.”

Aen. vii. 560-568.

There was once a temple of Mephitis on the shore of the lake, whence the modern name.

“The hills in the immediate vicinity of the lake rise to no great height, nor are they covered with wood. There was nothing solemn nor religious in its aspect. The water had a dark, pitchy appearance, and was thrown up occasionally to the height of four or five feet. At the edge on which we were standing we were possibly forty feet above the water, and we did not dare to descend, as the exhalations of sulphur were so strong that we should have been suffocated long before we reached the water. We were standing to windward; I made a slight descent, but our guides declared that it was death to attempt a nearer approach, and the strong smell of sulphur convinced me that they were correct in their assertion. Everything around was covered with efflorescent sulphur, and vegetation had that pale, deadly hue which the presence of sulphur always causes. . . . At Gesualdo, eight miles distant, silver articles get tarnished by the sulphureous exhalations of the lake when the wind blows for several days towards them.”—*C. T. Ramage, Nooks and Byways of Italy.*

In summer the pool is often a mere bed of cracked, sulphureous mud, where black water bubbles up in small springs, or occasionally rises in large vaporous fountains. Birds die when they fly across it—"una curiosa maladetta," as Mazzella says.¹

¹ See Lear, *Journal of a Landscape Painter*.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE ABRUZZI.

THE interest of the railway to the south increases perpetually after leaving Ancona. The white breakers of the Adriatic foam upon the sands on the left, and the variety of fishing-boats is astonishing, with their brilliant red and white sails, often marked by crosses and other religious emblems. On the right a succession of hills is crested with old towns—the university of Osimo, the massive group of towers which guards the Holy House of Loreto, and Fermo with its hill-set cathedral. After passing the station of S. Benedetto (whence a line to Ascoli is projected) and crossing the Tronto (Truentus), formerly the boundary between the Papal and Neapolitan States, the railway enters the province of *Abruzzo Ultra*.

Giulianova (Stat.) The village, on a hill, is named from Giulio Aquaviva, Duke of Atri, who transplanted it from a malaria-stricken situation on the sea-coast, c. 1480. An omnibus (2 frs.) takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from the station¹ for the 14 m. to *Teramo*, at the junction of the Tordino and Vezzola, occupying the site of Interamna Praetutiana, the capital of the Praetutii, and still the principal town of the province. The *Cathedral*, built 1317-55, with a rich façade, has been much modernised. One of its bishops was the historian and biographer Antonio Campano, so called from being born under a bay-tree between Calvi and Capua. An excursion of 14 m. may be made from hence to *Civitella*, with a fine old castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duke de Guise in 1557. The ascent of the snowy

¹ A railway is projected.

mountain, *Gran Sasso d'Italia*, is also usually undertaken from Teramo. *Isola*, most picturesquely situated at the foot of the mountain, is 3 hrs. from Teramo, and there mules may be obtained. The lower part of the ascent is through woods, but the upper part is very rocky, and usually covered with snow. The summit—*Monte Corno*, 10,154 feet—is the highest point in the Apennines.

Mutignano (Stat.) Hence a diligence (1 fr. 25 c.) in 1½ hr. reaches *Atri* (*Albergo Marcone*) a picturesque hill-set city, with a cathedral of 1252, having a portal adorned with sculptures, of 1288, by *Maestro Raymondo di Podio*, and a beautiful font and altar, executed 1503-1506, by the Milanese sculptor *Paolo de' Garviis*. The altar was due to the fulfilment of a vow made by Isabella Piccolomini, in the hope of securing the freedom of her husband, Matteo III. Acquaviva, who had been imprisoned for four years in a horrible underground dungeon by the Spaniards for having taken part in the conspiracy of the forty barons against Alfonso of Arragon.

Another excursion, by a weary way over monotonous hills and valleys, may be made in 4½ hrs. to *Cività di Penne*, the ancient Pinna, capital of the Vestini, remarkable for its faithful alliance with Rome. Its three-aisled *Cathedral* has a small crypt and a font by *Paolo Giacometti*, 1630.

Pescara (Stat.), the ancient Aternum (Inn, *Leone d'Oro*). The view from hence of the central Apennines is most glorious, when, above the nearer wooded ranges, the delicate snowy peaks of the Majella are relieved against an ethereal sky. Monte Amaro, the highest point of the range, reaches 9130 ft. Pescara itself is a dull little town which gave the title of Marchese to D'Avalos, the husband of Vittoria Colonna, who, taken prisoner at Ravenna, died at Milan (1525) in his thirty-sixth year.

From Pescara a railway diverges into the heart of the Abruzzi, passing through a very interesting country, by—

Chieti (Stat.) (Inns, *Sole, Corone di Ferro*), called from its life and population "Il Napoli dei Tre Abruzzi." The

Cathedral has a noble crypt of the eleventh century. Several of the other churches deserve notice, especially *S. Benedetto*, with a portal by *Maestro Nicolò da Ortona*, and *S. Antonio Abbate*, a ruined church, with a porch by "Petrus Angelus." Teate, the ancient name of Chieti, gave a name to the Order of Theatines founded by its archbishop, Gian. Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV. Teate was the capital of the tribe of the Maruccini, who remained faithful allies of Rome till the Social War, when they took part with the other natives on this coast, and shared their destruction. Some remains of temples still exist (near Tor de' Passeri), and in the neighbourhood is the beautiful thirteenth century *Church of S. Maria d'Arbona*, of great interest, with an exquisite marble tabernacle and a paschal candlestick, in which the shaft is wreathed with a vine, and the capital formed by its leaves and grapes, with birds pecking at them. Another excursion may be taken to *S. Clemente di Casauria*, with a very interesting twelfth century church, in a lonely and beautiful situation near the foot of the Majella. Little known and visited, this church (built c. A.D. 854, on the site of an older building dedicated to S. Quirinus) is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in this part of Italy. It was erected by the Emperor Louis II. to receive the body of S. Clement, third successor of S. Peter on the papal throne, who was martyred in the Chersonesus under Trajan. It is said that when the body of the saint reached the brink of the Pescara it seemed to the attendants impossible to cross its swollen waters, but the Emperor struck the mule which bore the precious burden, saying, "Let Clement guide you," when the waves immediately divided, and the mule, followed by a vast multitude, passed through on dry land. Then Romanus was appointed the first abbot, and presented by the Emperor with his sceptre to be borne as a crozier. After various devastations by the Saracens, the church was restored in the twelfth century under the Abbot Grimoaldus (who built the crypt), and it was almost rebuilt by Abbot Leonas about sixty years later, when the portico and several chapels were added. Most curious are the Italo-Byzantine reliefs upon the architrave, which represent the presentation

of the relics of S. Clement to Louis II. by Pope Adrian ; the reception of the Emperor, and the mule with the holy burden, at the door of the church, by the monks Celsus and Beatus ; the Emperor, seated on a throne over the river Pescara, giving his sceptre to the Abbot Romanus ; and the purchase of the island in the Pescara from Sisenandus for the site of the convent. Under the high altar is the sarcophagus which contains the relics of S. Clement, inscribed :—

“ Martiris ossa jacent hac tumba sacra Clementis,
Hic Pauli decus est, et Petri jura tenentis.”

The terra-cotta ciborium and the paschal candlestick are also of great beauty, as well as the pulpit, which bears an inscription warning the preacher to let his voice be no empty sound, for that he who acts ill and sings well only deceives himself.

Popoli (Stat.) (*Locanda dell' America ; Posta*). In the dirty and miserable town is the old Gothic palace of the Cantelmi, once Dukes of Popoli, and the hill above is surmounted by the ruins of a baronial castle, inhabited by them at an earlier period. Near the town are the remains of a Cantelmi villa, which had lovely gardens and views. At no great distance from Popoli, near the river Aterno, is the village of *Pentina*, where one must ask for the keys of the interesting *Church of S. Pellino*, once a cathedral, built from the neighbouring ruins in the time of Frederick II. by Oderisius, Bishop of Valva, a mediaeval city which succeeded *Corfinium*. The church has a pulpit which resembles that of S. Clemente di Casauria. On the south of the nave rests the fifth Pope, S. Alexander I., whose relics were brought hither from his basilica near Rome ; he is commemorated, with other saints, in some frescoes of the fourteenth century. Close by are the ruins of *Corfinium*, the capital of the Peligni, afterwards called *Italica*. The principal remains—mere shapeless masses—are those of two aqueducts.

Two miles beyond S. Pellino is *Raiano*, pleasantly situated amidst the windings of clear streams, the produce of the two ancient aqueducts for the waters of the Sagit-

tario and Aterno. The latter is now called *Canale di S. Venanzio*, from a hermitage and chapel built on an arch over the river at its narrowest part, where the saint,¹ who had been a standard-bearer, is supposed to have long lived in penance.

Solmona (Stat.) (Inn, *Il Toscana*, dirty and miserable; *Casa di Signor Raffaele*, rough, but civil people). This is a perfectly-mediaeval city, grandly situated on an isolated platform, crowned by many towers, and backed by snowy



Solmona.

mountains. Being the birthplace of Ovid, the principal street is called *Corso Ovidii*, and is adorned with a poor statue of the poet, who was tenderly attached to his native place.

“ Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis.”

Trist. iv. 10, 3.

“ Sulmonis gelidi, patriae, Germanice, nostrae;
Me miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est ! ”

Fast. iv. 81.

The *Corso* crosses a small square containing a *Casa Communale*, of 1522, of marvellous beauty, adorned with statues of sainted popes and cardinals between its richly-traceried windows. In one of these the pilasters, which imitate palm-trees, rest upon lions, while the rose above is

¹ Commemorated by an ancient chapel, opening out of the Lateran Baptistery at Rome.

upheld by floating angels. The great piazza, where snow-mountains are seen on all sides above the houses, is one of the largest in Italy, and is rendered exceedingly picturesque by the aqueduct which crosses its upper extremity, and beneath the arches of which a broad flight of steps, ever crowded with figures, descends from the street. Behind



Hermitage of Pietro Murrone.

rise the front and grand Gothic portal of *S. Francesco*, of which the interior, ruined by an earthquake, is now used as a market. *S. Maria della Tomba*, founded on the site of a temple of Jupiter, has a striking entrance and rose-window. *S. Pamphilo* has a beautiful portal, adorned with statues of SS. Pamphilus and Pellinus.

In the heights of Monte Murrone, about 2 m. from

Solmona, is the *Cell of Pietro Murrone*, afterwards Pope Coelestine V., where he lived as a hermit from 1239 to 1294. Above the cave of the saint a two-storied hermitage has been built in later days, and is adorned with rude frescoes. It is approached by a pathlet so steep, that it will excite feelings of pity for the archbishops and bishops who in a time of worse or no footpaths scrambled up to announce the strange election of the hermit Murrone to the Papacy, and to carry him off, more like a frightened wild beast than a human being, to his splendid coronation at Aquila. No transition has ever been more extraordinary.

“Suddenly a solitary monk was summoned from his cell, in the remote Abruzzi, to ascend the pontifical throne. The Cardinal of Ostia, Latino Malebranca, had admired the severe and ascetic virtues of Pietro Murrone, a man of humble birth, but already, from his extraordinary austerities, held by the people as a man of the highest sanctity. He had retired from desert to desert, and still multitudes had tracked him out in vast swarms, some to wonder at, some to join his devout seclusion. He seemed to rival, if not to outdo, the famous anchorites of old. His dress was haircloth, with an iron cuirass; his food bread and water, with a few herbs on Sunday.

“Either designedly or accidentally the Cardinal Malebranca spoke of the wonderful virtues of the hermit, Peter Murrone: the weary conclave listened with interest. It was in that perplexed and exhausted state, when men seize desperately on any strange counsel to extricate themselves from their difficulty. . . . Peter Murrone was declared supreme Pontiff by unanimous acclamation.

“The place of Murrone’s retreat was a cave in a wild mountain above the pleasant valley of Solmona. The ambassadors of the Conclave having achieved their journey from Perugia, with difficulty found guides to conduct them to the solitude. As they toiled up the rugged ascent, they were overtaken by the Cardinal Peter Colonna, who had followed them without commission from the rest. The cave, in which the saint could neither sit upright nor stretch himself out, had a grated window with iron bars, through which he uttered his oracular responses to the wondering people. None even of the brethren of the Order might penetrate into the dark sanctuary of his austerities. The ambassadors of the Conclave found an old man with a long shaggy beard, sunken eyes overhung with heavy brows, and lids swollen with perpetual weeping, pale, hollow cheeks, and limbs meagre with fasting; they fell on their knees before him, and he before them.

“So Peter Murrone the Hermit saw before him, in submissive attitudes, the three prelates, attended by the official notaries, who announced his election to the Papacy. He thought it was a dream, and for once assuredly there was a profound and religious reluctance

to accept the highest dignity in the world. He protested with tears his utter inability to cope with affairs, to administer the sacred trust, to become the successor of the Apostle. The news spread abroad; the neighbouring people came hurrying by thousands, delighted that they were to have a saint, and their own saint, for a Pope. The hermit in vain tried to escape; he was brought back with respectful force, guarded with reverential vigilance. Nor was it the common people only who were thus moved. The King of Naples, accompanied by his son, now in right of his wife entitled King of Hungary, hastened to do honour to his holy subject, to persuade the hermit, who perhaps would be dazzled by royal flatteries into a useful ally, to accept the proffered dignity. The hermit-pope was conducted from his lowly cave to the monastery of Santo Spirito, at the foot of the mountain. He still refused to be invested in the pontifical robes. At length arrived the Cardinal Malebranca; his age, dignity, character, and his language urging the awful responsibility which Peter Murrone would incur by resisting the manifest will of God, and by keeping the Popedom longer vacant (for all of which he would be called to give account on the day of judgment), prevailed over the awe-struck saint. Not the least earnest in pressing him to assume at once the throne were his rude but not so unambitious hermit brethren; they, too, looked for advancement, they followed him in crowds wherever he went."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

In the plain beneath the hermitage, twenty minutes' walk from the town, is a great (confiscated) *Monastery*, founded in honour of S. Pietro Celestino. In the church is a beautiful monument of the Cantelmi family, raised by a lady to her husband and sons. Some ruins of *opus reticulatum* near this are called *Le Stanze d'Ovidio*, and a pool below is *Il Fonte d'Amore*.

An excursion (14 m.) may be made from Solmona to the *Lago di Scanno*, but it must be performed partly on horseback and partly on foot; in winter it is impossible from the snows, and the excursion will be more easily accomplished from Anversa, on the railway from Solmona to Avezzano.

Another savage excursion, impossible in winter snows, may be made from Solmona, by Pettorano, Rocca Valloscura, and Roccarasa, to *Castel di Sangro*¹ (*Albergo de Commercio*), so called from the beautiful river (the ancient

¹ A railway is projected from Solmona, through Castel di Sangro to Isernia, whence there will be a line eastwards to Campobasso, Lucera and Foggia, and westwards to join the main line from Rome to Naples, a little south of S. Germano.

Sagrus), on which it stands. The town is situated at the northern extreme of a plain 6 m. long and 2 broad, and is close to the foot of a rock crowned by a picturesque castle of the Counts of the Marsica. There is a path hence through wild mountain passes, by Barrea, Alfidena (an old Samnite city), and the Passo de Monaco, over the mountain of La Meta to the pilgrimage chapel of *S. Maria del Canneto*.

An excursion may be made from Castel di Sangro to the Benedictine abbey of *S. Vincenzo*, near the source of the Volturno, the ancient Vulturinus, which is well described by Statius as running amidst glens.¹ The abbey was founded in the eighth century by Paldo, Taso, and Tato, three brothers or cousins. It was suppressed by the French, and its archives removed to Monte Cassino. Some remains, probably of a temple, are built into the church.

“If, as has been somewhat fancifully inferred, the Volturno obtained the name it bears from the tortuous course which characterises it, this peculiarity is nowhere so remarkable as near its birthplace. After describing nearly the half of a circle, it glides before the monastery, then assumes a retrograde direction towards its source, it next takes a sudden bend to the right, and precipitating itself down a steep declivity in a succession of cataracts, reaches the glen of the Pizzone, which brook it receives, and again assumes a calmer progress behind the convent in an exactly parallel line with that of its course in front of it, though on a much lower level. After this, it pursues its way through the deepening valley; and, repeating sinuosities measuring at least six miles, it finally returns to the immediate latitude of its original springs, and not much above a mile from them. After this, it deviates to the south-west, to seek the valley of Venafro.”—*Keppel Craven*.

The many ancient bridges of the Volturno deserve notice—

“About five miles from the source of the Volturno are the remains of the Ponte delle Colli, of which one arch exists on the western bank of the river, about a mile above the modern bridge, which leads to the Abruzzi. About ten miles below is the old Roman bridge, now called by the peasantry Ponte Ladrone, which is nearly entire, but which a change in the channel of the river has left high and dry. Six miles further down is the modern Ponte Borbone, conducting to a hunting-park belonging to the King of Naples, the Caccia di Toreino.

¹ “Vallibus aviis refusum,” viii. 530.

Then comes the bridge, called Ponte dell' Inferno, about four miles from Alife. About ten miles further are the remains of another bridge, called Ponte Anicio, several of the pillars of which still exist. Then comes the bridge of old Capua, in ruins; and next the modern bridge on the road leading to Rome. Lastly is the bridge of Domitian, near the mouth of the river, over which ran the road connecting Sinuessa and Cumae."—*C. Tait Ramage, Nooks and Byways of Italy.*

A road also leads from Castel di Sangro to *Isernia* (*Albergo Petterossi*), a very interesting old city, with polygonal walls, a curious aqueduct, and a beautiful fountain. The stream Fiume del Cavaliere rushes through the wooded gully below the town, and beneath a round church with a shrine of SS. Cosmo and Damian, of great repute for the cure of disease in all the neighbouring country. Hence there is a road to Naples by *Venafro*, the ancient Venafrum (*Locanda Maccari*), where are fine polygonal walls and an old castle of the Caraccioli, which has rooms decorated with pictures of horses as large as life. Above the town rises a mountain ending in two peaks, and beneath it abundant streams burst forth, and unite to form the river called *Fiume di S. Bartolommeo*.

A railway, through bleak and desolate country, leads from Solmona to *Aquila*—"La Roma degli Abruzzi"—(*Locanda del Sole*, good, clean, and reasonable), which occupies a platform in a plain surrounded by mountains. On one side is the Gran Sasso d'Italia, with its twin peaks of perpetual snow, on the other the Rocca di Mezzo, and beyond it the grand outline of La Majella. The town of Aquila is the most remarkable of the many memorials of the great Emperor Frederick II. His idea was to make it the capital of Italy, one of the most important places in the world, and he built a grand palace here. But death cut short his projects, and left only the skeleton of his intentions. Aquila has eight months of pitiless winter, and four months of scorching, life-blasting summer. Its rocks, its soil, its churches, are riven and rifted by constant earthquakes, for even now nature suddenly often sets all the bells ringing and the clocks striking, and makes fresh chasms in the old yellow walls. In the streets, low two-storied cottages often stand side by side with handsome

palaces, and though many of its ninety churches still exist, few are entire.

Following the Via Principe Umberto from the hotel, and crossing the Corso, we reach the *Church of S. Bernardino*, which rises aloft in the face of the snow, with a stately front by *Cola da Amatrice* (1525-42). On the right is the shrine of the saint, made by order of Louis XI. of France. It was protected by a bull of Sixtus IV., but was nevertheless violated, and the bones of the saint dispersed by the French in 1799. The reliefs with which the tomb is covered are by *Silvestro Salviati* (1505).

“S. Bernardino, a native of Massa near Siena, was born in 1380, of the noble family of the Albizeschi. He was of great beauty and stately presence. At seventeen he began to devote himself to work in the hospitals, and ruined his health by his self-sacrifice during the plague at Siena. At twenty-three he became a Franciscan monk, and henceforward his life was almost entirely that of an itinerant preacher. ‘Of the wonderful success of his sermons, many striking anecdotes are told. His hearers were not only for the moment affected and melted into tears, but in many instances a perfect regeneration of heart and life seems to have taken place through his influence. Those who had defrauded, made restitution; those who owed money, hastened to pay their debts; those who had committed injustice, were eager to repair it. Enemies were seen to embrace each other in his presence; gamblers flung away their cards; the women cut off their hair, and threw down their jewels at his feet; wherever he came, he preached peace; and the cities of Tuscany, then distracted by factions, were by his exhortations reconciled and tranquillised, at least for a time. Above all, he set himself to heal, as far as he could, the mutual fury of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, who, at that period, were tearing Italy to pieces.’

“Throughout his whole life, S. Bernardino despised worldly honours and ideas, and three bishoprics were pressed upon him in vain. He founded the Order of the Osservanti, which not only engaged to follow, but *followed*, the strict rule of S. Francis. On May 20, 1444, he died at Aquila, while on one of his journeys as a pedestrian preacher, and in 1450 he was canonised by Nicholas V.

“In almost all representations of S. Bernardino is introduced a tablet with the monogram of the Saviour surrounded by golden rays, being a device which he invented that it might be sold for the maintenance of a poor man whom he had induced to abandon the sale of cards and dice.”—See *Jameson’s Monastic Orders* and *Butler’s Lives of the Saints*, vol. v.

On the left of the high altar is an exquisitely beautiful

tomb by Andrea dell' Aquila, the pupil of Donatello, executed in her lifetime for Maria Pereira, Contessa di Montorio, widow of Count Lalle Camponi, one of the lords of Aquila under the Angevine kings, and bearing her figure and that of her infant daughter Beatrice.

“The sarcophagus, adorned with beautifully-carved cherub heads, festoons, and leaf-work, is raised upon a high base, and stands within an arched recess. Upon it lies the mother, her head covered with a veil, and her figure concealed under a long robe. Her hands rest upon a book, the upper part of her body inclines a very little to the right, and her head droops towards the shoulder, so that her gentle face is slightly turned towards the spectator. Her child, who lies under the sarcophagus, between two mourning genii, is a perfect image of repose. Death has set his seal but lightly upon the sweet baby face, and upon the little hand which rests upon the bosom, and upon the straightly-laid limbs that have ceased their once restless motion.”—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

In the second chapel on the right is a fine Assumption by *Luca della Robbia*. The second chapel on the left has an admirable wrought-iron screen. The steps of the church are used as the cattle-market of Aquila. Goats perch upon the higher part, sheep and oxen lie in the sun, on the broad platforms below. Descending the stairs, between the ruined chapels of a Via Crucis, we reach—passing (left) a Gothic house—the *Porta di Collemaggio*.

About half a mile outside this gate, on a dust-laden, wind-stricken platform, is the beautiful *Church of S. Maria di Collemaggio*. Only the front of the original building, of 1287, remains—of white marble inlaid with red. It has three splendidly-wrought portals, and three rose-windows above them. Over the doors runs a beautiful gallery of wrought-iron, with cressets. Hence, once in every year, the Bishop of Aquila reads the bull of Coelestine V., with the advantages he conferred upon the town. On a line with the façade rises the low, very heavy machicolated bell-tower.

The inside of the church was destroyed by an earthquake in 1703, and has been modernised, but is bare and dreary. A series of animal pieces lines the walls, introduced *à propos* of the saintly legends connected with them. They are by

Andrew Ruter, a Flemish monk, who was a pupil of Rubens. In the pavement are a number of curious incised monuments of abbots and bishops. In this church the hermit Coelestine V. was crowned pope in 1294.



S. Maria di Collemaggio.

“Over his shaggy sackcloth the hermit had put on the gorgeous attire of the Pontiff; yet he would not go to Perugia to receive the homage of the conclave. Age and the heat of the season (he had been accustomed to breathe the mountain air) would not permit him to take the long unwonted journey. He entered the city of Aquila riding on an ass, with a king on each side of him to hold his bridle. Some of the indignant clergy murmured at this humiliation of the Papal majesty (the successor of S. Peter was wont to ride a stately palfrey), but they suppressed their discontent.

“The Cardinal Napoleon Orsini assisted at the inauguration, gave to the Pope the scarlet mantle, the mitre set with gold and jewels; he announced to the people that Peter had taken the name of Coelestine V. The foot of the lowly hermit was kissed by kings, cardinals, bishops, nobles. He was set on high to be adored by the people. The numbers of the clergy caused singular astonishment; but the cardinals, though reluctant, would not allow the coronation to proceed without them; they came singly and in unwilling haste. Yet still, though all assisted at the ceremony, the place of honour was given to the French cardinal: he anointed the new Pope, but the Pontiff was crowned by Matteo Rosso, probably the elder of the cardinals present.

“A few months showed that meekness, humility, holiness, unworldliness, might make a saint; they were not the virtues suited to a Pope. The utter incapacity of Coelestine for business soon appeared; he lavished offices, dignities, bishoprics, with profuse hand; he granted and revoked grants, bestowed benefices, vacant or about to be vacant.

He was duped by the officers of his court, and gave the same benefice over and over again, but the greater share of all fell to his brethren from the Abruzzi. He shrank from publicity; he could only speak a few words of bad Latin."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The tomb which contains the body of Coelestine, stolen, after his canonisation, from the cathedral of Ferentino, is at the end of the left aisle. His skull is preserved here, secured under eight keys, four of which are in the hands of the civil authorities. Once a year it is publicly shown. Over the left temple is a square hole, said to have been made by the nail by which he was murdered.

Besides these two great churches of Aquila, many others are worth visiting. The causeway from the Collemaggio leads to the gate towards Solmona, near which is *S. Marco*, with a fine Lombard portal. A little behind is *S. Marciano*, also with a remarkable entrance. More stately is *S. Maria Paganica*, which has a noble west front with outside tombs, and a rich doorway approached by a flight of steps. *S. Chiara* contains an excellent work of *Niccolo Alunno*, of 1487. *S. Maria del Soccorso* is of 1450. *S. Lorenzo* has a handsome portal. *S. Domenico* is a vast simple Gothic church, with two admirable doorways. Near this is the simple but picturesque front of *S. Pietro di Sasso*. *S. Silvestro* has a splendid rose-window, and, inside its west door, two frescoes by a good early Umbrian master, one portraying the Virgin and Child throned with saints, the other the baptism of Constantine—the Emperor being represented as Christ. Close by, on the left of the Porta Romana, is *S. Nicolo d'Anza*, beautifully situated, with a picturesque entrance to its little garden.

Several old houses and convents have Gothic fronts, especially in the Via Porta Romana. In Spain, their windows would be called *ajimez*. The *Palazzo Dragonetti* and the *Palazzo Torres* contain some good pictures. The great fountain called *La Riviera* dates from 1272; it is a quadrangular court, surrounded by ninety-nine little fountains, in memory of the different communities which were united to form the city. Close to the inn rises a tall tower, adorned with a grand eagle—"Aquila"—a remnant

of the *Palace of Margaret of Austria*, natural daughter of Charles V. and widow of Ottavio Farnese, governor of the province. On an open space, at the upper end of the Corso, is the *Citadel*, built in 1543, on the site of Frederick's palace. Its massive walls are guarded by a wide moat. From its ramparts there is a grand view of the mountains, especially of the Gran Sasso d'Italia.

About 20 m. from Aquila, 6 m. off the high road to Solmona, is *Capestrano*, the birthplace of S. Giovanni Capestrano, a disciple of S. Bernardino, who, migrating to Germany, headed a crusade against the Hussites. He was canonised in 1690.

The road from Aquila to Rieti (a railway is projected) is excessively dreary. It passes through *Antrodoco*, partially destroyed by an earthquake, above which is a ruined castle of the Vitelli, and then through *Borgo Velino*. Some sulphuric springs, with a strong smell, close to the road, now called *Bagni di Paterno*, are the *Aquae Cutiliae*, annually used by Vespasian. He died here in his seventieth year, A.D. 79, having injured himself by too free use of the cold waters. There is nothing more of interest till the road reaches *Civita Ducale*, which has a picturesque piazza, with a fountain and two churches, S. Maria and S. Agostino, with good architectural features.

[Fearless pedestrians may make a wild but interesting excursion from hence to the remains of the castle of *Petrella*, famous for the sufferings of Beatrice Cenci in the sixteenth century.

“ That savage rock the Castle of Petrella,
 'Tis safely wall'd, and moated round about :
 Its dungeons underground, and its thick towers,
 Never told tales : though they have heard and seen
 What might make dumb things speak.”

Shelley.

The village of *Torano*, in the same direction, has remains of cyclopean walls, supposed to belong to the Tiora of Dionysius, and to the place called Thyra in the “*Martyrologium Romanum*,” where S. Anatolia was martyred under Decius.]

Rieti, in the Sabina (Inn, *Croce Bianca*, clean and tolerable), has little of interest except a small *Roman Bridge* over the Velino, several churches with handsome doorways, and its beautiful *Palazzo Vincentini*, a graceful work of Vignola. But a very interesting excursion may be made from hence to the north-west of the Abruzzi. Sixteen miles distant is *Lionessa*, situated under the mountain of the same name, rich in Gothic churches and fragments of domestic architecture. Six miles farther, near the source of the Nar, is *Norcia*, the ancient Nursia. Here *Vespasia Polla*, mother of the Emperor *Vespasian*, was born. The family had property near this, called *Vespasie*,¹ a memorial of which exists in the name *Monte Vespio*. Far more interesting natives of *Norcia* were *SS. Benedict* and *Scholastica*. The place is almost inaccessible in winter from the snow; *Virgil* speaks of the coldness of its climate—

“ Qui Tibrim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
Nursia. *Aen.* vii. 715.

and *Silius Italicus*—

“ Nec non habitata pruinis
Nursia.” viii. 418.

Twelve miles from hence, by a bridle-path, is *Amatrice*, with Gothic churches, and paintings by its special artist *Cola di Amatrice*. Eight miles from this; and two from *Civita Reale*, is the village of *Collicelli*, close to which is the *Church of S. Silvestro in Falacrino*, marking the site of *Falacrinum*, and with ruins close by, supposed to be those of the *Flavian palace*, where *Vespasian* was born, and to visit which he was in the habit of returning. The hamlet of *San Vittorino* occupies the site of *Amiternum*, which sent a cohort to the assistance of *Turnus* against *Aeneas*.² *Sallust* was born here. The modern name of the place is derived from a martyr-bishop, buried in its church.

A railway is in progress which will connect *Solmona* with *Avezzano* and *Sora*, falling eventually into the line

¹ *Suet.*, *Vesp.* c. 1.

² *Virg.*, *Aen.* vii. 710.

from Rome to Naples. It will pass *Anversa*, where there is a magnificent defile in the mountains, 6 m. long, sometimes called *Gole d' Anversa*, sometimes *Foce di Scanno*, and, at its narrowest, where it is not 12 ft. across, *Stretti di S. Luigi*. At one point the river flows entirely under a rock, which serves as a bridge. At the head of the valley is the source of the *Sagittario*, which bursts from a rock (not far from the lake), and falls by a beautiful cascade into the ravine. By this way tourists (on foot or horseback only) will reach the *Lago di Scanno*, a lake 3 m. in circuit, and of marvellous beauty: a hermitage and chapel of "L'Annunziata" stand on its shore. Scanno itself is a town of indescribable picturesqueness, and artists may obtain decent though very rough accommodation there. It is 14 m. to Solmona, and is an excursion impossible in winter, from the snow, or swelling of the stream in the narrow pass.

"The Lago di Scanno is really one of the most perfectly beautiful spots in nature, and the more so for being in so desert a place. Its dark waters slumber below bare mountains of great height; and their general effect might recall *Wast Water* in Cumberland, but that every craggy hill is of wilder and grander form. At the upper end of the lake, which may be a mile and a half in length, an avenue of beautiful oaks, dipping their branches into the water, shade the rocky path, and lead to a solitary chapel, the only building in sight, save a hermitage on the mountain beyond. The beauty and stillness of this remote lake are most impressive.

"The costume of the women of Scanno is extremely peculiar, and suggests an oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the elder females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days, the material of the Scannese dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, etc., the shoes of blue worked satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff.)

"The head-dress is very striking; a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth, among the poorer orders; but of worked purple satin with the rich, and this again is bound round, turbanwise, by a white or primrose-coloured fillet, striped with various colours, though, excepting on festadays, the poor do not wear this additional band.

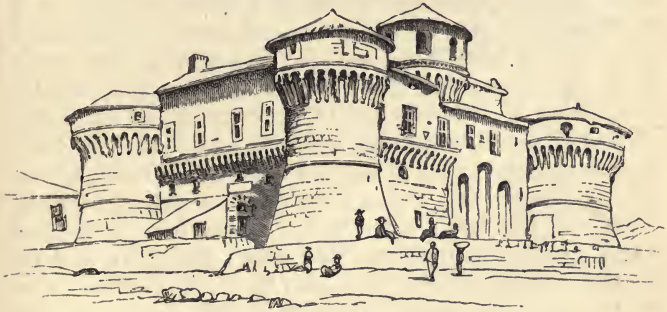
“The hair is plaited very beautifully with riband ; and the earrings, buttons, necklaces, and chains, are of silver, and in rich families, often exceedingly costly.”—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

The railway will soon after this enter the country of the Marsi, who, after their subjugation by Rome in 45, A.U.C., became its firm allies. Their legendary founder was Marsus, son of Circe, whence they are frequently represented as magicians, who had the power of rendering harmless the venom of serpents. Near *Pescina*, the see of the bishop still called “Il Vescovo de' Marsi,” travellers will come in sight of the plain till lately covered by the waters of the beautiful *Lago di Fucino*, drained by Prince Torlonia. To the right is *Ortucchio*, with an old castle, standing near the supposed site of Archippe, which Pliny describes as having been swallowed up by the lake. To the left is *San Benedetto*, occupying the site of Marruvium, the capital of the Marsi. Here many remains of ancient buildings may be seen, and during the drought of 1752, several statues of Roman emperors, now in the museum at Naples, were discovered here in the lake.

Celano has a noble castle, built c. 1450, which belonged to Giovanna or Covella, who married first a Colonna nephew of Pope Martin V., but left him, and married again, her own nephew, Leonello Acclocciamuro Rugerotto. Her son by her second marriage, as soon as he was grown up, seized Celano, and imprisoned his mother, who was only released by the intervention of the Piccolomini Pope, Pius II. Consequently she left all her estates away from her own family to the Piccolomini. Celano is the birth-place of the Beato Tommaso, author of the *Dies Irae*, c. 1250.

Avezzano (*Inn*, tolerable) is a very dull country town, with a fine old castle at one end of it, now belonging to the Barberini, but originally built by the Colonna. Three excursions should be made from hence. First to *Alba Fucensis*, 3 m. distant, the stronghold where Syphax, king of Numidia, Perseus of Macedonia, and other captive sovereigns were imprisoned by the Romans. It continued to be a strong fortress after the fall of the empire, and its

final ruin is due to Charles I. of Anjou, who destroyed the city, to punish its adherence to Conradia. Beneath the present town are very perfect polygonal walls, and there are some remains of an amphitheatre. Standing quite on a separate height, is the interesting *Church of S. Pietro*, occupying the site of a temple, portions of which are incorporated in its walls. It has an ancient mosaic pavement. The position is most beautiful, backed by Monte



Castle of Avezzano.

Velino and overlooking the battlefield of Tagliacozzo. In the valley, near the present village of Scurcola, Conradin, the unhappy son of Manfred, was defeated (August 26, 1268) by Charles I. of Anjou, a victory which established the power of the Guelphs in Italy. The ruined *Church of S. Maria della Vittoria* was built by the conqueror to commemorate his victory.

Secondly, an excursion of 10 m. should be made to *Tagliacozzo*, which is approached by a gorge unrivalled for savage picturesqueness.

A third excursion, of $5\frac{1}{2}$ m., is that to *Luco*. The road passes along what was once the shore of the Lago di Fucino, sometimes called Lago di Celano. It is 2181 feet above the level of the sea, had an area of 36,315 acres, and was 35 miles in circumference. Having no natural outlet, the villages on its banks were subject to

frequent inundations, and, as early as the time of Julius Caesar, the Marsi petitioned help and advice for carrying off the superabundant waters. The Emperor Claudius undertook the construction of an emissary at his own cost, on condition of receiving all the land reclaimed by the drainage. It was the intention to carry the waters into the Liris by a tunnel $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. in length, and hewn, for a great part of the way, out of the solid rock. For this work 30,000 men were employed for eleven years, and the emissary was opened by Claudius and Agrippina with a great gladiatorial display in A.D. 52, the shores of the lake and the adjacent hills being crowded with a countless multitude, and presenting the appearance of a vast theatre. Yet, owing to various errors in its construction, the emissary of Claudius turned out a failure, and though Hadrian and Trajan attempted to improve it, it soon became choked up. Frederick II. vainly attempted to reopen it. In 1528 the lake was granted by the Government to a Swiss company, on condition that they would undertake to drain it, and their rights were purchased by Prince Torlonia, who at his sole cost, about £1,400,000, has carried out the work. One engineer after another has perished from fever while employed in its construction, and the expense has been so enormous, that it has become a popular saying, "O Torlonia secca il Fucino, o il Fucino secca Torlonia."

In one sense the work may still be esteemed a failure. Though the redeemed land is wonderfully rich, it is considered that the profits of a thousand years will not repay the Torlonias for the expenses they have undergone; the inhabitants of the towns on the shores of the lake, who formerly gained an abundant livelihood as fishermen, are reduced to the utmost poverty; and, while the air was formerly extremely salubrious, the natives are now a constant prey to fevers from the exhalations of the marshy land.

About 2 m. from Avezzano, at the spot called *Incile*, we pass the works of the *Emissario*. The modern work has destroyed the whole of the interesting remains of the time of Claudius, and there is nothing left now to recall the clear blue lake, and the desolate poetic beauty which

existed here till the middle of the nineteenth century. On the right, just before reaching the town of Luco, we pass the *Church of S. Maria di Luco*, which occupies the site and looks down upon the walls of the ancient city of Angutia, identified by inscriptions. Here also, at an earlier time, was the sacred grove of Angutia, sister of Circe and Medea, the "Lucus Angutiae" of Virgil. The church, which rises on the ancient walls, is of great age, having been given to the Benedictines by Doda, Contessa de' Marsi, in 930. It is a very interesting building, with round-headed doorways. The interior has been used as a campo-santo, and there is a chapel filled with skulls and human bones. The situation was surpassingly lovely when it looked out upon a vast expanse of blue waters.

Three miles beyond Luco is *Trasacco* (formerly *Transaqua*) built on the site of the palace of Claudius, afterwards inhabited by Trajan. Here the *Church of S. Rufino* is said to have been built in 237 by the first Bishop of the Marsi, who suffered martyrdom, with S. Cesidio, under Maximin.

Continuing the main line by the coast, we come to—

Ortona (Stat.) (Inn, *Caprera*) the ancient Orton, capital of the Frentani. It has a fine cathedral, much spoiled by modern bedaubments: let into the campanile are some curious thirteenth century reliefs by one Magister Riccardus.

Fossacesia (Stat.) Hence, in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr., an omnibus ($1\frac{1}{2}$ fr.) will take travellers to *Lanciano*—Auxanum of the Frentani—an archiepiscopal city, with a number of interesting churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, three of which, at least, occupy the sites of ancient temples. The *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta* is of 1533. Not far from the town is the church called *S. Giovanni in Venere* (from the temple of Venus Conciliatrix, which once occupied the site), with a Moorish arch over its great portal filled with figures of Byzantine character.

“ Standing in the quiet country, out of reach of those jarring sights and sounds which mar the effect of the noblest building in the midst of a busy town, this church is peculiarly impressive. No profane

hands have restored and redecorated it; all is as it was centuries ago, save those scars and rents which time has made in roof and parapet. All surrounding objects are in harmony with it, and that past of which we catch but a faint echo at Bari, Trani, and Troja, here speaks to us plainly."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors*.

Vasto d'Ammone (Stat.) (*Locanda del Castello*). The town, 20 m. distant, probably occupies the site of Histonium, the chief city of the Frentani. There is a collection of Roman antiquities in the *Palazzo del Municipio* and some remains of an *Amphitheatre* outside the Porta di Castello. Considerable remains exist of the Palace of Jacopo Caldera, general of the allied troops under Joanna II., Martin V., and Filippo Maria Visconti. Frederick of Arragon conferred Vasto as a Marquisate upon Inigo d'Avalos in 1497, who built a palace here, much enlarged by Fernando Francesco d'Avalos, husband of Vittoria Colonna. This palace still stands, and is very interesting.

Termoli (Stat.) occupies the site of Interamna Frentanorum. It has a castle erected by Frederick II. in 1247, and a cathedral rebuilt in the sixteenth century, after the destruction of the town by the Turks.

From Termoli, a diligence (10 frs.) runs along an uninteresting road to *Campobasso*, a handsome town in the midst of the Apennines. There is a manufacture of cutlery here. The Church of S. Maria della Pace commemorates the reconciliation, in 1588, of the Guisci and Cavagni, two families which had long quarrelled. The road from Termoli passes through the episcopal city of *Larino*, which commemorates Larinum, of which there are considerable remains to the north of the present town. ¹ A railway is almost completed (1882) connecting Campobasso with Benevento, in 3½ hrs. A few miles south-west of Campobasso is *Boiano*, occupying the site of Bovianum, the chief city of the Samnites. Some interesting walls remain, formed by blocks of polygonal masonry.

From the neighbourhood of Termoli we see in the distance the *Tremiti Isles*, 15 m. from the coast. In

¹ It is intended to connect Campobasso with the eastern coast-line by two branches of rail, one leading through Larino to Termoli, the other through Lucera to Foggia.

ancient times these islands were known as the Isles of Diomede, from the legend that the hero of the Trojan war was buried there, and that after his death his companions were there transformed into birds. The islands are now called *S. Domenico*, *S. Nicola*, and *Caprara*. To the first and largest of them, Julia, wife of Aemilius Paulus, was banished by her grandfather Augustus, A.D. 9, and died and was buried there after an exile of twenty years.

Soon after crossing the river *Biferno*, we enter Apulia.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN APULIA.

THE railway now enters *Apuglia* or *Puglia*, which is subdivided into the Capitanata (from the Capitan, or governor, under the Greek emperors), Terra di Bari, and Terra d'Otranto. The whole northern part of Apulia, from the Biferno (Tifernus) to the Ofanto (Aufidus), consists of a great plain, only broken by the towns of Foggia and Lucera, and named *Puglia piana* in contra-distinction to the southern part of the province, called *Puglia petrosa*, from the chain of rocky hills by which it is traversed, and which is very thinly inhabited. The northern plains of Apulia are still, as in the time of Strabo and Pliny, famous for the rearing of sheep, but the scarcity of water makes this part "siticulosae Apuliae,"¹ intensely arid and dusty in summer; indeed there is a proverb—

" Le pene si soffriscon dell' inferno
L'estate in Puglia, all' Aquila l'inverno."

At one time Apulia, renowned through the House of Hauteville, came to stand as a general name for the whole of Southern Italy. Under the House of Arragon, large districts in the province were appropriated for the royal hunting-grounds. Alphonso I. enclosed eighteen miles with toils, and took so many stags that, after richly providing his huntsmen, he sent four hundred head to be salted for the garrisons of Trani and Barletta. Pontanus declares that so great was the multitude of stags, that once, when King Ferdinand was marching out of Barletta against his enemies, he was stopped by a cloud of dust, from which he retired, taking it

¹ Horace, *Ep.* iii. 16.

for a vast hostile army ; but as the sun rose it proved to be only an army of stags.

We have now entered upon a part of Italy which is behind-hand in civilisation to a degree which will only be credible to those who have tried it. *All* sanitary arrangements (after leaving Foggia) are almost unknown. The filth even of the railway stations is indescribable ; and, beyond Foggia, travellers must never expect to find anything eatable at the wretched buffets of the stations, and should be well provided with food for the long journey to Reggio.

“ E quel corno d’Ausonia che s’imborga
Di Bari, di Caeta, è di Crotona,
Da onde Tronto e Verde in mare sgorga.”

Dante, Par. viii.

Entering Apulia, the railway turns westwards to evade the great headland of *Monte Gargano*, and passing through *Apricena*, so called from a delicious supper of wild boar which Frederick II. enjoyed there after hunting, and the small cathedral town of *S. Severo*, it soon reaches—

Foggia (Stat.) (Inn, *Hotel Milano*, good, clean, and reasonable, with a restaurant outside ; *Hotel Vittoria*, inferior ; *Hotel di Roma*, very inferior).

Foggia is a handsome town which has risen to prosperity within the last few years through becoming an important railway-junction. There is a large public garden near the station. The *Cathedral* was for the most part rebuilt in the last century after an earthquake, but retains its ancient crypt, and its original west front with a noble frieze. Here, in the city which had been his early home, Manfred, son of Frederick II., was crowned in 1253, having been legitimatised by the marriage of his mother, Bianca Lancia of Asti, to her seducer upon his deathbed.

Leaving the cathedral by the west door and turning to the right, we find in a wall near the town-gate, a Norman arch supported by eagles, which an inscription states to have been the gate of the *Palace of Frederick II.* where his third wife, Elisabetta, called Isabella in England, daughter of our Henry III., died in childbirth in 1241. Charles of Anjou, “mejor caballero del mundo,” as he was called by

his rival, Pedro of Arragon, when he heard of his death— afterwards enlarged the palace and adorned it with splendid gardens, himself keeping a curious register of all the fruit-trees he planted in them. He died here (January 7, 1285) (in the arms of his second wife, Marguerite de Bourgogne, broken-hearted for the rebellion of his subjects and the captivity of his eldest son Charles) on his way to Brindisi, whence he intended to set out for the reconquest of Sicily. His second son Philip had already died here, soon after his marriage (at Foggia) with the Princess of Morea.

Seven miles from Foggia, in the great Apulian Plain (carriage, 8 frs.), is a wood of oaks, through which we reach the sanctuary of *La Madonna dell' Incoronata*. It is the oak wood in which Manfred, flying from his enemies in 1254, worn out with fatigue, and frozen by icy rain, lighted in terror the fire which he feared would betray him; and where, five years after, as a victorious king, he illuminated the forest with wax lights, and invited 12,000 people to a banquet in commemoration of his escape. Here, a herdsman of the Guevara family is said to have been astounded by seeing his cows kneel reverently around an oak tree, which led him to discover an image of the Virgin in its branches. A church, now filled with ex-votos, was built over the trunk of the miracle-bearing tree, and, ever since, the spot has been, in May and September, one of the greatest resorts of the religious throughout Italy, a pilgrimage hither being combined with visits to Monte S. Angelo and S. Nicola di Bari. At such times as many as 40,000 people often collect here, booths are erected round the sanctuary for the sale of provisions, etc., and camp fires burn through the night amongst the tents pitched in the wood or on the surrounding plain. But at all times the place is worth a visit to those who can admire flat scenery, and the artist will delight in the Cuyt-like effects of the oxen and horses and groups of pilgrims (for some are here always) seen against the delicate aerial mountain distances; and in the beautiful colouring of the plain, pink with asphodel in spring, or golden with fenocchio. This plain, so hot and dusty in summer, will recall many scenes in Spain.

In the plain, 5 m. north of Foggia, are some small remains of *Arpi* (still bearing the name), which Virgil describes as founded by Diomede.

“ Vidimus, o cives, Diomede Argivaque castra ;
 Atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnes ;
 Contigimusque manum, quâ concidit Ilia tellus.
 Ille urbem Argyripam, patriae cognomine gentis,
 Victor Gargani condebat Iapygis arvis.”

Aen. xi. 243.

There would be no object in lingering at Foggia if it were not for the excursions to be made from thence. As it is, all enterprising travellers must undertake the expedition to Monte S. Angelo, which will soon be rendered easy by the railway to Manfredonia, and which is always quite feasible in one day by carriage (40 frs.) If Foggia is not left later than 4 A.M. it may be reached again at 9 A.M., allowing quite 3 hrs. at Monte S. Angelo; an arrangement should be made with the vetturino to change horses at Manfredonia.

The road crosses the vast Apulian Plain, upon which great herds of sheep are guarded by milk-white dogs as intelligent as they are fierce, till, in the first uplands, 17 m. from Foggia, we reach the *Abbey of S. Leonardo*, which was founded by Hermann de Salza, in 1223, to contain relics of S. Celestine. The abbey is now a farm-house, but the ruined church retains its low cupola, its apse, its rich front, and beautiful sculptured portal, adorned with griffins and lions: on one of the capitals is the Adoration of the Magi, on the other S. Joseph seated on an ass and guided by an angel.

Two miles farther, on the right of the road, is the desolate *Church of S. Maria di Siponto*, once an archiepiscopal cathedral—a quadrangular building, which is repeated in miniature in a second story. In the front are five richly-decorated arches, that in the centre containing the portal resting on monsters. Broken columns stand on the greensward; the colour of the building is exquisitely-beautiful, and the solitary position most striking, looking

upon the treeless, stony uplands, having the sea on one side, with Manfredonia and its port, backed by the mountains.

The interior, which has entirely the effect of a mosque, dates from the twelfth century, but was restored by Julius III. in 1508. Huge square pillars support columns with rich capitals under the cupola. A strange monster is the pedestal of the holy water basin. The walls are hung with votive offerings, including women's hair, ball-dresses, and even a wedding-dress, which must have a strange story. The crypt, of the twelfth century, with its little apse, and its range of massy pillars, enclosing others of more delicate proportions, is most beautiful in chiaroscuro and colour. It contains the tomb of Emilius Tullius, 593, and the Byzantine Madonna, to whom the offerings in the upper church are made. Near the church are some catacombs in the tufa rock.

Manfredonia (Inn, *Locanda di Donna Peppina*, very miserable) is a dismal little town, with figures of S. Michael and S. Laurentius upon its gates. Its name commemorates its founder, the hero-king Manfred, who laid the first stone of its port in 1260, in the presence of a number of astrologers whom he had summoned expressly from Lombardy and Sicily. The port is almost deserted now, and the one event of the place is the arrival of the pilgrims to the neighbouring shrine. An excellent carriage-road of about 6 m. leads thither, passing first over low ground, planted with fruit-trees, and overgrown by small blue iris in spring, and then ascending by zigzags the steep side of *Monte Gargano*—the Mons Garganus of the Romans, which in Norman times was part of the jointure of Joan of England, wife of William the Good. The views are striking over the houseless, treeless plain, in which, not far from the sea, near the *Lago di Salpi*, are remains of the ancient Salapia. But the limestone rocks are bare and arid, and not a trace remains of the woods mentioned by Horace—

“ aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.”

“Garganum mugire putes nemus.”

Ep. ii. 1, 202.

On the top of the mountain is the town of *S. Angelo*, a flourishing place, which resounds with the litanies of the faithful on its great festival, May 8, and for many succeeding days. A fine octagonal tower, built by Charles of Anjou, rises at the end of the street. Here, above a vast cave, which was probably made use of for oracles, once stood a temple of the demigod Calchas, mentioned by Strabo. Long after even its ruins had perished, a shepherd, in A.D. 491, was shooting at a wild bull upon the mountain, when his arrow suddenly flew back to him. Startled at the prodigy, he consulted Laurentius, Bishop of Sipontium, who repaired to the spot to pray. After three days S. Michael appeared, and gave the bishop advice which led to a great victory over the Saracens at Sipontium, and afterwards to the appointment of the saint as generalissimo! S. Michael also showed Laurentius the long-lost cave (declaring it sacred henceforth to himself and the angels) and an altar miraculously prepared, where the bishop at once celebrated the first mass. It is the anniversary of that day, the 8th of May, which for nearly fourteen hundred years has drawn hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to pray in the cavern, whence the worship of the archangel Michael speedily flowed over the whole peninsula. The shrine became one of the richest in Italy; but its wealth soon attracted the Lombards in pillage, and Ferdinand I. also robbed S. Michael in 1460, melting his silver ornaments to make crown pieces, which bore his own image on one side, and on the other that of S. Michael, with the legend—“*Justa tuenda.*”

Travellers of the early part of this century mention a grove of old trees at the entrance of the church, which had their boughs hung with stones, with holes drilled through them by votaries, as pagans used to suspend little masks or images on the trees in honour of Bacchus—

“*Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.*”

Virgil, Georg. ii. 389.

But now there are no trees, and beneath the old tower

a paved court leads to a façade of the time of Charles of Anjou, containing, within a portico, two beautiful Gothic arches, one surmounted by a relief representing a procession of bishops, the other by the Madonna and Child, with SS. Peter and Paul and a kneeling donor. The latter is in-



Descent to S. Michele.

scribed—"Terribilis est locus : hic domus Dei est, et porta coeli." Within it a number of sculptors of little images of S. Michael display their wares in wood, stone, and alabaster. Hence a long, rugged flight of steps, partly rock-hewn, descended by the pilgrims upon their knees, winds under Gothic arches to the caverned church—the grotto of the vision. Most picturesque are its vast recesses—one used as

a raised choir for the canons ; another, perpetually dripping with water, completely caverned, containing the magnificent high altar, surmounted by a poor statue of the archangel, absurdly attributed to Michael Angelo. Behind, is a well—Il Pizzilo—whence water, supposed to cure every disease, is distributed to the faithful in a tiny silver bucket. At the side stands a magnificent episcopal throne of the twelfth century, resting upon lions, and adorned with a relief of S. Michael and the Dragon. Everything here has an appearance of the most extreme age, and the effects of light upon the broken steps and craggy walls, and of the statues in the gloom, are intensely striking.

“The pale and partial tints thrown on the huge masses of rock, which closely impend over one’s head—the slow and cautious movements of the groups that wander like so many shadows in the darker recesses of the sanctuary—the low muttering of their prayers contrasted with the clamorous exhortations of the beggars kneeling at the entrance—the repeated splashing of the holy well—the unceasing, yet more distinct droppings from the vault—the voices of the canons, whose splendid attire glitters in a blaze of light in the choir, which is considerably raised above the lower level of the cavern, and divided from it by a bronze grating ;—all these, however indifferent when detached from each other in narration, combine, when united in reality, to act upon the senses in a manner to which no spectator can be indifferent.”
—*Keppel Craven.*

The ancient bronze doors of the church, given by one of the Pantaleone of Amalfi, are inscribed—“Hoc opus completum est in regia urbe Constantinopoli adjuvante Dno Pantaleone qui jussit anno ab incarnatione Dei millesimo septuagesimo sexto.” The bronze rings—“armilla januae”—upon the doors are shaken by each pilgrim as he passes.

If the weather be fine, the visitor to Monte S. Angelo cannot fail to be struck by the glorious effect of sunset upon the Apulian Plain as he returns to Foggia. Then the vast wilderness, so arid and dismal at midday, is clothed with every hue of the rainbow, over which a violet mist, of indescribable beauty, heralds the approach of night.

Every one who is interested in the story of Frederick II. and Manfred must visit *Lucera*, a drive of an hour and a half (carriage 6 frs.) from Foggia across the plain,—Il Tavogliere di Puglia,—which is still as celebrated for sheep-farming as in the days of Horace.

“Te lanae prope nobilem
Tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent.”

Od. iii. xv.

On a low hill is the walled town of *Lucera* (*Luceria Apulorum*), the “key of Apulia,” which was of early fame and much suffering in the Samnite wars; ruined by Constans II. in 663, and restored in 1230 by Frederick II. for his Sicilian Saracens. He established 40,000 of these at “*Lucera de’ Saraceni*,” and permitted them here the full exercise of their religious rites, giving up the town to them, and entirely exiling beyond the walls the christian population, who were only allowed for their worship a little church outside the city—“*La Madonna della Spica*,” the patroness of reapers, which, strangely enough, was founded on the site of a temple of Ceres. With the exception of such as consented to embrace the christian faith, the whole Saracen population of *Lucera*, so brave and faithful to the Norman kings, was expelled by Charles I., though families of undoubted Moorish descent may still be found in the town. In 1300 Charles II. made a vain attempt to change the name of the place to *Santa Maria*, having peopled the town with emigrants from Provence, to which he had succeeded in right of his wife *Beatrix*.

The *Cathedral* was built by Charles II. of Anjou, on the site of the principal mosque, to commemorate the expulsion or forcible conversion of the Saracen population. It is highly picturesque, with an ancient pulpit and baptistery. The fine Gothic ciborium has been removed. To the right of the high altar is the *Cappella del Gallo*, built by one of that family, very graceful early Gothic, with old frescoes, stained glass, and the sleeping figure of the founder. The rest of the church has been (1880-82) mutilated and modernised by an ignorant order of the

present Government; its grand old chestnut roof has been taken away, and a common barn-roof substituted. The tomb of Charles II. of Anjou has disappeared, but his effigy still stands near the principal entrance, with hands crossed, and hair cut straight across the forehead and waving over the shoulders; it is inscribed "Carolus Ansegavensis A.S. CIÖCCC templum hoc Deo et deiparae dicavit."

The Via del Castello leads from the cathedral to the castle, the largest in Apulia. It is about a quarter of a mile from the town, and occupies the site of the ancient Luceria, which was taken by the Samnites after the battle of the Caudine Forks, and retaken by Lucius Papirius. This palatial fortress is almost entirely the work of Frederick II., and was his favourite residence. He adorned it with statues brought from Naples upon men's shoulders, and placed here the brazen figures of "a man and a cow which poured forth water," which he had plundered from Grötta Ferrata near Rome. Here he was able to indulge to the utmost his partiality for the Saracens and their customs, and his habits here were those of an Asiatic monarch.

"Entouré d'odalisques et d'almées; donnant des eunuques pour gardiens à sa femme, la belle Isabelle Plantagenet, la fille des rois d'Angleterre; souvent revêtu de robes orientales; à la guerre, monté sur un éléphant; dans son palais, entouré de lions apprivoisés; toujours accompagné d'une troupe de musulmans; indulgent pour eux; disposé à leur permettre la violation des églises et le viol des femmes, la débauche et le sacrilège, Frédéric II., dans l'opinion de ses sujets, n'était plus un prince chrétien."—*Alexis de Saint Priest, Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.*

Of all the establishments which owed their existence to the great Frederick, the Saracen colony at Lucera suffered most by the blow of his death, and felt the greatest devotion to his memory. Hither, therefore, Manfred, the favourite son of Frederick II., whose education had been his especial care, and who had been left by him regent of the kingdom, fled, during the persecutions with which Innocent IV. pursued him after the death of his brother Conrad.

"Chose singulière, Mainfroy ne savait pas l'arabe! Il fallut qu'une des personnes de sa suite s'avancât vers les gardiens de la porte prin-

cipale, qui, dans la crainte d'être surpris, s'étaient rassemblés en hate à la vue de la cavalcade. Cet homme aborda les Sarrasins avec confiance et leur dit dans leur langue : 'Voici le fils de l'empereur ; il vient à vous selon votre désir, ouvrez-lui vos portes et recevez-le dans votre ville, ainsi que vous lui avez promis, avec une bonté et une libéralité très-grandes.' Les Sarrasins doutaient que ce fût bien là réellement le prince, et craignaient qu'on ne se jouât de leur bonne foi ; mais celui-ci s'étant rapproché de la porte, ils le reconnurent aussitôt. Néanmoins, ils ne voulurent pas ouvrir avant d'avoir averti Malerizi, à qui Jean le More avait laissé le commandement de la forteresse. Tout-à-coup comme saisi d'une inspiration, un des gardes s'écria : 'A quoi bon demander la clef à Malerizi ? il ne la donnera pas ; Jean lui a défendu de laisser entrer personne, fût-ce le prince. On lui ferait un mauvais parti. Qu'il entre n'importe comment. Une fois entré, tout ira bien ?' Il y avait sous la porte un intervalle destiné à l'écoulement des eaux de pluie. Un jeune homme de vingt ans, svelte et leste comme Mainfroy, pouvait s'y glisser facilement ; il l'essaya. On était alors accoutumé aux malheurs des personnes royales, mais non à leurs misères. En voyant le fils de l'empereur rampant à terre comme un reptile, les Sarrasins ne purent supporter cette humiliation. 'Ne souffrons pas,' s'écrièrent-ils, 'que notre seigneur pénètre chez nous dans cette vile posture. Qu'il y entre comme il convient à un prince ! Brisons les portes !' Elles tombèrent en un instant et Mainfroy passa sur leurs débris. Enlevé par les Sarrasins, il fut porté dans leurs bras jusqu'au milieu de la place publique de Lucera. Toute la garrison, tous les habitans de la ville entourèrent son cheval en poussant des cris de joie. Mainfroy, épuisé de fatigue, faillit être étouffé. Au premier bruit, Malerizi, surpris et furieux, accourut sur la place ; il ne pouvait concevoir comment le prince de Tarente avait pu entrer dans la citadelle dont lui-même tenait les clefs. Il fit armer sur-le-champ la garrison pour repousser Mainfroy ; mais au moment où il marchait contre lui, Malerizi le rencontra—se rendant en triomphe au palais impérial. 'Malerizi ! Malerizi !' lui criaient les Sarrasins et le peuple, 'descends vite de cheval et viens baiser les pieds du prince !' L'arabe obéit et se prosterna. Voilà comment Mainfroy gagna cette héroïque partie."—*Alexis de Saint Priest.*

Within these old red walls Manfred was first proclaimed king, declaring, at the same time, that he only accepted the sovereignty to guard it for his nephew Conradin. Here also, after the fatal day of Beneventum, the widow and children of Manfred attempted to defend themselves.

Looking over the billowy hills from the castle, we may see some fragments of ruin about 7 m. distant. They belong to *Castel Fiorentino* or *Firenzuola*, where the great Frederick died. Astrologers had foretold that his

death would take place near iron gates at a place deriving its name from Flora, and on that account he had always avoided Florence. When, added to the coincidence of the name, he found that, close to his room, was a blocked door secured by iron bars, he said calmly—"This is the spot, long ago foretold to me as that of my death, and the will of God must be done."

Keppel Craven (1821) describes the last horrible conflict of the Vardarelli band of brigands which he witnessed in the streets of Lucera, and their end by suffocation in a cellar.

The architect or archeologist should not omit seeing Troja.

(To visit Troja from Foggia it is necessary to take the second morning train to Giardinetto Troja, a station on the line to Naples. A post-carriage containing five *posti* meets the train there (1 fr. 80 c.) and conveys travellers $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. to Troja. The post does not return to meet the evening train to Foggia—which is a goods train with one carriage attached, and it is necessary to take a carriage (10 frs.) from Troja.)

The road from Giardinetto to *Troja* (*Inns*, most miserable) passes through a most desolate country which till lately was completely in the hands of brigands. The town is situated on a lofty windstricken eminence, and occupies the site of the ancient Accas or Acca. The cathedral, little known, though the noblest in Apulia, was founded in 1019 by the Greek captain Bubagnanus, and completed by Bishop Guglielmus II., who, in 1133, went forth in vain, at the head of a procession of white penitents, to arrest the steps of King Roger, when he was devastating Apulia, and threatening to destroy Troja. It is a three-aisled basilica, 167 feet in length. The west front has a great central portal approached by a double stair. Above this is an unrivalled frieze and cornice beneath a great rose-window of marvellous beauty, which is surmounted by a wreath of monsters, supported by porphyry pillars resting on lions. The gable above is decorated by the emblems of the evangelists. The great bronze door bears on its panels—

1. Figures of the artist, Oderisius of Beneventum, and Berardus, Count of Sangro. 2. Christ as judge of the world. 3. Bishop William, the donor of the door. 4. SS. Peter and Paul. On the south of the church is another bronze door of 1127 also by Oderisius.

The exquisitely beautiful *Interior* has suffered terribly from a recent wholesale "restoration" at the hands of its bishop, by whom it has been bedaubed with paint and gilding in the worst taste, but its proportions are magnificent. The chapel to the left of the high altar contains a huge crucifix of marvellous expression, and great silver busts of the four saintly protectors of the town—Leotardo, Ponziano, Urbano, and Secondino.

"This church has the most bizarre of all Apulian façades, for not only is it peopled with all created things, but its surface glows with yellow and green stones, after the fashion of the Sicilian churches, uniting the sharp-cut, clear-lined sculpture of the East with the polychromatic decoration of the Saracens. It is divided into two parts by a cornice, richly carved with heads of men, lions, and leaf-work. In the upper one is placed a great wheel window, encircled with a row of rudely-carved beasts, and surmounted by the figure of a man seated upon the back of a nondescript animal. Oxen, elephants, porcupines, and apes protrude from the wall on each side. Four columns, with lions above their capitals and at their bases, support a plain round arch above the window, and six smaller arches, with dentellated archivolts and leaf-work capitals, are set against the wall in the lower portion of the façade, on either side of the great central arch over the portal. The slabs of marble which decorate the central arch are covered with rudely-chiselled figures of a Byzantine type, representing Christ enthroned between the Virgin and S. John, SS. Secundinus (buried in the duomo) and Eleutherius, and the symbols of the Evangelists in medallions; while in the lunette of one of the lateral doors, whose side-posts and architrave are sculptured with ornament, is a bas-relief of Christ treading on the lion and dragon, with two rudely-carved angels of a Byzantine type. The varied and elaborate capitals of the many columns, which divide the nave from the side-aisles, furnish another example of rudely chiselled heads surrounded by rich and tasteful ornaments, whose patterns are intricate, but never confused in line. On the right-hand side of the nave stands an oblong pulpit of the twelfth century, decorated with deep-cut, flat-surfaced ornament, and supported by columns whose capitals are divided by volutes, upon one of which sits a bearded figure with broad nose and long hair. The raised-work is gilded and relieved against a gold background. An eagle with spread wings, holding a beast in his

talons, and standing on a human head supported on a colonette, occupies the centre of the front of the pulpit under the reading-desk, and on the end towards the high altar is a very curious bas-relief of a lion, with foliated body, curling hair, and staring eyes, who, while tearing a sheep to pieces, is himself seized by a sort of tiger-cat, which has mounted on his back and fixed his teeth in his flank."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

Near the entrance of the town from Giardinetto a fine old stone *Crucifix* is well placed overlooking the mountain ranges. The garden of a picturesque deserted monastery near this is used as the *Campo Santo*.

Bovino, a little to the west of Troja, was most notorious for its brigands, who used to pillage the *procaccio*, or carrier's waggon, which plied between the provinces and the capital, though it was escorted by an armed force. Once the gang or *comitiva* seized the *procaccio* which was travelling from Naples to the Basilicata with all the paraphernalia of a newly-established court of justice, and, dressing up in the judge's wigs and robes, amused themselves by holding a mock court of justice on an unfortunate traveller they had captured and sentencing him to immediate execution.¹ The most celebrated brigands of the nineteenth century were the three brothers Vardarelli, who exercised a reign of terror in Apulia. They had a band of forty followers, all well armed and well mounted. They were rarely cruel, except for revenge, and were charitable to the poor. Seldom attacking travellers, they lived chiefly on blackmail exacted from rich farms or *masserias*, a refusal to pay being followed by destruction of cattle and firing of buildings. At length the whole band submitted, and was allowed to form a regular corps under their old leader Gaetano Vardarelli, engaging to secure the provinces they had long ravaged. But the farmers hated them, and, after the three Vardarelli brothers and nine of their companions were killed by the inhabitants of the Albanian village Ururi in the Abruzzi, the rest of the band was surrounded and massacred at Lucera.

¹ See Keppel Craven.

Foggia is at present the best point from whence to make the interesting excursion to Melfi, the Monte Vulture, and Venosa, but for this expedition all but the most hardy travellers will prefer to wait till the railway to Melfi is finished, for the inns at Melfi and Venosa, to which pigs and chickens are freely admitted, are utterly filthy. It is best now to take the train which leaves Foggia at 8.15 for Candela,¹ as it is the only one which is met by a post-carriage. In this, however, the limited accommodation is in great request, and the carriage, usually unpleasantly overcrowded, does not arrive at Melfi till 6 P.M., occupying 8 hrs. on the way. A better plan is to send luggage by the post, and to engage horses at Candela for a bridle-path, which shortens the distance by 3 hrs. A stay at Melfi is only endurable if the visitor is provided with an order from Prince Doria to sleep at the castle.

Melfi in the Basilicata (Inn, *Albergo Basil*) is an exceedingly picturesque town built upon lava. It was much injured by the earthquake of 1851, which almost entirely destroyed the interesting cathedral of 1151, built by William, son of King Roger, and at the same time overthrew many of the churches and other buildings, and buried 800 persons. At the end of the town, approached by a drawbridge, is the *Castle*, which is probably the first fortress erected by the Normans in Italy. It was the work of Robert Guiscard, who was invested here with the duchies of Puglia and Calabria by Pope Nicholas II. A council was held here by Urban II. in 1089; Frederick II. often made Melfi his residence, and it became the capital of his son Conrad. Joanna II. gave it to her favourite, Sergianni Caracciolo, but it was confiscated in 1528, when Sergianni took service with France. He is "Le Duc de Melfe" of Brantome, in his *Hommes Illustres Étrangers*. Charles V. bestowed the castle on Andrea Doria, and the Dukedom of Melfi has ever since been in the Doria family.

"The picturesque buildings of the city (which seems to occupy the site of some ancient place); the valley below it, with its clear stream and great walnut-trees; the numerous fountains; the innumerable caves in the rocks around, now used as stabling for goats, which cluster in swarthy multitudes on tiers of crags; the convents and shrines scattered here and there in the suburbs; the crowded houses

¹ It is intended to continue the line from Candela in various directions—westwards to Avellino, southwards by Melfi to Potenza, eastwards by Venosa to Matera, and by Altamura to join the main line at Gioia del Colle between Bari and Taranto.

and the lofty spires of the interior ; and the perfectly Poussinesque castle, with its fine corner tower commanding the whole scene ; so many fine features in a circumscribed space it is not common to see, even in Italy.”—*E. Lear, Journal of a Landscape Painter.*

Melfi is the best point from whence, on foot or horseback, to undertake the ascent of the volcanic *Monte Voltore*—the Soracte of this part of Italy. The ascent begins on the north side of the mountain, immediately behind the town of Melfi, and then enters the chestnut woods on the west, through which it winds for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. till it reaches the convent of S. Michele.

“The path through these shady forests turns inwards to a deep dell or hollow, formerly the principal crater of the volcano ; and soon through the branches of the tall trees the sparkling Lake of Monticchio is seen, with the Monastery of San Michele reflected in its waters. A more exquisite specimen of monastic solitude cannot be imagined. Built against great masses of rock which project over and seem to threaten the edifice ; the convent (itself a picture) stands immediately above a steep slope of turf, which, descending to the lake, is adorned by groups of immense walnut-trees. High over the rocks above the convent the highest peak of Monte Voltore rises into air, clad entirely with thick wood ; dense wood also clothes the slopes of the hill, which spreads as it were into wings on each side of the lakes. The larger sheet of water is not very unlike Nemi, on a small scale—only that the absence of any but the one solitary building, and the entire shutting out of all distance, makes the quiet romance of S. Michele and its lake complete.”—*E. Lear.*

An hour and a half of ascent brings the traveller from the lake to the summit of the mountain, *Il Pizzuto di Melfi*, 4357 ft., whence there is a glorious panorama. The upper part of the mountain is entirely volcanic lava and basalt. Horace describes an adventure of his childhood on Monte Voltore.

“Escaping from his nurse, he has rambled away from the little cottage on the slopes of Mount Vultur, whither he had probably been taken from the sultry Venusia to pass his *villeggiatura* during the heat of summer, and is found asleep, covered with fresh myrtle and laurel leaves, in which the wood-pigeons have swathed him.

“When from my nurse erewhile, on Vultur’s steep,
I strayed beyond the bound
Of our small home-stead’s ground,
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found,—

“Strewn by the storied doves ; and wonder fell
 On all, their nest who keep
 On Acherontia’s steep,
 Or on Forentum’s low rich pastures dwell,
 Or Bantine woodlands deep,

“That safe from bears and adders in such place
 I lay, and slumbering smiled,
 O’erstrewn with myrtle wild,
 And laurel, by the god’s peculiar grace
 No craven-hearted child.”¹

Sir T. Martin, The Works of Horace.

The post-carriage leaves Melfi at 5 A.M. for Venosa. The journey is most fatiguing, occupying the greater part of the day, and it cannot, in this case, be shortened by taking any bridle-path.

Venosa, a little town romantically situated, was the birthplace of Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) in 65 B.C. He was the son of a tax-gatherer who had bought a small farm near Venusia, and who devoted his whole time and fortune to the education of the future poet.

“‘Though by no means rich and with an unproductive farm, he declined to send the young Horace to the common school, kept in Venusia by one Flavius, to which the children of the rural aristocracy, chiefly retired military officers (the consequential sons of consequential centurions), resorted, with their satchels and tablets, and their monthly payments’ (*Sat.* i. 75, 5). Probably about his twelfth year, the father carried the young Horace to Rome, to receive the usual education of a knight’s or senator’s son.”—*Smith, Dict. of Roman Biography.*

The poet is commemorated by a bust on a column in one of the streets. Venosa stands on the brink of a wide and deep ravine, with a castle and cathedral overtopping the other buildings. The streets are full of mediaeval architecture. The *Castle* was built in 1470 by Pirro di Balzo, Lord of Altamura, who obtained Venosa on his marriage with Maria Donata Orsini, daughter of Duke Gabriel of Taranto. It has four stables, each for fifty horses. The *Cathedral* is spoiled by whitewash : one good arch remains : many fragments of Roman workmanship are built into the walls. The *Abbey of the SS. Trinità*, constructed from the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, is historically one of the most interesting buildings in Italy.

¹ *Carm.* iii. 4.

It is a low edifice with pointed arches, consecrated by Pope Nicholas II. in 1059. In the reign of Boniface VIII. it came into the hands of the knights of S. John; at the entrance are two great lions. A portal of Saracenic character leads into a portico of the thirteenth century. Here is a column, concerning which there is a legend that if you clasp hands with any one round it, you are certain of a lifelong friendship. The interior is terribly injured by modern "restorations." On a pillar in the north aisle is an ancient fresco of Nicholas II. inscribed, "Papa Nicholaus hoc sacrum templum consecravit, MLVIII." On the north side of the central aisle is the *Tomb of Alberada*, the much-injured first wife of Robert Guiscard (married 1048, divorced 1059, died 1112). She died in the abbey, where she had taken refuge. The tomb of her only son, the famous Bohemund, who died in 1107, is alluded to in the epitaph—

" Guiscardi conjux Alberada hac conditur arca ;
Si genitum quaeres, hunc Canusinum habet."

Only an inscription painted on the wall commemorates the illustrious Norman brothers, William Iron Arm, 1046; Drogo, murdered at Venosa on the feast of S. Lawrence 1051; Humphrey, 1057; and Robert Guiscard, who died at Corfu, July 17, 1085, but whose body, rescued from the sea, was brought here "non absque labor," after the ship which bore it from Cephalonia was wrecked on the coast of Apulia. The bones of the great brothers rest together in a simple stone sarcophagus in a niche opposite the tomb of Alberada.

"No chapter of history more resembles a romance than that which records the sudden rise and brief splendour of the house of Hauteville. In one generation the sons of Tancred de Hauteville passed from the condition of squires in the Norman vale of Cotentin, to kingship in the richest island of the southern sea. The Norse adventurers became Sultans of an Oriental capital. The sea-robbers assumed, together with the sceptre, the culture of an Arabian court. The marauders whose armies burned Rome, received at papal hands the mitre and dalmatic as symbols of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The brigands, who on their first appearance in Italy had pillaged stables and farmyards to supply their needs, lived to mate their daughters with princes and

to sway the politics of Europe with gold. . . . Of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville, William Iron Arm, the first Count of Apulia, Robert Guiscard, who united Calabria and Apulia under one dukedom, and carried victorious arms against both emperors of East and West, and Roger, the Great Count, who added Sicily to the conquests of the Normans and bequeathed the kingdom of South Italy to his son, rose to the highest name. But all the brothers shared the great qualities of the house ; and two of them, Humphrey and Drogo, also wore a coronet. Large of limb and stout of heart, persevering under difficulties, crafty yet gifted with the semblance of sincerity, combining the piety of pilgrims with the morals of highwaymen, the sturdiness of barbarians with the plasticity of culture, eloquent in the council-chamber and the field, dear to their soldiers for their bravery and to women for their beauty, equally eminent as generals and as rulers, restrained by no scruples but such as policy suggested, restless in their energy, yet neither fickle nor rash, comprehensive in their views, but indefatigable in detail, these lions among men were made to conquer in the face of overwhelming obstacles, and to hold their conquests with a grasp of iron. What they wrought, whether wisely or not for the ultimate advantage of Italy, endures to this day, while the work of so many emperors, republics, and princes, has passed and shifted like the scenes in a pantomime. Through them the Greeks, the Lombards, and the Moors were extinguished in the south. The Papacy was checked in its attempt to found a province of S. Peter below the Tiber. The republics of Naples, Caëta, Amalfi, which might have rivalled perchance with Milan, Genoa, and Florence, were subdued to a master's hand. In short, to the Norman, Italy owed that kingdom of the two Sicilies which formed one-third of her political balance, and which proved the cause of all her most serious revolutions."—*Symonds's Studies in Italy.*

It was at Venosa that Frederick II. had his golden throne, decked with pearls and precious stones. Here also he kept the wonderful present of the Sultan of Egypt, a tent of marvellous workmanship, displaying the movements of the sun and moon. and telling the hours of day and night. Charles I. (of Anjou) established in Venosa the first known hospital for invalided soldiers.

[A road, from Melfi to the southern railway at Eboli, passes the Albanian colony of *Barile*. Five miles farther is the earthquake-stricken town of *Atella*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.E. of which is the castle of *Lago Pesole*, a favourite hunting-seat of Frederick II., on a conical hill, taking its name from a small pool beneath. It is now the property of the Dorias, and is still habitable. Eighteen miles farther is *Muro*,

occupying the site of Numistro, where Hannibal and Marcellus fought B.C. 210. Its castle is famous for two tragedies—Henry, son of Frederick II. and Isabella of England, died there in 1254, poisoned, it is supposed, by his half-brother Conrad; and Joanna I. was smothered there by a feather-bed in 1381, whilst the prisoner of her cousin, Charles III. of Durazzo.]

On leaving Foggia, the line passes—

Cerignola (Stat.), the ancient Ceraunilia, the scene of the victory which Gonsalvo da Cordova gained in 1503 over the French, in which their commander, the Duke de Nemours, was killed.

Barletta (Stat.) (*Hotel Fanfulla* or *Ettore Fieramosca*, tolerable, if the best rooms can be obtained), the ancient Bariolum, a large town on the flat shore of the Adriatic, a favourite residence with the Norman princes. Here Frederick II., excommunicated by Gregory IX., but, determined to show himself more catholic than the Pope, wearing the imperial purple, proclaimed the crusade of 1228; and here Manfred used to walk through the streets singing his own compositions—*strombuotti*, strophes of eight verses of eleven syllables each.

The hotel is opposite *S. Sepolcro*, a three-aisled Gothic church with many Norman details, oppressed by a classic campanile. Against the wall of the church is a bronze statue of a giant, 18 ft. high, probably representing the Emperor Heraclius, 610-641.

“The military dress and accoutrements are Roman, but the head is Byzantine, and the diadem which encircles it is such as was worn by the early Greek emperors. The noble and serene expression of the face answers well to the idea which we form of this valorous servant of Christ, this pioneer of the crusaders, who invaded the Persian Empire to regain the Cross which Schaharbarz, the cruel ally of Chosroes, King of Persia, had carried off to Ctesiphon after he had taken Jerusalem and burned the Holy Sepulchre; and who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to replace the holy relic, and mounted the steep ascent of Calvary, bearing it like our Lord upon his shoulders. The attitude of the figure recalls this passage in the Emperor’s history;

he stands holding aloft in his right hand the Cross which that right hand had redeemed from the Infidels. One minor point of truth to portraiture is the beardless chin, for we are told that when Heraclius became Emperor, he cut off his beard which he had worn till then. Two different stories are told about the arrival of this statue in Italy, both of which coincide in the statement that the ship in which it was brought from Constantinople was wrecked off the coast of Barletta, leaving it stranded, like some huge leviathan, upon the beach, where it remained until the fifteenth century, when it was brought to the town in a mutilated state, and set up in the piazza, after the legs, the cross, and the ball which lies in the hollow of the left hand, had been restored by a Neapolitan bronze-caster named Albanus Fabius. One of these accounts records that Heraclius himself had the statue cast by a Greek artist named Polyphobus, and sent it to Monte Gargano as an offering to the shrine of the archangel Michael. The other, which wears a much greater air of probability, states that the Venetians brought it away from Constantinople, where it had been possibly set soon after the Emperor entered the city, on his return from Persia, mounted on a triumphal car drawn by four white elephants, and preceded by the rescued Cross."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

Filthy streets lead to the *Cathedral of S. Maria Maggiore*, which has a noble campanile and west front of the twelfth century. The granite columns were brought from Canosa. The windows, of pierced marble-work, are quite Saracenic in character. Marvellous monsters adorn its doors.

"The habit of looking for a symbol in every created thing led to a system of mystical zoology contained in the *Physiologus* or *Bestiary*, a work which explains the now-forgotten meaning of many of the strange forms carved about the façades of mediaeval churches. The first sentence in the version of the *Bestiary* made by Peter of Picardy, clearly sets forth the object for which it was composed. 'Here commences the book which is called *Bestiary*, and it is so called because it speaks of the nature of beasts; for God created all the creatures upon earth for man, and that he may in them find an example of faith and a source of belief.' One or two extracts from the *Physiologus* will give the reader an idea of the way in which the different animals are described in view of man's instruction. 'The lion has three properties. He lives in the high mountains; when he finds himself pursued by the hunter he conceals his track by effacing his footsteps with his tail; when he sleeps he has his eyes open; after the young lion cubs are born they lie lifeless upon the ground for three days, abandoned by the lioness; then the lion comes, and breathing upon them, recalls them to life. Thus Jesus Christ concealed His coming upon the earth so completely that the devil even was unaware of it.

Three days, like the lion whelps, He lay lifeless, then God the Father brought Him forth from the tomb and gloriously resuscitated Him ! ' When the hunter has seized the young tiger cubs and is pursued by the tiger, he places a mirror in the path of the furious animal, who, on perceiving himself in it is so charmed by the spectacle of his own beauty, that he gives up the chase, and forgets his loss. The hunter is the devil, the cub is the soul which he wishes to steal away, and the mirror the temptations of the world put in man's way to absorb and divert his attention from matters connected with the welfare of his soul.'—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

The stately and beautiful interior is spoiled by whitewash ; it has a marble tabernacle of the fourteenth century, and a sculptured pulpit of the same age. A bust of Ferdinand of Arragon against a pillar on the left, commemorates his coronation here in 1458. Behind the cathedral is a picturesque well in a vine-covered pergola, very attractive to artists. The *Church of S. Andrea* contains a beautiful sixteenth century statue of S. John the Baptist.

Visitors will thankfully escape from the innumerable beggars at Barletta to drive (a carriage with 3 horses costs 12 frs. for the day) across the fruit-covered plain to Canosa. A mile before reaching the city a little hill is crossed, from which you descend upon the plain of the Aufidus, a river of which the uncertain and vehement character is described by Horace—

“ Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni praeffluit Apuli,
Cum saevit, horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur agris.”

Carm. iv. 14, 25.

One side of the tiny public garden at the entrance of the town is occupied by the venerable and picturesque *Church of S. Savino*, rebuilt in 1101 by the Norman hero Bohemund on the foundations of an earlier building. Over the central aisle are three cupolas, which give an Eastern character to the church. They are supported by eighteen pillars, of which six are of beautiful *verde antico*.

The episcopal throne, made by the sculptor Romoaldus, for Urso, Archbishop of Bari and Canosa, in the eleventh century, rests on elephants, and is adorned with sphinxes,

griffins, and eagles. The noble pulpit is supported by four octagonal columns sculptured with leaf-work, and has a reading-desk upheld by an eagle resting on a human head. In a side chapel, surrounded by Norman arcades, and crowned by a cupola resting on dwarf pillars—"an Eastern kubr with its dome, erected to contain the remains of a christian king"¹—is the tomb of Bohemund, the son of Robert Guiscard, and hero of Tasso.

“Ma’ l gran nemico mio tra queste squadre
Già riveder non posso ; e pur vi guato :
Io dico Boemondo, il micidiale
Distruiggitor del sangue mio reale.”

Ger. Lib. iii. 63.

“Sigelgaita² intrigued so successfully with Robert Guiscard for her son Roger that, on his father’s death, Bohemund found himself disinherited, and was obliged, while waiting for an opportunity of winning a new realm in the East, to content himself with the principality of Tarentum. Not long after, when Duke Roger was besieging Amalfi, which had revolted from him, Bohemund, who was in the camp, heard that an army of Crusaders was passing through Italy on its way to Palestine. Determined to follow in their wake, he feigned enthusiasm for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre, and having won five hundred Norman knights to his standard, he fastened crosses upon their shoulders made out of the strips of two rich vestments which he ordered to be cut up for the purpose. Crowds of followers flocked from Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily, to join him, and his preparations were so rapid that in a few days he was able to embark from Reggio with an army of thirty thousand men.

“After remaining a whole year at Constantinople the Crusaders began their march through Asia Minor towards Syria and Palestine, and won the battle of Doryclea, thanks to the opportune arrival of Godefroy de Bouillon and his soldiers when Bohemund’s division was well-nigh spent, after fighting for five hours against the innumerable Turkish host. They then sat down before Antioch, which they entered after a seven months’ siege, through the treachery of Pirro, the Armenian—

‘Quel che fè il lodato inganno,
Dando Antiochia presa a Boamondo.’

Bohemund, saluted Prince of Antioch, now began to realise his golden dreams of Oriental sovereignty, but not until he had defeated an army of two hundred thousand Turks who besieged the city did he feel himself really master of his long-coveted prize. It soon, however, slipped from his grasp, for, as if to punish him for violating the oath which

¹ Ferguson.

² Second wife of Robert Guiscard.

bound him never to forsake the Crusaders till they had won the Holy Sepulchre from Infidel hands, his fortunes changed from the moment when he allowed them to depart without him. His

‘cupido ingenio,
Ch’ all’ umane grandezze intento aspirava,’¹

bound him to Antioch, and Jerusalem was taken without his aid.



Tomb of Bohemund, Canosa.

Then followed his capture by the Emir Damisman, at Melitaea, and his four years' imprisonment in a Turkish dungeon; his defeat before Carrhes, and flight; his return to Europe to raise fresh troops—nominally for a new crusade, but secretly with the hope of compassing the conquest of Constantinople. Justified by the permission of Pope Pascal II., he went to France to fulfil the vow which he had made in prison, to lay his chains upon the altar of S. Leonard at Limoges, and contracted an alliance with King Philip I., to whose daughter Constance he was married at Chartres. Standing upon the steps of the altar, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, he preached a new crusade, and promised ‘castles, cities, and rich possessions in Asia,’ to all who would join in it. Here and at Poitiers, where he repeated his appeal, knights and barons flocked to his standard in such numbers that he returned to the East with an army of forty-five thousand men. With these he laid siege to Durazzo, which had been

¹ *Gerusalemme Liberata*, i. 9.

fortified by the Emperor Alexis, but the intrigues of the wily Greek soon caused such division in the Christian camp, that Bohemund, baffled and hard pressed, was forced to conclude a disgraceful peace. For a second time he became the guest of the Greek Emperor Alexis Comnenus, who flattered him with the title of *Sebastos*, and gave him a revenue; but his restless spirit knew no repose; again he returned to Apulia with his wife and child, and died there when on the eve of re-embarking for the East."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors*.

The bronze doors of the tomb, thoroughly Byzantine in character, bear the name of their artist, Roger of Amalfi, and four Latin inscriptions commemorating the virtues and exploits of Bohemund. On this side of the church the earth has risen almost to the height of the chapel-roof, so that the tomb stands in a little court below the level of the public garden.

It is rather in the suburbs than in the streets of Canosa that we must seek for the remains of the ancient Canusium, which was one of the most ancient cities of Apulia, its foundation, as well as that of the neighbouring Arpi, being ascribed to Diomede.

"Sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator :
Nam Canusi lapidosus, aquae non ditior urna
Qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.¹

Horace, Sat. i. v. 89.

After the defeat of Cannae, the remnant of the Roman army took refuge at Canusium, which was never taken by Hannibal. Strabo speaks of the vast extent of its walls in his time. Greek was as much its ancient language as Latin: Horace² speaks of "Canusini bilinguis." The amphitheatre, a gateway, and the remains of an aqueduct built by Herodes Atticus, may be traced. In the gardens on the west of the town are *Le Grotte*, very curious Etruscan chambers, with a pillared entrance. Near this is *Il Tauro*, a vast unexplored mass of ruin of unknown origin.

Climbing the steep rugged streets of Canosa to the apex of the hill to which it clings, we have a view down the

¹ The bread of Canosa is still often full of sand owing to the soft nature of the rock from which its mill-stones are made.

² *Sat. i. 10, 30.*

valley of the Aufidus, sometimes called Campus Diomedis,¹ towards Barletta.

“ Save where Garganus, with low-ridgèd bound,
Protects the North, the eye outstretching far
Surveys one sea of gently-swelling ground,
A fitly-moulded ‘Orchestra of War.’

Here Aufidus, between his humble banks
With wild thyme plotted, winds along the plain
A devious path, as when the serried ranks
Passed over it, that passed not back again.”

Monckton Milnes.

About 6 m. distant, on the south bank of the Aufidus, stood *Cannae*—“ignobilis Apuliae vicus”—where, on the 2d of August B.C. 216, the Romans underwent their famous defeat from Hannibal. The geography of the battle has always been a disputed point, the constant changes in the course of the Ofanto adding to the perplexity. But there is much reason for the supposition that the two Roman camps on either side of the Aufidus were situated about 2 m. lower down the river than Cannae. Here, probably on the morning of the battle, Varro caused that part of his army in the larger camp on the north to cross the easily fordable river, and unite with the soldiers placed in the smaller camp on the south. Hannibal would then cross the river nearer Cannae to meet them. The varied windings of the Aufidus would allow the right wing of the Roman army to rest on the river, and still to have their faces to the south,² which led to their being blinded by the clouds of dust borne on the terrible scirocco wind, here called the Vulturnus, and so, ultimately, to their ruin. Varro fled on horseback, and, crossing the river, reached Venusia.

“The skirmishing of the light-armed troops precluded as usual to the battle; the Balearian slingers slung their stones like hail into the ranks of the Roman line and severely wounded the Consul Aemilius himself. Then the Spanish and Gaulish horse charged the Romans front to front and maintained a standing fight with them, many leaping

¹ Livy, xxv. 12. Sil. Ital., viii. 242.

² See Crauford Tait Ramage, *Nooks and Byways of Italy*.

off their horses and fighting on foot, till the Romans, outnumbered and badly armed, without cuirasses, with light and brittle spears, and with shields made only of ox-hide, were totally routed and driven off the field. Hasdrubal, who commanded the Gauls and Spaniards, followed up his work effectually; he chased the Romans along the river till he had almost destroyed them, and then, riding off to the right, he came up to aid the Numidians, who, after their manner, had been skirmishing indecisively with the cavalry of the Italian allies. These, on seeing the Gauls and Spaniards advancing, broke away and fled; the Numidians, most effective in pursuing a flying enemy, chased them with unweariable speed, and slaughtered them unsparingly; while Hasdrubal, to complete his signal services on this day, charged fiercely upon the rear of the Roman infantry.

“He found its huge masses already weltering in helpless confusion, crowded upon one another, totally disorganised, and fighting each man as he best could, but struggling on against all hope by mere indomitable courage. For the Roman columns on the right and left, finding the Gaulish and Spanish foot advancing in a convex line or wedge, pressed forward to assail what seemed the flanks of the enemy’s column; so that, being already drawn up with too narrow a front by their original formation, they now became compressed still more by their own movements, the right and left converging towards the centre, till the whole army became one dense column, which forced its way onwards by the weight of its charge, and drove back the Gauls and Spaniards into the rear of their own line. Meanwhile its victorious advance had carried it, like the English column at Fontenoy, into the midst of Hannibal’s army; it had passed between the African infantry on its right and left; and now, whilst its head was struggling against the Gauls and Spaniards, its long flanks were fiercely assailed by the Africans, who, facing about to the right and left, charged it home and threw it into utter disorder. In this state, when they were forced together into one unwieldy crowd, and already falling by thousands, whilst the Gauls and Spaniards, now advancing in their turn, were barring further progress in front, and whilst the Africans were tearing their mass to pieces on both flanks, Hasdrubal with his victorious Gaulish and Spanish horsemen broke with thundering fury on their rear. Then followed a butchery such as has no recorded equal, except the slaughter of the Persians in their camp, when the Greeks forced it after the battle of Plataea. Unable to fight or fly, with no quarter asked or given, the Romans and Italians fell before the swords of their enemies, till, when the sun set upon the field, there were left out of that vast multitude no more than three thousand men alive and unwounded; and these fled in straggling parties, under cover of darkness, and found a refuge in the neighbouring towns. The consul Aemilius, the proconsul Cn. Servilius, the late master of the horse M. Minucius, two quaestors, twenty-one military tribunes, and eighty senators, lay dead amidst the carnage.

“Less than six thousand men of Hannibal’s army had fallen; no

greater price had he paid for the total destruction of more than eighty thousand of the enemy, for the capture of their two camps, for the utter annihilation, as it seemed, of all their means of offensive warfare."—*Arnold, Hist. of Rome.*

Cannae became the site of a bishopric under the later empire, and was in existence in the thirteenth century, though most of its buildings were destroyed by Robert Guiscard in 1083. Now only a few ruins remain. A spring is still called "Pozzo d'Emilio," because Emilius Paulus is supposed to have died near it, and an angle in the windings of the Ofanto is still known as "Pezzo di Sangue."

About 5 m. south-west of Canosa is the town of *Minervino*, said to derive its name from a temple of Minerva, and finely situated, with a wide view. There is a curious grotto here, dedicated to S. Michael.

Six miles east of Canosa, amongst the fruit-gardens, is the dull town of *Andria*, with a featureless *Cathedral*, which has been much modernised. Here in the crypt (very difficult of access) are some beautiful fragments from the destroyed tombs of two of the wives of Frederick II.—Iolanthe, daughter of Walter de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and rightful heiress of that kingdom through her mother, who died at seventeen, at Castel del Monte, ten days after the birth of her son Conrad; and the beloved Isabella of England, daughter of Henry III., who died at Foggia, December 1, 1241, and for whom it was ordered that every bell in the kingdom should toll.

The *Church of S. Agostino* has a rich portal with quaint sculptures, which include Christ incensed by angels. On the portal of the thirteenth-century *Church of Porta Santa*, Frederick II. and Manfred are both represented as Caesars in medallions—probably copies from originals of their time.

Hence it is about 6 m. to Trani, which is 10 m. by rail from Barletta.

Trani (*Hotel d'Italia* not *Stella d'Italia*—tolerable, and very reasonable), occupying the site of the ancient Turinum, is a handsome town, which gave a title to the second sons

of the kings of Naples. Above one of the gates is inscribed—

“Tirenus fecit, Trajanus me reparavit,
Ergo mihi Tranum nomen uterque dedit.”

The little circular port, constructed by Venetians in the fifteenth century, will recall the Cala of Palermo to Sicilian travellers. At one of its angles is a very pretty public garden full of cytirus, where a number of ancient milestones are preserved, and whence the almost insulated cathedral of orange-coloured stone is seen reflected in the sea, with a picturesque foreground of bright-sailed boats.

A narrow street on the left of the port passes under an arch close to (right) the very curious *Church of Ogni Santi*, which belonged to the Knights Templar, and has a double portico resting on pillars, with capitals of exuberant sculpture, presenting the most fantastic invention. The street ends at the noble *Cathedral of S. Nicholas the Pilgrim*, dedicated, but not yet finished, in 1143, to contain the bones of a Greek pilgrim murdered at Trani in 1094, and canonised by Urban II. The grand Lombard tower, 260 ft. high, was built by “Nicolaus, sacerdos et protomagister.” The west front is highly picturesque, with a balcony resting on arches, and is indescribably rich in decoration. The splendid bronze doors of 1175, the work of the famous bronze-caster, Barisanus of Trani, adorned with figures of Christ and His apostles and scenes from the Gospel history, are one of the noblest works of art in Southern Italy. The interior of the church is full of interest, and has a crypt resting on thirty marble columns: Philip, Prince of Morea, second son of Charles I., rests here in a marble coffin.

“Both in structure and ornament the cathedral of Trani is a striking example of the many foreign influences which acted upon Apulian art. Its plain massive walls are Norman; one of the windows in the bell-tower and portions of the ornament are Arabic; its ground-plan is that of the triple-naved Roman basilica; its bronze gates are Italo-Byzantine; and its double-arched portal, with its slender columns and sculptured pilasters resting on human figures, is a first-rate example of the Romanesque style.”—*Perkins*.

The traveller Swinburne describes a rule in Trani, that

no work should be done after dinner : a blacksmith could not even be persuaded to shoe horses. The wine called "Il Moscato di Trani" has great local celebrity.

From almost all the towns we have been describing, across the wide plain, crowning a conical hill, a castle has been visible at a great distance. This is *Castel del Monte*, the favourite palace of Frederick II. (1220-44), which is best visited from Trani. It is three hours' drive (carriage with 3 horses, 20 frs.) across the fruit-covered plain, sprinkled with small domed towers, on which the figs are dried upon tiers of masonry round the domes. The towers are often surmounted by crosses, have a shrine on the side towards the road, and are highly picturesque. From the point where the carriage-road comes to an end, it is an hour's walk, over a wilderness covered with stones, where the sheep find scanty subsistence in the short grass between the great tufts of lilies. Then the conical hill has to be climbed to the castle. The keys are kept at a neighbouring farm—*Masseria del Patrino* (the shepherd will fetch them). The castle is octangular, with octagonal turrets at the angles. It measures 167 ft. across at its extreme breadth, and encloses an octangular court 57 ft. in diameter. The marble used in its construction is taken from a quarry on the hill itself. Both its stories are vaulted. The chambers are desolate, and the windows open to the sky ; but the arched ceilings, marble doorways, and high sculptured chimney-pieces are still almost as perfect as when the great Frederick was living here in 1240 : their details are Italian, superimposed on a German design. Lear¹ narrates the legend that Frederick, having appointed one of the best architects of the day to erect Castel del Monte, sent one of his courtiers to bring him a report of the work. The messenger set out, but lingered in Melfi under the attractions of a beautiful damsel, till he was summoned to return. Believing that the Emperor would never have time to visit the castle, and unable to describe it, he denounced it as a total failure, both as to beauty and utility. The Emperor, enraged at the account

¹ *Journal of a Landscape Painter.*

he had received, despatched guards to Castel del Monte to bring the architect to his presence, but he destroyed himself and his whole family in his terror upon receiving the summons. Horrified by the news of this catastrophe, the Emperor himself hurried to Apulia, and finding his beautiful castle unfinished, and his best architect lost through the falsehood of his messenger, dragged the offender by the hair to the top of the highest tower, and hurled him with his own hand from the battlements.



Castel del Monte.

Manfred made Castel del Monte his frequent residence, and it was afterwards used as the prison of his widow and children by Charles of Anjou. The castle was still inhabited and in perfection during the reign of King Ferdinand, in 1459.

“No part of the world, perhaps, can show a more admirably constructed edifice than the Gothic castle known as Castel del Monte, which Frederic erected upon the summit of a high mountain between Ruvo and Andria, called by the Normans ‘le Haut Mont,’ and the ‘Mont Hardi.’ The earliest tradition connected with it tells of a Lombard tower, which Robert Guiscard threw down and replaced by a castle constructed with money found by a Sicilian Saracen near an antique temple at no great distance from the spot. Upon the top of

this temple stood a statue with a circlet of bronze about its head, upon which the following inscription was engraved in Greek—‘At the rising of the sun on the calends of May I shall have a golden head.’ The sharp-witted Arab read and divined the enigma, and digging on the 1st of May where the shadow of the statue’s head fell at the rising of the sun, he discovered gold.

“Whether Frederic II. entirely destroyed, or only enlarged and rebuilt, the castle of Robert Guiscard is not known, but the building, which is at the same time a fortress and a palace, is generally ascribed entirely to him. Tenanted only by robbers or wandering shepherds, it has greatly suffered of late years, and its single portal with a double Gothic arch and cannellated pilasters, above whose Corinthian capitals stand the Swabian lions, has been much marred and defaced. Through it the traveller enters into the castle, which, from its great size, its peculiar distribution, the mysterious solitudes of its vaulted chambers and winding stairways, and its association with one of the most romantic and interesting persons in history, is eminently calculated to affect the imagination. Involuntarily the feeling creeps over the mind that the great Frederic is waiting here, like Barbarossa at Kyffhausen, until he be permitted to issue forth in pomp to resume the reins of empire.

“The edifice is as beautiful as its general plan is ingenious and its masonry perfect. The same high finish and admirable taste is visible everywhere; in the windows with their colonnettes of rose-coloured marble and their deep embrasures; in the tall Gothic fireplaces; and in the ribbed and vaulted ceilings, with their rosettes and corbels, some of which are adorned with seated figures sculptured in the rude art of the thirteenth century. Two, in a far superior style of art, representing the head of a satyr, and a smiling face of a very pleasing expression, are carved upon the corbels above a staircase in one of the towers. The only other piece of sculpture in the castle is an almost totally effaced bas-relief upon the upper part of one of the walls of the central court, which represented a woman kneeling before a chief with a retinue of armed men.”—*Perkins’s Italian Sculptors.*

From Trani it is possible to proceed to *Ruvo*, the ancient Rubi, mentioned by Horace as one of the places which Maecenas and his companions passed through between Rome and Brundisium.

“Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus.”

Sat. i. v. 94.

The Greek influence on this place is shown in its beautiful coins, and still more in the quantity of ancient vases discovered here. The *Cathedral*, a three-aisled basilica, with three apses and a lofty campanile, has a very

rich façade, somewhat like that of Trani, crowned by a statuette of S. John the Baptist. *S. Giovanni Rotondo* is an ancient circular baptistery, with two large fonts.

Continuing its course along the coast, the railway reaches—

Bisceglie (Stat.), where the *Cathedral* of the twelfth century has a fine portal, but is modernised within. The *Church of S. Margherita* contains ancient tombs of the Falcone family, by whom it was founded. We next reach the towns of *Molfetta* and *Giovinazzo*, where the churches have all the same characteristics—round arches, richly ornamented with foliage and monsters, and frequently low semi-Saracenic domes over the body of the church.

Bari (Stat.)

Hotel del Resorgimento, clean and tolerable but very dear ; restaurant, good but extortionate.

This ancient city, which the Greek emperor made the residence of his lieutenant or captain, and which was the second town of the Bourbon kingdom, has all the characteristics of the meanest parts of Naples—flat roofs, dilapidated, whitewashed houses, and a swarming, noisy, dirty, begging, brutalised population. Two modern streets intersect with formal dismalness the labyrinths of old houses and narrow alleys. On their outskirts is the machicolated castle in which Queen Bona of Poland died in 1558. In a chapel here, dedicated to S. Francis, a practical joke played upon the saint by Frederick II., and reputed to have been overcome by a miracle, is commemorated in the inscription—

“Hic lascivientem puellam, vel saevientem Hydrum igne domuit Franciscus. Cinere exutus veste prudens qui ex aquis ortam Venerem et juxta aquas adortum flammis extinxit Fortis qui inexpugnabile reddidit in hoc castro pudicitiae claustrum.”

Hard by are the two great churches. Of these, the archiepiscopal *Cathedral of S. Sabino* was founded by the Greek bishop Bisantius, and consecrated, October 28, 1035, on the site of a chapel in which the bones of S. Sabinus

brought to Bari from Canosa in 850, had been buried for 240 years. It was destroyed by the Saracens, but rebuilt and re-dedicated in 1171. In the lofty and massive walls which surround the building, all the ornament is exhausted in most delicate and beautiful carving round the doors and windows. The east end has two tall towers (too tall for their breadth) and a small central dome. The central window is supported by curious figures of elephants. The apse is internal. The interior is entirely modernised, and its beautiful ciborium, by Alfanus da Termoli (1062-1087), and its pulpit, erected soon after, under Bishop Andreas, are destroyed. In the ancient crypt is the shrine of S. Sabinus.

More interesting is the *Church of S. Nicolò*, founded in 1087 by Robert Guiscard. The crypt was dedicated in 1089 to receive the corpse of the holy Nicholas of Myra in Lycia, one of the fathers who condemned the Arian heresy at the Council of Nice, and who had a body which was as well able to work miracles in death as in life.

“He was emphatically the saint of the people; the *bourgeois* saint, invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the labourer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave; he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout all Catholic Europe, children are still taught to reverence S. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his peculiar care; if they are good, docile, and attentive to their studies, S. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their stockings with dainties: while he has, as certainly, a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly.”—*Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art.*

S. Nicholas died at Myra, full of honours, in A.D. 326, and immediately hundreds of pilgrims began to flock annually to his tomb. Many relic-robbers attempted to carry off the holy body, but all failed till after the cathedral was destroyed by the Saracens, when some sailors of Bari, searching amongst the ruins in 1087, discovered the shrine and carried off the relics. To the fury of the Venetians, who declare that they have the true body of S. Nicholas,

Bari has ever since been one of the greatest centres of pilgrimage in Italy. The immense church, built with the assistance of the Normans, has even more the aspect of a fortress than the cathedral. Towers guard each side of the western gable. The pillars of the central porch rest upon brackets with elephants, but there is only Greek scroll-work on the walls, after the fashion of Greek Calabria. On either side of the main entrance are noble pillars, taken from some classical building, and only used here as ornaments.

At the back of the church is a curious relief, representing some of the miracles of the saint, including one which is highly popular. While making a diocesan tour, the bishop stayed at an inn whose host was in the habit of stealing children, murdering them, and serving them up as food to his guests. S. Nicholas at once recognised the meal set before him as human flesh, and going to the tub, where three little boys were salted down, prayed over them, and they arose safe and well, and were restored to their widowed mother!

It was in this church that Peter of Amiens preached the first crusade in 1094, and that Urban II. held a council in 1098. It is divided into three aisles by screens of granite or marble columns, and the central aisle is spanned by three vast arches, which are supposed to have at one time supported the roof, but were more probably intended to strengthen the building in case of earthquakes: they have a picturesque though strange effect. "There is no Lombard imagery but a faithful imitation of the Roman:"¹ the capitals of the pillars and the piers of the nave are Corinthian, and they are evidently borrowed from some other building.

On the left of the entrance is a tablet to Robert Chyurlia, Chancellor of King Charles I. of Anjou, who conducted the proceedings at Naples against Conradin, and is said to have been afterwards killed by a nephew of King Charles on the very spot where he had pronounced the atrocious sentence.

¹ Gally Knight.

Behind the tabernacle which covers the high altar, is the tomb of Bona Sforza, widow of Sigismund III. of Poland, who inherited Bari from her mother, Isabella of Arragon, widow of Gian Galeazzo. The kneeling figure and calm, sweet face of the queen are very striking. Beneath it is a very curious archiepiscopal throne of 1098, made by Archbishop Elias to commemorate the great council against the errors of the Greek Church, which met in this church as soon as the building was completed. Its back rests upon a lion with a man's head in his paws (an ornament supposed to be a reminiscence of the throne of Solomon), and the front is supported by two half-kneeling Arabs (commemorating the Saracenic occupation of Bari in the ninth century), and by a queer figure of a man in a conical cap, with a staff in his hand. The glorious Gothic tabernacle, erected early in 1120 by Abbot Eustachius, contains a representation in niello of the coronation of King Roger II. by the Antipope Anacletus. A pillar, said to have been changed from wood into iron by S. Nicolà, is surrounded by a railing, to preserve it from the scrapers of the faithful.

The picturesque Saracenic *Crypt*, with its twenty-eight low thick-set pillars with richly-carved capitals of endless variety, and its wonderful combinations of shadow and colour, will recall the mosque at Cordova on a very small scale; and it is believed to have been built by the same Sicilian workmen who were employed in the semi-Moorish palaces of La Zisa and La Cuba, and the Cathedral of Monreale near Palermo. It is always full of beggars, whom the sacred character of the place does not restrain from the first whining, then imperious cry of "Nicolà, Nicolà," by which they demand alms as a right. It is also crowded by pilgrims who crawl on their knees to the altar, where a priest gives them water to drink, which is said to be mingled with *Manna di S. Nicolà*, a healing oil which exudes from his holy body. At the great festa on the 8th of May and seven following days, crowds of pilgrims come from Albania, and from Russia, of which S. Nicolà is the patron saint. A short religious service preludes the giving of the manna. Then

a priest lies prostrate before the altar and eventually thrusts half his body quite into the tomb, whence he brings forth the oil, which is doled out to the worshippers to drink. At the bottom of the steps leading to the upper church is the tomb of Archbishop Elias, the Benedictine abbot in whose time the church was built, and whose virtues are commemorated in Latin verses carved upon the steps of the high altar.

The peculiar sanctity which the relics of S. Nicolà imparted to this church, caused it to be chosen for the coronation of the kings of Italy and Sicily. King Roger II. was crowned here in 1131, also the Emperor Henry VI. and his wife Constance, and King Manfred.

“Bari, che a’ suoi regi albergo scelse
Fortuna, e diè corona e insegne excelse.”

Tasso.

The shops of Bari are full of “Aqua Stomachica di Bari”—a kind of Rosolio.

It is a dull drive of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr. to *Bitonto* (8 frs.) across low hills of olives and almonds cut down to uniform ugliness. Nevertheless all lovers of architecture should make this excursion, as the *Cathedral of S. Valentinian* at Bitonto is the noblest in Southern Italy. It resembles many of the cathedrals we have already seen in general forms, in its three aisles, its square east end, and its windows with their hooded canopies, but in all its details it is richer, and in colour it is glorious. Its sculptures are a mixture of the Byzantine, Romanesque, Saracenic, and Italian pre-Revival styles. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and fancifulness of the friezes under many of the windows, and of the western and south-eastern portals, and beneath what was the roof of the side aisles there is an open gallery of surpassing beauty, where Romanesque figures of animals are mingled with Saracenic ornaments. The central doorway of the west front has a hood of splendid sculpture supported by pillars resting on monsters: above the cornice are two richly-hooded windows, and then a circular window filled with tracery. The interior possesses two noble

pulpits on the same side of the nave, of which the larger bears the name of the sculptor—"Nicolaus Sacerdos et Magister" in 1229. Its accessories and ornaments for the most part are exquisitely finished, but at the back of the staircase is a relief of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba of the rudest execution. The holy water basins are of the same date. The crypt is magnificent. If the whitewash and some modern frippery were cleared away without any attempt to "restore" the masterpieces of sculpture with which this church is so profusely decorated, it would be one of the noblest buildings in Italy. The piazza is sufficiently unaltered to recall the time (December 28, 1250) when Matteo Spinello da Giovenazzo describes seeing the funeral procession of the great Frederick II. pass through it on its way from Castel Fiorentino to Taranto—the body on its crimson-covered litter, the six companies of armed Saracen guards loudly weeping for their master as they went, the long train of barons in black. The *Palazzo Sylos*, of 1502, has an open loggia adorned with reliefs, inscriptions, and a number of heads of mythological and historical personages in medallions.

It is next to impossible to sketch in Bitonto from the violence of the half-savage crowd in every lowest stage of beggary and filth.

Trains run in 3 hrs. from Bari to Brindisi, passing—

Mola di Bari (Stat.), a small seaport with a fine Norman church, modernised in the sixteenth century. It contains "Il Sepolcro dei Appestati" of the victims of the plague which decimated Mola from November 1815 to June 1816, inscribed—"Pena di morte a chi osa aprirlo."

Polignano (Stat.) One mile from hence is the picturesque *Convent of S. Vito*. Six miles distant is the episcopal city of *Conversano*. There is a sea cave of marvellous beauty near Polignano.

Monopoli (Stat.) has several interesting churches. The *Cathedral* contains a beautiful S. Sebastian by *Palma Vecchio*.

Half-way between Monopoli and Fasano, at the deserted spot now called *Torre d'Agnazzo*, are the remains of Egnatia or Gnatia. The outer wall is almost perfect, and nowhere less than a yard and a half high. The sites of the gates are all marked. On the north side a double wall still rises for 30 ft., and is protected by a deep moat cut in the solid rock. The walls of the acropolis, which stood in the heart of the city, are also standing. It was here that Horace and his travelling companions ridiculed the pretended miracle shown by the inhabitants, who affirmed that incense placed on a certain altar was spontaneously consumed without fire.

“ Dein Gnatia lymphis

Iratis extracta dedit risusque jocosque :

Dum flamma sine thura liquescere limine sacro

Persuadere cupit. Credat Judaeus Apella,

Non ego.”

Sat. i. v. 97.

Ostuni (Stat.), a very picturesque walled town with a beautiful *Cathedral* of 1435.

Brindisi (Stat.).

Carriage to town, 50 c. ; night 1 fr. *Albergo delle Indie Orientali*, on the harbour ; *Hotel d'Angleterre*, in the town. This is the principal starting-point of steamers for Corfu, Syra, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople (in 8 days), Alexandria (in 7 days), and Odessa.

Brundisium was the chief port of the Romans, and the place where their armies were embarked. It was the final point in the tour of Horace and Maecenas—“*Brundisium longae finis chartaeque viaeque.*” Cicero landed here B.C. 57, on his return from exile ; Octavius first assumed here the name of Caesar ; Virgil died here B.C. 19, on his return from Greece, and Agrippina landed here, bearing the ashes of Germanicus. Strabo speaks of the port as superior to that of Tarentum, and at a much earlier period Ennius had called it—

“ Brundisium pulcro praecinctorum praepete portu.”

I *Ann.* vi. 53.

It had an outer and inner harbour, the former greatly sheltered by the islands of Barra, now called *Isole di S. Andrea*. Brindisi was the chief place of embarkations used

in the Crusades, and began to fall into disuse when they came to an end. Lately great works have been executed for the restoration of the port.

The *Castle*, begun by Alfonso of Arragon, and completed by Charles V., is a noble building, in great measure constructed from ancient materials. The *Cathedral* (of the Madonna and S. Teodoro) was consecrated by Urban II. in 1089, but was rebuilt in the reign of King Roger. It has since been several times ruined by earthquakes, and little ancient remains except the mosaic pavement. Frederick II. was crowned here in 1225, and was married here to his second wife Iolanthe. A tall cipollino column is adorned with figures of the gods: a similar column stood beside it, but was thrown down by an earthquake in 1456, and removed to Lecce in 1663. The ancient *Church of S. Giovanni Battista* is circular, built of large square stones without mortar, and has a beautiful portal with pillars resting on lions. There is a richly-decorated ancient porch at *S. Benedetto*. Between the castle and port is a fountain of Roman origin, repaired by Tancred and afterwards by Charles V. Pliny says—"Brundusii in portu fons, incorruptas præbet aquas navigantibus." Not far from Brindisi, at the Masseria Gianuzzo, is the *Crypta di S. Biagio*, a hermit-cave, painted with Byzantine frescoes in 1197.

There are two trains daily from Brindisi to Otranto, passing—

Lecce (*Albergo della Ferrovia*), a handsome but unhealthy walled town, the capital of the province, occupying the site of Lupia. The *Cathedral of S. Oronzio* dates from the twelfth century, but was modernised c. 1660. In the square is an ancient column from Brindisi supporting a statue of S. Oronzio, the first bishop of Lecce, and near it a fountain with an equestrian statue. King Tancred was Count of Lecce in right of his mother, and, deprived of their crown, his descendants in the female line preserved it as their inheritance.

The provincial *Museum* contains a curious picture of the fifteenth century, brought from a suppressed Benedictine convent, representing, around the Virgin, a company of

saints under flamboyant arches. Outside the town is the very interesting *Church of SS. Nicolò e Cataldo*, founded by Tancred, for the repose of his soul and those of his family. The interior was modernised in the seventeenth century.

The *Abbey of Cerate*, near Lecce, contains curious Latin frescoes. Near Lecce, on the south-west, is *Rugge*, the ancient Rudiae, birthplace (B.C. 239) of the poet Ennius.

“ Ennius emeruit, Calabris in montibus ortus,
Contiguus poni, Scipio magne, tibi.”

Ovid, De Art. Am. iii. 409.

“ Ennius, antiqua Messapi ab origine regis,
Miscebat primas acies, Latiaeque superbum
Vitis adornabat dextram decus : hispida tellus
Miserunt Calabri ; Rudiae genere vetustae :
Nunc Rudiae solo memorabile nomen alumno.”

Sil. Ital. xii. 393.

[A road of 21 m. leads from Lecce, by *Rugge*, to Gallipoli on the Gulf of Taranto, passing within 2 m. of the episcopal town of *Nardo*, the ancient Neritum, where there is a curious circular chapel outside the town gate, and within 3 m. of *S. Pietro in Galatina*, where there is a great Franciscan monastery founded by Raimondo Orsini del Balzo, Prince of Tarentum. The beautiful *Church of S. Caterina* dates from 1384, and contains the very curious coloured tomb of Prince Giovanni Antonio Balzo (1454), with his effigy dressed as a Franciscan monk. The frescoes in the church are by *Francesco d'Arezzo*, 1435. The doorway is magnificent.

Gallipoli, the Greek Kallipolis, is beautifully situated on an island-rock, connected with the mainland by a stone bridge of twelve arches. Its handsome *Cathedral* only dates from 1629.]

[From Lecce there is a road to Taranto by *Manduria*, a Greek colony, which, having been called Casalnuovo in the Middle Ages, has gone back to its ancient name. The chapel and subterranean shrine of *S. Pietro Mandurino* are very curious specimens of the Byzantine *laurai*, once inhabited by Greek hermits, usually rock-hewn cells or

natural caverns enlarged, and generally converging to an underground chapel which was the church of the hermits.¹ Half a mile from the town is the well with the ever-level waters described by Pliny²—"neque exhaustis aquis minuitur, neque infusis augetur." It is a circular well with a reservoir reached by thirty rough-hewn steps, and is situated in a cave which is lighted by an aperture over the well itself.

Six miles from Manduria is *Oria*,³ on the site of Uria, with a noble castle of Frederick II., now belonging to the Princes of Francavilla. Three miles farther is *Francavilla*, which once belonged to S. Carlo Borromeo, who sold it, together with *Oria*, to the Imperiali family for 40,000 ounces of gold, which he distributed in one day to the poor.]

The railway runs from Lecce by *Maglie* to—

Otranto (Stat.), the end of the railway system of Central Europe. The town was the ancient Hydruntum, the little river *Idro*, which flows into the harbour, being the ancient Hydrus. It has dwindled to little more than a hill-set village surrounded by fortifications of Charles V. When the town was taken, and a great portion of its inhabitants massacred by the Turks in 1480, the *Cathedral of the S.S. Annunziata* was preserved by being turned into a mosque. It is a three-aisled basilica ending in three apses. Its archbishop, who bears the proud title of "Archiepiscopus Hydruntinus et primas Salentinorum," is represented on the north door, attended by bishops and abbots. The noble crypt is supported by four rows of columns of granite, porphyry, and marble, bearing capitals with an infinite variety of sculpture. The grandly-conceived mosaic pavement, designed by one Pantaleone for Archbishop Jonathan in 1163, is the most curious in Southern Italy. Its pictures in rough mosaic portray a strange collection of figures—Adam and Eve, Alexander and Noah, King Arthur and Samson, etc. In the centre are the signs of the zodiac, each

¹ There are similar remains at Mottola, Palagiano, Grottaglie near Taranto, and S. Vito d'Otranto. The Grotta dell' Annunziata, now the crypt of the parish church of Erchie, was also one of these chapels.—See *Lenormant on the Terra d'Otranto*.

² ii. 106, 4.

³ It is intended to connect Brindisi with Taranto by a line of railway passing through *Oria*.

month being represented by its befitting labours. Inscriptions in prose and rhyme give the names of the donor and artist. A chapel, added to the cathedral at the end of the fifteenth century, contains the bones of 900 Christians massacred by the Turks upon the "Hill of Martyrs" outside the city. Skulls, arms, and legs are piled together, many with fragments of weapons still embedded in them.

The "Castle of Otranto," familiar from the novel of Horace Walpole, was built by Alphonso of Arragon, and is very picturesque. In clear weather the Albanian Mountains are visible from its walls.

[An excursion of 29 m. may be made from Otranto to the *Capo di Leuca*, the Iapygian promontory, the extreme point of the heel of Italy. The church of *S. Maria di Leuca* or *La Madonna di Finisterra* (sometimes described as *La Madonna de Finibus Terrae*) marks the site of the ancient town of Leuca, mentioned by Strabo. It contains an interesting Byzantine *panaglia*, painted on panel. The headland is still most desolate.

"Secretaque littora Leucae."

Lucan, v. 375.

On its highest point, like the temple of Sunion in Attica, stood the temple of Athene Leucadia, which Aeneas saw on first approaching the shores of Italy.

"Portusque patescit

Jam propior templumque apparet in arce Minervae."

Aen. iii. 530.

Nothing remains of the temple but its platform. A modern lighthouse now stands on the edge of the cliffs, beneath which is a grotto—*Grotta della Portinara*—opening towards the sea, and still bearing on its walls a number of Latin petitions by sailors to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and Fortune, to whom the grotto was dedicated. The bastion-like rocks of Virgil abound in grottoes, some containing bone-beds interesting to geologists; one, the *Grotta del Diavolo*, bearing traces of the stone age in flint and bone implements and coarse earthen vessels. The bay to the east of the temple is described by Virgil—

“ Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum ;
 Objectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes :
 Ipse latet. Gemino demittunt brachia muro
 Turriti scopuli, refugitque ab littore templum.”

Aen. iii. 533.

At the spot called *Santa Cesaria* is a fountain which is probably that mentioned by Strabo as a spring of fetid water which the inhabitants pretended to have arisen from the wounds of the giants expelled by Hercules from the Phlegraean plains, and who had taken refuge here.

Not far from this, beneath the hill which is crowned by the ruins of *Veretum*, and near the village of Fatù, are *Le Cento Pietre*, a parallelogram of huge limestone blocks with a stone roof, evidently once a temple, but transformed in the tenth century into a church dedicated to S. Seminianus, and covered internally with plaster, upon which saints were rudely painted. In 1523 a fantastic inscription in Latin verse was engraved over one of the doors, affirming that this temple was the mausoleum of a nameless general who perished near this in a battle with the Saracens.

The road from Otranto passes through *Castro*, the ancient *Castrum Minervae*, and by *Alessano*, a few miles west of which is *Taurisano*, where the church of *S. Maria della Strada* has an eleventh century façade with a Byzantine relief of the Annunciation over its door.]

It is a long railway journey of 19½ hrs. from Bari to Reggio, and the traveller who is in a hurry to reach Sicily becomes unutterably weary of the meaningless lingering at the most obscure stations, to which a filthy crowd of idle peasants are always admitted to beg and curse, to the disgrace at once of the government and the railway company. Fortunately the greater part of the journey can be accomplished by night. Only those who have plenty of time to spare and courage to face something more than discomfort will find interest in the classic sites and the remains of old Greek cities along the coast.

Bitetto (Stat.) The *Cathedral of S. Michele* is a three-

aisled basilica, with a rich façade covered with sculpture like that of Bitonto, but inferior.

Grumo (Stat.), occupying the site of Grumum, a city of the Peucetians.

[About 14 m. west of Grumo, reached by a diligence in 3 hrs. (2 frs. 55 c.), is *Altamura*,¹ a town founded by Frederick II. in 1220, with a very beautiful *Cathedral*, begun by Frederick II. and finished under King Robert in 1330. It has the characteristics of all the great churches in this country. The principal entrance in the west front is a mass of the richest sculpture, and its pillars rest upon magnificent lions: above is a great rose-window. The interior is exceedingly stately. Saverio Mercadante, the composer, was born at Altamura in 1790. Six miles farther is *Gravina* on the Via Appia, with a noble castle built by Frederick II., which afterwards belonged to the Orsini, Dukes of Gravina in the Middle Ages.]

[A diligence (5 frs. 10 c.) occupies 6 hrs. between Grumo and *Matera* (in the Basilicata),² where there is another noble cathedral of c. 1000. It resembles the other cathedrals of this district, except that its western façade is plain, while the utmost richness of decoration is lavished on the south front, which faces the piazza. Almost in the centre of this façade is an exquisitely sculptured window from which it is said that letters and rescripts from the Greek patriarch at Constantinople used to be read. The campanile is 175 ft. high.]

Gioia del Colle (Stat.) A town beloved by Frederick II., who frequently resorted to it for hunting. The railway now runs along the high ground above the plain. The country is extremely wild and rocky, but olives grow wherever the scanty soil gives a foothold. Every now and then a strange narrow gully in the cliff gives a shelter, and allows of more luxuriant vegetation. Hence the railway to Melfi will diverge, passing through Altamura.

¹ Altamura will soon be rendered accessible by a line of railway from Gioia del Colle to Melfi.

² This very interesting place will in time be rendered accessible by a branch line from the projected railway between Altamura and Melfi.

Castellaneta (Stat.) Soon after leaving this, across the vast plain, we have the first view of the Gulf of Taranto.

“C’est dans cette plaine que se déploya la colonisation grecque des citoyens de Tarente et de Metaponte ; antérieurement elle était habitée en partie par les Cramoniens, rameau de la nation pelasgique des Chônes. Au sud-ouest et à l’est elle est limitée par les montagnes sauvages de la Basilicate, l’ancienne Lucanie, dont les masses sombres se dressent à l’horizon, tandis que plus loin, dans le sud-ouest, on aperçoit à la dernière limite de la vision les premiers sommets de la Calabre. L’aspect du pays, la nature de la végétation, l’intensité de la lumière, tout rappelle la Grèce. Les premiers colons hellènes, en arrivant sur ces côtes, ont dû se croire encore dans leur pays. On entre réellement ici dans une région nouvelle, qui n’est plus l’Italie, bien que s’y rattachant géographiquement ; et qui, au point de vue physique ainsi bien que par son histoire, mérite à juste titre le nom qu’on lui a donné de Grande Grèce.”—*François Lenormant*.¹



Taranto.

Taranto (Stat.)

The station is $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the town ; carriages 50 c. *Albergo di Roma*, poor and dirty, but endurable.

The town occupies an island, connected with the mainland by a bridge ending in an old castle, and the many-coloured houses descend abruptly upon the blue water, across which the picturesque fishing-boats flit with lateen sails. In the distance the islets of *S. Paolo* and *S. Pietro*, the Choerades of antiquity, protect the anchorage of the

¹ From *La Grande Grèce—Paysages et Histoire*, published in 1881 by A. Levy, 13 Rue Lafayette—a work to which the author is deeply indebted.

harbour. Taranto has been compared to a ship, the castle at its east end representing the stern, its great church the mast, the tower of Raimondo Orsini the bowsprit, and the bridge the cable. The bridge separates the outer harbour or *Mare Grande* from the inner harbour or *Mare Piccolo*, a quiet, dark-blue lake occupied by oyster-beds and shell-fisheries. Nets suspended to the arches catch an immense number of fish as they return to the open sea with the ebb of the tide. Like Bari, the town has an eastern aspect, with its narrow streets, high white houses, and flat roofs, and its miserable, filthy, scrofulous population, which has been confined in the narrow space occupied by the Acropolis of the Greek city since the eleventh century.

Tarentum is believed to have derived its name from the little river Taras (now *Tara*, corrupted into *Fiume di Terra*) about 4 m. to the south. But Renaissance history declares that Taras was the name of the founder, a great-great-grandson of Noah, who was brought to shore here by a dolphin, when his ship was lost upon the coast. The real founders were emigrants from Sparta in B.C. 707. The city was long one of the most important in Magna Graecia. It fell into the hands of the Romans in B.C. 272, and having been betrayed to Hannibal in the Second Punic War, was retaken by the Romans in B.C. 209, from which time it began to decay, though it has always maintained a certain importance.

The first colony occupied the site of the present town, which was originally an island, but, in the time of the Greeks, a low sandbank, uniting it to the mainland, turned it into a peninsula, and it is so mentioned by Strabo. The sandbank, however, was so low that Hannibal was able to drag his ships across it, when they were imprisoned in the *Mare Piccolo*, and launch them again in the outer harbour. The isthmus was again cut through in the Middle Ages for the protection of the town.

The *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, replacing the ancient ramparts towards the sea, is the aristocratic quarter of Taranto, and has some palazzi decorated with the numerous balconies which are a relic of Spanish rule. The archi-

episcopal *Cathedral of S. Cataldo* is the most important christian edifice in a city which claims to have been converted by S. Paul himself, who is said to have landed in the bay, 20 m. south of the town, on his way to Rome. Externally it has remains of Saracenic Gothic, but internally it is completely modernised. The shrine of the patron saint, an Irish bishop of the second century, has been well described as "an orgy of rococco."¹ The only other church worth notice is *S. Domenico*, with a steep outer staircase, adorned with statues of saints. The *Strada Garibaldi*, following the shore of the Mare Piccolo, but shut out from it by the line of ramparts, is the fisherman's street, where the inhabitants speak a dialect of their own, with a frequent interspersion of Greek words.

In the wall of a house in the Via Maggiore two columns were found in 1881, and part of a frieze in Pentelic marble, with a relief representing a combat between Greeks and barbarians.

The principal curiosity of Taranto is the *Mare Piccolo* (about 6 m. long and 3 m. broad), with its active industries of fisheries and the propagation of fish. The method of farming oysters here is still the same which Sergius Orata brought to Tarentum from Brindisi before the Social War, and the mode of farming mussels is that which was in existence in the twelfth century. Ropes are plunged into the water, and, when festooned with shells, are drawn up, and carried to the market, where the purchaser chooses his mussels himself, makes his bargain, and then has them detached. Ninety-three varieties of fish, and a hundred-and-fifty kinds of shells and echini, are produced by the Mare Piccolo: the market is a curious sight, and many kinds of fish will be recognised there, which appear on the

¹ Philip of Taranto, second son of Charles II. of Anjou, is not buried here (as described by Murray and Baedeker), but in S. Domenico Maggiore at Naples. He married Catherine, daughter of Baldwin of Flanders, the deposed Emperor of the East, whence the title of Emperor of the East was borne by his descendants. Frederick of Arragon, last Prince of Taranto, being deposed by an agreement between Louis XII. and Ferdinand of Arragon, his own cousin, died in France, and his daughter took the title into the family of Laval, Duc de la Tremouille, which still preserves it.

ancient coins of Tarentum, proving the importance of the fisheries from very early times. Pliny tells us that the purple dye extracted here from different kinds of murex was the most admirable and costly after that of Tyre. The muslins which we see in the paintings of the dancing girls of Herculaneum were made here from the *penna marina*. This silk-bearing fish is still caught in the Mare Piccolo with the net *pernuetico*, which Pliny calls *pernilegum*, and its silk is still made up for gloves and ribands at Naples and Malta, though more for curiosity than utility. The Mare Piccolo is almost divided into two by the promontories of *Punta delle Penne* and *Il Pizzone*. Wandering along its low-lying shores we find many remains of ancient buildings, the most considerable of which, belonging to the theatre, are in the gardens which are the property of the monastery of S. Francesco di Paola. At the spot called Fontanella is the *Monte di Chiocciolate*, a hill entirely formed of the shells (*Murex trunculus* and *Murex brandaris*) used in making the purple dye. The remains of the ancient bridge are perceptible, where Plato landed and was received by the Tarentine philosophers.

Amongst the olives many villas have arisen, with gardens abounding in the Tarentine cypress, for sowing the seeds of which Cato¹ gives instructions. The most important (not shown) is the *Villa S. Lucia*, built in the end of the last century by the famous Archbishop Capece Latro, who published a book against the celibacy of the clergy. For his dignified part in the Revolution of 1799 he was arrested on the first return of the Bourbons; but Queen Caroline and Nelson, after the murder of Admiral Caraccioli, trembled before that of an archbishop, and he remained in prison, to be restored to liberty and power under Murat. Upon the second restoration of the Bourbons, he was deprived of his archbishopric, and compelled to reside for the rest of his life under surveillance at Naples. He ceded his villa, over the gate of which he had inscribed—"Si Adam hic pecasset, Deus ignovisset," to Florestan Pepe, general under Murat, who passed the remainder of his life here in

¹ c. 151.

a kind of exile. Near Santa Lucia as many as 25,000 terra-cottas have been found, 1880-82. They are, however, none of them perfect, and are probably pieces rejected by the ceramic factories and deposited on this spot. The greater part consist of figures or groups made in one mould.

On the north shore of the Mare Piccolo, near the village of *Citrezze*, an abundant fountain, rising close to the chapel of *S. Maria di Galeso*, is the Galesus of Horace—

“ Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
 Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat
 Bacca Venafro :
 Ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
 Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 Fertili Baccho nimium Falernis
 Invidet uvis.”

Horace, Carm. ii. 6, 13.

Here Virgil describes the old man of Corycius—

“ Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus altis,
 Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galesus
 Corycium vidisse senem : cui pauca relictis
 Jugera ruris erant ; nec fertilis illa juvencis,
 Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho.”

Georg. iv. 125.

Martial praises the strong-smelling leeks of Tarentum—

“ Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
 Edisti quoties, oscula clausa dato.”

xiii. 18.

Monte Melone, 8 m. distant from Taranto, is supposed to be the Aulon beloved by Horace,¹ and celebrated by Martial² for its wool and wine.

[On the coast, between Taranto and Gallipoli, *Torre di Saturo* marks a spot mentioned by Horace for its breed of ponies—

“ Me Saturciano vectari rura caballo.”

Sat. i. 6.]

One cannot leave Taranto without speaking of the *Tarantola*—the huge spider of this district, whose curious

¹ *Od. ii. vi.*

² *xiii. 125.*

habits have been described by Valetta and Baglivi. The superstition that its bite is fatal dates from the eleventh century. In the fourteenth century an epidemic of melancholy madness, which pervaded the women of Apulia, ending in frenzies, like those of hydrophobia, and frequently in death, was believed to proceed from the bites of the tarantola, chiefly because the disease appeared at the season when this large spider woke up to its summer life. It was believed that music was the best means of giving relief to the *tarantolati*, inciting them to dance, and causing them to throw off the imaginary poison of the tarantola in perspiration. The patient, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, used to be led out into a garden by her friends, and the musicians in attendance would play the air of the tarantella, which the *tarantolata* would follow, only leaving one partner to take another, till she fell down exhausted, when a pail of cold water was thrown over her, and she was put to bed. The epidemic of Apulia, and the belief in the tarantola bite, spread over the whole of Italy, till regular *fêtes* were appointed for the cure, which received the name of *Carnavaletti delle donne*. In the seventeenth century the belief in the tarantola bites began to subside, and now nothing remains of tarantismo except the joyous air, so dear to Neapolitans.

“ Come in Puglia si fa contro il veleno
 Di queste bestie, che mordon coloro,
 Che fanno poi pazzie da spiritati ;
 E chiamansi in vulgar Tarantolati ;
 E bisogna trovar un, che sonando
 Un pezzo, trovi un suon che al morso piaccia ;
 Sul qual ballando, e nel ballar sudando
 Colui, da se la fiera peste caccia.”

Berni, Orlando Innamorato.

CHAPTER IX.

IN MAGNA GRAECIA—EASTERN CALABRIA.

ONLY determined and hardy archeologists will care to explore the sites of once-famous cities in Magna Graecia. The greater part of the country is hideous, consisting of low sandy hills or marshy plains, overgrown with *porazzi* and other poisonous herbs. The so-called towns are for the most part ruinous earthquake-riven villages, with a half-starved miserable population. On the coast itself, Roccella is the only picturesque place before reaching Reggio. There are no inns fitted for English visitors, and only the greatest archeological enthusiasm will support the miserable accommodation and utter filth of the country *alberghi*, where *all* sanitary arrangements are unknown and unthought of, or even the wretched rooms provided for the use of strangers at some of the railway stations, around which young plantations of Eucalyptus always bear witness to the unhealthiness of the country. Brigandage is almost a danger of the past; but in spring and autumn the malaria is an enemy which no one can face with impunity.

The classical student cannot fail to be interested in these shores—

“ For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung
That not a mountain rears its head unsung ;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.”

But it must be remembered that, except in the small ruins near Metapontum and Crotona, the remains of the Greek cities are little more than foundations; of Heracleia, Sybaris, Thurii, and Locri, little more than the sites are

to be seen. Almost every one of the Greek colonies along the coast was enumerated by Lycophron, long a resident at Rhegium.

Calabria has suffered so frequently from earthquakes that few mediæval remains exist. The cathedral of Gerace is perhaps the most interesting. Yet this province has furnished ninety saints, seventy *beati*, and ten popes, to the Church.

From Taranto to Torremare the line passes through a country desolated by malaria. Even an appointment as station-master in this district is like signing a death-warrant; and, from the absence of labourers, or indeed any resident population, there is scarcely any cultivation, though a natural oasis of verdure indicates the course of each rivulet, and the watercourses—*fumare*, are bright in summer with oleander blossoms. The poverty, filth, ignorance, and degradation of the inhabitants are indescribable—

“Qui pourrait jamais croire, sans être venu dans ces contrées, qu’il existe en Europe, dans un grand royaume civilisé, des cantons où l’on peut voir curer des fossés des prairies marécageuses en n’ayant que des paniers pour enlever les vases, en employant au lieu de bêtes de somme de pauvres femmes, des jeunes filles et des enfants, littéralement noyés sous la boue qui découle de l’osier disjoint sur leurs têtes et leurs vêtements. C’est un spectacle de misère et de dégradation au delà duquel rien ne peut aller, et qui, lorsqu’on en a été témoin, ne s’efface plus du souvenir.”—*F. Lenormant*.

Metaponto (Stat.)

This station, the junction for Potenza and Naples (see Ch. X.), has a most miserable buffet and some poor rooms, where travellers may stay as at an inn.

A little before reaching the station, to the north-west, the line has already entered upon the site of the Greek city of *Metapontum* (Μεταπόντιον), founded, probably about 700 B.C., by an Achaean colony. This was one of the cities where the doctrines of Pythagoras obtained the firmest footing, and the place where he resided in the latter part of his life; his tomb was still shown at Metapontum in the time of Cicero. The town was already in ruins when Pausanias wrote, nothing remaining but the ramparts and a theatre.

Now the circuit of the city is only marked by the elevation of the soil and the quantity of Greek coins and fragments of terra-cotta found by the contadini. On the probable site of the Forum are the farm-buildings of the *Masseria di Sansone*, which are entirely constructed from ancient fragments. Close by, in 1828, the Duc de Luynes excavated the remains of a Doric temple, surmounted by the beautiful frieze now in the Cabinet de Médailles at Paris; but the ruins have been almost entirely destroyed for use in farm-buildings.

A walk of about 2 m. from the *Masseria di Sansone* leads to *La Tavola dei Paladini*, the principal ruin of Metapontum. It is a Doric temple, of which fifteen columns (of the stone of the country) are still standing, ten on the north of the peristyle and five on the south, the latter still supporting the first course of the architrave. The pavement was torn up at the end of the last century. Mosaics which have been found in the ruins have led to the belief that this temple was dedicated to Demeter (Ceres), who is proved by its coins to have been the principal divinity of Metapontum. The ruins have lately been surrounded with a high wall by the Italian Government, so that all picturesque effect from the group of columns standing alone in the desolate country is destroyed; and the dreary panorama, formerly visible from the temple itself, is completely shut out. A little to the south is a small lake—*Lagone di S. Pelagina*, which once formed an artificial harbour for the triremes of Metapontum, but its entrance from the sea is now blocked up by sand.

After crossing the *Salandrella*, the *Acalandrus* of Pliny, and the *Agri*, the *Aciris* of the Greeks, the railway reaches—

Policoro (Stat.) A plateau not far distant, on the right bank of the *Agri*, is the site of *Heracleia* (*Ἡράκλεια*), a Greek colony which was an offshoot from the Ionic colony of *Siris*, which afterwards lapsed into the condition of being merely the port of *Heracleia*. Very little is known of the history of the town before the time of its decline, when it was scarcely more than a dependency of *Tarentum*. The famous *Heracleian Tables* of bronze, now in the museum at Naples,

were found in 1753 at Luce, between Heracleia and Metapontum. They contain a Latin inscription relating to the government of Heracleia, taken from the Lex Julia Municipalis, issued, B.C. 45, for the regulation of municipal institutions throughout Italy. The painter Xeuxis is known to have been born in one of the many Greek cities called Heracleia, and that this was his birthplace is probable from the number of his works in the temple of Hera at the neighbouring Crotona. There are no ruins whatever of buildings at Heracleia, but the soil is full of ancient fragments. Under the Byzantine rule the place was called Polychôrion, whence Policoro. After being long utterly deserted, the lands came into the hands of the Jesuits, who built the great convent of Policoro. On the suppression of the Order, their property became part of the vast domain of the Prince of Gerace, which supports 25,000 head of cattle. These are in great part buffaloes, animals which are used to draw the carts of the country, and will give the traveller his best means of locomotion if he leaves the railway.

About 5 m. from Policoro is the ruined church of *S. Maria d'Anglona*, built in the eleventh century. It is the sole relic of the once important episcopal town of Anglona, almost destroyed by the Saracens in the tenth century, though its bishopric was not removed to Tursi till 1546. The church is believed to stand on the site of the camp of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who, between Heracleia and the Siris, gained a great victory over the Romans under the Consul Laevinus, in B.C. 280. The final issue of the contest was decided by the terror which was inspired amongst the Roman troops by the elephants of the enemy, then a novelty even to the Greeks. Seven thousand Romans fell on the battlefield; but the loss was so great upon his own side, that Pyrrhus exclaimed upon the evening of the contest, "Another victory of this kind, and I shall return alone to Epirus." The battlefield is now occupied by the virgin forest of Pantano or Policoro on the left bank of the Sinno, in which arbutus, myrtle, oleander, and wild olive, attain extraordinary dimensions, and twine themselves into im-

penetrable masses of foliage amongst the trunks of the loftier forest trees. Here and there are noble groups of umbrella pines. Liquorice is the only profit extracted from these vast woods, which some have considered to be portrayed in the verses of Ariosto—

“ Non vide nè 'l più bel nè 'l più giocondo
Da tutta l'aria, ove le penne stese,
Nè, se tutto cercato avesse il mondo,
Vedria di questo il più gentil paese,
Ove, dopo un girarsi di gran tondo,
Con Ruggier seco, il grande augel discese.
Culte pianure e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe e prati molli ;

“ Vaghi boschetti di soavi allori,
Di palme e d'amenissime mortelle,
Cedri ed aranci, ch'avean frutti e fiori
Contesti in varie forme, e tutte belle,
Facean riparo ai fervidi calori
De' giorni estivi, con lor spesse ombrelle :
E tra quei rami, con sicuri voli
Cantando, se ne glano i rosignuoli.”

Orl. Fur. vi.

Through the dense forest the railway reaches the *Sinno*, the ancient *Siris* (called *Sinis* by *Lycophron*). The edge of the stream is radiant with oleander blossoms. *Athenaeus*¹ says, “There is no spot on earth so sweet, or lovely, or desirable, as the banks of the *Siris*.” Near the mouth of the river, on the left bank, the *Torre di Sinno*, built from ancient materials, marks the site of *Siris*, a city of the ancient *Oenotrian* inhabitants of this district, who were driven out by a body of *Ionian* colonists from *Colophon*, c. 700 B.C. The Greek city which they founded rivalled *Sybaris* in its effeminacy and luxury, but, exciting the jealousy of the *Achean* colonies in its neighbourhood, was destroyed by them between 550 and 510 B.C.

Beyond the *Sinno*, the mountainous country extends to the sea, and, owing to the terror of *Saracen* invasions, the villages, which have stations on the line, are situated far above in the hills, though security is gradually bringing

back the inhabitants to the seashore. *Monteleone* is the ancient Greek Hipponion, afterwards the Roman Vibo Valentia. Passing from the Basilicata into Calabria Citeriore, at *Bollita*, 6 m. from railway, are a number of small Roman ruins.

Rocca Imperiale (Stat.) is a picturesque town which takes its name from a castle of Frederick II.

Roseto (Stat.) is opposite the opening of the valley of the Crati. The line crosses the *Fiume Freddo* and then the *Saraceno*, the ancient Cylistaros, the impetuous torrent where a dragon is said to have disputed the passage of Hercules and perished by his javelins. At the mouth of the stream is *Trebisacce*, on the site of the little town of Lagaria, whose wine is praised by Strabo. The mountains now retire, and the line enters upon the basin of the Crati, the Crathis of antiquity. Beyond the station of *Cerchiana* we cross the *Raganello*, the Acalandros of Strabo.

Amendolara (Stat.) The town, on a cone surrounded by precipices, has a wide view. It was the birthplace of Pomponius Laetus, the author.

Buffaloria di Cassano (Junct. Stat. No inn. The antiquary may obtain humble lodging at the station) is situated in the midst of a rich plain girt in by mountains and watered by the *Crati* or Crathis, and the *Coscile* or Sybaris, which unite before entering on malaria-pregnant marshes. The higher ground has a greater appearance of prosperity than we have seen since leaving Tarentum. Many of the mountain towns which encircle this district have some interest. Nine miles from Buffaloria, on the escarpments of Monte Pollino, is the episcopal city of *Cassano*, a beautiful place, out of the reach of malaria, surmounted by the ruins of an ancient castle, and representing the Roman town of Cossanum. Farther west, and more in the mountains, is *Castrovillari*, the Abystron of the Greeks, and higher still *Murano*, on the site of Muranum. *S. Marco Argentaro* possesses a ruined castle which Robert Guiscard built with a ransom extorted from his neighbour Pietro de Bisignano, when he had treacherously seized him, an episode which gave him the surname of Robert the Crafty. A little to the south of

this are the villages of *S. Sisto* and *S. Vincenzo*, which early espoused the Waldensian faith, on account of which all the male inhabitants were massacred and the women and children sold as slaves in the sixteenth century. Lastly, we may notice on the hills the episcopal town of *Bisignano*. Far up the plain is *Spezzano Albanese*, a colony where the Albanian dialect is still spoken.

[There is a branch line from Buffaloria to Cosenza, with three trains in the day—(1st. cl., 7 frs. 80 c. ; 2d. cl., 5 frs. 50 c. ; 3d. cl., 3 frs. 15 c.) with stations called Doria Casano, Spezzano Castrovillari, Tarsia, S. Marco Argentaro, and *Bisignano* (where the cathedral has a beautiful Gothic portal); but most of the stations on this line are a considerable distance from the towns whose names they bear. The greater part of the country is very marshy and unhealthy, and overgrown with tamarisk.

Cosenza (Stat.)

Hotel Rizzo, opposite the station, very clean, and, for Southern Italy, very airy and comfortable—rooms not found ready for the night train unless written for. *Albergo dei Due Lionetti*, very miserable.

The ancient Cosentia, the capital of the Brutii, is still the chief town of Calabria Citra. It is built on the sides of a hill at the top of the valley of the Crati, above its confluence with the Busento, and is intensely hot in summer. The town, which has an industrious and thriving population, has the aspect of a small Spanish city, and its male inhabitants, with pointed hats like witches, have a very singular appearance. Near the bridge is the *Church of S. Domenico*, with a magnificent rose window. The *Cathedral*, which stands high in the piazza, was modernised by Archbishop Capece Galesta in 1750. Behind the high altar is a tomb, said to be that of Louis III., Duke of Anjou, who, in 1434, was married in this church to Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and died eighteen months after: the inscription is illegible. King Henry of Germany, the rebellious eldest son of Frederick II., who died whilst imprisoned by his father at Nicastro, was buried here in 1235, when Brother Luke, a Franciscan, preached his funeral sermon

on the dangerous text—"And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took a knife to slay his son." In a chapel on the left is an old Byzantine Madonna, supposed to have saved Cosenza in the earthquake of 1870, when the surrounding villages perished. It is consequently honoured by great processions in February, the month when the whole population was encamped in the frozen fields, three shocks of earthquake, at least, occurring daily. A death in a house here is marked by a black scarf twisted round the door. The excellent wine called *Rogliano di Calabria* may be inquired for.

The famous Gothic king Alaric was buried in the bed of the Busento at the point where it is united to the Crati.

"The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentium, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel; and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."—*Gibbon*, ch. xxxi.

The country near Cosenza is exceedingly bare and ugly, but its comparatively good inn makes it the best centre for those who wish to make excursions into the mountainous district of the Sila. Not far from Cosenza, in the Sila, was the famous Abbey of Flora, founded by the abbot Joachim, who obtained a strange celebrity during the reign of Frederick II.]

Near the sea, between the Crathis and Sybaris, Achean colonists founded the town of Sybaris (*Σύβαρις*) in 720 B.C. It rose rapidly to great prosperity, and was so luxurious that the term Sybarite has become lastingly proverbial for a luxurious person. Incredible stories are told by the ancient writers of the extravagance as well as the power of Sybaris; but it had a very short existence, being totally destroyed c. 570 in a war with the Greeks of Crotona, who turned the course of the Crathis in order to bury the very ruins of the city. There is nothing here now which will

repay the visit of a tourist, and the utter ignorance of the peasantry involves a search of the site of the ancient city in endless difficulties. When gazing upon the temples of Paestum, which was only a colony of Sybaris, one may form some idea of the magnificence of the parent city, yet no ruins whatever have been found here, though some antiquaries believe that a second Pompeii lies buried beneath the mud of the river.¹ Only the coins of Sybaris are abundant, having as their emblem a bull, ancestor of the white oxen which are seen here in such abundance, and which recall the saying of many ancient writers that the waters of Crathis whitened the skin of the animals which dwelt on its banks, while it imparted a golden hue to the hair, as is described by Euripides² and Ovid—

“ Crathis, et huic Sybaris nostris conterminus arvis,
Electro similes faciunt auroque capillos.”

Met. xv. 315.

[A little above the site of Sybaris, seventy years after its fall, the famous Greek colony of Thurii (Θούριοι) was founded upon a hill near the fountain of Thuria by some emigrants from Thessaly. This town, which was erected with great magnificence under the architect Hippodamos, had a very short season of prosperity, yet survived in humble condition to be the seat of a bishopric which gave Pope S. Telesephorus to the church in the second century, and probably owed its final destruction to the Saracens. The ruins of Thurii are on the right bank of the river, about three miles and a half from the bridge by which the road from Rossano crosses the Crati to join the high road from Naples to Reggio. The existing remains are all of Roman brick, but the rectangular form of the Greek city, described by ancient writers, is distinctly visible. The fountain Thuria still exists under the name of *Fontana del Fico*. The ravine called *Valle del Marinaro*, and the opposite hill—*La Caccia di Favella della Corte*, are overspread by a vast necropolis filled with large tumuli (timponi) and small ones (timparelli).]

¹ See *La Grande Grèce* of Lenormant.

² *Troades*, 228.

Crossing the broad willow-fringed stream of the Crati, the railway reaches—

Corigliano (Stat.), which derives its Greek name, *Κωρίων ἐλαίων*, from its still abundant olive groves. It has a fine baronial castle. The hills here produce the best Calabrian *Manna*, a gum extracted from the *Fraxinus ornus*.

Leaving Corigliano, the railway circles round the northern and eastern outskirts of the Sila, passing through the plain called Labula in ancient times, and crossing (immediately after leaving Corigliano) the brook *Lucino*, the *Lusias* of the classics, which Aelian mentions as having all its fish black, though its waters are transparent. The mountain ranges of Sila are now the chief feature of the country. The ascent of the mountain (which, however, is little worth while) may be undertaken from Cosenza. Formerly its forests were a great resort of professional brigands, but they are now dispersed, and the peasants, though rough in manner and violent in temper, are, for South Italians, unusually honest and truthful. An annual migration of shepherds and their flocks to the upper parts of the mountain takes place in June, and they remain there till October. From a scene on the Sila, Virgil draws one of his most striking comparisons in describing the combat between Aeneas and Turnus—

“ Ac velut, ingenti Silâ, summove Taburno,
 Cum duo conversis inimica in proelia tauri
 Frontibus incurrunt ; pavidì cessere magistri ;
 Stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque juvencae,
 Quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur ;
 Illi inter sese multâ vi vulnera miscent,
 Cornuaque obnixi infigunt, et sanguine largo
 Colla armosque lavant ; gemitu nemus omne remugit.”

Aen. xii. 715.

Beneath low olive-clad hills we reach—

Rossano (Stat.) It is an ascent of an hour from the station to the picturesque town (Inn, *Albergo della Romanella*) on a height surrounded by precipices, which occupies the site of Roscianum and is the see of an archbishop. Pope John VII. (705-707) was a native of Rossano. A more illustrious native was S. Nilus, born here in 910, a scion of

one of the first Greek families in the town. After the death of his wife in 940, he embraced the monastic life under the rule of S. Basil, taking his vows before an old Byzantine picture which still exists in the cathedral. He lived as a monk at S. Nazario near Seminara, and at S. Mercurio near Palmi. Flying thence from the Saracens, he took refuge in the hermitage of S. Michele, which he left to become Abbot of S. Maria del Patire near Rossano. Hence he fled again to S. Lucia near Monte Cassino, and to Serperi near Caëta, which he ruled for ten years before founding the magnificent convent of Grotta Ferrata, where he died, 1005, aged 95.

The *Cathedral* contains a precious relic of Byzantine art in the Codex Rossanensis, a huge volume, on whose purpled vellum leaves the gospels of S. Matthew and S. Mark are written in great silver letters. German *savants* attribute this MS. to the end of the sixth century: twelve beautiful miniatures, each occupying a whole page, are certainly of that date. The celebrity of S. Nilus preserved the use of the Greek ritual here till the sixteenth century.

The railway now crosses the almost always dry bed of the *Trionto*, the ancient Traïs, where a second and short-lived Sybaris was founded by the survivors of the former city of the name. The fifth Idyll of Theocritus is a dialogue between the shepherds of Sybaris and Thurii, and is therefore placed at a time when they must have existed simultaneously, which can only have been the case with regard to this Sybaris. Nothing can be more arid and ugly than the district which is now traversed.

Cariati (Stat.) is the site of a bishopric; the town is perched on a rock, with an old castle.

The line now crosses the *Fiumenica*, the ancient Hylis, which was the boundary between the territories of Thurii and Crotona. The *Torre Fiumenica*, at the mouth of the stream, marks the site of Paternum, an early christian bishopric.

On the left is the *Punta dell' Alice*, the ancient Cape Cremissa, where a temple of Apollo Alaeus is supposed to have been erected by Philoctetes, who is said to have

founded the little city of Crinissa on the present site of *Ciro*, on the hills on the right of the railway. This little town inherited the population (and bishopric) of Paternum, when it fled from the Saracens in the ninth century. It is the native place of the astronomer Luigi Gigli, who died 1570. Its vineyards produce the best wine in Calabria. Crossing the *Lipuda*, the Crinissa of antiquity, the railway reaches—*Strongoli* (Stat.), which represents Petilia, said to have been founded by Philoctetes after the Trojan War—

“Hic illa ducis Meliboei
Parva Philoctetae subnixta Petilia muro.”

Aen. iii. 401.

This little city became conspicuous during the Second Punic War for its fidelity to Rome, holding out against Hannibal during an eleven months' siege, till all the grass in the streets, the bark and young shoots of the trees, and all the leather in the town, was eaten up. “Itaque Hannibali,” says Valerius Maximus, “non Petiliam, sed fidei Petilinae sepulchrum capere contegit.” At the end of the war Petilia was treated with especial favour, its 800 surviving inhabitants were honourably re-established, and it long continued prosperous. The site of the city, nearer the sea, is marked by ancient pavements, and many interesting inscriptions have been found there.

The name of Strongoli, which gives a princely title to the Pignatelli, commemorates the fortress Strongylos, the reconstruction of which by Justinian is related by Procopius. At the door of the *Cathedral* is a square altar with dedicatory inscriptions to M. Meconius, who left money and a vineyard to the municipium of Petilia, the former to be used in purchase of a candelabrum for lights to be burned at a festival in which the wine of the latter, called Caedidium, was to be drunk. Pope S. Anteros, martyred under Maximin in 235, after a reign of forty days, was a native of Strongoli.

We now cross the *Neto*, the Neaitos of the ancients, the most important of the many streams which flow from the Sila. The fourth Idyll of Theocritus, in which the shepherds Corydon and Battos enumerate the places where

they pasture their flocks, refers to this locality. Of the places mentioned in the Idyll, Stomalimnos is the marshy wood which still exists at the mouth of the Neto under the name of *Bosco del Pantano*, and Physcos is preserved to our days in the *Monte Fuscaldo*, which rises on the right bank of the Neto.

[In the valley of the Neto is the little archiepiscopal city of *S. Severina*, anciently *Siberina*, where Pope S. Zacharias (741) was born, the son of a man who bore the Greek name of Polychronios. The town was half ruined by the earthquake of 1783.

Cerenzia, on a height above the right bank of the river, occupies the site of *Pandosia*, a Bruttian city, which received a Greek colony from *Crotona*. Near this, Alexander, King of *Epirus*, was slain in battle with the Bruttians, B.C. 326. He had been warned by an oracle to avoid *Pandosia*, but understood this to refer to the town of that name in *Thesprotia*, on the river *Acheron*, and was ignorant of the existence of a town of the same name in Italy.]

We now cross the *Esaro*, the ancient *Aesarus*, so called from a huntsman drowned in its waters whilst pursuing a stag. The laurel-crowned head of *Aesarus* appears on one side of the silver money of *Crotona*; on the other is the river-god, beardless, crowned, and horned. *Hercules*, driving the bulls of *Geryon*, is said to have been intercepted here by *Lacinius*, king of the country. Whilst engaged in combat with him, *Croton*, who had married *Laura*, daughter of *Lacinius*, came to the assistance of the demi-god; but *Hercules*, mistaking his intentions, slew him. Repenting afterwards, he raised a magnificent tomb to his memory, and announced to the inhabitants that a great town would one day arise near the sepulchre of *Croton* and bear his name. *Lacinius* himself left a name to the *Lacinian* promontory, and his daughter *Laura* to a neighbouring town, now *Calolaura*.

“ Vixque pererratis, quae spectant littora, terris,
Invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora :
Nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata *Crotonis*

Ossa tegebat humus ; jussaque ibi moenia terra
 Condidit ; et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem."

Ovid. Met. xv. 53.

Cotrone (Stat.), (Inns, *Albergo della Concordia*, very miserable ; *Minerva*, quite wretched). The ancient Crotona (Κρότων) was founded B.C. 710, rose rapidly to great wealth and prosperity, and being the residence and school of Pythagoras, was the town where his philosophy obtained the strongest hold. A tremendous defeat which the army of Crotona underwent at the hands of the Locrians and Rhegiâns on the banks of the Sagra, probably before 480 B.C., was a great blow to the colony ; and in 389 its citadel was surprised by Dionysius I. of Syracuse, who retained possession of it for ten years. In B.C. 299 Crotona was again seized by Agathocles : when it was taken by the Romans in B.C. 277, it was so reduced that only half the extent within its walls was still inhabited. Being captured by Hanno in the Second Punic War, Crotona was one of the last strongholds which remained in the hands of Hannibal : after the close of the war it sank into the condition of an obscure provincial town. Christian Crotona claims Dionysius the Areopagite as its first bishop.

Crotona was considered one of the healthiest places in Italy : "More healthy than Crotona" was a proverb. Its women were the most beautiful, and its men were the strongest, in Magna Graecia. Its youths were so often victorious in the Olympic games, that Strabo¹ says that the last wrestler of Crotona was reported to be the first of the other Greeks. Milo, the celebrated athlete, was a native of Crotona. There was a famous school of medicine here which produced the first physicians in Greece, including Democedes (son-in-law of Milo), who obtained a great reputation in Persia by the cure of Darius and Atossa ; and Alcmaeon, who is believed to have invented the science of anatomy. A most unfavourable account, however, of the inhabitants of Crotona is given by Petronius Arbiter, who describes them as devoid of temperance and morality, wholly given up to avarice—"a city like those fields in the

¹ vi. 262.

time of pestilence, in which there are only torn carcasses, and crows tearing them.”¹

Cotrone is now so terribly unhealthy, that even one night spent there costs the lingerer an illness. An omnibus like a prison van, and carriages, meet travellers at the station. The road, of 1 m., which leads from thence to the town, crosses the Esaro (which flowed through the centre of ancient Crotona), and runs between great warehouses, which are used to contain the produce of one of the richest agricultural districts in Italy—wine, oil, oranges, and liquorice.

It is impossible to imagine a place of more God-forsaken aspect than Cotrone. The wretched town of earthquake-stricken houses occupies a small promontory, projecting into the sea from a burned and desolate country. It is intersected by a wide dusty street, which leads to the cathedral, an ugly modern building. Hence a winding road ascends to the decaying citadel, near which the principal residents have their so-called palaces. Few towns in Italy are more entirely wretched, yet amongst its natives are the Barons Barraco and Berlinghieri, who are two of the richest proprietors in Italy.

If the day is calm, most travellers will visit the Capo delle Colonne from Cotrone by sea, a voyage of about an hour. The excursion thither on foot or horseback occupies two hours and a half. The path follows the shore as far as the little cove of *Porto Berlinghieri*, beyond which, a mere ledge in the precipice, it winds up the promontory. On the summit, in the centre, is the hollow called *La Fossa del Lupo*. On the point, upon a lofty base, rises the one remaining column of the *Temple of Hera Lacinia*, often called “the School of Pythagoras,” and certainly familiar to his eyes, being the oldest monument of Greek architecture on the Italian coast.

“Attollit se diva Lacinia contra.”

Virg. Aen. iii. 552.

“Extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes.”

Lucan, ii. 437.

¹ Ch. xiv.

The temple is described as having been founded by Hercules, and Virgil narrates that Aeneas, on landing, presented a golden vase to the goddess. On its walls was the famous picture of Helen by Xeuxis, for which he was allowed to select the five most beautiful virgins in the city as his models.¹

“ Quando Zeusi l'immagine far volse,
 Che por dovea nel tempio di Giunone,
 E tante belle nude insieme accolse ;
 E che, per una farne in perfezione,
 Da chi una parte e da chi un' altra tolse.”

Ariosto, Orl. Fur. xi.

The ruins were destroyed in building the bishop's palace and the modern mole of Cotrone. Near the remains of the temple are some masses of *opus reticulatum* of an unknown building.

A little to the south are three other capes, now called *Capo delle Castelle*, *Capo Rizzuto*, and *Capo della Nave*, but originally known as Iapygium Tria Promontoria. Very near these was an island, which has now entirely disappeared, believed to have been Ogygia, where Ulysses was detained for seven years by the nymph Calypso.²

The sweet-pea grows wild here in abundance on the banks of the Esaro. The surrounding country is called “Il Marchesato” from the title of the Ruffo family.

The journey by rail from Cotrone to Catanzaro occupies 2 hrs. The line crosses the *Tacina* (Targines) and *Crocchio* (Arocho), and passes through most dismal desolate country, arid hills, or fever-stricken plains. The district near the sea is almost uninhabited from malaria, but several villages occupy distant hill-set positions on the right, amongst them *Arietta* and *Marcedusa*—Albanian colonies—and *Belcastro*, which gave the title of Count to a cousin of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Crossing the *Simmeri*—the ancient Semirus—and the *Alli*, we reach—

Catanzaro (Stat. 5 m. from the town) (*Albergo di Roma*, tolerable, but beware of damp beds), which occupies a lofty

¹ Cicero, *De Inv.* ii. 1. Pliny, xxxv. 9.

² *Od.* v. 28.

promontory, united by an isthmus to the lower heights of the Sila. The town is not an antique locality, and contains no relics of the past; even the castle of Robert Guiscard, its one memorial of the Middle Ages, built in 1060, having been destroyed by the municipality a few years ago. Catanzaro was half annihilated by the terrible earthquake of 1783, but is still one of the largest towns in Calabria. It retains some picturesque costumes. From the public gardens there is a view of the houses suspended on the edge of the precipice. In the *Church of S. Domenico* is a picture of S. Dominic receiving the Rosary, probably by Palma Vecchio. Many pictures in the town are by Matteo Preti—"Il Calabrese"—who was a native of the neighbouring Taverna.

One mile from the Marina of Catanzaro, on the right bank of a stream which still bears its Greek name of *Corace*, is the hamlet of *La Rocelletta del Vescovo di Squillace*, containing a quantity of *opus reticulatum* ruins, and the walls of a basilica of the fourth or fifth century.

The forests of the *Rosito della Sila*, near Catanzaro, abound in the excellent mushroom—"Agaricus deliciosus"—growing at the roots of fir-trees, which is celebrated by Pliny, and often represented amongst the luxuries of the table in the frescoes of Pompeii.

The railway traverses a narrow pass between the mountains and sea before reaching *Montauro*.

Squillace (Stat.) The town, 3 m. from the sea, is situated on the precipitous rocks which are the last offshoots of the Apennine chain. It succeeds the Greek Scylletrion and the Roman Scylacium, originally an Ionic colony, of which it is supposed that the Greek inhabitants were removed to Syracuse by Dionysius. The city "hangs to the side of the hill as a grape to a vine, and receives the influence of the sun from its rising to its setting." Thus it is described by its most celebrated native, Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus, the historian, who was successively senator, quaestor, prefect, and the last man who filled the office of consul. Minister under Odoacer, Theodoric, Amalasontha, and Athalaric, he preserved his office under

Theodatus and Witiges. After having exercised for fifty years an almost sovereign power, he determined, in his seventieth year, to pass the rest of his life in religious solitude, and with him the glory and prosperity of the Gothic kingdom in Italy disappeared. Here he founded the celebrated Monasterium Viveriense, on the site of the paternal villa, which was his birthplace. Here, successively monk and abbot, he continued his literary studies, and wrote his *History of the Goths*, his treatise *De Institutione Divinarum Litterarum*, and many other works.

“Cassiodore donna, du sein de sa nombreuse communauté, l’un des premiers et des plus illustres modèles de cette alliance de la vie religieuse avec la vie intellectuelle qui devait tant honorer l’Ordre monastique. Cette passion littéraire qui enflammait le noble vieillard ne servait qu’à redoubler son zèle par le stricte observance de la régularité monastique. ‘Dieu nous fasse la grâce,’ écrivait-il, ‘d’être semblables à des boeufs indefatigables pour cultiver le champ de notre Seigneur avec le soc de l’observance et des exercices régulières.’

“Avant de mourir Cassiodore abdiqua la charge d’abbé, afin de se livrer tout entier à la contemplation de l’éternité. Mais il n’en vivait pas moins dans une tendre et vigilante union avec ses religieux. Il terminait tous ses écrits en leur demandant avec instance, et comme l’acquit d’une dette de coeur, de prier pour son âme. . . . On calcule qu’il a dû vivre près de cent ans.”—*Montalembert, Les Moines d’Occident.*

Some ruins still remain at the spot called *Coscia di Stalletti*, from a Basilian monastery dedicated to S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, which succeeded that of Cassiodorus. A spring close by is still called *Fontana di Cassiodoro*. This is the fountain of Arethusa “in Scylatino territorio,” which is described by Cassiodorus as answering to the human voice, becoming agitated in proportion to the loud tones or even the cough of those who look into it. Three arches of an *Aqueduct* built by the Emperor Antoninus remain near this, at a spot called Simari.

The storms of the bay of Squillace—“navifragum Scylaceum,”¹ are celebrated by Virgil,² but the natives believe that they have ceased since the evil spirits who caused them were driven out of the neighbouring grotto of Stallali by angels bearing the body of S. Gregory, to whom it is now consecrated.

¹ Ovid, *Met.* xv. 701.

² *Aen.* iii. 553.

The railway now crosses the *Ancimale*, the Caecinus of Pliny.¹ On the right bank *Satriano* occupies the site of Caecinum. The scenery now becomes uglier and uglier.

Monasterace (Stat.) is supposed to occupy the site of *Mystia*, mentioned by Pliny.² The village contains the ruins of a convent of the Knights of Rhodes, near the *Assi*, which divides Calabria Ulteriore I. and II.

[About 6 m. from hence is the picturesquely-placed town of *Stilo*, situated on a mountain-shelf below perpendicular precipices. Near this is the exceedingly-curious ancient *Church of La Cattolica*, a quadrangular building with three apses, supported by ancient marble pillars, the first of which (right) bears a Greek inscription and cross.]

The railway now crosses the *Rio Alaro*, the ancient *Sagras*, famous for the defeat of the army of Crotona by that of Locri.³

On the banks of the *Alaro*, a few miles to the north-west, in a lofty situation, is *Castelvetere*, which is believed to occupy the site of *Caulonia*, a Greek city founded by an Achaean colony, which rose to considerable importance. Its power was broken by Dionysius, who carried off the inhabitants to Syracuse in B.C. 389. Across an arid wilderness we reach—

Roccella (Stat.), the *Romechium* of Ovid. After so much weary ugliness, the magnificent rock of *Roccella* comes as a surprise. The weather-stained houses of the town, propped by every variety of arch and buttress, and broken here and there by a palm, rise from perpendicular cliffs; and farther inland is a second mass of rock crowned by a castle, and connected with the town by a chain of towers. Artistically, *Roccella* is the finest coast scene in Southern Italy.

Gioiosa (Stat.), upon the *Fiume Romano*. There is no inn here, yet it is the best point whence to make an excursion to the grand ravine of the *Novito*—the *Buthrotus* of Livy, at *Canalo*, which is situated amid Titanic rocks, the town itself seeming almost crushed amid the precipices.

Gerace (Stat.) is a considerable town 5 m. from the

¹ iii. 10.

² iii. 10.

³ See Cicero, *De Nat. Dei*, iii. 5.

sea, and not visible from the railway, with a *Cathedral*, finished in 1054, which has suffered terribly from earthquakes, but retains a magnificent crypt, supported by twenty granite and marble columns from the temples of Locri. The *Church of S. Francesco* has a beautiful Gothic portal.

“Gerace, one of the three Sott’ intendenze, into which Calabria Ulteriore I. is divided, is a large cathedral town, full of beautifully-placed buildings, situated on a very narrow ridge of rock, every part of which seems to have been dangerously afflicted by earthquakes, splits, and cracks, and chasms, horrible with abundant crookednesses of steeples, and a general appearance of instability in walls and houses. Towards the north-west, the sharp crest of rock ends abruptly in a precipice, which on three sides is perfectly perpendicular. Here are the dark and crumbling ruins of a massive Norman castle, from which, by a scrambling path, you may reach the valley below; but all other parts of the town are accessible only by two winding roads at the eastern and less precipitous approach. The great height at which this place is situated, and its isolated site, give it a command of views the most wide and beautiful in character: that towards the sea being bounded by Roccella on the north, and Capo Bruzzano to the south; while the inland mountain ranges towards the west are sublimely interesting. . . . Each rock, shrine, and building at Gerace seems arranged and coloured on purpose for artists, and the union of lines formed by nature and art is perfectly delicious. A beautiful trait of the place is its admirable colour; its white or fawn-coloured cliffs, and gray or dove-coloured buildings, coming beautifully off the purple of mountains.”—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

The village of *Torre di Gerace*, on the seashore, marks the site of Locri, one of the most celebrated of the Greek colonies. It was probably founded (by the Locrians) soon after Crotona. It possessed a written, probably the earliest *written* code of laws, called that of Zaleucus, and, even in the days of Pindar and of Demosthenes, was regarded as a model of good government and order. The most important event in the history of the Locrians, is their conquest of Crotona, on the banks of the Sagra, with an army of 10,000 against 130,000 men. In its quarrels with other states, it was protected by an alliance with Syracuse, which was strengthened by the marriage of the elder Dionysius with Doris, daughter of Xenetus, one of its most eminent citizens. The younger Dionysius, when expelled from Syracuse, took refuge here, and, seizing the citadel, ruled

with despotic power for six years. Locri continued to exist, after a humble fashion, in the sixth century, and probably owed its final destruction to the ravages of the Saracens. A great number of fragments of masonry remain on the sea-coast, and, at the farm called *Casino dell' Imperatore*, a mile from the sea, is the basement of a Doric temple, probably the celebrated temple of Proserpine, of which the treasures were carried off by Pyrrhus, restored owing to a violent storm which followed his impiety, and again carried off by the Roman Pleminius (B.C. 205), and restored by command of the senate.

Fifteen miles south of Gerace is the low headland called *Capo di Bruzzano*—the Zephyrium Promontorium, under which, according to Strabo, the Locrian colonists first settled, before removing to the site of their permanent city.

[Equestrians may make a beautiful excursion from Gerace through the wooded defiles of Aspromonte to the western coast at Gioja (full of malaria), and thence by Palmi and Scilla to Reggio. By a divergence at Castelnovo, the grandly-situated *San Giorgio* may be visited, its houses piled on rocky plateaux, rising on a hill covered with woods.]

Ardore (Stat.), formerly called *Odore*, says Pacichelli, from its many flowers.

Bovalino (Stat.) The town, situated on a height above the olive-woods, has an exquisite view.

Brancaleone (Stat.) The mountains are clothed with the glorious forests of *Pietrapennata* "full of pictorial effect—Claude and Salvator Rosa at every step." High in the mountain of Aspromonte, passing through *S. Agata*, a humble village with a great castle, is the *Convent of S. Maria di Polsi*, situated in a close valley gloriously wooded. The masses of ilex and oleander in these mountain-forests are indescribably beautiful. Legend asserts that the shrine was built to commemorate the sagacity of an ox, which, having guided one of the Norman princes to this remote spot, there dug up a buried picture of the Virgin with his horns.

Leaving *Capo Spartavento*, the ancient Promontorium *Herculis*, to the left, the railway reaches—

Palizzi (Stat.) The town is a strange vast cluster of houses built under the shadow of precipitous spiral rocks.

Bova (Stat.) The aerial town is like an eagle's nest, utterly irregular, with streets like staircases, built on masses of cactus-grown rock, overlooking the most glorious view of wooded hills and sea and the distant Sicily. This place vies with the neighbouring Amendolia in claiming to be the birthplace of the sculptor Praxiteles. Its people are known by their neighbours as "Turchi," and speak a bastard Greek; they belong to a settlement under Charles III. de Bourbon in 1744.

Melito (Stat.), where Garibaldi landed in September 1860, and again in August 1862, when he was compelled to surrender to the Royal forces. A rugged path leads hence to the marvellously picturesque Pentedatilo.

"This strange town is so placed, that although seen from all the country round, you may pass close to it without being aware of its proximity. The ravine in which the river flows is crowded and blocked up with crags to the south of the great rock on which the town is built; so that it is necessary to cross to the western side of the stream, and ascend the heights which enclose it before finally recrossing it, in order to reach the remarkable crag itself. But having gained the high ground opposite, the appearance of Pentedatilo is perfectly magical, and repays whatever trouble the effort to reach it may so far have cost. Wild spires of stone shoot up into the air, barren and clearly defined, in the form (as its name implies), of a gigantic hand against the sky, and in the crevices and holes of this fearfully savage pyramid the houses of Pentedatilo are wedged, while darkness and terror brood over all the abyss around this, the strangest of human abodes. Again, a descent to the river, and all traces of the place are gone; and it is not till after repassing the stream, and performing a weary climb on the further side, that the stupendous and amazing precipice is reached; the habitations on its surface now consist of little more than a small village, though the remains of a large castle and extensive buildings are marks of Pentedatilo having once seen better days."—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

To the left is the *Capo dell' Armi*—the ancient Leucopetra, still remarkable for the white rocks mentioned by classical authors, the last point in Italy where Demosthenes and Eurymedon touched with the Athenian armament before crossing over to Sicily, and the point whence Cicero was

induced to turn back when on his way to Greece, after the death of Caesar.

We are now completely in the beautiful South. On the right the most picturesque villages rise on every fantastic spur of the hills, on the left we have the exquisite vision of Sicily and Etna across the blue waters. The very bank of the railway is overgrown with tamarisk, Jerusalem sage, and the trailing mesembrianthemum, with its huge purple flowers.

Reggio (Hotel Vittoria, clean, and very good for Calabria) has a glorious view of Sicily and the snowy heights of Etna. The country round is one vast garden of "agrumi." The harvest of oranges is of as great importance here as that of corn in England; and the scent from the warehouses in which they are packed, and the carts which bear them to the wharfs, is most delicious. These carts are in themselves a study, being often richly carved, and almost always painted in gaudy colours with the history of Genoveva or some other "saint of the people." Endless are the charming walks amongst the orange-groves, which also contain a sprinkling of pomegranates and bananas. Once there were vast numbers of palm-trees in this part of Italy, but, after the expulsion of the Saracens, they were for the most part cut down, as being memorials of the infidel dominion. Still, here and there a palm is seen overhanging an old gateway near Reggio; and the artist will find many other lovely incidents in pergolas with waving tresses of amber-coloured vine, and wayside fountains with women filling great two-handled vases of the old Greek pattern, or zampognari playing on their bagpipes.

The natives maintain, as in ancient times, that Italy and Sicily were once united, and were torn asunder by an earthquake—

"Haec loca vi quondam, et vasta convulsa ruina,
 (Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas !)
 Dissiluisse ferunt, quum protinus utraque tellus
 Una foret; venit medio vi pontus, et undis
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscedit, arvaeque et urbes
 Littore diductas angusto interluit aestu."

Reggio occupies the site of Rhegium, an important Greek colony, founded early in the eighth century B.C. by Chalcidian emigrants. It appears to have been governed by an aristocratic council till Anaxilas of Messina obtained the despotic power, B.C. 494, being succeeded by his sons at his death. In B.C. 387 the city was totally destroyed by Dionysius of Syracuse, after successfully resisting him through an eleven months' siege, and, though it rose again from its ruins, it never regained any importance. It was at Reggio that (588) Autharis rode into the sea, and, striking a pillar erected there, with his spear, exclaimed—"This is the boundary of the Lombard kingdom." The modern city, which is the capital of Calabria Ultra, has suffered so terribly from earthquakes that it contains no building of importance except the modern *Cathedral*, which bears on its façade the single line, which has made the name of Reggio known throughout the world—

“Circumlegentes devenimus Rhegium.”

Acts xxvii.

It is mentioned by ancient as well as modern authors that the Cicale, so noisy through the summer-day in other parts of Italy, are mute at Reggio and in that district of Western Calabria: a fact which church tradition accounts for by saying that S. Paul was so disturbed by them whilst he was preaching at Reggio, that he cursed them and bade them be dumb for evermore.

No one will visit Reggio without driving along the lovely coast to Scilla (see Ch. X.), with its noble castle on a sea-girt cliff. Advantage may be taken of the railway to make longer excursions to Pentedatilo, Gerace, into the glorious forest-scenery of Pietrapennata, and to other points in the mountainous region of Aspromonte, where Mont' Alto rises to a height of 4380 ft. The natives believe that the terrible earthquakes, which are the scourge of this coast, would cease for ever if a volcano would burst forth from Aspromonte, and thus relieve the throes of the earth.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE BASILICATA AND WESTERN CALABRIA.

THE railway from Naples to Salerno is to be continued from Battipaglia, near the coast, by Vallo, Maratea, Paola, Monteleone, Palmi, and Scilla to Reggio. It will then be the nearest and easiest approach to Sicily.

[The railway is already finished which turns eastward from Battipaglia to join the line from Bari to Reggio at Metaponto. It passes—

Eboli (Stat.), a white town amongst fruit-gardens with a castle of the Princes of Angri. Hence the line passes through rich forest scenery, and then winds through a long narrow gorge in the Apennines to *Bellemuro*.

Picerno (Stat.) is beautifully situated on an olive-clad hill overlooking a wild district. Hence the country is bare and desolate, and the villages visited by frequent earthquakes, till the line reaches—

Potenza (Inn, *La Posta, Croce da Savoia*), the capital of the Basilicata, representing the ancient Potentia, a flourishing city of Lucania. There are some remains of the ancient city at the spot called *La Murata*, in the valley below the modern town, which is of little interest, having been almost ruined by the earthquakes of 1857 and 1858, in which 32,000 persons perished.]

The great road from Naples through Calabria to Reggio passes through *Ponte S. Cono*, a station on the line to Potenza, whence the Calabrian *corriera* starts in connection with the early train from Naples.

Entering the valley of the *Tanagro* or *Negro*, the ancient Tanager, on the left is *Auletta*, near which (close to

Pertosa) is a grotto of S. Michael of great local celebrity. Crossing a deep ravine by the *Ponte di Campestrino*, the road ascends for some distance, and then descends into the *Val di Diano*, which it enters near *Polla*, the ancient Forum Popilii. Leaving on the left *Atena*, the ancient Atina, *Sala Consigliano* is supposed to mark the site of Marciliana, a station on the Via Popilia: on the opposite bank of the river, which is crossed by the *Ponte di Sila*, an ancient Roman bridge, is *Diano*, the ancient Tegianum.

[Near Sala a road diverges on the left up the valley of the Tanagro to *La Padula*, near the site of the Lucanian town Consilinum. The once celebrated Carthusian *Convent of S. Lorenzo* contains the thirteenth century tomb of its founder, Tommaso di S. Severino. Antiquaries may make a farther excursion from hence into the heights of *Monte Pollino*, to visit, near *Saponara*, on the right bank of the Agri (Acriris), the ruins of Grumentum, beneath whose walls Hanno was defeated by Tib. Sempronius Longus.¹]

The high road continues through *Casalbuono* to the picturesquely-situated *Lagonegro*, and thence, leaving to the left the little *Lago di Serino* (Lacus Niger) and the lofty *Lauria* (Lagaria), reaches *Castelluccio Superiore*, on the river *Lao*, the ancient Laos, and *Rotonda*, beyond which the road enters Calabria (Provincia Calabria Citra).

Across the tableland of *Campo Tanese* we reach *Morano*, the ancient Muranum, and *Castrovillari* the ancient Aprustum, on the left bank of the *Coscile* or Sybaris, with a Norman castle.

Leaving *Spezanca* on the left, the road reaches *Tarsia*, the ancient Caprasia, a place teeming with malaria, and passes through *Bitorto* to Cosenza. Just before entering the town it crosses a bridge over the famous Busento, in the bed of which the Gothic king Alaric was buried.

Cosenza (Inn, *Hôtel Rizzo*, near the railway station), the ancient Cosentia, the capital of Calabria Citra, see Ch. IX.

[An excursion of 21 m. may be made from Cosenza to *Paola* on the sea-coast, where the steamers from Naples to

¹ Livy, xxiii. 37.

Messina stop twice weekly. S. Francesco di Paola, the founder of the Order of Minor Friars, who was summoned to France in the hope of prolonging the life of Louis XI., was born here in 1416. In the *Monastery of S. Francesco di Paola*, beautifully situated, a mile from the town, built 1626, is a fountain, which the saint, like Moses, is said to have caused to gush from the earth, and of which the waters are considered a specific for every disease; they are said always to keep the same level, neither increasing nor decreasing.

Near Paola is the village of *Guardia*, where a colony of Waldensian Protestants settled in the middle of the sixteenth century. Soon afterwards they were cruelly persecuted, and, in 1561, they were decimated by the troops of the Viceroy, Duca d'Alcada. Eighty-eight of them were shut up in one house and led out one by one to a field, where their throats were cut as they knelt, their faces being covered with the same bloody napkin.¹ But "they fell," as Fra Giovanni Fiore, the Calabrian chronicler of 1691, narrates, "not sad, but joyful, being erroneously assured (as they declared with loud voice, whilst animating each other to battle and death) that, whilst dying, they were ascending to heaven, to dwell with the angels." It is disappointing to have to add that eventually the terrors of sword and flame drove the small remnant of the colony into the Roman Catholic Church. The costume of Guardia is very pretty—a blue gown edged with scarlet, a scarlet petticoat, black velvet bodice, white sleeves, stomacher, and head-dress.

The promontory called *Mesa*, 20 m. south of Paola, is supposed to be the site of the city Temesa or Tempsa, mentioned by Homer.² Ovid refers to its mines—

"Evinctique fretum, Siculique angusta Pelori,
Hippodataeque domos regis, Temesaeque metalla."

Met. xv. 706.

"Temesaeque concrepat aera."

Fast. v. 441.]

On leaving Cosenza, the road winds through the forests

¹ M'Crie, *Hist. of the Reformation in Italy*.

² *Od.* i. 184.

of Sila to *Rogliano*, the birthplace (1644) of the celebrated jurist and poet Vincenzo Gravina, celebrated for its wine. With beautiful views on the right of *Monte Cocuzzo*, which reaches 5620 ft., the road now enters the valley of the *Savuto*, the ancient *Sabbatus*,¹ where, at the village of *Altilia*, Count Roger founded a famous Cistercian monastery in 1099. Through a wild and beautiful country we ascend to the lofty Apennine town of *Tiriolo*, whence the water flows both to the Tuscan and Ionian seas.² Scipio Cicala—"le Djighalizadé," whose adventures in the east equalled those of the Arabian Nights, was a native of this place. The women here still wear a picturesque and almost masculine costume.

[About 17 m. west of Tiriolo is *Nicastro* (*Inn, Gran Bretagna*), a large handsome episcopal town in a beautifully-wooded country. Henry, eldest son of Frederick II., was long imprisoned here in the castle, for joining the Guelph party against his father. He died here in 1235 of the injuries he received from having forced his horse over a precipice into the Savuto, as he was being removed from Nicastro to Martorano.

Keppel Craven narrates the popular legend of a Lord of Nicastro, Conte di Marsano, who married a daughter of Concublet, Barone d'Arene, with whom he lived happily and magnificently, he being a mighty hunter, his lady occupied apparently in a thousand charities and in her domestic cares. One winter night the keepers returned with a terrible story that one of their party, separated from his companions, had been attacked by three large wolves, who would have got the better of him had not assistance arrived. With the largest he had engaged in single combat, and had cut off its foot. So said the keeper, but when the bag which contained the trophy was opened it was found to contain nothing but a beautiful white hand with an emerald ring, which resembled that always worn by the Countess.

The Count rushed to the chamber of his wife, who had been ill in bed since the last evening. She stretched out

¹ The Savuto rises from a cleft in the Sila called *La Fontana del Labro*.

² Mazzella, *Descrizione del Regno*.

her right hand affectionately. He asked what she had done with her emerald ring. She said she wore it on her left hand. This he insisted on seeing, and, drawing it from the bedclothes and tearing off a concealing bandage, found only a mutilated wrist. She had paid the penalty of association with the powers of darkness by being changed into a brute form at peculiar periods of the moon.¹

A few miles from Nicastro, in the direction of the sea, lay the celebrated monastery of S. Eufemia, founded by Robert Guiscard, who dedicated it to a Greek saint to please his Greek subjects, and appointed his brother-in-law, Robert de Grentemesil (Prior of S. Evroult), the first abbot. The buildings were not only entirely destroyed by the terrible earthquake of 1638, but the very site of the abbey is covered by a pestilential lake.

The little town of *Nocera* on the Savuto is 3 m. from the ruins of Terina, at the spot called *Torre del Pianto*. Nothing but foundations remain of the town destroyed by Hannibal.]²

We now cross the plain of *Maida*, where (July 4, 1806) the English under Sir John Stuart defeated the French under Regnier.

[A few miles from Maida is the Albanian colony of *Vena*, where the women wear their hair arranged like an ancient helmet, and their costume is very remarkable.

“The people of Vena have a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language, though they employ the Albanian in conversation with each other. At their marriage festivities they have a dance called the Valle, which must precede the ceremony. The women unite in a ring, clasping the hands of each other, and, with a flag carried in front, proceed dancing and singing the war songs of their country when they were fighting the Turks. This takes place as they are conveying the young bride to her husband's house. They still use the Greek rite in marriage. There are two crowns prepared for the bride and bridegroom, which, after being blessed, are placed on their heads and then on the pillows of the bed. The armed Pyrrhic dance, they say, is still known to them under the name of Albanese, or Zamico. These Albanians settled in the kingdom of Naples in the fifteenth century, at the time that their own country was overrun by the Turks, preferring to be exiles rather than give up the religion of their fathers. They at

¹ There are similar stories in the country of the Vosges.

² Strabo vi. 255.

that time belonged to the Greek Church, but it is long since they submitted to the authority of the Pope."—*C. Tait Ramage, Nooks and Byways of Italy.*]

To the right of the high road lies the village of *Lo Pizzo* on the Gulf of S. Eufemia, where King Joachim Murat died.

The story of Murat is one which no fictitious romance ever equalled. Born the son of a small innkeeper, he was sent to the seminary at Toulouse, to be educated for the priesthood, but, being expelled for some slight misdemeanour, returned to his father's inn as a waiter. Wearied of a monotonous life, he soon enlisted in the 12th Chasseurs, whence being again expelled, he returned to his service. But after being enrolled in the constitutional guard of Louis XVI., he entered the Chasseurs as a lieutenant, and turned into a furious republican. When Bonaparte became general he appointed Murat his aide-de-camp, and, rising with his master, in a very few years he became general-in-chief, marshal of the empire, brother-in-law of the emperor, Grand Duke of Berg, and King of Naples.

With the fall of Napoleon, from whom his ingratitude and self-seeking had already estranged him, Murat seemed to pass again into utter oblivion, and Ferdinand de Bourbon quietly resumed the throne as Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies.

On the morning of Sunday, October 8, 1815, two small vessels were seen approaching the shore at Pizzo, and a boat landed thirty-one persons on the beach, being Murat, General Francheschetti, the aide-de-camp Campana, twenty-five soldiers, and three servants. As they ascended to the little piazza it was 10 A.M., and the town was full of people hurrying to mass. No one appeared to recognise Murat, but amongst the crowd he recognised one Taverna, an old sergeant of his guard at Naples, and promised to make him a captain if he would be the first to declare in favour of his old master, but Taverna replied by shutting himself up in his house. Murat then addressed the people, urging them to pull down the flag of King Ferdinand which floated upon the castle, and calling it a *mappino* or dish-cloth. No one responded, and seeing no friendly sign at Pizzo, the ex-king gave orders to his little troop to march towards Monteleone. It was too late. An officer named Trenta Cappelli, who was at home on leave with his family at Pizzo, called the people to arms, and they started in pursuit. Murat and his companions finding that they were followed, and that resistance was useless, made for the shore, where they hoped to find the boat from which they had landed. But they only arrived to see the ships sailing away, the Neapolitan Barbara, whom Murat had left in command, betraying his master, in order to seize a large sum of money which belonged to him.

A fishing-boat was lying on the beach, and the only chance of escape lay in its oars. Campana fell dead from a shot fired by the men of Pizzo, but Francheschetti succeeded in pushing out the boat

and leapt into it. Murat attempted to jump after him, but his long spurs became entangled in the fisherman's net and he fell headforemost into the water. Immediately the whole savage population of Pizzo were upon him. His epaulettes were wrenched away, his clothes torn to rags, his hair and whiskers plucked out, and, spit upon and insulted, he was dragged to the common prison. The governor of the castle rescued him from thence and gave him a room in the fortress. News of the capture of the ex-king was sent to Naples and an answer was received from Ferdinand that he was to be tried by a military commission and judged by his own law of quarantine, that any one landing unauthorised from a vessel which had not obtained 'pratique,' should be condemned to death. The commission of officers assembled on the night of the 12th, in spite of the remonstrance of Murat, who contended that if he were tried as king it should be by a tribunal of kings; if as marshal, by marshals; if as general, by generals. Being interrogated as to his name and birthplace, he replied with dignity—'I am Joachim Murat, King of the Two Sicilies, born at the Bastide-Fortunière, and, history will add, assassinated at Pizzo.' After he had been informed of his condemnation and that he had only an hour to live, he wrote a most touching letter of farewell to his queen, Caroline Murat, which he entrusted to General Nunziante. He then himself chose, in the courtyard of the castle, the spot of his execution, saying, 'Ecco il mio destino,' and having obtained the permission that he, who had commanded in thirty battles, might himself give the death signal, fixed his eyes upon a miniature of his wife in the lid of his watch and bade the guard to fire. Fear made them irresolute, and their first discharge missed him altogether. The ex-king stood without moving a muscle, and again bade them to fire, when he fell pierced through the heart. Four soldiers carried the body of Murat to the church, where it was buried in the common vault of the poor and covered with lime.

The white-washed room where the last days of Murat were spent and the courtyard of his execution exist still, and in the church is his grave, unmarked by any inscription, but above it waves the banner which he held when he landed, and which was taken from his hand.

[There is a bridle-road from Lo Pizzo to the beautifully-situated fishing village of *Tropea*, near the Capo Vaticano.]

The road now enters the land of the orange and myrtle, and reaches *Monteleone*, where there is a tolerable inn, a fine castle built by Frederick II., and a most exquisite view. It occupies the site of the Greek city Hippo, said to have been founded by a colony from Locri in B.C. 388. There was a famous temple of Proserpine here, of which the ruins were destroyed by Count Roger, and its pillars used in building

the cathedral of Mileto. Some remains of the ancient walls are still visible.

Through the *Piano di Monteleone*, the road reaches *Mileto*, which, before the conquest of Sicily, was the principal residence of the great Count Roger, who was married here to the beautiful Eremburga, and died here in 1101. The present town is quite modern. The ancient Mileto has been entirely destroyed by earthquakes. It occupied a ridge between two streams. Nothing is left but the foundations of the Church of the Holy Trinity, built from fragments of ancient temples, and in which Count Roger and his first wife Eremburga were buried in two ancient sarcophagi. One of these remained till lately in the vineyard amongst the ruins of the abbey; the other, adorned with a relief of the Battle of the Amazons, was taken to New Mileto;¹ now both have been removed to the Museum at Naples. The site can be recognised of the Chapel of S. Martino built by Count Roger, and in which one of his sons was buried; also of the Palace of Count Roger, afterwards the Bishop's Palace. Nothing but the substructions of the Cathedral remain.

[It is a 7 hours' ride (about 14 m.) from Mileto to the remains of the once famous *Abbey of S. Stefano del Bosco*, founded by Count Roger for S. Bruno, but entirely ruined by the earthquake of 1783. The ruins, surrounded by an embattled wall, stand at the head of a lonely valley in the Apennines, but nothing of the original construction remains. The place is now used as a timber magazine. One mile higher up the valley, at the entrance of the forest, is a chapel of S. Bruno (S. Maria del Bosco), where he lived as a hermit, framed the rules of the Cistercian order, and died in 1101.

The bridle-path from Mileto to S. Stefano passes through *Soriano*, where the Dominican monastery, destroyed by the earthquake of 1783, professed to have a statue of S. Dominic presented by the Madonna herself.]

Passing *Rosarno* and leaving the Greek *Medama* to the right, the road winds through the miserable and malaria-

¹ See Gally Knight.

stricken village of *Gioia*, on the *Marro*, the ancient *Metaurus*, which gave a name to the city of *Metaurum*.

Palmi (Inn, *Albergo Plutini*, very dear) is an exceedingly beautiful place, raised on a shelf above the sea, and backed by the cliffs of *Mont' Elia*.

“A flat promenade or platform half surrounded by seats, and a balustrade, the resort of the evening idlers of *Palmi*, is terminated at one end by the clustering churches and other buildings of the town, and at the other sinks down into the blue sea, a perpendicular cactus-clothed precipice. Immediately above the town frowns a bluff point, the sides of which also shelve downward, and are lost in a world of olive and orange groves, a feathery palm-tree peering here and there over the little houses embosomed in the luxuriant foliage. Beyond is spread a wide expanse of sea, with the single town of *Scilla* sparkling at the foot of its cliff, while pale *Etna*, with its snowy point, closes this most beautiful prospect. There are many pretty bits of landscape around this charming spot—gray rocks and olives, or gay gardens, with the town of *Bagnara* seen afar off between the graceful branches of the trees.”—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

The views from *Palmi* are lovely, especially towards the Straits of *Messina*, with the towering peak of *Etna*. Just opposite are the *Lipari Isles* (*Aeoliae Insulae*, from *Aeolus*, King of the Winds), the nearest being *Vulcano*, *Lipari*, *Panaria*, and *Stromboli*; the others, *Saline*, *Filicuxi*, and *Alicuri*. The eruptions on the first-named island in ancient times gave a name to all similar activities of nature. In classical times it was regarded as the forge of *Hephaestus*: in the Middle Ages as the place of torment of the Arian emperor, *Theodosius*. Its fires still emit sulphurous vapours. *Lipari* is the most important island of the group, and is the see of a bishop, whose cathedral is enclosed in the castle built by *Charles V.*

“Viewed at night-time, *Stromboli* presents a striking and singular spectacle. The mountain, owing to its elevation, is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. When watched from the deck of a vessel anywhere within this area, a glow of red light is seen to make its appearance from time to time above the summit of the mountain; this glow of light may be observed to increase gradually in intensity, and then as gradually to die away. After a short interval the same appearances are repeated, and this goes on till the increasing light of the dawn causes the phenomenon to be no longer visible. The resemblance presented by *Stromboli* to a ‘flashing light’ on a

most gigantic scale is very striking, and the mountain has long been known as 'the lighthouse of the Mediterranean.'

"When we land upon the island, we find that it is entirely built up of such materials as we know to be ejected from volcanoes; indeed, it resembles on a gigantic scale the surroundings of an iron furnace, with its heaps of cinders and masses of slag. This great heap of cindery and slaggy materials rises to a height of more than 3000 feet above the sea level, but even this measurement does not give an idea of its vast bulk. Soundings in the sea surrounding the island show that the bottom gradually shelves around the shores to the depth of nearly 600 fathoms, so that Stromboli is a great conical mass of cinders and slaggy material, having a height of over 6000 feet, and a base whose diameter exceeds four miles."—*Judd's Volcanoes.*



Scilla.

A little to the south-east of Palmi is *S. Seminara*, occupying the site of Taurianum.

Passing through *La Bagnara*, celebrated for the beauty of its women, and crossing the Solaro, the Cratais of Pliny, we reach *Scilla* (Scylla), with a noble sea-girt castle on the rocky promontory which was first fortified by Anaxilas, tyrant of Rhegium, in B.C. 476. The prominent part which its rock and the whirlpool of Charybdis play in the history of

the wanderings of Ulysses¹ prove how great was the alarm which it excited amongst early navigators.

“ High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds ;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.

The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails, and spreads her oars in vain ;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait ;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies ;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main ;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all ! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf ! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.”

Pope's Homer's Odyssey, Bk. xii.

The Latin poets also abound in exaggerated descriptions of the dangers of this coast—

“ At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris,
Ora exertantem, et naves in saxa trahentem.

Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
Cessantem, longos et circum flectere cursus ;
Quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro
Scyllam, et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.”

Aen. iii. 424.

Scilla was the scene of one of the most awful events of the earthquake of February 5, 1783. After the first shock almost the whole population took refuge from their falling houses upon the sea-shore. The aged Prince Ruffo of Scilla wished to have awaited the result before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to fly towards his great inland

¹ Homer, *Od.* xii.

castle of La Melia. Finding the road blocked up by rocks which had been hurled from the mountains, he returned to the shore, and after joining fervently with his people in the service of Ave Maria, prepared to pass the night in a boat which was drawn up on the south of the promontory. But at 7½ P.M., part of Monte Baci, the next headland, thundered into the sea. The roar of the waters was heard as the sea was driven upon the opposite shore of the Faro, then came a vast returning wave in which the prince and four thousand people were swept away.

It is an exquisitely beautiful drive of 15 m. from Scilla to Reggio (see Ch. IX.)

CHAPTER XI.

SICILY.

“ Multa mihi videntur esse de Siciliae dignitate, vetustate, utilitate dicenda.”—*Cicero, In Verrem.*

“ E la bella Trinacria, che caliga,
Tra Pachino e Peloro, sopra 'l golfo
Che riceve da Euro maggior briga.”

Dante, Par. viii. 67.

“WITHOUT Sicily Italy is nothing, Sicily is the key to the whole,” wrote Goethe; but, under the Bourbon government, the wretchedness of its inns, and difficulty of locomotion, prevented the island from being much explored. Now it is intersected by railways, and the hotels in its larger towns are excellent; but the recent abolition of the rural police (*armigero*), and the insecurity, causing an exaggerated report of brigandage, which has consequently fallen upon the less-populated districts, have deterred most Italian travellers from prolonging their rambles into a country which is nevertheless full of the elements of enjoyment. Yet Messina, Taormina, Syracuse, Girgenti, and Palermo may be reached with perfect safety and comfort; and, having once penetrated so far, hardy travellers will contrive to see Segeste, Selinunto, and Cefalù. They will then have visited all that is most worth seeing; for Sicily is by no means a beautiful island, but a very ugly island, with a few exquisitely-beautiful spots in it.

Sicily, only second in size to Sardinia of the Mediterranean islands, covers an area of 10,556 square miles. The Greek name of Trinacria expresses its triangular form. Three world-famous promontories—Capo Passaro (Pachynus),

Capo Torre di Faro (Pelorus), and Capo Boëo (Lilybeum)—form its angles. A great portion of the island is mountainous, though the only mountain of any individual importance is Mongibello (Etna), 10,874 English ft. in height. The rivers have no importance except from their historic associations, and are generally mere *fumare*, dry in summer, and swelling with dangerous suddenness in winter. The upland plains of the island, which in classical times were supposed to be the native land of wheat, are still famous for their crops; but the chief industry of the country is sulphur.

The most interesting place in the island is Syracuse. The most beautiful scenes are to be found at Taormina, Girgenti, and in the neighbourhood of Palermo. The remains of Greek temples at Segeste, Selinunto, and Girgenti are unrivalled, except by those of Athens, Bassae, and Paestum. The Saracenic fragments at Palermo and Cefalù may faintly recall the glories of Moorish Spain. The mediæval buildings at Monreale and Cefalù are unique. No part of the ancient world, except Magna Graecia, equalled Sicily in the beauty of its coins.¹

The map of Sicily tells its history, presenting one face to Italy, another to Greece, a third to Africa—influenced by each in proportion to its distance and the battleground of each. The earliest inhabitants of the island, of whom almost nothing is known, were the Siculi in the east, and the Sicani in the west. The Phenicians founded a number of colonies on the coast, of which only Panormus, Soluntum, and Motya had any permanent importance. The first Greek colony was that of the Chalcidic Naxos, established in 735 B.C. This was followed in the next year by the Corinthian foundation of Syracuse, which soon sent out dependent colonies to Leontini and Catana. Then, in succession, different Greek States, or the Greek cities already established in the island, founded Megara Hyblaea, Gela, Zancle (Messana), Acrae, Casmenae, Camarina, Agrigentum, Selinus, and Himera. Beginning as oligarchies, most of these soon passed into the hands of despots, under

¹ See the great work of the Prince of Torremuzza—*Siciliae Veteres Nummi*.

whose able government some of them, especially Agrigentum, Gela, and Syracuse, rose to a very high point of opulence and power, which in the case of Syracuse was intensified by the defeat of the great Athenian expedition in 413 B.C. Soon after this, however, the insignificant quarrels of Selinus and Segeste, and the appeal of the latter city to Carthage, led to those Carthaginian wars which brought about the destruction of Selinus, Himera, Agrigentum, Gela, and Camarina. Syracuse was saved by the peace with the Carthaginians which was concluded by the tyrant Dionysius, who was the founder of Tauromenium and Tyndaris; but the destroyer of Naxos, Catana, and Leontini. The ruin of these towns was followed by the destruction of Gela by Phintias of Agrigentum.

In B.C. 278 the dominance of Carthage led the remaining Greek cities to invoke the assistance of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus; but, after fighting for them for two years, the jealousy of his allies caused him to withdraw his troops, saying, "What a noble battlefield do we leave to Carthage and Rome!" And, in a few years, the attempt which Hieron of Syracuse made to expel the Mamertines, a band of Campanian mercenaries, from Messana, and their appeal to Rome for protection, led (B.C. 264) to the First Punic War. In this, the greater part of the island was ravaged by contending Roman and Carthaginian armies, and was finally conquered, except Syracuse, which the sagacity of its despot Hieron secured for a time. During the Second Punic War Hieron died, and the defection of his grandson Hieronymus to the Carthaginians, led to the blockade and fall of Syracuse, and the submission of the whole island to the Romans. Henceforward Sicily became a Roman province, and was governed by praetors, whose maladministration came to a climax under Verres, celebrated by the oration of Cicero. But, in spite of this, and of being occasionally ravaged by servile wars, the great fertility of the island caused it to be regarded as the storehouse and granary of the Roman State. The Greek language, which had hitherto been universal (as may be seen from the Greek names of citizens, even of Sicilian cities, in the time of Cicero), now gave place to

Latin, from which the present Sicilian language, differing little from that of Southern Italy, is derived.

In A.D. 440, Sicily was invaded by the Vandals under Genseric. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Goths, who remained its masters till the island was conquered by Belisarius in A.D. 535. From this time Sicily continued to be a dependency of the Byzantine empire, until it was subdued by the Saracens in the ninth century.

The chief remains of the Greek rule in Sicily are to be found in the temples of Girgenti, Segeste, and Selinus; the theatre of Syracuse, and the sculptures from Himera and Solunto. The principal remains of the Roman government are the amphitheatre of Syracuse and the theatre of Taormina. The mosaics of Monreale and Cefalù bear witness to the Byzantine rule and its influences.

The Saracens occupied Sicily for more than 200 years, developing the resources of the island, adorning with noble buildings their capital of Bulirma (Palermo), which now took the place of Syracuse as the principal city of the island, and holding a rule which in the main was liberal, though oppressive to the Christian population in some of its details.

With the eleventh century began the most interesting period of Sicilian history. The rulers of Southern Italy, whilst acknowledging the supremacy of the Greek emperors, had practically asserted their own independence. This roused the jealousy of the popes, and led them to invite the Normans to the invasion of South Italy. The chief of those Norman adventurers who obeyed the summons were ten in turn out of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville, a Norman squire residing near Coutances; and of these, two, Robert (Guiscard), Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and the youngest brother Roger, invaded Sicily in 1061, with banners blessed by the Pope, and, with 700 men, gained a great battle against 15,000 Saracens beneath the walls of Castrogiovanni. Eleven years later the brothers took Palermo (Roger had slain its Emir with his own hand), and then Robert returned to Italy, leaving his brother Roger, "the Great Count," possessor of the whole island except Palermo, which he retained for himself.

Roger I. made Traina the first Roman Catholic see under his brother-in-law Robert of Evroult, filling the other Sicilian sees with Norman bishops, and doing all he could to re-establish Christianity. But under his beneficent rule all the various inhabitants of Sicily continued to be governed by their own laws—the Saracens by the Koran; the Normans by the Coutoumier de Normandie; the Greeks by the code of Justinian.

Roger was twice married, first to Eremberga de Grentemesnil, sister of the prior of S. Evroult in Normandy, and secondly to Adelaide of Montferrat, who was induced, after his death, to marry Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, but, when two years had elapsed, discovered that he had another wife, and coming back disgraced, died in a convent at Patti.

Roger II., who was only four years old at the time of his father's death, grew up to consolidate his father's conquests by his wise, temperate, and unselfish rule, and when his cousin William, Duke of Calabria, died without children, and he became master of Apulia and Calabria, being already Count, Great Count, and Duke of Sicily, he took the title of king. He was crowned with great magnificence at Palermo on Christmas Day, 1130, by the four archbishops of Palermo, Salerno, Capua, and Beneventum, assuming the title of "Rex Siciliae, Ducatus Apuliae, Principatus Capuae." Edrisi, the court geographer, records that King Roger "did more sleeping than any other man waking." He founded admirable laws, derived from a careful study of the legal system in other countries, and devoted fifteen years to a treatise on universal geography, drawn up by Edrisi, and entitled, *The Book of Roger, or the Delight of whoso loves to make the Circuit of the World*. He was of the most regal presence, of gigantic stature and lion-like face.¹ At his death, in 1154, he was esteemed the wisest, most renowned, wealthy, and fortunate prince of his time. He left only one surviving son, William, by his first wife Elvira, and a daughter Constantia, born after his death, by his second wife Beatrix of Rieti. The magnifi-

¹ "Staturā grandis, corpulentus, facie leonina."—*Romualdi Guarn, Salernitani Chron.*

cent cathedral of Cefalù is due to a vow which Roger II. made when caught in a storm at sea on an expedition against his brother-in-law Raynulfus, Count of Alifé; and the Cappella Palatina and Church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti at Palermo, the remains of the Villa della Favara (Maredolce), and of that of Altarello di Baida, are memorials of his reign. These are probably the earliest buildings in the island not Roman or Greek, for there are no christian remains earlier than the Arab invasion, and no real Saracenic remains; the buildings which we see in the Arabian style being of Norman origin, for the Norman invaders, being a mere handful, naturally brought no architects with them, but employed those they found established in the island.¹

William I., or "The Bad," was morose and indolent, and ruled by favourites. He dismissed the wise counsellors of his father, and appointed Majone, the unscrupulous son of an oil-merchant at Bari, as his prime minister. The insolence and extortions of Majone infuriated the Sicilian nobles, who discovered proofs of his treason to the king. Yet the influence of the favourite remained unimpaired, and the vengeance which he was permitted to take upon his accusers, especially Everard, Count of Squillace, whom he deprived of his eyes and his tongue, led to his murder by Matteo Bonello, a young noble who had been engaged to his daughter. William the Bad was imprisoned for a time, and his son, the Duke of Apulia, proclaimed as his successor, but the will of the people led to the king being released on his promise of amendment, and once free, he inveigled Bonello to the palace, and put out his eyes. The Duke of Apulia soon afterwards died, with a suspicion of murder. Then, having punished all his opponents, William shut himself up in indolence and vice till his death. His manners and habits were those of an Arabian emir, and when he died, his decease was wildly lamented by the Saracen women, who rushed about the streets clothed in sackcloth with dishevelled hair, and uttering loud cries, or funeral songs, which they accompanied with their tam-

¹ See Fergusson, *Handbook of Architecture*.

bourines. The Arabian palace of La Zisa is a relic of the reign of William the Bad.

After the king's death a regency was proclaimed under the queen-mother, Margaret of Navarre, who called in her relation, Stephen of Perche, as her adviser, and made him Archbishop of Palermo. His just and vigorous plans soon reformed all the abuses of the State, but after two years the fury of his enemies forced him to take refuge in the still existing belfry of the cathedral, and eventually drove him out of the kingdom.

William II., or "The Good," came of age in the following year, and appointed his late tutor, an Englishman, Walter of the Mill, Dean of Agrigentum, as his prime minister and Archbishop of Palermo. The virtues which this tutor encouraged in his royal pupil led to a happy reign, in which King William promoted peace, but at the same time took part in the Crusades and kept faith with the Pope (Alexander III.) in his quarrels with Frederick Barbarossa. He was so beloved, that his chronicler says, "In the time of William II. there was more security in the thickets of Sicily than in the cities of other kingdoms." William II. was the builder of the Cathedral of Monreale, and of the Palace of La Cuba.

William the Good married Joan of England, sister of Henry II., but died without children in 1187. The Sicilian Parliament was then divided: one faction, under Walter of the Mill, espoused the cause of Constantia, daughter of Roger II. and half-sister of William I., who had married Henry, son of Frederick Barbarossa; the other, under the Kaid or Chancellor Matteo d' Ajello, at the head of the Saracen or national party, upheld the claims of Tancred, illegitimate son of Roger, Duke of Apulia, and grandson of Roger II.

Tancred (who had been imprisoned in the palace of Palermo under William I., restored to favour under William II., and married to Sibylla, daughter of the Count of Acerra) was crowned in Palermo, December 1189. He was noble-hearted and chivalrous, but his reign was embittered by perpetual warfare with Henry VI., husband of his aunt

Constantia, who had received the imperial crown from Celestine III., and in four years he died at Palermo of grief for the loss of his eldest son the Duke of Apulia, leaving his widow Sibylla regent and guardian of his only remaining child, William III.

Henry VI., hearing that Tancred and his eldest son were dead, traversed Calabria, taking one city after another, and crossing the straits, entered Palermo in triumph, causing Sibylla with her remaining son William, and her three daughters, Aleria, Constantia, and Mandonia, to fly to the Castle of Caltabellota. Henry then promised Queen Sibylla the county of Lecce and principality of Taranto for her son if she would resign the crown, and, having no alternative, she complied, upon which the Emperor immediately broke faith with her, mutilated and put out the eyes of the young William III., who died soon afterwards, imprisoned the rest of his family, and massacred their adherents. A general rising of the Sicilian nobility followed, and a civil war, during which Henry died of a fever, in 1197, whilst he was besieging Castrogiovanni. He was buried in a beautiful porphyry sarcophagus in the Cathedral of Palermo.

Frederick II. was at once proclaimed at Palermo, being the son of Henry VI. and of Constantia, who immediately proved the pain which her husband's treatment of her family and fellow-countrymen had given her, by ordering all Germans to leave the island, and doing all she could to soothe the wounded spirits of the Sicilians. Dying in a year, she left her son under the regency of Pope Innocent III., who appointed four national bishops as his guardians. Of a German family, Frederick II. was Italian in his language, character, and affections. As warrior, troubadour, and philosopher, he became the most remarkable man of his age. Some of the earliest Italian poetry is by Frederick himself and his sons Manfred and Enzo. His sense of beauty made his country a centre for art. He instituted the universities of Padua and Naples, and made an amended code of laws—the "*Constitutiones Siciliae*," chiefly by the advice of Piero delle Vigne, to whom refer the lines of Dante—

“Io son colui che tenni ambo le chiavi
 Del cor di Federigo, e che le volsi,
 Serrando e disserando, sì soavi,
 Che dal segreto suo quasi ogni uom tolsi.”

Inf. xiii. 58.

He established the third estate, or commons in Sicily, calling two “prudhommes” or “wise men” to sit in the Sicilian Parliament for every demesne town. He took away the right of criminal jurisdiction from the barons and gave it to the king’s judges, and he established a municipal body in every commune. He founded S. Stefano in Calabria and Aquila in the Abruzzi, and built the palaces Apricena near Monte Gargano and Castel del Monte near Barletta. But his most remarkable foundation was Nocera in Apulia, whither, having observed their fidelity in Sicily, he removed a garrison of 20,000 Saracens to be a check upon his enemies on the mainland. His later life was harassed by a long struggle with Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., and, though he was victorious over the secular power of the Guelphs, the papal anathemas were too much for him, as they alienated his people from one who was excommunicated. Leaving a marvellous reputation for energy, magnanimity, and wisdom, he died at Castel¹ Fiorentino in 1250, broken-hearted at the defection of his friends, and the refusal of the Bolognese to set at liberty his beloved natural son Enzo, whom they had made prisoner in 1249.

Frederick II. was first married (by Innocent III.) to Constance of Arragon, who was ten years his senior, and was widow of Emmerich, King of Hungary. By her he was the father of an only son Henry, who died in 1235, before his father. Secondly, Frederick II. married Iolanthe de Lusignan, daughter of King John of Jerusalem, and rightful heiress of that kingdom through her mother, from whom the kings of Naples afterwards claimed that title. The Empress Iolanthe died in 1225 in her seventeenth year, ten days after giving birth to her only child, afterwards Conrad IV. Thirdly, Henry married Isabella, daughter of Henry III. of England, by whom he was the father of a second Prince Henry, and who died in childbirth in 1241.

Fourthly, Frederick II. was married upon his deathbed to his mistress, Bianca Lancia, by whom he had been the father of Manfred.¹

Manfred, son of Frederick II. and Bianca Lancia (having been first regent in consequence of the absence of the rightful heir *Conrad IV.* who died in 1254, and the infancy of his successor *Conradin*) was crowned King of Sicily and Calabria in 1258. He inherited the qualities of his father as warrior, poet, and sage. He founded Manfredonia and had his chief residence at Barletta. But fierce hostility to the Norman sovereigns had been aroused in the popes by the opposition of Frederick II. to their claims, and Urban IV., after excommunicating Manfred as a usurper, offered the crown of Sicily first to the King of England, who declined it, and then to Charles of Anjou, who accepted it and invaded the south of Italy. The papal fury had been roused most of all by the foundation of Saracenic Nocera—"Tell the Sultan of Nocera," said Charles, when Manfred sent to ask the conditions of peace, "that he shall either send me to paradise, or I will send him to hell." The armies met at Beneventum, where, owing to the valour of the Normans, the battle was going well for Manfred, when the barons of Apulia deserted him with their forces. Then, rushing into the thick of the combat, and performing prodigies of heroism, King Manfred fell as became the last of the Normans, and, being denied christian burial by the popes and a monument by his enemies, was immortalised in the verses of Dante. The massacre of the Sicilian Vespers relieved the Sicilians, in 1282, from their twenty-four years of oppression by the hated Angevine sovereigns, and after the slaughter of about 4000 Frenchmen, they called in as their ruler Peter of Arragon, who had married Constance, the daughter of Manfred, to whom the young Conradin, grandson of Frederick II., murdered by Charles at Naples in 1268, had bequeathed his rights upon

¹ The other (bastard) sons of Frederick II. were King Enzo, Frederick of Antioch, and Richard, Vicar General of Romagna. His daughters were Selvaggia, Iolanthe, Catherine, the Countesses of Acerra and Caretto, and Blanche fleur, who died a nun at Montargis in 1278.

the scaffold. As Charles of Anjou retained the continental territories, the usage began at this time of calling the island Sicily "*ultra pharum*," and the kingdom on the mainland Sicily "*citra pharum*."

The Arragonese dynasty lasted above 430 years, Sicily having become a dependency of the Spanish crown in 1479, through the accession of Ferdinand II. ("the Catholic"), son of John of Arragon, to the throne of Spain. During this long period the affairs of the island were chiefly administered by Viceroy, to whose taste and care the chief towns owe much of their embellishment, but by whom the judicial system was deteriorated, the country neglected, and its resources wasted.

By the Peace of Utrecht, Sicily was given to Vittorio Amadeo of Savoy, who held it for four years, after which it was exchanged for Sardinia, and united to Naples under the Emperor Charles V. In 1734 it was conquered by Don Carlos, son of Philip V. of Spain, who, as Charles III. King of the Two Sicilies, proved a wise and able sovereign, reforming the abuses which had sprung up under the viceroys and been fostered by years of warfare. Henceforward the island followed the fortunes of the kingdom on the mainland, to which it was united. Its official appellation being "*Dominî al di là del Faro*," as that of the part of the kingdom on the mainland was "*Dominî al di quà del Faro*." In 1860, the misgovernment of the later Bourbons gave a shadow of chivalrous excuse for the invasion of the island by the adventurer Garibaldi, whose successes were followed by the expulsion of King Francis II. in 1861, and the seizure of his dominions by his maternal uncle, Victor Emmanuel II. of Sardina.

The want of roads, which is still so remarkable in the island, long left it far behind Italy in civilisation and commerce; but now railways are rapidly opening out its resources, and its trade in sulphur, corn, oil, wine (especially Marsala), and other products, is greatly on the increase. Besides the vines, olives, and oranges of Sicily, the liquorice, carouba, manna, almond, and sumach trees are of value. The flowers are indescribably beautiful, and there are twenty-

five plants whose specific name, *Siculus*, is taken from Sicily.

There are three archbishoprics—Palermo, Monreale, and Messina ; and eleven bishoprics—Syracuse, Mazzara, Cefalù, Patti, Nicosia, Piazza, Gerace, Girgenti, Caltagirone, Catania, and Lipari. But the extreme ignorance of the people has made them even more superstitious than the Italians of the mainland, and till recently the horrible ceremonies connected with the car of the Madonna at Messina, and of S. Rosalia at Palermo, were rather worthy of the worship of Juggernaut than of Christianity. Travellers will still be struck by “Viva la Divina Provvidenza”—Long life to the Divine Providence—as a frequent sign of public-houses near Palermo ; but on the whole, since the Sardinian occupation and the abolition of convents, religion and superstition have been alike tending towards extinction. The new laws for the division of property have also brought most of the old palaces and their owners to equal ruin ; and the aristocratic Bagaria now presents a melancholy picture of fallen splendour.

Behindhand in everything, there is little merit to be found in the modern literature of the island, except in the poems of Giovanni Meli, which are descriptive of Sicilian scenery and manners, and in the learned archeological works of the Duke of Serradifalco and the Prince of Torremuzza ; the *Opusculi*, *Effemeridi*, etc., with which the bookshops are filled, are generally the merest rubbish.

Travellers on the island will do well to study the *Idylls of Theocritus*, a series of word-pictures, the result of life amid Sicilian scenery. They may also read the versés of Moschus, a poet of Syracuse in the third century B.C.

“Théocrite est le peintre en miniature de la Sicile. Ses idylles se composent d’une foule de petits tableaux champêtres peints d’après nature. Dans cette poésie insulaire, on aperçoit sans cesse la mer à l’horizon. Tantôt c’est un berger qui, appuyé contre un pin, joue de la flûte, tandis que les belles vagues à peine murmurantes réfléchissent l’image mobile de son chien qui court en jappant sur le rivage, tantôt ce sont de vieux pêcheurs conversant la nuit sur une couche d’algues, pendant que la mer vient battre mollement leur cabane de feuillée.”—*J. J. Ampère.*

“ Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared,
I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo !
A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales ;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
That doth not yield a solace to my grief.”

Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XII.

SICILY—THE EASTERN COAST.

A LARGE steamer takes travellers three times a week from Reggio to *Messina* in twenty minutes. A small unpleasantly-rolling *Vapore Postale* makes the passage twice a day in an hour. The houses and churches of Messina—"portus et porta" Siciliae, as it was called by Charles of Anjou—soon grow into individuality across the blue waters, and the steamer glides through the currents of Charybdis, where the Fata Morgana are often seen in calm hot weather, at high tides, in the sunrise.¹ By the little fort of San Salvador, where Count Roger built his first church after the Normans landed in Sicily, we enter the harbour whose shape, resembling a sickle, gave the place its early name of Zanclé.

The custom-house is a mere form.

Hotels.—*Bellevue*, very good and reasonable; *Trinacria*, good; *Vittoria*, good. Pension of 12 frs. a day at these hotels includes everything. Sunny rooms should be insisted upon.

Carriages.—The course, 50 c. To the Faro, 5 frs: to the Telegraph, 8 frs.; these are the right prices, but should be mentioned at starting.

Post-Office, 195 Corso Cavour (entrance 1 Via S. Agostino).

Telegraph, 9 Piazza dell' Annunziata.

British Consulate, 14 Via S. Maria la Stella.

Physician. Dr. Francesco Trombetta, Via Placida.

Ordinary travellers will find two days sufficient for the sights of the town and its environs, but it may be an agreeable residence for several weeks in winter. The view

¹ W. H. Smyth.

from the windows of the hotels is charming. It is a city—

“ Che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti
 Occupa tutta e tutta a cerchio adorna !

Yet Messina, “La Nobile,” would be a dull town of featureless houses if it were not for the exquisite glints of blue sea with white sails skimming across it, and a background of roseate Italian mountains, which may be seen down every steep street, or through each of the high dark archways, which perforate the seaward side of the Strada Ferdinanda (now called Strada Garibaldi). Owing partly to the terrible earthquake of 1783, which laid the greater part of the city in ruins, there are few buildings of importance, and those few are for the most part relics of the Norman sovereigns, who took an especial interest in this city as the one which was the first to acknowledge their rule.

One whole day will probably suffice to ordinary travellers for the sights of Messina, and a drive to the Faro. They will first loiter along the Marina, which is the centre of Messinian life, crowded with fishermen, and with porters lading and unloading the thickly moored vessels. Here is the great *Fountain of Neptune*, a noble work, for the most part by *Fra Giovanni Angelo Montorsoli*, who was an associate of Michael Angelo till 1563. The naked sea-god stands between figures of Scylla and Charybdis struggling out of the chains by which they are fettered. Two fine bronze fountains which stood near this, and stately bronze statues of Charles III. and Francis I. of Naples, were wantonly destroyed by the rebels in 1848.

Turning a few steps inland from hence, we find ourselves at the south end of the Via Garibaldi, where, at the entrance of the Via Cardines, is the exceedingly curious Norman Church of the *Nunziatella* or *L'Annunziata dei Catalani*, which was already an ancient church in 1169, though it was never (as erroneously stated) either a temple or a mosque.¹ It was originally called L'Annunziata del Castellamare, as the sea-gate, with its fortified towers, then

¹ Gally Knight.

stood close by; but the name was changed when the Arragonese princes conferred it upon their Spanish followers for their separate use. The apse is decorated by two ranges of small stilted Norman arches with pillars. The Arabic inscriptions on either side of the entrance are fragments of a Saracenic building, and allude to the glories of Messala, son of Haram, a Saracenic chieftain.

Close by, where the Via Primo Settembre crosses the Via Cardines, are four marble fountains adorned with tritons and sea-horses, from designs of *Giacomo Calcagni*, 1742.

Turning to the right, up the Via Primo Settembre, we reach the *Church of La Cattolica* or the *Madonna del Graffeo*. Only the west front is old, but it bears the pompous inscription—"Cattolica Ecclesiarum Graecarum Mater et Caput," having been in the hands of the Greek clergy ever since 1168, when the present cathedral was taken away from them. The Greek Protopapa here is nominated by the Pope, and approved by the Archbishop of Messina.¹ Under the high altar is a column with a Greek inscription to "Aesculapius and Hygeia, protectors of the city."

Hence we reach the *Piazza del Duomo* and the Cathedral (S. Maria Nuova) which was founded by the great Count Roger in 1098 and finished by his son. Count Roger built also the churches of S. Niccolo and S. Salvador, of which nothing now remains. S. Niccolo was the first Cathedral, but the Roman Catholic see was moved in 1168 to S. Maria Nuova, which had hitherto belonged to the Greek Church, and the Greek clergy were compelled to move to La Cattolica.

There is little external beauty in the cathedral, except at the west end, which is built of alternate courses of red and white marble, and combines well with a graceful allegorical fountain by *Montorsoli*, erected 1547-51. The

¹ Those who follow the eastern ritual in Sicily, remains of Greek colonies which migrated at the Turkish invasion of Greece, are almost confined to six places—Plano de' Greci near Palermo, Palazzo Adriano, Mezzojuso, Contessa, Santa Cristina, and Messina.

three Gothic portals were added under the House of Anjou. That in the centre is a marvel of delicate and varied sculpture in relief, with figures of saints by *Gio. Battista Mazzolo*. The interior, 305 ft. in length, is a Latin cross, with three aisles, separated by 26 columns of Egyptian granite, said to have been taken from the temple of Neptune at the Faro: they have gilt Corinthian capitals. The roof is of wood, and is a restoration by King Manfred of an ancient roof burned in 1254 at the funeral of Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II., the canopy over the corpse having been so high, that the lights by which it was crowned set fire to the rafters: the body of the prince perished in the flames.

The three apses are filled with grand mosaics, added in 1322 by Frederick of Arragon and Archbishop Guidotto de' Tabiatis, who are introduced kneeling at the feet of the colossal figure of the Saviour, with Peter II., the son of Frederick. Hard by, in a crimson velvet covered coffin, or rather trunk, on the right, rest the ashes which, gathered up after the fire of the church, were supposed to be those of King Conrad IV., son of the great Emperor Frederick II. and father of Conradin, 1254. It bears the inscription—

“ Imperio praestans, formâ Conradus, et armis,
Pro meritis cineres dat tibi, Zancla, suos.”

Opposite, is the coffin of Alphonso the Magnanimous, 1458, who abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand, and passed the last ten months of his life at Messina in penitence and prayer—

“ Alphonsum Lybitina diu fugis arma gerentem,
Mox positus, quaenam gloria? fraude necas.”

In the round window at the back of the apse rests Antonia, wife of Frederick III. of Arragon—

“ Hic regum suboles, Friderici Antonia conjux
Sicaniae regina jacet. Thus Zancla supremo
Dat cineri, et raptam florentibus ingemit annis.”

In the right aisle a beautiful Gothic monument with pillars and trefoiled arches of coloured marbles marks the resting-place of five early archbishops. In the south tran-

sept a noble tomb by *Gregorio da Siena* commemorates Archbishop Guidotto de' Tabiatis, 1333, and bears his effigy. In the north transept is the tomb of Archbishop Giovanni Retana, 1582, by *Rinaldo Bonanno of Messina*. The holy water basin in the left aisle rests on an ancient pillar bearing a Greek inscription like that of La Cattolica. The pulpit is attributed to *Gagini*, the font to *Gaddo Gaddi* of Florence. Of the statues, we need only remark that of the Baptist to the right of the entrance, by the famous Sicilian sculptor *Antonio Gagini*, 1525.

The gorgeous shrine of the high altar encloses the famous letter of the Virgin, the palladium of Messina, which is said to have performed endless cures, to have driven out devils, and which queens have thankfully worn round their necks in their confinements. Yet the existing letter is not affirmed to be more than a copy (the original having been "destroyed through malice"), and is a translation of a translation. S. Paul, to whom the Virgin at Jerusalem entrusted a letter of congratulation to the Messinese on their conversion, is said to have turned her Hebrew into Greek, and Constantine Lascaris, in 1467, translated his Greek into Latin. In golden letters at the back of the high altar, the letter thus appears:—

"Maria Virgo Joachim filia, Dei humillima, Christi Jesu crucifixi, mater, ex tribu Juda stirpe David, Messanensibus omnibus salutem et Dei Patris omnipotentis benedictionem.

"Vos omnes fide magna legatos et nuntios per publicum documentum ad nos misisse constat : filium nostrum Dei genitum, Deum et Hominem esse fatemini et in coelum post suam resurrectionem ascendisse, Pauli apostoli electi praedicatione mediante, viam veritatis agnoscentes. Ob quod vos et ipsam civitatem benedicimus, cujus perpetuam protectricem nos esse volumus. Anno Filii nostri XLII. Indict I. III Nonas Junii. Luna XXVII. Feria V. Ex Hierosolymis. Maria Virgo quae supra confirmat praesens chirographum manu propria."

On the 3d of June, on which day the letter is dated, the Madonna della Lettera, Protettrice della Città, is carried in triumph through the streets; but her great festival is in August, in honour of the Assumption, and is one of the most extraordinary spectacles imaginable.

“The pomp commences with a train of nobles and city magistrates with their insignia of office and decked in their most splendid habiliments; then follow the military, both cavalry and infantry, with banners flying, to the sound of martial music: next come the fraternities of monks and friars, a motley crew, black, white, and gray, bound round with knotted cords and loaded with relics and crucifixes: these precede an immense car, equal in height to the very tops of the houses, which totters as it is dragged along with ropes by many hundreds of cattle in the shape of men. The crowds that follow are innumerable, from town and country. The lower story of this movable tower is embellished with hangings of rich silk and velvet, forming an imaginary sepulchre for the Virgin; it is filled with a band of musicians and a choir, who chaunt solemn dirges over the body of the deceased. Twelve youths, with brazen glories on their heads, encircle this tomb externally, to represent the twelve apostles: round them a circular frame carries with an horizontal motion, from right to left, several little children attached to it, in flowing robes and painted wings, to support the character of angels. Upon the platform of the second story stands a company of prophets chaunting the Madonna’s praises; and in front of this prophetic choir a large image of the sun, revolving with a vertical motion, carries round six infants affixed to the ends of its principal rays, and styled the cherubim: six more on the other side perform similar revolutions upon a figure of the moon. The third story is decorated with a tribe of singing patriarchs, around whom a circular frame moves horizontally, from left to right, with a train of seraphim. Over the heads of the patriarchal family is fixed a large sphere, painted sky-blue, and figured with golden stars; little winged infants flit around this, under the denomination of ‘moving intelligences’ or the ‘souls of the universe:’ upon the sphere itself stands a damsel fifteen or sixteen years old, decked in embroidered robes glittering with spangles, in the character of our Saviour; and in her right hand, stretched out and supported by iron machinery, she holds a beautiful child, who represents the soul of the blessed Virgin.

“At an appointed signal this well-freighted car begins to move, when it is welcomed with reiterated shouts and vivas by the infatuated populace, drums and trumpets play, the Dutch concert in the machine commences, and thousands of pateraroes fired off by a train of gunpowder make even the shores of Calabria re-echo with the sound; then angels, cherubim, seraphim, and animated intelligences, all begin to revolve in such implicated orbits as to make even the spectators giddy with the sight; but alas for the unfortunate little actors in the pantomime! they in spite of their heavenly characters are soon doomed to experience the infirmities of mortality: angels droop, cherubim are scared out of their wits, seraphim set up outrageous cries, souls of the universe faint away, and moving intelligences are moved by the most terrible inversion of the peristaltic motion; then thrice happy are those to whom an upper station has been allotted. Some of the young brats, in spite of the fracas, seem highly delighted with their ride, and eat

their gingerbread with the utmost composure as they perform their evolutions; it not unfrequently happens that one or more of these poor innocents fall victims to this revolutionary system and earn the crown of martyrdom. . . . But imagination can scarcely conceive the violent gestures and frantic exclamations of the crowd below, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, calling out the name of the Madonna in the most impassioned manner and trampling each other down in eager haste to kiss the sacred car or touch it with wax tapers, which are thus impregnated with all the virtues of an apothecary's shop; the scene can be compared to nothing but Bedlam broke loose or a set of ancient bacchanals in the celebration of their mystic orgies. At different stations the pageant stops: then, whilst all is silent, the personage representing our Saviour addresses the soul of His mother in Sicilian verse, and the soul of the Virgin returns a poetic answer. This ended, they both make frequent signs of the cross in the air and pronounce a benediction over the people who receive it even with tears of devotion. Then the tottering car again moves forward, the pateraroes roar, and the sky is rent with reiterated shouts. The pageant closes in the great square opposite the cathedral, where two enormous equestrian statues are erected of pasteboard, representing Cham and Rhea, the supposed founders of Messina: they are called by the vulgar Madre and Griffone,¹ and serve to frighten children like our Gog and Magog."—*T. S. Hughes.*

Above the Piazza del Duomo runs the Corso Cavour, opening from which (right) is the *Piazza Annunziata*, containing a fine bronze statue by *Andrea Calamech*, 1572, of Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto, brother of Philip II. of Spain. Amongst the many steep narrow streets, recalling those of Genoa, which open on the other side of the Corso, is the *Salita di S. Gregorio*, which, by a succession of staircases, leads to the fantastic conventual *Church of S. Gregorio*, built in 1542, on the site of a temple of Jupiter, from ridiculous designs of *Andrea Calamech*, whose architecture was very inferior to his sculpture. The interior is a Greek cross, and is perfectly covered with *pietre dure*, worth seeing as one of the best specimens in Sicily of this rich foolish decoration. A beautiful picture of the Madonna and Child is an admirable work of *Antonello da Messina* in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Most glorious is the view from the platform in front of the church, which overlooks the town with its picturesque

¹ They really commemorate the defeat of the Saracens and the victory of Count Roger over the Arab Prince Griffone. A camel is also dragged in the procession in memory of that upon which Griffone rode in his final combat with the Christians.

variety of roofs and towers, and the deep blue straits, up which S. Paul sailed in the *Castor and Pollux*, with the *Faro* on one side and on the other the noble rock of *Scilla*, behind which *Aspromonte* and the rest of the Italian mountains are bathed in the most delicate amethystine hues. When brown monks are leaning against the ancient balustrades, or women are resting their huge red and green water-jars upon the parapet, an artist could not



From S. Gregorio, Messina.

possibly wish for a more exquisite composition. Truly does Cicero describe the place as “*Messana situ, moenibus, portuque ornata.*”¹

A little to the south of S. Gregorio is *S. Agostino*, of which the northern side is a remnant of an ancient Norman church, rebuilt for the most part in the fourteenth century.

It is almost useless to ask one's way in Messina, or anywhere else in Sicily. One is sure to be answered by “*Chi saccia?*”—“Who knows?” or with the assertion in reply to any remonstrance, that a housewife has no need to know the way anywhere but to her church or her fountain. But if we return past S. Gregorio, a picturesque winding path will lead up to the *Villa Rocca Guelfonia*, on the summit of the hill, to which foreigners are generally admitted by the kindness of the proprietors. Here, amid

¹ *In Verr.* ii. 1, 4.

a wealth of the most lovely flowers, stand the remains of the *Torre Guelfonia*, built by Count Roger, and frequently used as a residence by the Arragonese kings. There is a glorious view over the town and straits, or into the recesses of the mountains, with the forts of *Castellaccio* and *Gandolfo* on their lower spurs. Hence we may descend by the *Strada dei Monasterii*—in which few nuns are left to peer out of the heavy-barred windows on either side of the street—to the Church of *L'Immacolata* or *S. Francesco d'Assisi*, a spacious Gothic building of the thirteenth century, containing many pictures of the Messinese school and several interesting monuments, including that of Angelo Balsamo, Baron of S. Basilio, 1507, and the gilt bronze sarcophagus of Francesca Cybò, the fifteen-year old wife of Giovanni Lancia, 1618. The bones of Frederick III. of Arragon and his mother Elizabeth rest near the high altar, upon an ancient sarcophagus adorned with a relief of the Rape of Proserpine.

Far down towards the north gate is the *Church of S. Maria di Gesu Inferiore*, sometimes also called S. Francesco, a great desolate building containing fine tombs of the Scaletta family. In the decaying refectory of the monastery is a Last Supper, which is considered to be the masterpiece of *Alfonso Rodriguez*, 1617.

In returning down the Corso Garibaldi (notice the pretty gold peasant ornaments in the shops), we may visit (near the pretty so-called *English Garden*, glowing in winter with gorgeous scarlet poinzetias) the *Church of S. Andrea d'Avellino*, which contains a striking picture of Christ before Pilate, the *chef d'œuvre* of *Caravaggio*. Many other pictures of Caravaggio and Rodriguez are scattered through the numerous churches of Messina, for the most part of little interest, though we may notice *S. Maria Alemanna*, now a magazine, an early pointed building belonging to the Hospice of the Teutonic knights, which was open to all Germans visiting Sicily, especially to those brought thither on their way to or from the Crusades.

The exact site is unknown where S. Placidus, the cherished pupil of S. Benedict (so well known from the

picture by Perugino in the Vatican), underwent martyrdom from the Saracens in 584, with two of his brothers and his young sister Flavia.

“Les enfants de saint Benoît inauguraient ainsi la longue série de leurs luttes et de leurs victoires. Le sang de Placide arrosa les semailles de l'Ordre en Sicile, où sa moisson a été jusqu'à nos jours si abondante.”—*Montalembert, Moines L'Occident.*

The *Campo Santo* outside the Porta Imperiale is worth visiting for the sake of its enchanting view. Some of the monuments also have merit, or are interesting from their inscriptions.

But the most popular drive from Messina is that along the coast to the *Faro* on Cape Pelorus, passing close to the sea through every variety of southern vegetation, with exquisite views towards Italy. In summer, when alone you can become truly acquainted with the life of Italy and its people, this road is crowded in the evening with carriages which all go as far as *La Grotta*, and turn in the peristyle of its pretty circular church. It is several miles farther to the cape, where travellers are beset by the rough, noisy inhabitants of the village of Faro, and a dirty begging crowd accompanies them to the lighthouse, and prevents their having any enjoyment. There is no object in entering the lighthouse: as there is an equally good view from beneath, of the Lipari Isles, amongst which volcanic Stromboli is conspicuous.

“Insula Sicanium juxta latus Aeoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis;
Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
Antra Aetnaea tonant, validique incudibus ictus
Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis
Stricturae Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat:
Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus.”

Virgil, Aen. viii. 416.

The old poets place the site of *Charybdis*, a whirlpool which inspired the utmost terror in mariners of ancient times, immediately opposite Scilla, and it is supposed to have been situated near the Faro point. There is no whirlpool here now, though it may have been annihilated by

earthquakes. It had ceased to have any importance in the time of Strabo, who believed that the phenomenon alluded to by the ancients was a still existing though slight whirlpool caused by the fluctuations of the tides in the meeting of the two seas at the point called Galofaro, just outside the port of Messina.

“Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis
Obsidet ; atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
Erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda.”

Virgil, Aen. iii. 420.

“Illum inter gemini nantem confinia montis
Nec Scyllae saevo conterruit impetus ore,
Quin canibus rapidas inter freta curreret undas :
Nec violenta suo consumpsit more Charybdis ;
Vel si sublimis fluctu consurgeret imo,
Vel si interrupto nudaret gurgite pontum.”

Tibullus, iv. 1, 70.

“Come fa l'onda là sovra Cariddi,
Che si frange con quella, in cui s'intoppa ;
Così convien che qui la gente riddi.”

Dante, Inf. vii.

“Next we began to sail up the narrow strait lamenting. For on the one hand lay Scylla, and on the other mighty Charybdis in terrible wise sucked down the salt water. As often as she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire, she would seethe up through all her troubled deeps, and overhead the spray fell on the tops of either cliff. But oft as she gulped down the salt sea water, within she was all plain to see through all her troubled deeps, and the rock around roared horribly and beneath the earth was manifest swart with sand, and pale fear gat hold on my men. Toward her, then, we looked, fearing destruction ; but Scylla meanwhile caught from out my hollow ship six of my company, the hardiest of their hands and the chief in might. And looking into the swift ship to find my men, even then I marked their feet and hands as they were lifted on high, and they cried aloud in their agony, and called me by my name for that last time of all. Even as when a fisher on some headland lets down with a long rod his baits for a snare to the little fishes below, casting into the deep the horn of an ox of the homestead, and as he catches each, flings it struggling ashore, so struggling were they borne upward to the cliff. And there she devoured them shrieking in her gates, they stretching forth their hands to me in the dread death-struggle. And the most pitiful thing was this that mine eyes have seen of all my travail in searching out the paths of the sea.”—*Homer's Odyssey, xii., Trans. by Butcher and Lang.*

Another excursion may be made to the *Telegraph*, on the summit of the hills behind Messina. A somewhat wearisome road leads up the heights for several miles above the Cappuchin convent, but the last bit of the ascent must be performed on foot, to a ruined Norman watch-tower, whence there is a splendid view over land and sea. This excursion, however, is not worth while for those who are only a short time in Messina. Beneath the Telegraph is *La Badia*, a ruined church with three apses, which belonged to the nuns of S. Maria della Scala. It was richly endowed by William II., Henry VI., and Constantia, but was abandoned in the sixteenth century.

[In these days, in which few travel except by railway, the rare strangers who wish to visit the remains of Tyndaris will probably take the *corriera* which travels twice a week from Messina to Patti, fulfilling the 46 m. in 10 hrs. The road passes through *Spadafora*, with a castellated palace, to *Milazzo (Locanda Villa Nuova)*, where Garibaldi gained a victory in July 1860, and where Louis Philippe, as Duke of Orleans, lived several years in exile. The cathedral and castle of Milazzo occupy the site of Mylae, the Greek colony in whose bay the Romans gained their first victory over the Carthaginians B.C. 270. Eight miles farther are *Barcellona* and *Pozzo di Gotto*, divided by the brook *Castroreale*, supposed to be the Longanus, on whose banks Hiero II. defeated the Mamertines B.C. 270.

Six miles before reaching Patti the pass called *Scala di Tindari* is crossed, and upon it there is a small inn where it is possible for travellers to sleep. The situation and the view are quite glorious, but little more than the foundations of the town walls and a theatre, and some fragments of a late Roman temple remain of *Tyndaris*, which was one of the latest of the Greek colonies in Sicily, having been founded by the elder Dionysius, B.C. 395, and named by its first inhabitants from the Tyndaridae or Dioscuri. After the expulsion of the Carthaginians, Tyndaris continued long a faithful ally of Rome, and is spoken of as "a most noble

city" by Cicero. Its admirable port made it play an important part in the naval war between Octavianus and Sextus Pompeius. It was the seat of a bishopric in christian times, but seems to have declined during the Norman government, probably from the filling up of its port, which is now a sand-bed terribly productive of malaria. The highest part of the rock is crowned by the picturesquely situated convent *La Madonna del Tindaro*, a conspicuous sea-mark.

The little town of *Patti* "la Magnanima" (*Locanda Caldo*, bad), climbs up a pyramidal hill backed by high mountains. Narrow streets lead up to the cathedral, which contains, in two antique sarcophagi, the remains of the two wives of the great Count Roger—Eremburga or Delicia of Mortain, the faithful companion of his hardships and privations in the conquest of Sicily, and the unhappy Andelasia of Montferrat, mother of Roger II. and foundress of many convents and churches, who, when she lost her illustrious husband, was persuaded to marry Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and found after a year that he had another wife. She died here in 1118, in a convent which she founded after her return from Jerusalem. The effigy of Andelasia is modern.]

It is an hour and a half by rail from Messina to Taormina—1st cl., 5 frs. 45 c. ; 2d cl., 3 frs. 80 c. ; 3d cl., 2 frs. 75 c. There is a custom-house at the station of Messina, as the town is a free port, so it is necessary to arrive in good time. Those who cannot walk from Giardini to Taormina must not start without having ordered a carriage beforehand from one of the hotels in Taormina ; there are no carriages at the station of Giardini.

The railway runs along the sea-shore, which is frequently overgrown with masses of scarlet geranium, palma Cristi—the castor-oil plant, or solanum, with its yellow apples. Here and there we pass a palm or a grand carouba, the locust-tree of Palestine, whose "husks, which the swine did eat," were the sustenance of the Prodigal Son, and whose beans gave food to S. John the Baptist ; *Johannisbrodbäume* is still the German name of the tree.

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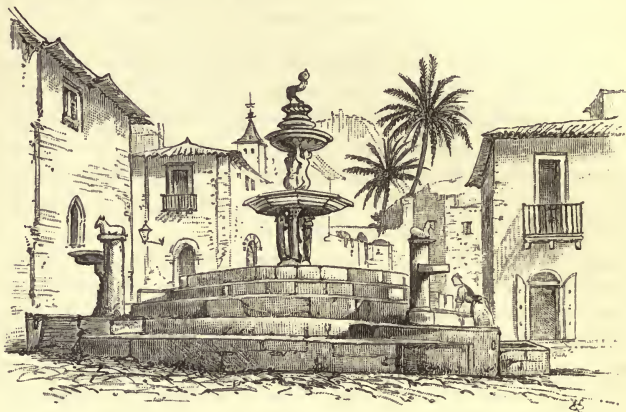
There are two especially picturesque points—*Scaletta*, with an old castle of its princes overhanging the town; and *S. Alessio*, where twin castles on twin rocks jut out into the sea at the end of a mountain range. We cross the *Fiume Cantara*, the ancient Alcesines, and see the ruin-crowned heights of Taormina long before reaching the station of *Giardini-Taormina*.

A carriage, 5 frs., takes $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. to reach the town by a circuitous road, passing some curious Saracenic tombs in the rock.

A steep stony footpath leads up the heights from the station of Giardini to Taormina. Near the top it winds through thickets of the prickly pear (*Cactus opuntia*)—"fici d'India," the natives call it, for the plant is of West Indian origin. It is very productive, and contributes largely to the food of the lower classes, who make a kind of bread of the fruit, when dried and pounded.

Taormina (*Hotels, Timeo*, good and very reasonable, pension 8 frs.; *Bellevue*, inferior, but with an enchanting view) consists of one long well-paved street and its adjuncts, following the windings of a mountain ledge. It presents a series of pictures which never become wearisome. The so-called palaces—the best is known as *Palazzo Corvaja*—are small weather-beaten houses with fragments of Saracenic sculpture, and wide, low, heavy arches beneath, serving at once as door and window to the shops in their recesses. Here, winter and summer alike, old women sit like immovable sibyls in the doorways, spinning all the day long: otherwise, in the hot hours, the street is almost deserted, but in the early morning and evening it is alive with noise and tumult, when all the bells are clanging, the children hurrying to school or benediction, and the flocks of goats clattering in from the country to be milked. The street ends in a little piazza with an old gateway, a church, statues of souls frizzling in purgatory, and a terrace which is the meeting-place for idleness or games of every sort. Outside the old gateway is the Hotel Bellevue, and then the picturesque building called *Palazzo del Duca di San Stefano*. Then comes the *Cathedral*, opening upon a piazza with a

charming old fountain and palm-tree ; and farther still another ancient gateway in the town wall, beyond which the road becomes a rugged path in the mountain side. Amongst the charming pictures which dwell in the minds of those who have often gone down this street, many will remember a little side entry, filthy, rugged, steep, and damp, overgrown with nettles, and ending in a dirty stuccoed wall ; but in the



Piazza of Taormina.

upper part of this wall two beautiful round arches, divided by a single column, above which a coronet is sculptured, and through the open arches a wealth of golden oranges and brilliant sunlit leaves, seen against the bluest sky in Europe. A little above this is *La Badia*, a Gothic ruin, having three pointed arches filled with tracery and a diapered wall, beautiful in form and colour, and rising from a thicket of prickly pears. Below the street is *S. Agostino*, a large convent with deserted cloisters, a well with marvellous echoes, and carving which, as its old sacristan says, is quite "spaventoso."

Travellers will already have seen, from the windows of the *Hotel Timeo*, some red walls crowning the bare hill on

the right. They are those of the famous *Theatre*, which is reached in a few minutes from the northern end of the street, by a stony path. A little gate and an old custode are passed; but visitors are allowed to wander about unattended, and will probably mount at once to the upper ranges of seats, to gaze upon the most beautiful view in the world.

Hence the vast expanse of Etna ("Mongibello")—"the pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp, eternal snow," as Pindar calls it, is seen in all its majesty, forming the background of the *scena*, the summit of the volcano being just above the royal entrance in the centre. There are no terrible lava-streams in sight, with their painful reminiscences, but the gleaming ice-fields reach upwards to the highest peak, which throws a delicate whiff of smoke upon a turquoise sky, and melt gently below into satellite mountains, clothed with forest and vineyard, and glowing with every variety of roseate hue, till they are lost in the hazy distance of the sea. On the nearer crags, the town with its towers and arches and overhanging balconies, and here and there a cypress, palm, or pine-tree, clings to a rocky shelf, above gigantic purple rifts, which extend, covered with cactus, to Giardini in the far depth. On the right are tremendous rocks, crowned by Saracenic walls and towers; and the frame of the picture is the ruined theatre, with its broken columns and its arches and seats tufted with flowers—snapdragon, pink catchfly, balm, basil, and a thousand other sweet herbs, while great acanthi and aloes, with their mighty spikes of golden blossom, tell of tropical sunshine, amongst more familiar favourites. No wonder that Sir Henry Holland, who had rambled all the world over, recalled, in his old age, the view from Taormina, with the Peak of Teneriffe and the first sight of Damascus, as the most beautiful in his recollection. No wonder that John Henry Newman wrote—

" Say, hast thou tracked a traveller's round
 Nor visions met thee there,
 Thou couldst but marvel to have found—
 This blighted world so fair ?

“ And feel an awe within thee rise,
That sinful man should see
Glories far worthier seraph’s eyes
Than to be shared by thee ?

“ Store them in heart ! thou shalt not faint
’Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a saint
For fourteen trial years.”

Lyra Apostolica, “ Tauromenium.



Theatre of Taormina.

The Theatre itself is semicircular, and is 377 ft. in diameter on the outside. Its perfection of structure was celebrated, as a voice upon the stage could penetrate to every part of the building when it was occupied by an audience of 40,000. The scena, with its three gates and its intervening niches for statues, is in wonderful preservation: the architecture is Corinthian. The exact date of the building is unknown, but, from its material being brick,

it is probably a Roman work, erected upon the site of a Greek theatre, and in the Greek form.

There are no other important remains of the ancient Tauromenium (from the hill of Taurus), which was founded by the Greek inhabitants of Naxos, B.C. 403, when they were expelled from their own city by Dionysius, and which, from its position, was so important as a fortress during the Roman



Gate of Mola.

wars in Sicily, and was the last stronghold of the Byzantine empire in the island, being only taken by the Saracens in A.D. 962. A curious stranger may visit the "Naumachia" and the "Piscina Mirabile," and all must go to see the faint remains of an unknown temple at the *Church of S. Pancrazio* (outside the Porta Messina, turning right from the Palazzo Corvaja in descending from the Theatre), for the sake of

the exquisite sea and mountain view above the picturesque arches of the loggia in front of the church, which is dedicated to the first Bishop of Taormina, said to have been consecrated, A.D. 40, by S. Peter himself.

“ Laurel, and cypress tall, and ivy dun,
 And vines of sumptuous foliage, all are there :
 And a cold spring that pine-clad Aetna flings
 Down from the white snow’s midst, a draught for gods.”
Theocritus, Id. xi., Calverley’s Trans.

In ascending again to the town, a strange eyrie-like village, perched upon a rock on the right, will recall scenes in the backgrounds of Raffaele and Perugia. It is *Mola*, and is reached by a winding path which ascends the hillside behind the Porta Messina. This is the only approach to the little rock-girt city, and it was by it that Dionysius climbed up in the winter of 394 B.C., and surprised the garrison. Near the summit, the path becomes a staircase, and ends in a picturesque gateway, guarding the narrow pass, and bearing the date of 1578. The view is glorious : one may descend by the castle of Taormina. Donkeys (3 frs.) may be hired for the excursion to Mola, which an artist will think quite worth while.

An adventurous traveller may make his way from Taormina to Catania by the back of Etna, taking a route which is practicable for carriages, and full of interest, but somewhat dangerous from malaria. It is 18 m. to *Mojo*, above which is the *Chapel of Malvagna*, a relic of the lower Greek empire—square, with a domed cupola, a semicircular apse on three of its sides, and the entrance on the fourth. Six miles farther is *Randazzo (Locanda S. Martino)*, a complete middle-age town, on a lava rock, quite enchanting to artists. Of its churches, the most important is *S. Maria*, built 1222, by Leo Cumier, who is believed to have been a German architect brought over to Sicily by the emperor Henry VI. Randazzo is only 12 m. from the summit of Etna, and is called “Randazzo Etnea;” it gave a ducal title to one of the younger sons of the Arragonese kings.

It is 2 m. from Randazzo to *Bronte* (*Locanda del Real Collegio*), a town situated in the midst of the lavas of Etna, and a royal duchy, till it was granted in 1799 to Lord Nelson, who ever after signed himself "Nelson and Bronte." The superintendent of the rich vineyards of the Nelson property, now in the hands of Lady Bridport,¹ has a residence at *Maniace*, 7 m. from Bronte, where there are some interesting remains of a Norman church and convent built in 1174 by Queen Margaret, mother of William the Good.

[Few travellers will venture to follow the rough mule-track from Bronte to *Troina*, 18 m. distant, the home of S. Philaret, a most desolate mountain stronghold, which was taken by Count Roger soon after his arrival in Sicily, and where he and his young wife Eremburga established their first court in 1063. Here they underwent a terrible four months' siege by the Saracens, and were reduced to the greatest privations. "Such was their want of clothing," says the chronicler Galfridus, "that the count and countess had only one cloak between them, which they wore alternately, as each had most need of it. The young countess, without allowing a murmur to escape her, quenched her thirst with dirty water, and appeased her hunger with her tears." At length, however, the health of Eremburga began to fail, and when he saw her fading day by day, Roger could not endure it, and making a desperate sortie at the head of his men—"lions excited by hunger"—he was completely victorious. "During this day," says Galfridus, "the single hand of Roger, with the help of God, did such execution, that the corpses of the enemy lay around him on every side, like the branches of trees in a thick forest, when strewn by a tempest." Being afterwards called away by a rising in Calabria, Roger left Eremburga here as the commandant, and she made the round of the sentinels upon the walls every night herself. Only a fragment of the east end and belfry remain from the cathedral built by Roger, when, in 1078, he made Troina the see of the first

¹ Samuel, second Lord Bridport, having married Charlotte Mary, Duchess of Bronte, only daughter of William, first Earl Nelson.

Roman Catholic bishop, Robert of Evroult, brother of his wife Eremburga. The bishopric was transferred to Messina as early as 1087.

Fifteen miles west of Troina is the mountain town of Nicosia, "costantissima," with a Norman cathedral.]

It is about 11 m. from Bronte to *Aderno* (*Inn, Aquila*), where there is a fine Norman castle in the piazza, still used as a prison. In its little chapel are frescoes relating the story of the Countess Adelasia, granddaughter of Count Roger, who, in 1157, founded the convent of S. Lucia outside the walls.

The lava town of Aderno appropriately occupies the site of the ancient Adranus, the chief seat of the worship of the divinity so called (supposed to have been the Phoenician Adramelech), whose name was derived from Adar, fire, and whose shrine was surrounded by 1000 sacred dogs—the S. Bernard dogs of antiquity, who honoured honest men, tore drunkards, and devoured thieves.

Here we reach the high road from Catania to Palermo, and after 11 m. more through the lava-beds, the older portions of which have given birth to luxuriant cultivation, the traveller reaches *Paterno* (*Inn, Leone d'Oro*), where the keep still remains of a great Norman castle of Count Roger, who occasionally resided there.

Passing near *Motta S. Anastasia*, where there is a castle of Count Roger, in which the rebel Don Bernardo Cabrera was long imprisoned during the fifteenth century, and through the town of *Misterbianco*, whence there is a magnificent view of Etna, at 12 m. from Paterno, the road reaches Catania.

The railway on leaving Giardini passes *Capo Schisò*, the site of Naxos, the most ancient Greek city in Sicily, founded B.C. 735, at the mouth of the river Alcesines, by colonists from Chalcis in Euboea. It possessed an altar of Apollo Archegetes, on which it was the custom for all envoys to offer sacrifice when they were leaving for sacred missions to Greece or returning from thence. The town was entirely

destroyed by Dionysius of Syracuse, B.C. 403, and no ruins remain.

Giarre Riposto (Stat.) Carriages to town, 50 c. *Locanda dell' Etna*. Horses and mules (5 frs.) may be procured here for the ascent of 5 m., through lava-beds and fruit-gardens, to *Il Castagno di Cento Cavalli*, the grandfather of the forest of Etna, reputed to be one of the oldest trees in the world. It appears like a group of four magnificent old trees, but their stems are all united at a short depth below the surface. It is calculated that the common stem would be 180 ft. in circumference. The name is derived from a story that one of the queens of Arragon, with a hundred mounted followers, took refuge beneath its branches. Not far distant are two other equally-astonishing trees, *La Nave* and *L'Imperio*, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. higher up the mountain, *Il Castagno della Galea*, which is 76 ft. in girth at 2 ft. from the ground.¹ All these wonderful trees, which seem to be on a scale to correspond with the Cyclops, the traditional inhabitants of this district, are believed to be at least a thousand years old, and are protected by the Government. It was from these woods that Dionysius of Syracuse cut down great part of the materials for the construction of his fleet in B.C. 399.² In the forest-region of Etna, a temple existed in ancient days, naturally dedicated to Vulcan,³ the god of fire, but its exact site is unknown. The whole air seems fragrant of mythology—one would scarcely be surprised to see Pan playing under the monarchs of the forest; and, resting on the turfy slopes, we should read the descriptions of this forest-scenery in the verses of Theocritus, the word-painter of eastern Sicily—

“There we reclined on deep beds of fragrant lentisk, lowly strewn, and rejoicing we lay in new stript leaves of the vine. And high above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the nymph's own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches sang, the ring-dove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting round the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent

¹ Brydone.

² Diodorus, xiv. 42.

³ Solinus, v. 9.

summer, of the season of fruits, pears at our feet and apples by our sides were rolling plentiful, the tender branches, with wild plums laden, were earthward bound, and the four-year old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars."—*Idyll vii., Lang's Trans.*

Acì Reale (Stat.)

Close to the station is the *Grand' Albergo dei Bagni*, an immense hotel, much frequented for the sake of the mineral baths, and very comfortable in warm weather (pension 10 to 15 frs.), but terribly cold and desolate in winter, when it is better to make an excursion to Acì Reale from the excellent Albergo Centrale at Catania.

Acì Reale is prettily situated amongst the rich gardens of oranges and almonds which flourish so abundantly upon the older lava-streams, and the sunny town, with its iron-work balconies, bright shutters, and latticed convent windows, has an attractively southern aspect. The *Chiesa Matrice* has a picturesque campanile. A relic of the worship of Venus still exists here in the adoration paid in the neighbourhood to "Santa Venera." The "Sulphur King," so named from being enriched by the sulphur mines (as the appellation of Railway King or Cotton Lord is given in England), has a splendid collection of coins. From the piazza, a paved path called *La Scalazza* (impossible for carriages) leads by a succession of zigzags to the sea, where the beach is lined by the picturesque bathing-place of *La Scaletta*—closed during the winter months. Under the cliffs, at the nearer end of the village, a stream, *Acque Grandi*, tumbles out of a funnel in the wall and hurries to the sea, much used by washerwomen during its short course. This is supposed to be the "herbifer Acis" of Ovid, the "sacred water" and ambrosial drink of Theocritus, the stream into whose waters the young Acis was changed that he might escape from Polyphemus, who was wooing the beautiful Galatea—

" Our giant lived a life of ease,
 Old Polyphemus, when, the down scarce seen
 On lip and chin, he wooed his ocean nymph :
 No curly-pated, rose-and-apple wooer,
 But a fell madman, blind to all but love.
 Oft from the green grass foldward faced his sheep

Unbid, while he upon the windy beach,
Singing his Galatea, sat and pined
From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart :
Great Aphrodite's shaft had fixed it there."

Theocritus, Id. xi., Calverley's Trans.

"This is the place for a child's story of the one-eyed giant Polyphemus, who fed his flocks among the oak-woods of Etna, and, when strolling by the sea one summer evening, saw and loved the fair girl Galatea. She was afraid of him, and could not bear his shaggy-browed round rolling eye. But he forgot his sheep and goats, and sat upon the rock and piped to her. Meanwhile she loved the beautiful boy Acis, who ran down from the copse to play with her upon the sea-beach. They hid together from Polyphemus in a fern-curtained cavern of the shore. But Polyphemus spied them out, and heard them laughing together at their games. Then he grew wroth, and stamped with his huge feet upon the earth, and made it shake and quiver. He roared and bellowed in his rage, and tore up rocks and flung them at the cavern where the children were in hiding, and his eye shot fire beneath the grisly penthouse of his wrinkled brows. They, in their sore distress, prayed to heaven; and their prayers were heard: Galatea became a mermaid, so that she might swim and sport like foam upon the crests of the blue sea; and Acis was changed into a stream that leapt from the hills to play with her amid bright waters. But Polyphemus, in punishment for his rage, and spite, and jealousy, was forced to live in the mid-furnaces of Etna. There he growled and groaned, and shot forth flame in impotent fury; for though he remembered the gladness of those playfellows, and sought to harm them by tossing red-hot rocks upon the shore, yet the light sea ever laughed, and the radiant river found its way down the copsewood to the waves."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Quique per Aetneos Acis petit aequora fines
Et dulci gratiam Nereida perluit unda."

Silius Ital., xiv. 221.

"Lucus erat prope flavum Acin, quod candida praefert
Saepe mari, pulchroque secat Galatea natatu."

Claudian.

Beyond the village of La Scaletta and its little pier we must scramble over the rocks to visit some extraordinary basaltic cliffs, whose columnar precipices will recall Staffa and the Giant's Causeway.

From the railway we now see the island rocks, called Scogli de' Ciclopi, and the castle of Aci Castello.

“On ne pène dans Catane qu'à travers des champs noirs à perte de vue. La terre est semée de laves; la mer elle-même en est accablée. De Messine à Syracuse la flamme condensée et durcie en tombant sur le rivage a renversé des villes, encombré des ports, créé en un jour, mais pour les siècles, des rochers et des promontoires. On ne contemple qu'avec une sorte d'effroi ces torrents ou furieux, ou desséchés jusqu'au vif de la pierre; ces cactus armés de pointes, ces nopals hérissés de dards, ces aloès glaives luisants, polis et aigus, auprès desquels s'épanouissent des bouquets de laurier-rose aux fleurs éclatantes, mais empoisonnées; et au-dessus de cette nature menaçante ou perfide, l'Etna, le volcan tragique, qui, dans les croyances du moyen âge, était le soupirail de l'enfer.”—*Alexis de Saint Priest*.

Catania (Stat.)

Inns.—*Hotel Centrale della Corona*, first-rate, with most reasonable charges and a most attentive landlord, in the best situation; pension, 10 frs. : *Grand Hotel*, very inferior and ill situated, with a rude landlord and very high charges.

Carriages.—The course, 1 horse, 70 c.; 2 horses, 1 fr. 10 c. First hour, 1 fr. 10 c.; 2 horses, 1 fr. 80 c. The following hours, 1 horse, 90 c.; 2 horses, 1 fr. 30 c. For the excursion to Etna, *Rizzone*, Strada Lincoln.

Post Office.—Piazza degli Studii.

Telegraph, Piazza del Duomo.

British Consulate.—Piazza Manganelli.

Physicians.—Dr. Salvatore Tomaselli, Dr. Emanuele Paola.

The *prawns* of Catania are celebrated.

Catania “la chiarissima,” built on the farthest roots of Etna: owes its existence to the very material which has repeatedly been its destroyer, for the houses and churches are built and the streets are paved with lava: so that the town is literally a phoenix risen from its own ashes. The Strada Etnea, so terrifically hot and glaring in summer, is $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. in length, and is perhaps the handsomest street in the Italian kingdom, being a ceaseless source of pride to the natives, not on account of its noble view of Etna,—“the nurse of keen snow all the year round,”¹—but on account of its capital provision of gas lamps at night. The sights of Catania will be exhausted in a few hours, and the environs are for the most part exceedingly bare and desolate.

¹ Pindar, *Pyth.* i. 36.

Catania, though one of the warmest places in Sicily, is indescribably dull for a long residence. Few travellers will spend more than four nights in the town, and will go the first day to Aci Castello by carriage, drive towards Etna on the second, and on the third visit Aci Reale or Giarre by rail: those who ascend Etna will require a longer time.

Close to the Albergo Centrale is a piazza, of which the central ornament is an elephant—the badge of Catania—said to have been placed in its present position from the idea that here once stood a temple dedicated to Pallas, whose figure was seated on an elephant, in allusion to victory over the Carthaginians. The elephant supports a small Egyptian obelisk which once adorned the gate of the Archbishop's Palace.

Facing one side of the piazza is the *Duomo*, dedicated to S. Agatha after the earthquake of 1693, when her claims were decided by lot to be superior to those of the Virgin. The first cathedral was built by Count Roger in 1092, but this building for the most part fell in the earthquake of 1169, burying the bishop and his congregation, after which the earlier parts of the existing building, the east end, and transepts (though altered), were probably built. The interior is a three-aisled Latin cross, but is completely modernised. Raised high in the choir are the unworthy tombs of several of the Arragonese princes. On the right are Frederick II. of Arragon, 1337; his son, Prince John of Randazzo, King Louis, 1355; his brother Frederick III., 1377; and his daughter, Queen Mary, wife of Martin I., with their young son Prince Frederick. On the left is Queen Constance, 1363, daughter of Pedro IV. of Arragon, wife of Frederick III. and mother of Queen Mary.

From the right transept opens the chapel of the virgin martyr S. Agatha, who suffered under the emperor Decius in A.D. 151. Having infuriated the praetor Quintianus by her contempt for his love, she was scourged, her breasts were cut off, and it was only after she had been saved by an earthquake occurring at the moment when she was bound on a scaffold to be burned, that she was suffered to

die in a dungeon. The body of the martyr was carried off to Constantinople by the Byzantine general Maniaces when he was conquered by the Saracens in 1038, and brought back by Geslibert and Goselin in 1127. Since then the veil of S. Agatha is believed to have been the best specific against the terrors of Etna, and to have had the power of turning aside its destroying lava-streams.

“Nec spes eos fefellit, simul ac enim sanctum illud vexillum furenti flamma opponebatur, immobilis ea consistebat, nec amplius quassabatur. O vim fidei ! O summam amoris potentiam ! O immotum divinarum promissionum robur !”—*Guarnarius, Diss. iii.*

“Ce précieux tissu, comme on dit dans les tragédies classiques, a le privilège d'arrêter les laves qui descendent de l'Etna ; on n'a qu'à leur présenter le voile, et le torrent s'arrête, se refroidit et se coagule. Malheureusement il faut que cette action soit accompagnée d'une foi tellement forte, que presque jamais le miracle réussit complètement ; mais alors ce n'est pas la faute du voile, c'est la faute de celui qui le porte.”—*Alexandre Dumas, La Spéronare.*

The Roman remains of Catania are none of them older than the time of Augustus, and have long been buried under lava. Those who are curious enough may visit by torchlight the obscure excavations of the *Theatre* and *Amphitheatre* in the molten rock, which were for the most part opened at the private expense of the antiquarian Prince of Biscari.

Following the Strada Quattro Cantoni (now Lincoln) which crosses the Strada Etnea, up the hill to the right, we reach the great unfinished *Convent of S. Benedetto* (now a school), which some guide-books—strangely oblivious of Monte Cassino, Subiaco, Assisi, Pavia, and a hundred others—call the finest convent in the world. The buildings, though devoid of beauty, are palatial, and, at the time of the suppression, the annual revenue of the convent was 500,000 frs. The cloister, which encloses a Saracenic-looking pavilion, is handsome. In the church is the famous organ constructed by *Donato del Piano*, a Calabrian priest, which drew forth transports from Goethe. The museum of unimportant pictures and antiquities is of little interest. The convent was totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1693, after having escaped the lava-stream of

1669, which, "divided by the veil of S. Agatha," enclosed it like an island.

A little farther down Strada Etnea is the irregular *Piazza Stesicorea*, built upon the buried ruins of the amphitheatre, and named from the Greek lyric poet Stesichorus of Himera, celebrated by Cicero and Aristeides, who died at Catana and was buried by one of the city gates, under a splendid monument, of which no traces remain. Turning hence to the right, a little way up the hill, we find attached to the *Church of the Santo Carcere*, which is built above the legendary prison of S. Agatha, a splendid portal of mingled Greek and Norman architecture, which originally belonged to the cathedral, perhaps to the building of Count Roger, but, in 1734, when the west front of the cathedral was modernised, was moved to the Palazzo Pubblico, and thence, sixteen years later, to its present site. At the festival of S. Agatha (February 5), the pagan saint worship of the Sicilians is to be seen in its greatest force.

It is only a few steps from the Santo Carcere to the upper entrance of the *Villa Bellini*, an inferior Pincio, much frequented in the summer months. The gardens, which are of small extent, have their principal entrance near the end of the Strada Etnea.

If the gritty lava-road was not so irritating, it would be a very pleasant drive of 6 m. from Catania to Aci Castello (carriage with 2 horses for the whole day 15 frs.) The road passes through the village of *Lognina*, picturesquely situated on lava-rocks. Its tiny bay is believed to be the Portus Ulyssis of Virgil—

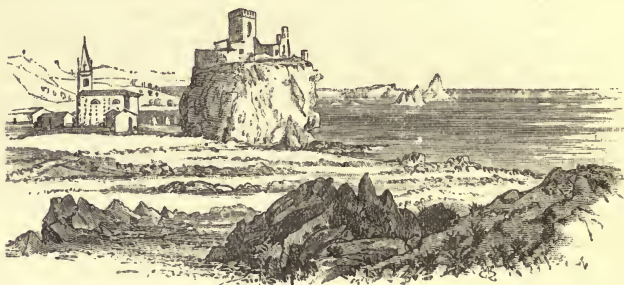
"Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus, et ingens
Ipse; sed horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis."

Aen. iii. 570.

The fertility which reigns wherever the country has escaped the attacks of Etna, gives effect to the description of Aeschylus of "the rivers of fire, devouring with their fierce jaws the smooth fields of the fertile Sicily."

Aci Castello is gloriously picturesque. A great orange rock is crowned by the ruins of an old castle, which was found impregnable when besieged by Frederick II. in 1297, till he

built a wooden tower as high as itself, with a flying bridge. Far off, where the white village of Trezza sparkles, jewel-like, at the edge of the deep-blue sea, are the seven basaltic islets—*I Faraglioni*, called *I Scogli de' Ciclopi*—which, since the days of Pliny, have been said to be the rocks which Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses as he was putting out to sea. The foreground is covered with lava-rocks, twisted, contorted, black, but tinted by golden lichen, and their inter-



Aci Castello.

stices are radiant with such lovely flowers, that it is difficult to realise the time when, as Pindar describes—

“ From forth the secret caves
 Fountains pure of liquid flame
 With rush and roaring came ;
 And rivers rolling steep in fiery waves
 In a stream of whitening smoke
 On glowing ether broke :
 And in the dark and dead of night
 With pitchy-gathering cloud and glare of light
 The volleying fire was heard to sweep
 Masses of shiver'd rock with crashing sound
 Dashed 'midst the sullen ocean's waters deep.”

Pyth. ii. 1, Elton's Trans.

A lovely view may also be obtained from the entrance to Trezza, looking back through the stems of old olive-trees across the bright corn to the castle-rock in its purple shadow, with a single line of light quivering in the sea beneath it.

The country round Catania, heated by internal fires, produces some of the loveliest flowers in the world; and one of the commonest plants on the higher parts of Etna is *Senecio squalidus*, "the Oxford flower," which, imported to England, ornaments all the gray college walls with its golden blossoms. Where the lava-rocks become pulverised, the soil is intensely rich, and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The ascent of Etna cannot be made in winter, but few travellers will leave Catania without driving up the mountain in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. as far as *Nicolosi* (carriage 15 to 20 frs.) The road passes through several villages built of lava, as is the earthquake-riven village of Nicolosi itself (*Locanda dell' Etna*, tolerable), at 2264 ft. above the sea-level.

Nicolosi has a most miserable aspect, such as may be expected from a village which has repeatedly "heaved and rolled" in the eruptions of the mountain. The views are magnificent across the brown-black lava-fields, with oases of prickly pear, euphorbia, and fruit-trees, to the tremendous snow-fields of Etna. The Hospice of S. Nicolo d'Arena may be visited, which, founded by Simon, Count of Policastro, in 1156, was the parent house of S. Benedetto in Catania. Mules (3 frs.) may be taken for an hour farther across the blackened plain to the twin craters of *Monti Rossi*, thrown up during the eruption of 1669, when the great fiery river, which you can still trace through its whole course, nearly destroyed Catania, and then, fiercely contending with the water, fell into the sea.

In longer days than those of winter, another excursion may be made by carriage (in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.) beyond Nicolosi to *Zafferana* (a tolerable but poor inn), whence mules may be taken to the *Valle del Bove*, an extraordinary chasm in the mountain side.

"Let the reader picture to himself a large amphitheatre, five miles in diameter and surrounded on three sides by precipices from two thousand to three thousand feet in height. If he has beheld that most picturesque scene in the Pyrenees, the celebrated 'Cirque of Gavarnie,' he may form some conception of the magnificent circle of precipitous rocks which enclose the great plain of the Val del Bove. This plain has been deluged by repeated streams of lava, and though it appears

almost level when viewed from a distance, it is, in fact, more uneven than the surface of the most tempestuous sea. Besides the minor irregularities of the lava, the valley is in one part interrupted by a chain of rocks, two of which, Musara and Capra, are very prominent. They are of gigantic dimensions, and appear almost isolated as seen from many points. The face of the precipices already mentioned is broken in the most picturesque manner by the vertical walls of lava which traverse them. These masses usually stand out in relief, are exceedingly diversified in form, and of immense altitude. In the autumn their black outline may often be seen relieved by clouds of fleecy vapour which settle behind them, and do not disperse until mid-day, continuing to fill the valley while the sun is shining on every other part of Sicily and on the higher regions of Etna. The strips of green herbage and forest-land, which have here and there escaped the burning lavas, serve, by contrast, to heighten the desolation of the scene. An unusual silence prevails; for there are no torrents dashing from the rocks, nor any movement of running water in the valley. Every drop of water that falls from the heavens, or flows from the melting ice and snow, is instantly absorbed by the porous lava; and such is the dearth of springs that the herdsman is compelled to supply his flocks, during the hot season, from stores of snow laid up in the hollows of the mountain during winter. The stern and severe grandeur of the scenery is not such as would be selected by a poet for a vale of enchantment. The character of the scene would accord far better with Milton's picture of the infernal world; and if we imagine ourselves to behold in motion, in the darkness of the night, one of those fiery currents which have so often traversed the great valley, we may well recall

“ ‘yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful.’

Sir C. Lyell.

“The Val del Bove—a vast chasm in the flank of Etna, where the very heart of the volcano has been riven and its entrails bared—is the most impressive spot of all this region. The road to it leads from Zafferana (so called because of its crocus-flowers) along what looks like a series of black moraines, where the lava torrents, pouring from the craters of Etna, have spread out, and reared themselves in stiffened ridges against opposing mountain buttresses. After toiling for about three hours over this dismal waste, a point between the native rock of Etna and the dead sea of lava is reached, which commands a prospect of the cone with its curling smoke, surmounting a caldron of some four thousand feet in depth and seemingly very wide. The whole of this space is filled with billows of blackness, wave on wave, crest over crest, and dyke by dyke, precisely similar to a gigantic glacier, swarthy and immovable. The resemblance of the lava flood to a glacier is extraordinarily striking. One can fancy oneself standing on the Belvidere

at Macugnaga, or the Tacul point upon the Mer de Glace, in some nightmare, and finding to one's horror that the radiant snows and river-breeding ice-fields have been turned by a malignant deity to sullen stationary cinders. It is a most hideous place, like a pit in Dante's Hell, disused for some unexplained reason, and left untenanted by fiends. The scenery of the moon, without atmosphere and without life, must be of this sort; and such, rolling round in space, may be some planet that has survived its own combustion. When the clouds, which almost always hang about the Val del Bove, are tumbling at their awful play around its precipices, veiling the sweet suggestion of distant sea and happier hills that should be visible, the horror of this view is aggravated. Breaking here and there, the billows of mist disclose forlorn tracks of jet-black desolation, wicked, unutterable, hateful in their hideousness, with patches of smutty snow above, and downward-rolling volumes of murky smoke. Shakspeare, when he imagined the damned spirits confined to 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' divined the nature of a glacier; but what line could he have composed adequate to shadow forth the tortures of a soul condemned to palpitate for ever between the ridges of this thirsty and intolerable sea of dead fire?"—*J. A. Symonds.*

The natives call Etna "Mongibello" from the Italian "Monte" and the Arabic "Djebel," both meaning the same thing, and, far o'ertopping all other hills of Sicily, it is truly "the mountain of mountains." The *Ascent*, about 30 m. in point of distance, is only possible in summer, and travellers generally select one of the three full moons, in June, July, or September. The start is usually made from Nicolosi, where the inn is clean and tolerably comfortable. Here it is necessary to procure the keys of the Casa del Bosco (1 fr.) and the Casa Inglese (2 frs.) from Dr. Giuseppe Gemmellaro. It is well to take plenty of provisions, also materials for a fire and lights, and warm wraps for the night, as visitors to Etna suffer more from cold than anything else. These equipments will require an extra mule. Two guides are usually taken. The general desire is to be at the summit of Etna for sunrise, for which most travellers leave Nicolosi after supper, at 7 P.M. Two hours will bring them to the Casa del Bosco, where they rest half an hour, and reach the Casa Inglese by 1 A.M. An hour's rest here for coffee, etc., will leave plenty of time for reaching the summit before sunrise. Others will prefer setting out early in the afternoon from Nicolosi, so as to arrive at

the Casa Inglese in time for the sunset. In returning, on leaving the Casa Inglese, the way by the Torre del Filosofo and Val del Bove may be taken, which will bring the traveller to Nicolosi by midday.

The general appearance of Etna is wonderfully little changed since the time of Strabo, who describes the lower slopes as covered with forests and planted grounds, and tells how the destructive volcanic ashes ultimately produce the most fertile soil, admirably adapted for the culture of vines, and then how the upper mountain is bare and covered with ashes, which are overladen by snow in winter.¹

In leaving Nicolosi, travellers pass out of the cultivated country into the desert zone which encircles Etna.

“Pars cetera frondet
Arboribus ; teritur nullo cultore cacumen.”

Claudian, Rapt. Pros. i. 160.

For some distance all is lava and ashes—

“ the charr'd, blacken'd, melancholy waste,
Crown'd by the awful peak, Etna's great mouth,
Round which the sullen vapour rolls.”

Matthew Arnold.

Then we reach a patch of scrubby wood, at the end of which, about 8 m. from Nicolosi, is the *Casa del Bosco*, a shed 6233 ft. above the sea. It is an ascent of 2 hrs. from hence through the desolate lava-land—devoid of vegetation or life—to the *Casa Inglese*, erected of lava by the English officers who were in Sicily in 1811, and inscribed: “Aetnam perlustrantibus has aedes Britannii in Sicilia, MDCCCXI.” The house contains three small rooms with rough furniture, and a stable for the mules. At the Casa Inglese the ascent of the cone begins, and the traveller must scramble as he can for the remaining hour to the summit, struggling against the sulphuric vapours which rise from the earth as he approaches the crater. The deep ashes are very fatiguing, and most visitors are grievously overwhelmed by sickness, induced more by the terrible cold than the noxious gases, before reaching the

¹ Strabo, vi. 269.

top, where the guides will often cover them up in the warm ashes till they recover. At the summit, travellers find themselves on the narrow rim of the crater, which is 3 m. round, and, in parts, very dangerous, especially when the wind is high. In summer there is no snow here, only ashes of such extreme whiteness that ascending travellers leave a brown mark visible for days afterwards, even from Nicolosi. In winter, ice and fire contend for the victory; and though Etna may be an insignificant volcano as compared with Cotopaxi, Cayamba, or Orizaba, no one can wish for anything more weird than the scene from the island-throne above the three seas—Ionian, African, and Italian—looking down into the seething abyss of smoke and lava, which S. Gregory declared to be one of the mouths of hell.

“ Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu!)
 Vicinam flammis glaciem; aeternoque rigore
 Ardentes horrent scopuli; stat vertice celsi
 Collis hiems, calidaque nivem tegit atra favilla.”

Sil. Ital. xiv. 66.

“ Sed, quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
 Scit nivibus servare fidem; pariterque favillis
 Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis,
 Arcano defensa gelu: fumoque fideli
 Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.”

Claudian, De Rapt. Pros. i. 164.

“ Nec, quae sulfureis ardet fornacibus, Aetne
 Ignea semper erit: neque enim fuit ignea semper.
 Nam sive est animal tellus, et vivit, habetque
 Spiramenta, locis flammam exhalantia multis;
 Spirandi multare vias, quotiesque movetur,
 Has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas;
 Sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris;
 Saxaque cum saxis, et habentem semina flammae
 Materiem jactant, ea concepit ictibus ignem;
 Antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis:
 Sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires,
 Luteave exiguis arescunt sulfura fumis.
 Nempe ubi terra cibos alimentaque pinguia flammae
 Non dabit, absumentis per longum viribus aevum,
 Naturaeque suum nutrimentum deerit edaci;
 Non feret illa famem: desertaque deseret ignes.”

Ovid, Met. xv. 25.

Hence eruptions of the mountain have taken place, at least since the time of Pindar, who describes "the streams of fire that were vomited forth from its inmost recesses, and the rivers (of lava) that gave forth only smoke in the day-time, but in the darkness assumed the appearance of sheets of crimson fire, rolling down into the deep sea." The agitations of Etna have always been ascribed by mythology to the struggles of one of the rebellious giants—Typhoeus or Enceladus, imprisoned by Jupiter in its recesses.

" Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris
Trinacris ; et magnis subjectum molibus urget
Aetherias ausum sperare Typhoëa sedes.
Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere saepe ;
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro ;
Laeva, Pachyne, tibi ; Lilybaeo crura premuntur ;
Degravat Aetna caput ; sub qua resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhoëus.
Saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae,
Oppidaque, et magnos evolvere corpore montes.
Inde tremit tellus ; et Rex pavet ipse silentum."

Ovid, Met. v. 346.

" Alta jacet vasti super ora Typhoëos Aetne,
Cujus anhelantis ignibus ardet humus."

Ovid, Fast. iv. 491.

" Horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla ;
Adtollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit :
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo.
Fama est, Enceladi semiustum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
Impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis ;
Et, fessum quoties mutet latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam, et coelum subtexere fumo."

Virgil, Aen. iii. 571.

The desolation is supreme—all vegetation has long ceased : there is no sound from beast, bird, or insect. In later times Etna has been supposed to be a place of torment for Anne Boleyn, perverter of the faith in the person of its "Defender"! To the religious Sicilian mind

its solitudes are consecrated by their association with S. Vitalis—"the Hermit of Etna."

The view is unspeakably grand as peak after peak catches the morning light, except where the mountain itself casts a great purple shadow, reaching for a hundred miles over the west of the island. As Etna is the one great mountain in Sicily there is nothing anywhere to intercept the sight, and on a clear day, if the circuit of the crater could be made, the whole island would be seen spread around like a map, while the Lipari Isles on the north, Malta on the south, and the Aegadian Isles beyond Trapani on the west, would be visible. But the most interesting part of the view is that which consists of the mountain itself, 180 m. in circuit, and the being able to follow the fitful path of the different lava-streams, through the different zones of the mountain, first snow and ashes, then forest, lastly luxuriant cultivation.

The icy cold will prevent a long stay on the summit. In returning, one may visit the ruined *Torre del Filosofo*, near the Casa degli Inglesi, which the natives believe to have been built by the poet-wizard-philosopher Empedocles of Agrigentum, who, having been regarded as possessing supernatural powers during his lifetime, is said to have thrown himself into the burning crater, that he might be regarded as a god after his sudden disappearance. But the mountain punished his pride by ejecting one of his bronze sandals—

"Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam
Insiluit."

Horace, Ars Poet. 464.

Others say that the tower was built for the Emperor Hadrian, when he ascended Etna to see the sunrise,¹ but it is evidently of Norman origin and was probably used as a hermitage.

Half a mile to the east brings us to the edge of the magnificent Val del Bove already described. The shepherds with their flocks of goats, whom we constantly meet on the

¹ Spartianus, xiii.

lower slopes of Etna, will recall the song of the shepherd Menalcas in Theocritus—

“ O Etna, mother mine ! A grotto fair,
 Scooped in the rocks, have I : and there I keep
 All that in dreams men picture ! Treasured there
 Are multitudes of she-goats and of sheep,
 Swathed in whose wool from top to toe I sleep.
 The fire that boils my pot, with oak or beech
 Is piled—dry beech-logs when the snow lies deep ;
 And storm and sunshine, I disdain them each
 As toothless sires a nut, when broth is in their reach.”
Idyll, ix., Calverley's Trans.

The railway now takes travellers in 3½ hrs. across the malaria-tainted country to Syracuse (which was formerly wearisomely travelled over in a lettiga—a kind of sedan chair carried between two mules), 1st. cl., 9 frs. 85 c. ; 2d. cl., 6 frs. 90 c. ; 3d. cl., 4 frs. 95 c.

After traversing the lava-stream of 1669, contorted, twisted, snake-like, black, lichen-stained, the line enters the rich country of corn and wine which Cicero calls “caput res frumentariae,” and “uberrima Siciliae pars.”

“ The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
 With wheat and barley wave the golden fields ;
 Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
 And Jove descends in each prolific shower.”
Pope's Odyssey, ix. 123.

Passo Martino (Stat.) Near this the railway crosses the *Simeto*, the ancient Symaithos, which formed the boundary between the territory of Leontini and that of Catana. It was one of the most important rivers of the island in ancient times and is mentioned by the poets Virgil, Ovid, and Silius Italicus. Near its mouth it is now called La Giarretta.

Valsavoia (Stat.) After leaving this, to the right, is the *Lago* or *Biviere di Lentini* (Herculeus Lacus), the largest lake in Sicily, abounding in fish and wild-fowl, and of interest to the ornithologist. It belongs to Prince Butera, and is terribly productive of malaria.

Lentini (Stat.) Leontini or Leontium was a Greek

colony, founded B.C. 730, which soon attained to great prosperity from the fertility of its territory, but speedily falling under the influence of Syracuse, had little individual history, and had begun to decline before the time of Cicero, who describes it as "misera civitas et inanis." The orator Gorgias, the tutor of Alcibiades, was born here B.C. 427, and Hieronymus the Younger, the last native tyrant of Syracuse, was assassinated by Deinomenes in one of the narrow streets of the town in B.C. 215. There are scarcely any remains extant of the ancient city.

It may be interesting to read upon the spot the accurate local description which Polybius has left of Leontium—

"The city of Leontium, considered in its general position, is turned towards the north. Through the middle of it runs a level valley, which contains the public buildings allotted to the administration of government and justice, and in a word, the whole that is called Forum. The two sides of the valley are enclosed by two hills, which are rough and broken along their whole extent. But the summit of these hills above the brows is flat and plain, and is covered with temples and with houses. There are also two gates to the city. One of them is in the southern extremity of the valley and conducts to Syracuse. The other is on the opposite side and leads to those lands, so famed for their fertility, and which are called the Leontine fields. Below the hill, that stands on the western side of the valley, flows the river Lissus; and on the same side, likewise, there is a row of houses built under the very precipice, and in a line parallel to the river. Between these houses and the river lies the road which has been mentioned."—*Hampton's Polybius*, iii. 105.

After passing the station of Agnone, on the left is the headland Tauros or Xiphonia, now called *Capo S. Croce*, from the tradition that S. Helena landed there with the true cross. There are grand views across the green sea or the brown flats to Etna, misty and mysterious, gray against the afternoon sky, though covered with snow, before reaching—

Agosta (Stat.) Agosta is a town founded by Frederick II. which has suffered every possible misery from earthquakes, sieges, and fires. For having been faithful to the family of its founder, its whole population were stripped naked and massacred by Guillaume L'Estendart, captain of the troops of Charles I. of Anjou, and not one stone of

its buildings was left upon another. Its half-island and harbour recall those of Syracuse on a small scale, and the later town probably occupies the site of *Megara Hyblaea*, founded B.C. 726 by colonists from Megara in Greece. It was destroyed in B.C. 483 by Gelon of Syracuse, who removed its inhabitants, including the comic poet Epicharmus, to Syracuse. It is supposed that after the destruction of the first city, a second Megara or Hybla existed on the other side of the bay—Sinus Magarensis—at the mouth of the river Alabus, now called the *Cantara*. The honey of Hybla—"Audax Hybla"¹—is much extolled by the poets—

"Thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae."

Virgil, Ecl. vii. 37.

"Florida quam multas Hybla tuetur apes."

Ovid, Trist. v. 6, 38.

"Quot apes pascuntur in Hybla."

Ovid, Ars Amat. ii. 517.

"Africa quot segetes, quot Tmolia terra racemos,
Quot Sicyon baccas, quot parit Hybla favos."

Ovid, Ex. Pont. iv. 15, 9.

"Quum dederis Siculos mediis de collibus Hyblae,
Cecropios dicas tu licet esse favos."

Martial, Ep. xiii. 105.

Prioli (Stat.) Here is the *Isola di Magnisi* connected by an isthmus with the mainland, the ancient Thapsus,² close to which the Athenians stationed their fleet before taking possession of the Great Harbour of Syracuse. One mile inland is an ancient monument consisting of a massive pedestal 20 ft. high, formerly surmounted by a column, whence it is known as *L'Aguglia* or "the Needle." It is probably sepulchral, but it is asserted to have been erected by Marcellus to commemorate his capture of Syracuse. After leaving Prioli the whole country is powdered with Syracusan ruins, and, long before reaching the station, the yells of a mob of carriage-drivers in their eagerness to pounce upon a prey, announce the approach to Syracuse.

Hotels.—*Vittoria* (Musumeci), very tolerable, good food and reasonable charges, excellent and liberal pension, 10 frs., service 50 c.; *Sole*, dirty and dear. The *Locandas Italia* and *Etna* only provide rooms;

¹ Silius Italicus, xiv. 199.

² Virg. *Aen.* iii. 689.

food must be procured at a restaurant, which English travellers will find very uncomfortable.

Carriages.—From the station, with 1 horse, 90 c. ; 2 horses, 1 fr. 20 c. The first hour, 1 horse, 1½ fr. (night, 2 frs.) ; 2 horses, 2 frs. (night, 2½ frs.) Each following half-hour, 60 and 80 c. (night, 80 c. and 1 fr.) Luggage, small, 20 c. ; large, 40 c. A 2-horse carriage for the day, 14 frs. ; half day, 7 frs.

Post Office.—Opposite the cathedral, on the west side of the piazza.

At least three whole days should be given by ordinary travellers to Syracuse and may be spent—

1. Morning, the sights of Ortygia. Afternoon, excursion by water to the fountain of Cyane and the Olympeium.
2. Achradina and Neapolis.
3. Epipolae and the walls.

There is perhaps no site in Europe which has such a distinct individuality as Syracuse. Without seeing the place, it is almost impossible to understand its history, in which so many important incidents arose out of its geographical peculiarities. Fourteen miles in circuit, it enclosed four separate towns, “quadruplices Syracusae,”¹ and bore the name of Tetrapolis, before Dionysius I. added Epipolae, after which Strabo calls the city Pentapolis, and it became 22 m. in circuit. The earlier towns on the mainland—Acradina, Tycha, and Neapolis, occupied the rising ground and tableland which lie between the sea on the east, and the heights of Epipolae on the west ; facing them lay the island of Ortygia, and to the south of this were the Great Harbour and the marsh of Syraco, which gave the place its name. But all these towns of the mainland are now barren hillsides, powdered with masses of white limestone, and sprinkled with ruins ; only the parent island city of Ortygia remains, now connected with the mainland by an artificial isthmus.

“Sicanio praetenta sinu jacet insula contra
Plemmyrium undosum ; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam.”

Aen. iii. 692.

“Ortygia, thou all-hallowed breathing-place,
Where Alpheus lifts his weary head ;

¹ Ausonius, *Cl. Urb.* 11.

Syracusa's bloomy grace ;
Delos' sister ; Dian's bed."

Pindar, Nem. 1, Carey's Trans.

With the exception of Naxos, Syracuse "la fidele" was the oldest of the Greek colonies in Sicily, having been founded, B.C. 734, by a body of Corinthians under Archias, who drove out the Siculi—the ancient inhabitants. The colony used the name of Syracuse from the earliest times, though at first it only occupied the island, called Ortygia, from the birthplace of Artemis (near Ephesus), to whom it was dedicated. Rapidly rising in power and prosperity, it was soon in a position to found offshoot colonies at Acrae, Casmene, and Camarina. In B.C. 485, Gelon, tyrant of the neighbouring prosperous city of Gela, was summoned to Syracuse to settle some internal commotions, and was soon recognised as its despotic ruler: but under his government the town prospered so greatly as to become the first Greek city in Sicily. Under Gelon, the limits of Syracuse were extended to embrace Acradina, which was called the "outer city," while Ortygia was the "inner city." Gelon was succeeded by Hiero (478-467), another wise and liberal ruler, who made Syracuse one of the chief resorts of men of letters, and was the protector of Aeschylus and Pindar. Hiero was followed by his brother Thrasybulus, whose tyrannical disposition soon led to his expulsion, after which Syracuse attained its highest power under a free popular government.

It was in B.C. 415 that Syracuse was invaded by the Athenians, who entered the Great Harbour, and effected a landing on its inner shore, near the Olympeium, as well as at Leon, also on the mainland, beyond the eastern walls of Acradina. The Athenian general Nicias then occupied the heights of Epipolae, and built the fort of Labdalon near its north-western extremity, whence he attempted to blockade the city by a wall extending from the seashore near Trogilos, north-east of Acradina, and reaching down to the Great Harbour on the west. This work the Syracusans for some time had vainly attempted to intercept by cross walls, when Gylippus of Sparta came to their assistance, and took both the fort of Labdalon and those which

Nicias had erected at Plemmyrium, the point at the entrance of the Great Harbour opposite the extremity of Ortygia. Victory had also favoured the Syracusans in a sea-fight in the Great Harbour, before reinforcements, arriving from Athens under Demosthenes, for a time gave fresh hopes to their assailants. After the failure, however, of a nocturnal attack upon the hill of Euryalus, which had been fortified by Gylippus, Demosthenes counselled the abandonment of the siege. To this Nicias, whose superstitious fears were excited by an eclipse of the moon, refused his consent. From that time the Syracusans became the besiegers. They attacked the Athenian fleet in the Great Harbour, and having cut off the right wing under Eurymedon, in the Bay of Dascon, began to blockade the mouth of the harbour by mooring vessels across it. The Athenians were then compelled to abandon the heights, and to devote all their energies to attempting to break the blockade; but they entirely failed, and their fleet was totally defeated and destroyed. The army of Nicias and Demosthenes now attempted to retreat by different land-routes, but all the survivors of the Athenians were compelled to capitulate on the banks of the Asinarus, and 7000 prisoners were brought back to Syracuse to languish through a long captivity in its terrible *latomiae*.

Only a few years elapsed before Syracuse was threatened (B.C. 406) by the Carthaginians, who were flushed by the conquest of Agrigentum and other Greek colonies in Sicily. It was during the alarm which ensued that Dionysius was raised to the chief power, and, as soon as he had concluded a temporary peace, devoted himself to the strengthening and fortifying of the city, girding the northern side of Epipolae with mighty walls, and erecting a strong fortress called Pentapyla at the end of Ortygia which was nearest to the mainland. The importance of these defences was shown when hostilities with Carthage recommenced in B.C. 397, and the Carthaginian general Himilco succeeded in entering the Great Harbour and establishing his headquarters at the Olympeium. Here the poisonous marsh of Syraco proved the best friend of Syracuse, and so weakened the

Carthaginians by pestilence that Dionysius was completely victorious both by sea and land, and Himilco was obliged to compound for a safe retreat for himself and his Carthaginians, abandoning his allies and mercenaries to their fate. In spite of his avarice and severity, these successes raised Dionysius to a degree of power which no despot had ever attained before. His successor, Dionysius II., having all his vices without his wisdom, was expelled by his uncle Dion (B.C. 356), but, after ten years' exile, regained the city, whence he was again expelled in B.C. 343 by the Corinthian Timoleon, who restored the ancient republic, and with it the former prosperity of Syracuse. After thirty years of peace and happiness, Agathocles, a potter of Thermae, seized the supreme power, which he was enabled to hold, though he ruled with extreme cruelty, by his success over the Carthaginians, whose general, Hamilcar, he took prisoner as he was attacking Euryalus. He was poisoned in B.C. 289, after which Syracuse was governed by Hicetas, and then by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who had married a daughter of Agathocles.

Syracuse once more rose to fame and prosperity under Hiero II., who succeeded in B.C. 275, and did much to adorn the city with noble public buildings, to extend its commercial relations, and develop the resources of its territory. Hiero II. was distinguished by his faithful alliance with Rome, which his grandson and successor Hieronymus (soon afterwards murdered at Leontini) deserted for that of Carthage. This led to the famous siege of Syracuse under Marcellus, who was at first so completely repulsed by the engineering skill of Archimedes, that he was compelled to have recourse to a blockade, which lasted two years, but ended in his effecting an entrance to the fortifications (B.C. 212) at the Portus Troglitorum, or Scala Greca, and taking Epipolae, with the outlying quarters of Tycha and Neapolis. The Carthaginians then, after a vain attempt to raise the blockade of the rest of the town, being attacked by pestilence, abandoned the city to its fate, and it was soon after betrayed into the hands of Marcellus by a Spanish mercenary.

In the words of Florus, "all Sicily was conquered in Syracuse." The statues and pictures of the great Grecian city were carried off to lay a foundation for the love of Greek art in Rome, and Syracuse sank into the position of a Roman provincial town, though it long continued to be the capital of Sicily, and is mentioned by Cicero as "the greatest of Greek cities, and the most beautiful of all cities." Its final destruction did not occur till all its buildings were burned, and all its inhabitants put to the sword, by the Saracens, in A.D. 878. After this, the divisions of the city on the mainland were never rebuilt, though the island of Ortygia has always been inhabited, and its fortifications were partially restored by Charles V.

The pleasantest way of visiting the sights of Syracuse is to walk to the few sights of Ortygia, and to engage the little carriage of young Pasquale Syracuse, by the hour, for the other parts of the ancient city, some of which are 5 m. distant.

Amongst the narrow streets of *Ortygia*, of which the wooden-latticed windows of the many convents are the chief feature, we must inquire for the Via Diana, which contains the ruins of the *Temple of Diana*, the "protectress" of the city, which is called by Pindar "the couch of Artemis," "the sister of Delos." The remains, which are Doric, are not picturesque, but are evidently of great antiquity, and belong to one of the temples spoken of by Cicero¹ as "most highly adorned."

Following the Via Diana to its southern extremity we reach the Piazza Archimede, whence the Via Roma and the little Via del Seminario (right) lead to the Piazza Minerva, close to the Doric *Temple of Minerva*, now the *Cathedral of S. Maria delle Colonne*. The temple was built by the Geomori, rulers in the sixth century B.C., and was of great magnificence. On its summit was a brazen shield of great size and overlaid with gold, which served as a landmark to sailors on entering the port. Its folding doors of gold and ivory were further adorned with a marvellous golden head of Medusa. Cicero describes it as excelling all the other buildings of the city in its adornments

¹ *In Verrem*, iv. 52.

before Verres carried off its treasures, which the generosity of Marcellus had spared. The porticoes of the temple have been destroyed by earthquakes, but the fourteen massy Egyptian-like columns of its sides, and a portion of the architrave and its triglyphs are built into the walls of the cathedral.

“Quel temple savamment restauré vaut cette cathédrale bâtie dans un temple dorique des plus nobles proportions. . . . Le mur a été fait sur la colonnade elle-même. L’architrave est conservée ; à certains endroits, les triglyphes font créneau sur l’architrave. J’ai vu peu d’effets d’un pittoresque aussi complet. Je me trouvai en désaccord avec de zélés archéologues, dont l’admiration pour l’antiquité est parfaitement éclairée, mais peut-être un peu exclusive. Faire voter des fonds pour bâtir à l’évêque une nouvelle cathédrale et dégager le temple antique était le vœu qui j’entendais former autour de moi. Je ne pus le partager entièrement. Le temple se voit bien tel qu’il est, et le vide même de la cathédrale avec ses trois nefs fait ressortir la grandeur de l’édifice antique.”—*Ernest Renan*.

As we listen to the jabber at the church doors we may recall Praxinoë and Gorgo, the “Syracusan gossips” of Theocritus. The interior contains nothing of interest except the font, which was brought from the curious subterranean church of S. Marziano. It is a huge simple marble vase, supported on twelve tiny lions, and bearing a Greek inscription with the name of Bishop Zosimus, who converted the temple into a church. In 1100 the roof of the cathedral fell in during mass and buried the congregation. Adjoining the Duomo is the *Archiepiscopal Palace*, in the court of which are some ancient marble columns said to have belonged to a Temple of Ceres.

At the opposite side of the Via del Seminario is the entrance to the *Museo Archeologico* (open from 8 to 1, no obligatory fees). We may notice :—

The *Venus Landolina*, an exquisitely beautiful though headless Greek statue, found in 1804 by the Cavaliere Landolina in a garden of Achradina. It has been thought that this may be the identical statue to which the lines of Theocritus relate :—

“Aphrodite stands here ; she of heavenly birth ;
Not that base one who’s wooed by the children of earth.
’Tis a goddess ; bow down. And one blemishless all,
Chrysgene, placed her in Amphicles’ hall :

Chrysogene's heart, as her children, was his,
 And each year they knew better what happiness is.
 For, Queen, at life's outset they made thee their friend ;
 Religion is policy too in the end."

Epig. xvi., Calverley's Trans.

There was a shrine in Syracuse of Venus Callipygas, dedicated by two poor girls, because, by their beauty of form, they had won two noble youths in marriage.

Head of Neptune found near the Amphitheatre in 1839. It stands on a marble cippus of the late empire (with reliefs on three sides), found in the Greek Theatre.

A pedestal to the Roman Perpenna—"a man by whose wise counsels this city of the Syracusans breathed from its labours and saw the hour of repose."

A most exquisitely beautiful monumental figure of 1496, from the Church of S. Domenico.

Opposite the cathedral is the handsome Palace of the Barone delle Targeia. The little Via Maniaci leads in two minutes from hence to the "*Sacred Fountain*"¹ of *Arethusa*, which still bubbles up with clear and abundant waters, though its picturesqueness is annihilated by a pit of modern masonry with which it is encircled.

"In hac insula extrema est fons aquae dulcis, cui nomen Arethusa est, incredibili magnitudine, plenissimus piscium ; qui fluctu totus operiretur, nisi munitione ac mole lapidum a mari disjunctus esset."—*Cicero, In Verr. Act. ii. Lib. iv.*

Many stories are told of the nymph Arethusa, but the most popular myth narrates that when she was bathing in the river Alpheus in Arcadia, she was pursued by the river-god, and that she prayed to Artemis, who took pity upon her and changed her into a stream which flowed under the earth to Ortygia. But some say that Alpheus was able to pursue her and mingle his waters with hers, and others that he still bubbles up—"coccis mersa cavernis"²—close outside the fountain, in a fresh-water spring in the deep sea, bearing the inexplicable name of *Occhio della Zilica*.

"Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare ; qui nunc
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

Aen. iii. 694.

¹ See Ovid, *Met. v.* 573.

² Ovid, *Met. v.* 639.

“ Hic Arethusa suo piscoso fonte receptat
Alpheum, sacrae portantem signa coronae.”

Sil. Ital. xiv. 53.

“ And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel ;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.”

Shelley.

The traveller Hughes narrates how a woman, scrambling up the rocks, with much *naïveté* and vast variety of gesture repeated to him a story of a beautiful signorina of ancient times, who, being persecuted by a terrible magician, fled to this spot and drowned herself in the fountain, and that her pursuer, coming up and finding only her dead body, changed the water out of revenge from sweet to bitter and then threw himself headlong into the sea, where the waters have been in a state of perturbation ever since. The narrator then directed the traveller to look over the wall into the Great Harbour where he might see the waters still boiling up from the efforts of that wicked enchanter, endeavouring to escape from the pains of purgatory.

It used to be believed that a cup thrown into the Alpheus in Arcadia would reappear in the Fountain of Arethusa at Syracuse.¹ The waters have been spoiled for drinking since the earthquake of 1170, which let in the sea, so that Nelson, before the Battle of the Nile, must have written metaphorically to Lady Hamilton—

¹ Strabo vi. 270; viii. 343.

“We have victualled and watered, and surely watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory.” Papyrus has lately been planted in the transparent water. The *Passeggio Arethusa* is a pleasant walk on the sea-wall, planted with geranium, pepper, convolvulus, Barbary aloes, and a thousand other flowers. It overlooks the Great Harbour, the “Sicanus sinus” of Virgil, and is much frequented by the Syracusan aristocracy on summer afternoons. But it is always a favourite resort, and one may have plenty of opportunity here of observing the decadence of the native character since the description of Cicero :—

“Ea potentia virtus frugalitasque est ut proxime ad nostram disciplinam illam veterem, non ad hanc quae incubuit, videantur accedere ; nihil caeterorum simile Graecorum ; nulla desidia, nulla luxuria ; contra summus labor in publicis privatisque rebus, summa parsimonia, summa diligentia.” —*In Verr.* ii. 5.

Travellers will come to this spot to recall the terrible scene during the last naval battle here between the Syracusans and Athenians, after the Syracusans had blocked up the mouth of the Great Harbour.

“The Athenian fleet made directly for that portion of the barrier where a narrow opening (perhaps closed by a movable chain) had been left for merchant-vessels. Their first impetuous attack broke through the Syracusan squadron defending it, and they were already attempting to sever its connecting bonds, when the enemy from all sides crowded in upon them, and forced them to desist. Presently the battle became general, and the combatants were distributed in various parts of the harbour. On both sides a fierce and desperate courage was displayed, even greater than had been shown on any of the former occasions. At the first onset, the skill and tactics of the steersmen shone conspicuous, well seconded by zeal on the part of the rowers and by their ready obedience to the voice of the Keleustês. As the vessels neared, the bowmen, slingers, and throwers on the deck hurled clouds of missiles against the enemy—next was heard the loud crash of the two impinging metallic fronts, resounding all along the shore. When the vessels were once thus in contact, they were rarely allowed to separate ; a strenuous hand-fight then commenced by the hoplitês in each trying respectively to board and master their enemy’s deck. It was not always, however, that each trireme had its own single and special enemy : sometimes one ship had two or three enemies to contend with at once—sometimes she fell aboard of one unsought, and became entangled. After a certain time, the fight still obstinately continuing, all sort of battle order became lost ; the skill

of the steersmen was of little avail, and the voice of the Keleustês was drowned amidst the universal din and mingled cries from victors as well as vanquished. On both sides emulous exhortations were poured forth, together with reproach and sarcasm addressed to any ship which appeared flinching from the contest; though factitious stimulus of this sort was indeed but little needed.

“Such was the heroic courage on both sides, that for a long time victory was altogether doubtful, and the whole harbour was a scene of partial encounters, wherein sometimes Syracusans, sometimes Athenians, prevailed. According as success thus fluctuated, so followed the cheers or wailings of the spectators ashore. At one and the same time, every variety of human emotion might be witnessed; according as attention was turned towards a victorious or a defeated ship. It was among the spectators in the Athenian station, above all, whose life and liberty were staked in the combat, that this emotion might be seen exaggerated into agony, and overpassing the excitement even of the combatants themselves. Those among them, who looked towards a portion of the harbour where their friends seemed winning, were full of joy and thanksgiving to the gods: such of their neighbours, who contemplated an Athenian ship in difficulty, gave vent to their feelings in shrieks and lamentation; while a third group, with their eyes fixed on some portion of the combat still disputed, were plunged in all the agitations of doubt, manifested even in the tremulous swing of their bodies, as hope or fear alternately predominated. During all the time that the combat remained undecided, the Athenians ashore were distracted by all these manifold varieties of intense sympathy. But at length the moment came, after a long-protracted struggle, when victory began to declare in favour of the Syracusans, who, perceiving that their enemies were slackening, redoubled their shouts as well as their efforts, and pushed them all back towards the land. All the Athenian triremes, abandoning further resistance, were thrust ashore like shipwrecked vessels in or near their own station; a few being even captured before they could arrive there. The diverse manifestations of sympathy among the Athenians in the station itself were now exchanged for one unanimous shriek of agony and despair. The boldest of them rushed to rescue the ships and their crews from pursuit, others to man their walls in case of attack from land: many were even paralysed at the sight, and absorbed with the thoughts of their own irretrievable ruin. Their souls were doubtless still further subdued by the wild and enthusiastic joy which burst forth in maddening shouts from the hostile crowds around the harbour, in response to their own victorious comrades on shipboard.

“Such was the close of this awful, heart-stirring, and decisive combat. The modern historian strives in vain to convey the impression of it which appears in the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydidês.”
—*Grote's Hist. of Greece*, vii.

“The whole scene can be reproduced with wonderful distinctness; for the low shores of Plemmyrium, the city of Ortygia, the marsh of

Lysimeleia, the hills above the Anapus, and the distant dome of Etna, are the same as they were upon that memorable day. Nothing has disappeared except the temple of Zeus Olympius, and the buildings of Temenitis."—*J. A. Symonds.*

Beyond the fountain, at the southernmost point of the island, opposite Plemmyrium, is the *Castle of George Maniaces*, the last Byzantine general, who, after having for a time, with the assistance of the Normans, been successful over the Saracen invaders, was eventually driven out by them (1038), but, being allowed to retire and carry off to Constantinople what christian relics he liked, took the body of S. Lucia from Syracuse, and that of S. Agata from Catania, leaving those saintless cities exposed to the furies of Etna. The existing remains are of later date than the Byzantine general, but the building was probably much altered for the Norman kings who resided here when they were at Syracuse; a fine vaulted hall is of their time. Over the castle gate stood the two bronze rams, which were brought from Constantinople by Maniaces, and, turning on pivots, served to show the direction of the wind, which, pouring through their mouths, produced a sound like bleating. King Alphonso of Arragon afterwards gave them to Giovanni Ventimiglia, Marchese de Gerace, as a recompense for having decoyed twenty disaffected nobles to a banquet and murdered them there. After his death the rams were placed upon his tomb, but were removed to the palace at Palermo when the grandson of Ventimiglia was executed for rebellion.¹

The castle occupies the site of a Temple of the Olympian Juno, which had an altar whence sailors going to sea used to take a cup full of ashes and throw them into the waves when they lost sight of the shield on the temple of Minerva.

Returning hence by the eastern ramparts of Ortygia, we look down upon the Little Harbour, *Piccolo Porto*, where Dionysius established his lesser arsenal, and near which he built his many-gated citadel of Pentapyla, afterwards replaced by the Saracenic fortress called "Il Castello di Mahrietto."

¹ One ram still exists in the Museum at Palermo.

The fortifications of Ortygia are picturesque, and an artist might find several good subjects in its heavy-towered gateways, choked up with wains of white huge-horned oxen and by figures in bright costumes, or in the salt canals which lap their base, and are filled with boats brilliant in colour.

It is through many gates and over many bridges that we reach the mainland and enter *Achradina*, "the outer city," the most important and populous quarter of ancient Syracuse, built entirely on the limestone rock. Now it is almost utterly desolate; a solitary marble pillar standing on the green sward not far from the gate of Ortygia being almost the only relic of its forum or Agora, which was surrounded by Dionysius with the "pulcherrimae porticus" which excited the admiration of Cicero. Here, opposite to Ortygia, stood the magnificent monument which Dionysius the younger erected to his father, and which was destroyed after his own expulsion. Here also were the Timoleonteum, the well-earned monument to the honoured memory of Timoleon;¹ the temple of Jupiter Olympius, built by Hieron II.;² and the Prytaneium, which contained the famous statue of Sappho by Silanion which was stolen by Verres. Now, beyond the pillar, washerwomen are wringing out their clothes on the grassy bank of a little brook which babbles under the poplar-trees, and the narrow lanes are separated from the stony fields by low walls or hedges of cactus interspersed still with the wild pear-trees (*ἀχράδες*), which are supposed to have given a name to this quarter of the city.

If we follow the high road not far from the seashore, a walk or drive of about a mile will bring us to the fortified *Convent of the Cappuccini*, picturesquely situated on a rocky eminence whence there is a lovely view towards Ortygia, especially in the sunset. There is nothing to see in the convent except mummified monks, for the brethren here have always embalmed each other, and, if truth be told, have been sometimes known to pawn a dead brother when distressed for money. The convent is confiscated now, but

¹ Plutarch, *Timol.* 39.

² Diodorus, xvi. 83.

we must explore its cavernous recesses to obtain the keys of the famous *Latomia dei Cappuccini*, into which we descend by a narrow path. It is an enormous pit in the limestone rock nearly 100 ft. deep, and several acres in extent. All around the cliffs rise in perpendicular walls, often hollowed beneath into marvellous caves or rather halls in the rock. Here and there vast masses of stone have been detached by repeated earthquakes, or huge rocks have been left standing, islandlike, amid the rich vegetation of oranges, pomegranates, and cypresses, which is indescribably beautiful, and which has given the place its modern name of *La Selva*. The flowers are exquisitely lovely, and the whole scene on a warm day in summer has an atmosphere of Paradise which ill accords with its terrific associations, for there can be no doubt that, though this and the other *latomiae* of Syracuse were originally quarries for the limestone of which the city was built, they were employed from early times as prisons, and were so used for the immense multitude of Athenian prisoners after the raising of the blockade of Syracuse under Nicias and Demosthenes.

“*Lautumias Syracusanas omnes audistis, plerique nostis; opus est ingens, magnificum, regum ac tyrannorum. Totum est ex saxo in mirandam altitudinem depresso, et multorum operis penitus exciso: nihil tam clausum ad exitus, nihil tam septum undique, nihil tam tutum ad custodias, nec fieri, nec cogitari potest.*”—*In Verr. Act. ii. 5, 27.*

“The *Latomia de' Cappuccini* is a place which it is impossible to describe in words, and of which no photographs give any notion. Sunk to the depth of a hundred feet below the level of the soil, with sides perpendicular and in many places as smooth as though the chisel had just passed over them, these vast excavations produce the impression of some huge subterranean gallery, widening here and there into spacious halls, the whole of which has been unroofed and opened to the air of heaven. It is a solemn and romantic labyrinth, where no wind blows rudely, and where orange-trees shoot upward luxuriantly to meet the light. The wild fig bursts from the living rock, mixed with lentisk shrubs and pendant caper-plants. Old olives split the masses of fallen cliff with their tough, snake-like, slowly-corded, and compacted roots. Thin flames of pomegranate flowers gleam amid foliage of lustrous green; and lemons drop unheeded from fragile branches. There too the ivy hangs in long festoons, waving like tapestry to the breath of stealthy breezes; while under foot is a tangle of acanthus, thick curling leaves of glossiest green, surmounted by

spikes of dull lilac blossoms. Wedges and columns and sharp teeth of the native rock rear themselves here and there in the midst of the open spaces to the sky, worn fantastically into notches and saws by the action of scirocco. A light yellow, calcined by the sun to white, is the prevailing colour of the quarries. But in shady places the limestone takes a curious pink tone of great beauty, like the interior of some sea-shells. The reflected lights too, and half-shadows in the scooped-out chambers, make a wonderful natural chiaroscuro. The whole scene is now more picturesque in a sublime and grandiose style than forbidding. There is even one spot planted with magenta-coloured mesembrianthemums of dazzling brightness, and the air is loaded with the drowsy perfume of lemon blossoms. Yet this garden was once the Gethsemane of a nation, where 9000 freemen of the proudest city of Greece were brought by an unexampled stroke of fortune to slavery, shame, and a miserable end. Here they dwindled away, worn out by wounds, disease, thirst, hunger, heat by day and cold by night, heart-sickness, and the insufferable stench of putrefying corpses. The pupils of Socrates, the admirers of Euripides, the orators of the Pnyx, the athletes of the Lyceum, lovers and comrades and philosophers, died here like dogs : and the dames of Syracuse stood, doubtless, on those parapets above, and looked upon them like wild beasts. . . . The weary eyes turned upwards found no change or respite, save what the frost of night brought to the fire of day, and the burning sun to the pitiless cold constellations.”—*J. A. Symonds*.

The story that some of the Athenian prisoners purchased their release by repeating the verses of Euripides, and on reaching their own country hastened to fling themselves at the feet of him whose words had redeemed them, gave rise to the lines of Byron—

“ When Athens’ armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fetter’d thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See ! as they chaunt the tragic hymn, the car
 Of the o’ermaster’d victor stops ; the reins
 Fall from his hands : his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt : he rends his captive’s chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.”
Childe Harold, c. iv. 16.

[Beyond the Cappuccini, the heights of Achradina are bare and desolate, powdered with fragments of ruin, which can scarcely be distinguished from the masses of gray and white limestone with which the fields are covered. There are some curious caves in the cliffs along the coast. The western

wall of the city has been traced as far as the spot called Capo S. Panagia, after the "bien-heureuse pécheresse" of that name. A short distance beyond this (most easily reached by the high road to Messina) is the cove of Scala Greca, probably the Portus Troglitorum where Marcellus landed and effectually stormed the Carthaginian fortifications.]

Narrow lanes will lead from the Cappuccini to the large *Convent of S. Lucia*. The church has a handsome tower, and the western entrance is a fine arch of the twelfth century, with Norman capitals and lions; above it is a round window of the fourteenth century. Over the high altar is a great picture by *Caravaggio* of the burial of S. Lucia, who has taken the place of Artemis as the protectress of Syracuse. Steps lead down to a chapel hewn out of the rock, containing a shrine in honour of the saint; but it is empty, as her bones were carried off to Constantinople by Maniaces, and are now divided between Venice and a side chapel in the cathedral of Syracuse, whence they are brought once a year to visit her chapel in Achradina, all the town escorting them to and fro. Here, however, a pathetic marble figure of the saint lies in serene repose, with lamps, like the vestal's fire, eternally burning around her.

Lucia, whom Dante has introduced as the messenger from the Virgin to Beatrice—

" Lucia, nimica di ciascun crudele,"¹

is the gentle patroness of the labouring poor. The most ancient legend tells that she was born in the reign of Diocletian, being the daughter of Eutychia, a Syracusan widow, who, not knowing that she had dedicated her virginity, betrothed her to a pagan youth of her own city, noble, and very wealthy. Soon afterwards, accompanying her mother to the shrine of S. Agata at Catania, where she went to pray for cure from a grievous disorder, the virgin-martyr appeared to her in a vision, hailing her as a sister, and promising not only the restoration of her mother, but that Syracuse should ever be defended and favoured for her sake. After her return home she persuaded her mother

¹ *Inf.* c. ii. *Purg.* ix. *Par.* xxxii.

to permit her to sell all their possessions and give the price to the poor, which so enraged the young man to whom she was betrothed, that he denounced her as a Christian to the governor Pascasius, who condemned her to death, and ordered his executioners to drag her away. Her body, however, was immovable, and neither men nor oxen had any power over it. Then Pascasius ordered a great fire to be kindled around her; but, at her prayer, she remained unscathed in the midst of the flames. Finally she was pierced in the throat with a poniard.

A later legend tells that, when Lucia was wearied of the love of her youthful admirer, who, by speech and in writing, declared that he was enthralled by her beautiful eyes, she plucked out her eyes and sent them to her lover in a dish, saying—"Here is that which thou hast so much desired, now leave me in peace." Her sight was afterwards restored by miracle. It is from this legend that Lucia is always represented bearing two eyes in a dish, and is invoked against blindness and all disease of the eyes.

A pillar to which Lucia is said to have been bound at her execution is shown in the upper church.

Passing the church of S. Maria di Gesu, we reach the gates of the *Villa Landolina* (50 c.), containing a small Latomia, used as a burial-place ("Campi Elisi"), and containing the poetic grave of the poet, August, Count von Platen-Hallermund, who died in Syracuse, 5th December 1835. A little north of this is the *Latomia Casale*, occupied by the lovely garden of the Marchese Casale.

A few steps west from Villa Landolina, a cactus-fringed lane leads to the *Church of S. Giovanni*, which has a beautiful outer portico, with three richly-sculptured, round-headed arches, dating from 1182, when the church was dedicated. From the interior of the building steps lead into the wonderfully picturesque *Crypt of S. Marziano*, a Greek cross cut out of the solid rock, with an apse at each end except on the west, where the staircase descends by which we enter. No artist will fail to paint the splendid effects of shadow and colour in this most venerable of churches, whose walls are covered with decaying frescoes, but are almost more full

of colour from the weather stains and mosses of eighteen hundred years. The red stains are attributed to the blood of the martyrs, for this is believed to be the church where the missionary and first bishop of Syracuse, S. Marziano, the contemporary of the apostles, received S. Paul, when he landed at Syracuse, and "tarried there three days,"¹ where S. Marziano was martyred, and where S. Paul preached to the first christian congregation. Several memorials of S. Marziano² are pointed out—an inverted Ionic column which served as his chair, a column to which he was bound at his martyrdom, and the empty tomb whence his body was carried off for safety to Caëta, when Sicily was invaded by the Saracens.

From the little court at the back of the church a hermit emerges from a hut beneath an orange-tree laden with golden fruit, and, with a four-cornered lamp in his hand, held by a hook, will conduct travellers into the exceedingly-curious *Catacombs*—"Grotte di San Giovanni"—attributed in turn to Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, Pagans and Christians. All that is really known about them is that they were intended for burial-places, and that they are laid out on a much more regular arrangement than the catacombs of Italy, and on a plan rather resembling that of a city, with streets and piazzas. Wide passages lead into circular chapels, which in several cases have an opening at the top. All around are the dead; the walls are full of tombs, the floor is paved with them, even the pillars are ornamented with the tiny tombs of babies. In the chapels the graves are in rows, in other places they are arranged in patterns. There are fragments of Greek inscriptions, one containing the name of the lady commemorated, and here and there are remains of frescoes, one of the most perfect representing two peacocks.

"The catacombs at Naples are more weird and monstrous, but neither they nor those of Rome have such a symmetric plan. One suddenly finds oneself in a regularly organised city of the dead, where whole peoples appear to have slumbered in their stone coffins. Here are countless streets and alleys, endless chambers, niches, spaces, and halls, once inhabited by the dead in deepest peace, whilst above them

¹ Acts xxviii. 12.

² Not, as in some guide books, S. Mark, who was martyred at Alexandria.

raged the revolutions of the living. One may judge by the existing Naples how many dead the life of one great city ejects daily, how many then must the ancient Syracuse, swarming with inhabitants, have cast out day by day into this yawning under world. This catacomb, like all others, was first a stone quarry, then it was used as a Necropolis, and for centuries it was continually enlarged, yet evidently upon a system, for all the galleries lead from time to time to a middle hall, a great circular and vaulted room, surrounded by niches and possessing either one, two, or three arched entrances. Here also the style bears traces of Greek influence. Up to the present only four of these centres have been excavated, but tradition says that they are three hundred and sixty in number. It is even asserted not only that the catacombs reach as far as the river of Sebetos, but that they extend beneath the earth as far as Catania. In comparison with this all the tunnels of the modern world are as nothing. It is true that the greater part of these passages are in ruins, but they are still practicable for an extent of several miles.

“Twenty years ago a professor, with six pupils, to whom he wished to explain the wonders of the city of tombs, was lost there. They wandered long and despairingly through the horrible labyrinth in search of the entrance till they died of exhaustion, and they were found lying side by side, four miles distant from the gate. Since that time holes for light and air have been pierced in the galleries, through which the dubious daylight shimmers mysteriously into this fearful Hades. . . . All is hollow, empty, and still as nothingness : time, which has destroyed every trace of the work of life above in Achradina, has here below killed even the dead themselves.”—*Gregorovius, Wanderungen in Sicilien.*

A little beyond S. Giovanni, the lane along which we have come falls into the high road to Catania, which leads up the hill of Neapolis into the high land of *Tycha* (Τύχη), the populous quarter of the town, which grew up after Dionysius had erected the great wall to secure it from attack along the northern heights. It derived its name from a celebrated Temple of Fortune, and contained the great fortress of Hexapylum, the capture of which proved so important to Marcellus, after his soldiers had broken through its drunken guard on the night of the festival of Diana ; but, except some small fragments of aqueduct, no buildings of antiquity remain.

“The whole is now a rocky common only frequented by a few sheep and goats—nothing to remind you of the past except the grooves here and there worn by the chariot wheels in the rock, indented lines

that trace the foundations of houses and the occasional gurgling of water, when you hit upon the course of the stream which is brought by the aqueduct. Here and there, in the wide extent, are a few patches of cultivation and one or two modern farms, but nothing ancient: and you puzzle your brains to conceive what can have become of the temples and palaces, the vast piles of marble and stone, the materials, the very dust of the London of antiquity."—*Gally Knight*.

A quarter of a mile up this road, the hillside between Tycha and Neapolis is covered to the left with sepulchral ruins, almost every rock being hewn into a tomb, some mere niches for urns in the cliff, but others more imposing. The two most conspicuous monuments, which have remains of Doric pillars on their façades, have received the names of the *Tombs of Timoleon and Archimedes*, but without any authority; indeed there is every reason why the lower monument, called the tomb of Archimedes, should not be that which Cicero sought with such pains outside the Agragian gate, and which was marked by a sphere and cylinder, carved on the sepulchral stelé, in memory of the great philosopher's invention.

"When I was quaestor I discovered the tomb of Archimedes surrounded and overrun with brushwood and brambles and utterly unknown to the Syracusans, who even denied its existence. For I possessed some verses which I had heard were inscribed on his monument and that a sphere and cylinder were placed on the top of the tomb. But whilst I was examining all the monuments (for there is a vast multitude of them at the Agragian gates) I observed a little column peering above the brambles on which a sphere and cylinder were carved: and I immediately declared to the Syracusan nobles who were with me that I thought that must be what I was seeking. A number of men sent in with sickles cleared and opened out the place. When an approach was made we went up to the pedestal, on the opposite side of which appeared the inscription, of which the latter verses had perished. Thus would the noblest city of Greece, which was once also the most learned, have remained in ignorance of the monument of her most distinguished citizen, unless she had learned it from a man of Arpinum."—*Tusc. Disp.* v. 23.

"So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed,
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed."

Rogers, Pleasures of Memory.

This spot is wonderfully beautiful, and unlike anything else. Seated upon a crumbling tomb, one may look across a waste of gray rocks, full of sepulchres, intersected by bright patches of grass, and here and there overgrown by masses of pink silene or tall graceful asphodels, to the deep-blue sea and the historic Great Harbour, with Plemmyrion on one side, and Ortygia, girt with walls and towers, on the other. To the left is the Little Harbour, with a white sail or two skimming across its still waters, intersected by tall cypress-spires, and nearer, amongst the pear and orange groves, the old church of S. Giovanni, and Santa Lucia, and the Cappuccini on its height. Goats, tinkling their bells, caper across the common from their fields hedged with cactus, and, in this transparent atmosphere, as in Spain, the figures moving upon the highway cast pure blue shadows upon the white ground.

Returning to the place where we entered the highway from S. Giovanni, we should take the opposite lane to the right, into the utterly deserted *Neapolis*. This was the last built of the lower quarters of Syracuse, and is quite omitted in the descriptions of Thucydides, so probably did not exist at the time of the Athenian invasion, though it rose to splendour under Dionysius. Cicero calls it the fourth city of Syracuse, and speaks of its vast theatre, its temples of Ceres and Proserpine, and its beautiful statue of Apollo called Temenites.

A few minutes will bring us to the *Chapel of S. Niccolò*, built above a Roman reservoir. On the other side of the lane is the *Roman Amphitheatre*, probably built, or rather for the most part cut out of the rock, in the time of Augustus, who, in B.C. 21, recolonised Ortygia and part of Neapolis and Achradina. In the middle of the arena is a cistern. This vast desolate ruin overgrown with flowers, and with the sea or mountain as a background, has the most desolate poetic beauty.

The little lane, which runs up the hill opposite the Amphitheatre, leads through a maze of fruit-abounding

cactus to the beautiful *Latomia of Santo Venere*, now the garden of the Barone della Targeia, who has the fine palace opposite the cathedral, and who, in these depths, has made an earthly paradise of oranges and pomegranates, daturas, salvias, camellias, and poinzettias. Above all, huge Judas trees wave their pink tresses, and masses of plumbago, jessamine, and different kinds of cacti, scramble over the rocks, whilst geraniums and violets flower in masses wherever they are allowed a foothold. Even at Christmas these marvellous gardens are radiant with loveliness.



Roman Amphitheatre.

A few steps beyond S. Niccoló, passing under the arches of an aqueduct, we reach (left) the *Ara*, a vast altar mentioned by Diodorus as erected by Hieron II. It is raised on steps, and is 640 ft. long, and 61 ft. broad, yet this enormous size was not disproportioned for a people who could sacrifice 450 oxen to Jupiter at once, as a thank-offering for the delivery of their city from the tyranny of Thrasylbulus.

On the right is the astonishing *Latomia del Paradiso*, perforated with caverns, which are hung with glorious stalactites, and used in some instances as rope-walks. In this *Latomia* is the extraordinary cavern called the *Ear of*

Dionysius, because the painter Caravaggio used to imagine that the tyrant (who excavated some of these Latomiae as prisons) used to conceal himself in a lofty chamber of the rock, and take advantage of its echoes to learn what his prisoners were planning. The cavern, which is really magnificent, winds like an S, is 183 ft. in length, and about 30 ft. wide, and 70 ft. high. A whisper against the rock is distinctly audible to any one putting his ear to the rock at the entrance at the other end, the tearing of paper produces a succession of volleys, and a shout, a hurricane of echoes. The effect of singing in this cavern is also very remarkable, a canon composed for two voices appearing to be sung by four.¹ Those who wish to visit the imaginary hiding-place of Dionysius must be drawn up to it by ropes; ordinary conversation in the cavern below is audible there, but no whispers.

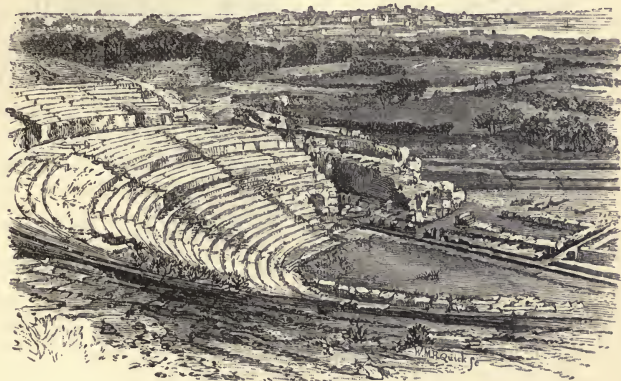
Passing under the arches of an aqueduct—by the little Locanda where Hughes the traveller drank *Vinum Pollianum*, the wine brought from Italy by Pollio, an Argive tyrant of Syracuse—we reach, deeply sunken in the slope, the *Greek Theatre*, hollowed out of the side of the rock in the fifth century B.C. Its sixty rows of seats were separated by three broad walks called belts. The pit is divided by eight radiating flights of steps, and inscriptions remain, dedicating four of these divisions to the queens Philistis and Nereis, Jupiter Olympius, and Hercules the Benevolent. It is generally supposed that the Philistis mentioned was the daughter of Theron and wife of the tyrant Gelon, generally known as Demarata; her coins exist, bearing a beautiful female head, represented both in youth and age, but she lives only by numismatic record. Nereis was daughter of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and married Gelon, son of King Hiero, by whom she was the mother of Hieronymus.

The Greek Theatre, in its utter solitude, with its gray stones worn to the likeness of rocks and overgrown with flowers, and its exquisitely lovely view, is perhaps the most touching and attractive of all the Syracusan ruins. Readers of Tacitus² will recall the excellent Pactus Thræsea, who

¹ See Swinburne's *Travels*, ii. 341.

² *Ann.* xiii. 49.

was unjustly censured here by his detractors for opposing the proposal of Nero to allow the people of Syracuse a larger number of gladiators than was generally permitted. But it is difficult, indeed, to conjure up a picture of past scenes—of the theatre crowded, as must frequently have been the case, by 24,000 persons, and of Timoleon receiving here the thanks of the people for the restoration of their freedom. Now there is no sound but the murmur of a



The Greek Theatre, Girgenti.

? Syr

brook which once brought water to the busy city and turned the mills here, which gave the ruin its modern name of *I Molini di Galerme*.

Above the theatre is a *Nymphæum* caverned in the rock, and close beside it on the left the entrance to the Petra-like *Street of Tombs*, cut out of the solid rock, and with walls entirely covered by monuments, some mere niches for urns, and others sepulchral porticoes overhung by masses of the beautiful caper plant (*Capparis spinosa*) which is the hyssop of Scripture. The marks of chariot wheels remain as deep ruts in the rocky way, and it is interesting to remember that down this hollow road the lectica of Timoleon must frequently have been borne upon the shoulders of his fellow-

citizens.¹ Here also, especially, it will be felt how the Greeks and Romans, by thus bringing the dead amongst the living, must have kept their remembrance ever-green and modified the feeling of eternal separation.



Street of Tombs, Syracuse.

Our next excursion from Ortygia must be to the heights of *Epipolae*, about 4 m. distant by the carriage road.

Soon after passing the railway station we see on the right the picturesque remains called the *Baths of Diana*, with broken columns and an altar. Hence the road runs for several miles between the sea and the heights of Neapolis and Epipolae—through wastes of pink-gray limestone, gilded here and there with lichen, and interspersed with great tufts of asphodel and with lovely dwarf blue iris which is in full flower at Christmas, when almond-trees are already in young leaf in the valley in which lay the perished Temples of Demeter and Persephone.

At the little hamlet of *Tremiglia* visitors may obtain access to the lovely garden of a villa on the steep side of

¹ T. Smart Hughes.

the hill, which is supposed to have been the retreat of Timoleon, given to him by his grateful fellow-citizens. Hither he is said to have brought his wife and family from Corinth, and to have lived to a happy old age, when the people used to carry him on their shoulders to the theatre, where all was interrupted till the acclamations which arose on his appearance had ceased. If strangers asked to see the greatest ornament of the city, they were taken to visit Timoleon surrounded by his family. He had made the Syracusans value and understand liberty by a course of gradual reform, giving the people all the freedom they were able to avail themselves of, but still holding the reins of government sufficiently to allow of his rewarding the good and punishing the bad.

[Hence one may reach the *Latomia del Filosofo*, excavated by Dionysius to obtain stone for his great works on Epipolae, and afterwards used by him as a prison.

“In these quarries men were so long imprisoned that they married there and begat children, which children, when they first went to Syracuse and beheld the horses which drew the chariots, were so frightened that they fled away screaming. The finest of the caverns was called after Philoxenus the poet, because it is said that he wrote *The Cyclops*, the most beautiful of his poems, while he was imprisoned there, esteeming as nothing the condemnation and vengeance of Dionysius.”—*Aelian*.]

A winding road now ascends the hills of Epipolae (Ἐπίπολαι) to the fortifications of Dionysius at Euryalus, called by the peasants Mongibellisi, from the Arabic words “*monte*” and “*ghibel*,” both meaning a hill. These are the heights which Nicias took by a rapid movement and soon afterwards lost by advancing upon the lower city without leaving a garrison behind him, and which Marcellus, on the other hand, so strongly garrisoned before he attacked Achradina. Here great excavations have been made, disclosing rock staircases, mighty magazines hewn in the rock, and stabling, with the rings for the horses still extant. Euryalus is, perhaps, the finest known example of a great Greek fortress, and was the most important point to besiegers and besieged in all attacks upon the city.

“Euryalus is the key to Epipolæ. It was here that Nicias himself ascended in the first instance, and that afterwards he permitted Gylippus to enter and raise the siege, and lastly that Demosthenes, by overpowering the insufficient Syracusan guard, got at night within the lines of the Spartan general. Thus the three most important movements of the siege were made upon Euryalus. Dionysius, when he enclosed Epipolæ with walls, recognised the importance of the point, and fortified it with the castle which remains, and to which, as Colonel Leake believes, Archimedes, at the order of Hiero II., made subsequent additions. This castle is one of the most interesting Greek ruins extant. A little repair would make even now a substantial place of defence, according to Greek tactics. Its deep foss is cut in the solid rock, and furnished with subterranean magazines for the storage of provisions. The three piles of solid masonry, on which the draw-bridge rested, still stand in the centre of this ditch. The oblique grand entrance to the foss descends by a flight of well-cut steps. The rock itself, over which the fort was raised, is honeycombed with excavated passages for infantry and cavalry, of different width and height, so that one sort can be assigned to mounted horsemen and another to foot soldiers. The trap-doors, which led from these galleries into the fortress, are provided with rests for ladders, that could be let down to help a sallying force, or drawn up to impede an advancing enemy. The inner court for stabled horses and the stations for the catapults are still in tolerable preservation. Thus the whole arrangement of the stronghold can be traced not dimly but distinctly. Being placed on the left side of the chief gate of Epipolæ, the occupants of the fort could issue to attack a foe advancing toward that gate in the rear. At the same time the subterranean galleries enabled them to pour out upon the other side, if the enemy had forced an entrance, while the minor passages and trap-doors provided a retreat in case the garrison were overpowered in one of their offensive operations.”—*J. A. Symonds.*

The view is most glorious from the summit of the broad ridge which gave the place its name, where, as in the verses of Theocritus, the goat still “runs after cytizus”¹ amongst the great stones fallen from the wall, which is built of huge blocks without cement. To the north is the winding bay, with the cities of Prioli and Agosta, and the rich plain sprinkled with liquorice-trees (*Glycyrrhica glabra*), while, above the mountains of Hybla, Etna soars with snowy altitudes into the pale blue sky, and is lost in mists beneath—

“the sea of cloud
That heaves its white and billowy vapours up
To moat the isle of ashes from the world.”

Matthew Arnold.

1 *Idyll*, x.

To the south, we overlook, as in a map, the rich fever-bearing marshes of the Anapus; the hillsides once radiant with groves and temples, but now only covered with rocks and ruins, the abodes of lizards and serpents; the Great Harbour with Plemmyrium on one side, and on the other Ortygia, gleaming like a jewel on the face of the blue. One cannot wonder that the victorious Marcellus, as he stood upon these rock-built walls, "was moved to tears, partly by joy over the feat he had accomplished, partly by the ancient glory of the city." Yet in no view have we a greater sense



From the Walls of Epipolae.

of the mutability of earthly things than as we look upon the desolation of the city celebrated in the verses of Pindar—

“ O thou who sitt’st in tow’red state,
Proud Syracuse, shrine
Of Mars that loveth war’s debate;
Of steel-clad chivalry thou nurse divine.”

Pyth. ii., Cary’s Trans.

One mile and a half westwards is *Belvidere*, the highest eminence of the ridge, a conspicuous object in every view, and possessing a glorious outlook.

To the east one may follow the ancient walls to the farm of Targia, the probable site of *Labdalon*, the fortress which the Athenians built when they first took Epipolae, and which was so soon taken from them by Gylippus. A mile farther are a gate and rock staircase, known as *Scala della Targetta*. Hence good pedestrians may follow the walls of Tycha to the Scala Greca, and return by the high road from Catania.

In their rambles near Syracuse travellers will frequently meet with peasants who offer coins for sale, and the Syracusan coins are magnificent. Perhaps the finest silver coins are the medallion pieces of ten drachms, struck c. B.C. 380.

A boat for the day with three rowers, for the Anapus and the fountain of Cyane, costs 6 frs. : the men may have 1 fr. each for "bottiglia;" it is an excursion of from 5 to 7 hrs.

We cross the Great Harbour to the mouth of the *Anapus*, where the boatmen often have to jump into the water to help the boat over the sandbank. Close to the mouth of the stream stood the great mausoleum of Gelon and his wife Demarata, daughter of Theron of Agrigentum, surrounded by towers which were destroyed by the envy of Agathocles. The river Anapus rises in the hills near the site of the Greek Acrae, and, flowing through lovely scenery, is for some distance transparent, but becomes muddy on reaching the lowland. This is the marsh of Syraco (now *Palude Pantano*), the "Palus Lysimeleia" of Thucydides, whose unhealthiness proved so fatal to the Athenian besiegers of Syracuse, but in winter it may be visited with impunity. Passing under a modern bridge, we soon reach the remains of an ancient bridge where the river was crossed by the Via Helorina, by which the Athenians vainly attempted to escape. On a fine day, nothing can be more lovely than the colouring, the delicate pink of Epipolae and Euryalus, in the transparent atmosphere, recalling the scenery of the East; or more characteristic than the beautiful water-plants, the Saracenic-looking buildings and palm-trees, the great oxen and the figures on the bank looking as if they were engraven upon the sky. "The great stream of the river Anapus," as Theocritus calls it,¹ was worshipped by the ancient Syracusans under the form of a young man, who was regarded as the husband of the nymph Cyane. Accordingly, about a mile from its mouth, the muddy Anapus is joined by the clear Cyane.

¹ *Idyll*, i.

“Quaque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis.”

Ovid, Ex. Pont. ii. 10, 26.

“Et me dilexit Anapus.”

Ovid, Met. v. 417.

Now we leave the Anapus, and follow the smaller stream under its modern name of Pisma. Its narrow windings are often almost filled up by masses of the beautiful papyrus (*Cyperus papyrus*), the plant of the Nile, where Clement of Alexandria reminds us that the infant Moses was preserved in a basket of papyrus-stalks. It grows nowhere else in Europe, and was probably introduced from Egypt by the Syracusan rulers, in the time of their intimate relations with the Ptolemies.

“The root of the papyrus is bulbous, sucking up moisture and nourishment by means of long thin fibres, which attach it slightly to the sides and bottom of the river: from each separation of the bulb springs up a fine triangular rush, of a bright green colour, to the height of eight or ten feet: this is surmounted by a large flowing tuft, of the most delicate filaments, and near the end of each filament the flowers burst forth. Denon, with great probability, ascribes the introduction of this plant into the district of Syracuse, to that intimate connection which subsisted between Hiero and others of its tyrants with the sovereigns of Egypt. In that country the papyrus seems to have been indigenous and to have attained to the highest degree of perfection. Pliny's description of it and the manner of its growth coincides accurately with what we observed; but if that naturalist is to be credited, not all the pages of history can exhibit an example of a plant convertible to so many uses. The roots of the papyrus used to serve for fuel and domestic utensils; its stalk was twisted into canoes or boats; its bark into sails, ropes, mats, and even garments; its juice afforded nourishment, either in a state of decoction or raw: as an article in the materia medica, its virtue was celebrated in the cure of ulcers and tumours; and, by different preparations, it assumed the properties either of a caustic or an opiate; the farina of its flowers produced the finest gluten in the world, and best adapted to assist in the manufacture of that article to which it owes its great celebrity—a composition which, though different in its nature, has given its name to the paper of the moderns, which relieved mankind from those inconvenient records of their ideas afforded by palm-leaves, bark of trees, rolls of lead, linen, or waxen tablets, and which must have produced an effect upon the ancient world, similar in kind, though less in degree, to the great modern invention of printing: finally, with the flowery tuft of this plant the Egyptians crowned the statues of their gods, in recognising their benevolence and appropriately honouring them from the source of their own peculiar bounty.”—*T. S. Hughes.*

Most exquisite in form and colour, the yellow plumes of the papyrus, supported by bright green stalks, feather in masses far overhead, and the boat soon seems lost in their thickets. Here and there only the papyrus gives place to beautiful oleanders or palma Cristi, or the river is choked by floating tangles of ranunculus. Sportsmen are pursuing the water-birds on the banks. The floating ranunculus becomes more solid, the papyrus grows more compactly, but the boatmen exclaim, "Where we can go, we will go," and,



On the river Cyane.

jumping into the shallows, force the boat on with their arms, or tow it from the bank. At length the river seems to disappear altogether in the glorious thickets of green, but the boatmen struggle through, and we suddenly find ourselves in a broad blue pool of transparent water, with open country towards the roseate mountains of Hybla. Fifty feet below us, fish are swimming, and the white sand sparkles. This is *La Pisma*, "the dark blue spring," which was the famous Fountain of Cyane—

"Inter Sicelidas Cyane pulcherrima nymphas,"

Ovid, Met. v. 412.

the nymph who tried to arrest Pluto, when he was carrying

off Proserpine, and was changed by him into a fountain which covered the entrance of Hades.

“Haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram :
 Terribilesque hortatus equos, in gurgitis ima
 Contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto
 Condidit. Icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit,
 Et pronos currus medio cratere recepit.
 At Cyane, raptamque Deam, contemtaque fontis
 Jura sui moerens, inconsolabile vulnus
 Mente gerit tacita, lacrymisque absumitur omnis ;
 Et, quarum fuerat magnum modo numen, in illas
 Extenuatur undas.”

Ovid, *Met.* v. 420.

Diodorus tells how the Syracusans held an annual festival here in honour of Proserpine, and some ruins not far from the fountain are pointed out as having belonged to a shrine of Cyane. Bulls also used annually to be immersed here in honour of Hercules, who established the custom when passing this way with the herds of Geryon.¹

In returning, the boatmen will indicate the best point for disembarking and walking over a little hill covered with blue iris in winter, to the ruins of the *Olympeium*, the famous temple which is believed to have been built by the Geomori in the sixth century B.C. and dedicated to Jupiter Olympius, sometimes also called Urios or Disposer of the Winds, from the position of the temple at the head of the Great Harbour. It faced Epipolae, and was little less in size than the Temple of Minerva in Ortygia. The first mention of it occurs when Hippocrates, tyrant of Gela, pitched his camp here in 493 B.C. Here Gelon, 480 B.C., dedicated the golden mantle from the spoils of the Carthaginians at Himera, which Dionysius took away, saying that “gold was too heavy for the god in summer, and too cold in winter, but that wool would be suitable for both.” Here also were kept the public treasures and registers of the Syracusan citizens according to their tribes, which fell into the hands of the Athenians during the siege. In the portico was one of the three finest known statues of Jupiter.² Only two portions of columns now remain, monoliths

¹ Diod., *Sic.* v.

² Cicero, *In Verr.* ii. 4.

standing alone in the cornfields; their fluting does not extend to the base, but is separated by plain narrow fascia. There are no remains of the small town of Polichne which stood close to this temple and which was occupied successively as a military post by Himilcon (396 B.C.), Hamilcar (310 B.C.), and Marcellus (213 B.C.)

So few travellers will now take either of the miserable roads from Syracuse to Girgenti, that those who wish to visit the remains of ancient Acrae will probably make it the source of a two days' excursion from Syracuse itself. This excursion may be extended so as to visit Modica and the curious Val d'Ispica, returning to Syracuse by the lower road: it will then occupy about 5 days. The wretched diligence, which leaves at 9 P.M. (6 frs. 50 c.), takes 5 hrs. to accomplish the 24 m. through Floridaia to Palazzolo. The latter part of the way is exceedingly beautiful.

Palazzolo (Locanda d'Acrae, tolerable) occupies a very lofty position, just beneath *Acremonte*, the site of ancient Acrae.

“Non e tumulis glacialibus Acrae
Defuerunt.”

Sil. Ital. xiv. 206.

Acrae was a colony which Syracuse founded, 664 B.C., only seventy years after its own creation, and the history of the offshoot for the most part followed that of the parent city. The situation is beautiful, and though the town was a small one, its remains are many and important. Ascending the rock from the north-east, we come to a group of sepulchres, one of them bearing a Greek relief, and another, “*La Marciana*,” being a large chamber with ornaments and niches. A little south is the *Latomia*, surrounded by tombs, and a short distance farther a temple and remains of an aqueduct. Westwards, in the town, is the *Theatre*, small, but, after the fashion Greek of theatres, commanding a magnificent view, which here embraces the distant Etna.¹ A little north of this are thirteen ancient cisterns, and just south of these the *Odeon*. On Monte Pineta, to the south of Acrae, at the spot called *Acrocoro della Torre*, are a quantity of

¹ “Crater ejus patet ambitu stadia xx.”—Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* i. iii. c. 8.

graves, cut in the rock, from many of which Baron Judica drew the vases and precious ornaments which formed a great portion of his museum at Palazzolo, dispersed since his death. Near this, opposite the Torre della Pineta, is the *Contrada del Santicello* containing, in the low cliffs, the exceedingly curious rock-hewn tombs called by the common people *I Santoni*, arranged in two tiers, the upper range of niches being occupied by figures in relief. Sometimes several figures are sculptured, but in most cases only a single female figure, generally seated in a chair, and supposed to be intended for Persephone.

There is nothing better than a bridle-track from Palazzolo to Ragusa, 18 m., and such paths have seldom been safe since the expulsion of the Bourbons. *Ragusa (Locanda di Buon Consiglio)* is finely situated on a high ridge between two valleys, but has little to show except a few rock-hewn tombs and some pictures in the Capuchin Church by *Pietro Novelli*. It is conjectured that the ancient remains of Ragusa belong to the city of Herea or Hybla Minor.

Hence the Post (4 frs.) may be taken, or carriage of the country engaged, to Modica, 16 m.

Modica (Locanda Bella Italia, tolerable), a picturesquely-situated town on the Magro with a rock-built fortress above it, is the best centre for an excursion to *Ispica*, about 5 m. distant, for which horses may be obtained. The road to Spaccaforno must be followed for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the Casa del Eco, whence it is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the narrow glen called *Val d'Ispica*, in which the sandstone cliffs are full of sepulchres (often shown and spoken of as habitations of the ancient inhabitants), many of which bear Greek inscriptions, seldom legible. The tombs, which extend for about 2 m., end at the Castello d'Ispica. They will not be worth visiting to those who are familiar with the sepulchral valleys of Etruria, and they are inferior in interest to those of Palazzolo.

The Post from Modica takes 5 hrs. (6 frs.) by Spaccaforno to *Noto "l'Ingegnosa" (Locanda Vittoria, tolerable)*, a handsome town with well-built houses and churches and a

pretty fountain, which was the successor, though it does not occupy the site, of the ancient Nectum. Noto was the last stronghold of the Saracens in Sicily, and was only given up to Count Roger in 1089 by the widow of an emir, who had been drowned at Syracuse while trying to defend the town.

An excursion may be made hence to *La Pizzuta* (4 m. distant), a Greek pillar, 33 ft. high, on a hill covered with palmetto, near the site of the old Greek colony of Helorus. It is supposed to have been erected by the Syracusans as a memorial of that final defeat of the Athenians on the banks of the Asinarus, in which Nicias and all the survivors of his army were taken prisoners.

From Noto, the Post (5 frs. 40 c.) occupies 4 hrs. to Syracuse, passing through *Avola*, a town which possesses plantations of sugar-canes, used in the manufacture of rum. The bridge over the Anapus is crossed before reaching Syracuse.

CHAPTER XIII.

GIRGENTI AND THE SOUTHERN COAST.

ALL travellers who are not hardened to discomforts will return from Syracuse to Catania and take the railway from thence to Girgenti.

[The other way occupies five days, partly in a carriage or diligence, and partly on mule-back, or in a *Jettiga*, a kind of sedan-chair carried between two mules, a mode of conveyance which is only to be found in Sicily, because no other civilised country is so comparatively without roads.

There is a post-carriage to Noto in 4 hrs. (5 frs. 40 c.), leaving the Piazza del Popolo at 7 P.M. From Noto the post may be taken to Modica (6 frs., occupying 5 hrs.), where it is best to stay two nights to visit the Val d'Ispica. From Modica the post may be taken to Vittoria (7 frs. 40 c.) From Vittoria to Terranova it is necessary to ride for 29 kil., and from Terranova to Licata is another wearisome ride of 18 m. From Licata, travellers may drive to the railway, or they may take the country omnibus through Favara to Girgenti.

The route as far as Ragusa is described in Ch. XII: thence it is 15 m. to Vittoria. The road passes through *Comiso*, where a fountain, rising in the market-place, is supposed by Fazello to be identical with the famous fountain of Diana, described by Priscian—

“Dianae fons est; Camarinâ gignitur undâ,
Quem si quis manibus non castis hauserit, unquam
Laetifico tristis non miscet pocula Baccho.”

Vittoria (*Locanda Santonocito*, very poor) is a town of the seventeenth century, built by Alfonso Enriquez, Count of Modica, and named after his mother, the famous Vittoria Colonna. It is about 9 m. from Vittoria to the site of the ancient Greek colony of Camarina—“the stone town”

founded from Syracuse in 599 B.C., on a height near the sea, and between the little rivers Oanis (*Frascolaro*) and Hipparis (*Camarana*). The site is now marked by the *Chapel of S. Maria di Camarana*, near which many old walls, fragments of buildings and rock-hewn graves, are perceptible, being all that remains of "fair Camarina," the well-peopled town.

"Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine,
The flower of knightly worth and high renown."

Pindar, Olymp. v., Heber's Trans.

In the 18 m. ride (or *lettiga* journey) from Vittoria to Terranova there is little interest. At about 14 m. the lake called *Biviere di Terranova* is passed, abounding in fish and wild-fowl.

Terranova (*Locanda d'Italia*, tolerable but dear) was founded in the thirteenth century by Frederick II. on the site of Gela, one of the most important Greek colonies in Sicily, founded, 690 B.C., at the mouth of the river from which it was named—

"Immanisque Gela, fluvii cognomine dicta."

Virg., Aen. iii. 702.

In 582 B.C. Gela was sufficiently powerful to found the great colony of Agrigentum. It retained the oligarchical form of government till Cleander raised himself to despotic power, 498 B.C., and transmitted it to his brother Hippocrates, under whom the town attained great prosperity. In B.C. 485 Gelon, the son of Hippocrates, became master of Syracuse, but this, instead of increasing the prosperity of his native city, led eventually to its decline, as the tyrant and his successors henceforth devoted themselves to the new capital. Gela, however, continued to flourish, till, having in vain applied to Syracuse for protection, it was laid waste by the Carthaginians in B.C. 406, a catastrophe from which it never recovered, and after suffering repeated devastations from Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, and Phintias, tyrant of Agrigentum, it disappears from the page of history. Gela was the birthplace of the poet Apollodorus, and the place where Aeschylus took refuge when driven out

of Athens, and where he was killed by the extraordinary accident of an eagle mistaking his bald head for a stone, and letting a tortoise drop on it to break the shell, thus fulfilling an oracle that he was to die by a blow from heaven.

Outside the Porta Vittoria of Terranova is the prostrate Doric column of an ancient temple, the only noticeable relic of the once magnificent Gela.

It is a dreary featureless ride of 18 m. from Terranova to Licata, passing to the south of the small town of *Butera*, which has a castle built by the Normans, and fording the rivers Faino and Manfria, between which are the "Campi Geloï" of Virgil.

Licata or *Alicata* "la Dilettissima" (*Locanda Bella Sicilia*, poor) occupies the site of Phintias, founded by Phintias, tyrant of Agrigentum, 280 B.C., and peopled with the inhabitants of Gela. It is situated at the mouth of the Salso, which is the Himera Meridionalis of ancient times, and which traverses nearly the whole breadth of Sicily, as it rises in the Monte Madonna, only 15 m. from the northern coast. The general aspect of the town is beautiful, but it contains nothing of interest.

Hence it is possible either to ride along the coast 23 m. by *Palma* (where Hodierna the mathematician is buried) to Girgenti, or the railway may be joined at Campobello.

Trains run from Catania to Girgenti in 11 hrs. In winter, the country, being entirely arable, is very bare and ugly, and the towns and landscape alike colourless, sulphur being the only industry; and although many of the places which the line passes through have some classical interest, none are likely to arrest the traveller. We pass—

Catenanuova (Stat.) 5 m. to the north lies *Centorbi*, the ancient Centuripa, an important city of the Siculi, which was distinguished by the fidelity of its alliance with Rome, and was one of the five Sicilian cities which enjoyed freedom and immunity from taxation in the time of Cicero.¹ Considerable remains of the ancient walls

¹ *Verr.* ii. 67, 69.

exist. Just below the town the *Symeto* (Symaethus) is joined by the *Fiume Salso*, the Cyamosorus of Polybius.

Agira (Stat.) $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. north is the little town of Agira, with the ruins of a Norman castle, occupying the site of the ancient Agyrium, a very ancient city of the Siculi, supposed to have been visited by Hercules. Diodorus Siculus the historian was born at Agyrium, and extols the magnificence of its temples, of which nothing remains. In the middle ages the town gave to the church a saint, from whom it is sometimes called S. Filippo d'Agira.

Assaro (Stat.) Assorus was a city of the Siculi, mentioned by Diodorus as the only one of the Sicilian cities which remained faithful to Dionysius of Syracuse at the time of the great Carthaginian expedition under Himilco. At the foot of the hill on which the town was situated flowed the river Chrysas (now Dittaino), a tributary of the Symaethus, to whose tutelary deity the inhabitants built a temple, supposed to have occupied the site of the existing church of S. Pietro.

Leonforte (Stat.)

Castrogiovanni (Stat.) (Omnibus to town 1 fr.; *Locanda della Stella*, tolerable.)

Castrogiovanni "l'Inespugnabile," is nobly situated on a rocky platform high above the railway, and surrounded on all sides by precipices, which make it one of the most remarkable natural fortresses in the world. Several of the ecclesiastical buildings have interesting architectural features, especially the collegiate church of *La Madonna della Visitazione*, built by Queen Eleanora in the fourteenth century, which contains several remnants of ancient edifices, especially, in the south wall, a pillar from the temple of Ceres. There is a magnificent view from the castle, erected by Frederick II. of Arragon at the end of the thirteenth century.

Castrogiovanni, or Castro Janni (Castrum Ennae), occupies the site of the ancient Sicilian city of Enna, whose position in the centre of Sicily—"Umbilicus Siciliae"—and great natural strength, made it a point of the utmost importance in the many wars by which the island was ravaged.

But it is chiefly celebrated from mythological story as the spot near which Proserpine was carried off by Pluto when she was gathering flowers by the side of a lake. Hence the peculiar devotion of the city to Ceres, whose temple Cicero describes to have been approached with as much awe and reverence as if the worshippers were to visit the goddess herself, rather than her shrine. The woods and meadows beloved by Proserpine, and described by the poets, have long disappeared, and the country in winter is bare and desolate, for even "the thistles are permitted to take possession of nothing but the waysides, every other spot is sacred to Ceres."

About 4 m. from the town is *Lago Pergusa*, supposed to have been the Pergus of ancient times—

" There stands a broad lake near to Enna's walls,
Men call it Pergus :—not Caÿster's wave
More musical with song of frequent swans.
The veiling woods o'erhang its face, and ward
The fires of baffled Phoebus. From the grove
Breathes coolness :—from the turf a thousand flowers
Blush with the hues of Tyre. Perpetual spring
The spot invests. Beneath the happy shade
Proserpina was sporting :—now she culled
The violet's purple, now the lily's snow,
And still her basket heaped, and girl-like filled
Her bosom with the fragrant spoil, and mocked
Her mates who gathered less. Ah! love is swift!—
To see,—to burn,—to bear her thence,—for Dis
Was but a moment's work. The frightened maid
Shrieking, upon her mother and her mates
For succour called,—her mother most. Her robe
Was rent, and on the earth her treasured flowers
Were scattered, and her child-like innocence
Even for that loss, even in that hour, was fain to grieve."

Ovid, Met. v. 385, Henry King's Trans.

Caltanissetta (Stat.) (*Albergo della Concordia*, tolerable. *Italia*.) A large dull cathedral town, with wide views over the desolate sulphur country. The picturesque mule-trappings of the country may be purchased here.

Serradifalco (Stat.) The town gives a ducal title to the family of which the author of the best work on Sicilian antiquities was an illustrious member.

The line from Girgenti to Palermo is joined at—
Arragona Caldara (Stat.)

Girgenti (Stat.)

Hotel Belvidere (kept by Don Gaetano de Angelis), tolerably good, with a most beautiful view; charges very reasonable; pension, 10 frs. All the other older inns are equally detestable, but a new hotel is to be opened in 1883 by Signor Ragusa of Palermo, in a delightful situation outside the Porta Ponte, and promises to become a favourite winter resort.

The great Greek city of Acragas was founded by a colony from Gela, B.C. 582, and derived its name from the little river Acragas (Fiume di S. Biagio) which washes its hill on the east and south, and joins another stream, the Hyspas (Drago), which flows from the west. In 570 B.C. despotic power was obtained by one of its citizens, Phalaris, who raised Acragas to be one of the most important towns of Sicily, but himself received a proverbial reputation for cruelty.

“ Phalaris, with blood defiled,
His brazen bull, his torturing flame,
Hand o'er alike to evil fame
In every clime.”

Pindar, Pyth. i., Cary's Trans.

In B.C. 488 Theron became despot of Acragas, and after confirming his influence by an alliance with Gela, and by annexing Himera to his dominions, adorned his native city with many magnificent buildings, and ruled with a wisdom and beneficence which is celebrated by Pindar.

“ Theron, for his conquering car,
Shall spread a shout of triumph, far and wide;
True to his friends, the people's pride;
Stay of Acragas, and flower
Of many a noble ancestor:
They, long toils and perils past,
By the river built at last
Their sacred bower; and were an eye
To light the land of Sicily.
. . . And I will swear
That city, none, though she enroll
A cent'ry past, her radiant scroll,
Hath brought a mortal man to light,

Whose heart with love more genial glows,
Whose hand with larger bounty flows,
Than Theron's."

Olymp. ii., Cary's Trans.

Theron retained the sovereign power till his death (B.C. 472), but the tyranny of his son Thrasydaeus led to his expulsion in the following year. After this, for sixty years, Acragas had a democratic government, and its people spent their time in the sumptuous adornment of their city, which became proverbial for its wealth. Their own citizen, Empedocles, is reported to have said that they built their houses as if they were to live for ever, but gave themselves up to luxury as if they were to die on the morrow. But their prosperity came to an end in B.C. 406, when Acragas was besieged by the Carthaginians, and its inhabitants reduced to such straits by famine that they were compelled to migrate to the parent city of Gela, abandoning their own town to plunder and destruction. Timoleon recolonised Acragas in 340 B.C., and was regarded as its second founder: in B.C. 289 it again fell under despotic rule, in the person of Phintias. Espousing the Carthaginian cause in the beginning of the First Punic War, it was besieged and taken by the Romans, who carried off 25,000 of the inhabitants into slavery. In the Second Punic War it was faithful to Rome, but was captured by Himilco, and became the chief stronghold of the Carthaginians, till betrayed in B.C. 210 to the Romans, who again sold the inhabitants into slavery. From this date Acragas ceased to exist as a Grecian town; its name was changed to Agrigentum, and it was permanently subject to Rome. In the time of Cicero it was again one of the most wealthy and populous cities of Sicily. In A.D. 827 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, from whom it was wrested by the Normans in 1086.

The principal figure handed down to us from ancient Agrigentum is the poet Empedocles, who flourished in the time of Theron, and who, dressed in purple robes, wearing a laurel crown, and shod with golden sandals, was regarded as possessing divine powers, whilst he instructed his fellow-citizens in Pythagorean philosophy, urged them to redeem

the heavenly birthright which they had forfeited by their sins, taught his faith in a spiritual invisible God, and expounded his strange theories as to the physical and natural objects around him. His great poem was the *καθαρμοί*, in the beginning of which he describes the manner in which he was regarded by his contemporaries—

“An immortal god, and no longer a mortal man, I wander among you, honoured by all, adorned with priestly diadems and blooming wreaths. Into whatever illustrious towns I enter, men and women pay me reverence, and I am accompanied by thousands, who thirst for their advantage, some being desirous to know the future, and others, tormented by long and terrible disease, waiting to hear the spells which will soothe suffering.”

Polybius describes Acragas as excelling almost all other cities, not only in beauty, but in strength. On its fortified rock, partly defended by art and partly by Nature, it was nearly impregnable. It was full of noble porticoes and temples, amongst which the unfinished temple of Jupiter Olympius was equal in size and splendour to any of the temples of Greece. The ancient city was 10 m. in circuit, and, like Syracuse, it was divided into five parts—Mons Camicus, Rupis Athenea, Agrigentum, Neapolis, and Agrigentum in Camico. The first symbol of the town was a crab, in reference to its maritime position, but this was changed to an eagle, after a victory over Messina.

Reduced to narrow limits, the modern Girgenti “*la magnifica*,” is indeed alike glorious in its situation and surroundings. No other Sicilian city has such a noble position, and it is a bath of winter sunshine, causing the most beautiful flowers to bloom profusely at Christmas. Most exquisite is the view from the hotel-windows to the wide expanse of glancing sea, across billow upon billow of purple-wooded hill, crowned by the remains of ancient temples.

The town (of 26,646 inhabitants) consists of a single, long, well-paved, and very handsome street, following the winding terrace of the hillside, from which many narrow rugged alleys lead to the upper heights, and a winding road to the cathedral. The street is gay and crowded,

and seems especially so to one coming from the lifelessness of Palermo. Children swarm everywhere. The inhabitants of Girgenti are the most prolific in Italy. Fazzello mentions an Agrigentine woman in his own time who brought forth seventy-three children at thirty births.

Hurried travellers will divide the sights of Agrigentum into 2 days.

1. *Morning*, the town, cathedral, etc. ; *afternoon*, the Rupe Atenea, S. Biagio.
2. In a carriage for the whole day to S. Nicolà ; the Temples of Concord, Juno Lacinia, and Hercules ; Tomb of Theron ; Temples of (Esculapius?) Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, and Vulcan.

In the ancient Acropolis—Mons Camicus—the highest part of the town, stands the *Cathedral of S. Gerlando*. It has a very heavy square Gothic campanile, restored in 1487. The interior is entirely modernised, but all travellers must see the magnificent ancient *sarcophagus* (long used as a font) in the sacristy, sculptured with the story of Hippolytus, which Goethe describes as the most glorious and best-preserved alto-relievo he had ever seen. The nurse of Phaedra, delivering the letter to Hippolytus, is made especially withered and dwarfish, to give more effect to the noble youthful forms. The sacristan will also exhibit with glee the curious church-echo—“*porta voce*,” which tradition declares to have revealed to a jealous husband the secrets of his wife’s infidelity, as they were being poured into the ear of her confessor. Certainly every word spoken at the cornice behind the high altar is distinctly audible to a person standing in the west door. Opening from the right aisle is the chapel of S. Gerlando, containing a silver shrine (by Michele Ricca de Palermo, 1639) in honour of the saint, who was the first bishop of Girgenti.

Turning east from the cathedral door, the second side-street on the right (opposite No. 24) leads to *S. Maria dei Greci*, the oldest church in Girgenti, still used for Greek rites. Built into its walls are some remains of the temple of Jupiter Polieus, ascribed to Phalaris.

Leaving Girgenti by the east gate, *Porta Ponte*, we find

against the hillside the so-called *Giardino Inglese*, a pretty tangle of roses and cytizus. A terrace—*La Villa*, much frequented on warm evenings as a promenade, runs along the south side of the hill, and overlooks the sea. Hence we may ascend by a rocky path through gardens of almonds to the summit of the *Rupe Atenea*. Nothing remains here except the platform of a temple which is either that of Jupiter Atabyrios or of Athene, which gave a name to the height, and whither Gellias, the rich citizen of Acragas, fled up the stony way when the city was taken by Hamilcar, and, on finding himself pursued, and escape impossible, set fire to the building, and perished in the flames.

By a lower road, or over the brow of the hill, overgrown with palmetto, wild iris, and asphodel, we may reach, in a desolate but beautiful position, the curious Norman *Church of S. Biagio* (S. Blaise), built upon the remains of the temple ("in antis") of Demeter and Persephone (Ceres and Proserpine), which led Pindar, in his twelfth Pythian, to apostrophise Acragas as—

" Fairest of mortal cities, seat divine
Of the lovely Proserpine."

The little river Ruscello flows between the *Rupe Atenea* and that part of the ancient town known as Neapolis, where now there is nothing but tombs. Farther west is Agrigentum in Camico, with a bridge over the Valle S. Leonardo.

Returning to the main road, which winds down the hill through hedges of roses and scarlet geranium, we find on the right, amongst groups of noble stone pines and cypresses, the deserted *Church and Convent of S. Nicolò*, with a Norman portal. Artists will not fail to come here and sketch amidst the exquisite combinations of arched bridge, sculptured terrace, huge vases, and pines and aloes, in the ancient garden, in one corner of which is a curious Roman building, used as a chapel in Norman times, and now a summer-house, known by the natives as *Oratorio di Falaride*.

" Prythee take thy seat
'Neath this wild woodland olive : thy tones will sound more sweet.

Here falls a cold rill drop by drop, and green grass blades uprear
Their heads, and fallen leaves are thick, and locusts prattle here."

Theocritus, Battle of the Bards, Calverley's Trans.

Behind the Church of S. Nicolà is the *Giardino Panitteri*, containing remains of an ancient circular building, with Corinthian decorations.

Descending the main road from the front of the church, with a glorious view of the temples (which Diodorus describes as having been built with money obtained by the sale of olive-oil at Carthage), we reach in a few minutes the remains of the *Temple of Hercules*, once a grand Doric building (129 ft. in length, 55 in breadth), resembling the Parthenon in size and plan; but now utterly ruined, with a single pillar standing erect, surrounded by a mass of fallen masonry, and columns like the bones of a great skeleton. This is believed to be the temple of which Cicero tells:—

"There is in Agrigentum, not far from the forum, a temple of Hercules, which is looked upon by the citizens as exceedingly sacred and holy. It contains a bronze statue (than which I cannot say I have ever seen anything more beautiful), so much revered that its mouth and chin are somewhat worn away, because, in their prayers and thanksgivings, the people are accustomed not only to worship but to kiss it. Upon this temple, while Verres was at Agrigentum, a band of armed slaves, under command of Timarchides, made a sudden assault. An alarm was given by the watchmen and guards: who, after attempting to resist and defend the shrine, were driven back badly wounded with clubs and sticks. After this, having burst the bolts and broken open the doors, the slaves endeavoured to weaken the statue with levers and pull it down. Meantime, from the noise, a report spread through the whole city that the gods of the country were being attacked, not by the unexpected arrival of enemies, nor by the sudden attack of robbers, but by an armed and disciplined band of slaves from the house and attendants of the praetor himself. No one in Agrigentum was so affected by age or so infirm in strength, as not to rise up that night at the news, and seize whatever weapon came to hand. Thus a rush was soon made to the temple from every part of the city. For more than an hour a number of men had been already working at the pulling down of the statue, but it had not yielded in the least; though some had endeavoured to raise it by inserting levers underneath, and others to drag it down by ropes fastened to all its limbs. Suddenly the natives of Agrigentum rush in from all sides and stone the intruders, upon which the nocturnal soldiers of that illustrious commander take to flight. They carry off with them two very little images, lest they should return empty-handed to that robber

of sanctuaries. Things never go so badly with the Sicilians that they cannot joke and be facetious. So on this occasion they said that this most savage 'boar pig' (Verrem) ought no less to be classed amongst the labours of Hercules than the boar of Erymanthus."—*In Verr.* iv. 43.

A few minutes' walk to the east will bring us to the glorious *Temple of Concord*, the most perfect Doric temple in Italy or Sicily (129 ft. by 55), standing on the edge of the precipice which formed the natural rampart of Acragas. This temple, like that of Hercules, is built of yellow sand-



Temple of Concord, Girgenti.

stone, and is of the form called "hexastylos peripteros," having six columns in each portico, and other columns at the sides. Its cella, in the middle ages, was used as the church of S. Gregorio delle Rape. The name by which the temple is called rests on very slight foundations. It is much smaller than the temples of Paestum, but, as Goethe says, may be compared to them "as a god to a giant."

The wayside beyond the temple of Concord is bordered by the ancient walls which Virgil saw from the sea—

"Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
Moenia."

Aen. iii. 703.

They are perforated by the tombs which caused the death of so many of the Carthaginian soldiers by pestilence when they

were opened, and which the inhabitants of Agrigentum were in the habit of raising not only to their dead citizens, but to horses which had won prizes in the games, and even to favourite birds. A large dome-shaped sepulchre, called *Grotto dei Frangipani*, is very curious, and is overgrown with maidenhair, the ἀδιάντρον of Theocritus.



In the Temple of Juno Lacinia.

On the highest part of the hill, which is covered with venerable olives, rises the beautiful ruin of the *Temple of Juno Lacinia*, of which sixteen columns are standing erect, while many others lie prostrate. The situation is utterly desolate now; only the little Pasqualuccio, in a peaked hat and sheepskin coat, with coins in his ears after the old Greek fashion, plays on his reed pipe, whilst watching his goats and preparing a "colazione" of acanthus leaves for each of them, set out, like plates upon a dinner-table, upon the fallen columns of the temple.

Having eaten our luncheon amongst the asphodels and

violets in the shade of this temple, looking upon the unspeakably glorious view of Girgenti, gleaming white on the hill above the gray-green olives—*φιλάγλαος*, as Pindar calls it—we may retrace our steps as far as the temple of Hercules, beneath which are the remains of the ancient *Porta Aurea*—the sea-gate, where (B.C. 210) the Numidians, under Hanno, betrayed the city to the Roman Laevinus. Just beyond the site of the gate, surrounded by magnificent old olive-trees, is



Tomb of Theron, Girgenti.

the picturesque monument called the *Tomb of Theron*. Unfortunately it does not correspond with the description in Diodorus of the magnificent tomb of the despot, which the intervention of a thunderbolt saved from destruction when Hannibal ordered the tombs in the neighbourhood of the city to be destroyed, that he might use their materials in his earthworks. Still, the name which for centuries has been applied to it, will call up memories of the wise ruler of Acragas, extolled by Pindar—

“ Just, hospitable he :
 Pillar of Agrigentum, the fair flower
 Of a well-famed ancestry ;
 Ruling the cities in his upright power.”

Olymp. ii. 1, Elton's Trans.

About a quarter of a mile distant in the plain are the remains of the Doric Temple of Asklepios (Esculapius) described by Polybius. It contained a famous statue of Apollo by Myron, which was carried off by the Carthaginians, brought back by Scipio Africanus, and afterwards stolen by Verres. The ruins, which are obscure, are built into the walls of a farmhouse called *Casa Gregorio*.

Returning by the Porta Aurea, on the left is the entrance to the immense ruin of the Doric *Temple of Jupiter*, which was pseudo-peripteral. It measured 340 ft. by 160, and is described by Diodorus as having been 120 ft. in height,



In the Temple of Jupiter, Girgenti.

exclusive of the basement. Nothing now remains of the building but a confusion of prostrate fragments and pillars, and huge blocks of stone. But in the centre lies a gigantic statue in thirteen disjointed fragments. This figure, with two others, stood erect till 1401, supporting a portion of the entablature, and Girgenti took them for her arms, with the motto—

“Signet Agrigentum mirabilis aula Gigantum.”

“The gigantic head, which storm and overthrow have rendered shapeless, shows traces—Phrygian-fashion—of a berretto upon its curly hair. The arms are raised, as if to support a weight, as is the way with Caryatides. The figure, nearly thirty palms long, is in the severe style of Egypt. It runs down to a point at the feet placed close together. It reminds one throughout of the huge statues of Memphis and Thebes. And here, stretched out, this brown and weird giant form appears like the god himself who has laid himself down in the midst of the ruin of his temple for a sleep of centuries, neither to be wakened by the earthquake and strife of elements nor by any sound from the history of a little human race.”—*Gregorovius*.

Beyond the Temple of Jupiter, in the most lovely position—a thoroughly Greek landscape—backed by delicate rose-coloured mountains, and surrounded by old olive and almond trees, is the *Temple of Castor and Pollux*, the most picturesque ruin in Sicily. It had once six pillars in each front and thirteen at the sides, but only four columns are now erect, though many others lie prostrate amongst the palmetto and smilax. Exquisitely beautiful are the



Temple of Castor and Pollux, Girgenti.

wild flowers here in spring—crocuses, lilies, asphodels, and a thousand others which Persephone would have lingered to gather, but they pass unheeded now: like Cometas in the fifth Idyll of Theocritus, the natives still prefer cultivated roses to the eglantine and anemones of the wayside.

Near the Temple of Castor and Pollux, a little to the north-east, are the remains of a great *Piscina*.

On the other side of the river Drago, the ancient Hypsas, a column shoots up amid the woods. It belongs to the *Temple of Vulcan* (reached by the bridge below the Temple of Jupiter, and turning to the right along the line

of the railway which leads to Porto Empedocle). Here the ruins are only of Roman date, and are built up into a cottage, and partly used as an apiary, overshadowed by an immense carouba-tree, but they are very picturesque. Hence it is possible to drive back to Girgenti by the road which leads into that from Porto Empedocle, passing over the site of the Carthaginian camp, and crossing the Hypsas again in a deep ravine, a much longer but interesting route. Artists will certainly walk out from Girgenti in this direction to sketch the exquisite windings of the rocky way near the town in this direction, fringed with aloes—the cactus of Theocritus and Tertullian, and backed by lovely views of sea and mountain, unspeakably delicate and ethereal in colour.

Naturalists will make an excursion from Girgenti to the mud-volcanoes of *Maccaluba*, about 4 m. north—a number of little hillocks in perpetual volcanic motion, which throw up mud and water with a low rumbling noise.

The south-western part of Sicily is that chiefly dreaded on account of brigandage, and since the fall of the Bourbons, and the annihilation of the effective rural police by the present Government, travelling there has never been safe. As the railway is now completed from Palermo to Trapani, allowing Selinunto to be visited with comfort from Castelvetro, few travellers will make their way through the wild country between Girgenti and Selinunto, an excursion which can only be made without heavy luggage.

There is no road for carriages! The journey to Castelvetro must be accomplished in two days by boat (10 frs. a day), or in two days on mule-back (10 frs. a day each mule, 5 frs. each man), sleeping at Sciacca. Distances—Porto Empedocle to Sciacca, 36 m. : Sciacca to Castelvetro, 29 m.

On leaving Porto Empedocle (whither one may take a carriage—3 frs., or the railway which has two trains in the day), the mule-track passes through a green valley to *Siculiana*, 6 m., a feudal town of the Chiaramonte. Hence, through dreary stony country, the path leads (leaving *La*

Cattolica to the north) to *Montallegro* (8 m.), a picturesque town built of alabaster, almost abandoned on account of malaria. We now pass, on the right, *Capo Bianco*, the site of Heraclea Minoa, a colony of Selinuntum, and cross first the (often swollen) river *Platani*, the ancient Halycus, which was the boundary between the Greek and Carthaginian territories, and then the *Malcasoli*, the ancient Camicus, on which Daedalus founded the city in which Minos, King of Crete, was put to death.

Leaving *Ribera* on the right, we cross the *Caltabellota*, which gives a name to a picturesque town and old castle a few miles north, occupying the site of the Sicilian town of Triocala.

36 m. *Sciacca* "la Degna" (*Locanda La Pace*, decent), overhanging the sea in a picturesque situation, derives its Saracenic name from being the residence of sheik or governor under the Arabian dominion. It has a cathedral founded in 1090 by Giulietta de Hauteville, daughter of Roger I. At the east end of the town are the ruined castles of *Perollo* and *Luna*, which gave a name to the counts, whose violent feuds, known as the "Casi di Sciacca," beginning in their common love for a beautiful Countess Peralta, caused the streets of their native town to flow with blood in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

To the east of the town, near the foot of the *Monte S. Calogero*, are the hot springs known in classical times as *Thermae Selinuntiae*. On the mountain, near the summit, are the famous *Stufe di S. Calogero*, hot caverned vapour baths, said to have been founded by Daedalus, and still much frequented. A ruined hermitage on the top of the mountain is shown as having been inhabited by the saint, whose history is forgotten, but to whom all the cures in the neighbourhood are ascribed.

It is a ride of 6 or 8 hrs. from Sciacca to Castelvetrano. The lonely path crosses the *Cannitello*, probably the Achates of ancient times, whose clear waters were celebrated by Silius Italicus—

"perlucentem splendenti gurgite Achaten."

and in which the stones called "lapis Achates" or agate were first found. Next we cross the *Gavarello*, probably the ancient Isburus, and reach the town of *Menfrici*, after which the *Belici*, the ancient Hypsas, is crossed.

Castelvetrano (*Locanda della Pantera*, Ch. XIV.) Selinunto is described as an excursion from Palermo, from whence it is now always visited.

CHAPTER XIV.

PALERMO AND THE NORTHERN COAST.

THE railway from Girgenti to Palermo is, for the greater part of the way, most uninteresting, traversing the vast central cornfields of the sulphur-country, where Goethe wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the uniformity of the scene.

Cerda (Stat.) Hence a post-diligence (places may be engaged at Palazzo Comitini, Via Macqueda, in Palermo) makes the journey daily to Messina in 33 hrs. (32 frs. 30 c.), passing through Cefalù and Patti, and near the historic sites of Himera and Tyndaris.

[It is well worth while to make an excursion to Cefalù (4 frs. 30 c.), which may also be visited by carriage from Termini.

At the *Fiume Grande*, near the tower of *Buonfornello*, we pass close to the olive-girt hill which was the site of the once famous Greek city of Himera, a colony of Zancle, founded B.C. 648. It was the birthplace of the poet Stesichorus. The expulsion of its tyrant Terillus by Theron of Agrigentum, and his seeking aid from Carthage, was the pretext for the first Carthaginian invasion of Sicily under Hamilcar, B.C. 480. An enormous army then besieged Himera, but was completely defeated by Theron of Agrigentum and Gelon of Syracuse in a victory in which Hamilcar was slain, and which became scarcely less celebrated amongst Sicilian Greeks than the contemporary victory of Salamis was amongst their brethren on the mainland. It was at Himera that Gylippus landed when he came to the

assistance of Syracuse. A few years after (B.C. 408), having destroyed Selinus, Hannibal attacked Himera, which, being deserted by its Syracusan allies, was then taken by storm, and 3000 of its citizens sacrificed in cold blood by Hannibal to the memory of his grandfather Hamilcar. After this the city was never rebuilt, such of its inhabitants as escaped establishing themselves at Thermae, whose inhabitants continued to be called Himeraeans.

“Litora Thermarum, prisca dotata Camena,
 Armavere suos, qua mergitur Himera ponto
 Aeolio. Nam dividuas se scindit in oras;
 Nec minus occasus petit incita, quam petit ortus.”

Sil. Ital. xiv. 233.

The country between Buonfornellò and Cefalù abounds in the manna or amolleo-tree, (*Fraxinus ornus*) from which the manna or gum is extracted in summer, a gash being made in the bark in the beginning of July, and renewed daily as long as the gum exudes, each tree yielding about half a pound yearly.

43 m. *Cefalù* (*Albergo d'Italia*, on the Piazza del Duomo, tolerable), stands at the foot of a cliff upon a ledge of rocks which just lift it above the sea. At the extremity of the town, immediately below the cliff, is the *Cathedral*, which is one of the most interesting and beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in Sicily. It was founded in 1131 by King Roger, who, when in danger of perishing by shipwreck while returning from Calabria to Sicily, vowed that he would build a church wherever he was permitted to land: he came safely to shore at Cefalù, and began the cathedral in the following year. It is a Latin cross of pointed architecture (230 ft. in length), with a mixture of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Norman details. The west front is very plain—receding, with a pillared portico, between heavy, projecting, square towers. The west portal is curious and richly ornamented. There is no central tower. At the east end are three apses; those at the sides have slender pillars supporting pointed arches, with a cornice under the eaves of small semicircles resting on grotesque heads; the principal apse has slender coupled pillars with capitals which are carried up to the cornice.

Entering the church, we find the nave, with a wooden roof, originally erected by Manfred in 1263, but restored in 1559. It is separated from its aisles by sixteen ancient granite columns with white marble Corinthian capitals and bases: there is a wide interval between the capitals and the spring of the arches, the perpendicular line being destroyed to gain elevation. The nave and transepts have a triforium, but no clerestory. The choir and transepts are vaulted and groined, though the vaulting is partially concealed by wood. In the transepts once stood the porphyry sarcophagi now used for Henry VI. and Frederick II. in the cathedral of Palermo. At the entrance of the choir are two white marble thrones encrusted with mosaics, that on the right being inscribed "Sedes Episcopalis," that on the left "Sedes Regia." The whole apse is covered with mosaics. In the semidome is the Saviour in benediction, with the inscription—

" Factus homo, factor hominis, factique redemptor,
Judico corporeus corpora corda Deus."

Below, in the centre, is the figure of the Madonna; saints, angels, apostles, prophets, kings, judges, and warriors cover the rest of the wall.

"In the apsis an inscription declares that King Roger caused the mosaics to be executed in the year 1148. The only parts of these that now remain are in the semidome, apsis, and sanctuary; in the first of which a colossal bust of the Saviour was represented in glory and benediction between four angels holding the labarum, and medallions of Melchizedek, Hosea, and Moses (the latter now destroyed) on a level with Him in the side walls of the sanctuary. In the second course in the apsis and sanctuary the twelve apostles were placed; in a third the Virgin in the centre, with the prophets Joel, Amos, and Obadiah, and lower down a double row of prophets, elders, and saints. In these mosaics a far higher class of art than the Roman of the period was to be distinguished. The space was well distributed, and the apostles by no means displayed that absence of design or of form to which previous centuries had been accustomed. The draperies were good, and recalled by a certain breadth and elegance older and more classic times; although in the vestments of some angels their close fit and lozenge or square shaped ornaments of gold still displayed an Oriental taste. The features of the apostles were of traditional types, those of the tall angels whose hair, bound by ribands, flowed down their necks, were

quiet, plump, and round, and though Byzantine in the depression of the nose, less than usually unpleasant in gaze.

“The Saviour was dressed in a purple tunic shot with gold, and a blue mantle draping the left arm and shoulder in angular and involved folds, the mass of which seemed to impede rather than assist the development of the form. The head, though apparently that of an ascetic—thin, bony, and of sharp features—was surrounded by very heavy masses of hair overlapping each other, hanging in a succession of curves on the shoulders, and with the now usual double forelock on the wrinkled forehead. The brows were regularly and naturally arched, and the eyes without gaze. The nose was long and thin, the mouth small. A regular beard covered the lips, cheeks, and lower part of the chin. The bare neck, muscularly developed, was not without evident defects of anatomical form. Fine and even majestic as this figure certainly was, it appeared inferior to those of the apostles below it; and it seems characteristic of the artists of this time that, in the effort to make a Christian type whose features should not be reminiscent of the antique, they produced nothing that indicated a creative spirit. They imagined the Saviour lean from abstinence but by no means of ideal form. . . . That the mosaics of Cefalù were the labour of more than one hand is evident from the superiority of those parts which are nearest the spectator over others that are more distant.”—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*, vol. i.

An exquisitely beautiful *Cloister* connects the cathedral with the Bishop's Palace. It consists of plain pointed arches, resting on coupled columns covered with elaborate patterns and with ever-varied capitals. Many of the old houses in the town have pointed windows divided by pillars.

On the crest of the hill above Cefalù a Saracenic castle occupies the site of Cephaloedium, a Greek fortress, probably belonging to Himera, which derived its name from the bold headland (*κεφαλή*) on which it was situated. After the destruction of Himera it seems to have become a town, and in the time of Cicero is spoken of as one of the “*civitates decumanæ*” which paid tithes of corn to the Roman state. The principal relic of the ancient town still extant is a building of cyclopean or polygonal masonry, very curious, and the only one of its kind in Sicily.

The road from Cefalù to Messina *viâ* Patti passes at—
61 m. *Castello di Tusa*, a hamlet on the coast near the site of Alaesa or Halaesa, a Sicilian town, founded B.C. 403, which was one of the five cities permitted to retain its

own laws and independence after the Punic Wars, on account of its fidelity to Rome. The road crosses the little river *Pattineo*, the ancient *Alaesus* of floral celebrity.¹

67 m. *S. Stefano di Camastra* (*Locanda Leoni*) is a pleasantly situated, flourishing little town.

73 m. The road crosses the *Caronia* which gives its name to the inland forest of *Bosco di Caronia*. The village of *Marina di Caronia* occupies the site of the Sicilian city *Calacte* (Καλή'Ακτῆ). The shore is still abounding in fish—the "*littus piscosa Calacte*" of *Silius Italicus*.²

81 m. The road crosses the *Fiume Furiano*, the ancient *Chydas*, whence a path leads to *San Fratello*, so called from the brothers, *Philadelphius*, *Alphius*, and *Cirinus*, martyred under *Valerian*.

On the *Monte S. Fratello*, between *S. Fratello* and *Acqua Dolce*, are some remains supposed to belong to the ancient town of *Aluntium*.

89 m. *Santa Agata*. The neighbouring hill-set village of *S. Marco* occupies the site of an ancient city generally supposed to be *Agathryna*, destroyed by the Consul *Laevinus* in B.C. 210.

Crossing the *Zappulla* (near the mouth of which King *Frederick* of Sicily suffered a naval defeat from his brother *James*, King of Arragon, July 4, 1299), the road enters the *Piano di Naso*, and, passing through *Brolo* and *Giojosa Nuova*, reaches—

121 m. *Patti* (see Ch. XII.)

Continuing the railway, we reach the sea at—

61 m. *Termini* "*la Splendidissima*" (*Locanda Minerva*, *Locanda Fenice*), a large town with several good Renaissance churches and a castle on a height. It derives its name from the *Thermae* (*Himerenses*), the warm springs of "*potent Himera*," which were celebrated by *Pindar* and still exist as the *Bagni di S. Calogero*. On the coins of the neighbouring *Himera*, a nymph is seen sacrificing, and hard by a *Paniscus* taking a hot bath, in allusion to the springs.

¹ *Columella, De Rust. x. 268.*

² *xiv. 251.*

Hence the railway follows the sea-coast, and passing behind the promontory Zaffarana, and through the suburban town of Bagaria, reaches—

Palermo “la felice.”

Hotels.—*Hotel de France*, 47 Piazza Marina, with sunny pleasant rooms and reasonable charges. *Hotel Trinacria*, 72 Via Butera, with a beautiful sea view, but cool rooms, with north aspect and very high charges : this hotel has greatly declined as to comfort and management, but is comparatively cool in summer. *Hotel d'Italia*, 60 Piazza Marina. *Hotel d'Olivea*, very good, comfortable, and moderate in charges.

Pension of Madame Lehn (from Frankfort), 83 Via Lincoln, very comfortable, 12 frs. a day.

Cafés.—*Oreto*, 22 Piazza Marina; *Stella Americana*, 178 Via Vittorio Emanuele; *Europa*, 197 Via Vittorio Emanuele; *Progresso*, 200 Via Macqueda; *Trinacria*, Piazza Quattro Cantoni di Campagna.

Carriages.—The course (in the town), with 1 horse, 60 c.; 2 horses, 80 c. The hour, with 1 horse, 1 fr. 80 c.; 2d hour, 1 fr. 50 c.; 2 horses, 2 frs. 20 c.; each additional hour, 1 fr. 60 c.; 2 frs. Outside the gates, usually for the half day, 1 horse, 8 frs.; 2 horses, 12 frs.

Post Office.—Piazza Bologni.

Telegraph.—226 Via Macqueda.

Railway Station.—Outside Porta S. Antonino.

The early name of Palermo, given to it by its Phoenician founders, was Panormus; for the city, even as late as the fourteenth century, presented an entirely different aspect to that which we now see: it was “all harbour.” The sea, which penetrated the town in two gulfs divided by a peninsula, reached almost to the cathedral, now far inland, and the city was divided into three wards, each with walls of its own. Gradually the harbours became filled up by deposits from the rivers Oreto and Papireto, and the modern Palermo for the most part occupies what was once the bed of the sea. Such are the geographical changes, that though Panormus was important both in Carthaginian and Roman times, no memorials of them remain except the statues and inscriptions in the Museum. In A.D. 835, the town was made the Saracenic capital under the name of Bulirma, and it still retains some traces of Arabian palaces (though of later date than the Saracens in Sicily), and commemorates

the Saracenic rule in their names and that of the harbour La Cala. But its greatest prosperity was due to its brief line of Norman rulers, the great Count Roger, and the Kings Roger and William the First and Second, and to these sovereigns it owes its most splendid buildings. It has ever since remained the capital of Sicily. The town is still divided into four ancient quarters—Loggia, Albergaria, Kalsa, and Capo.

The situation of Palermo is wonderfully beautiful—“ager non Siciliae modo sed Italiae pulcherrimus.”¹ The town is surrounded by a vast garden of orange and olive trees which fills the Conca d’Oro, the lovely shell-like plain which is bounded by the red crags of Monte Pellegrino on the west, and the wooded Capo Zafferana on the east, and backed by Monte Griffone and other dark mountains of rugged outline.

“Perhaps there are few spots upon the surface of the globe more beautiful than Palermo. The hills on either hand descend upon the sea with long-drawn delicately-broken outlines, so exquisitely tinted with ærial hues that at early dawn or beneath the blue light of a full moon the panorama seems to be some fabric of the fancy, that must fade away ‘like shapes of clouds we form’ to nothing. Within the cradle of these hills, and close upon the tideless water, lies the city. Behind and around on every side stretches the famous *Conca d’Oro* or golden shell, a plain of marvellous fertility, so called because of its richness and also because of its shape; for it tapers to a fine point where the mountains meet, and spreads abroad, where they diverge, like a cornucopia toward the sea. The whole of this long vega is a garden, thick with olive-groves and orange-trees, with orchards of nespole and palms and almonds, with fig-trees and locust-trees, with Judas-trees that blush in spring, and with flowers as multitudinously brilliant as the fretwork of sunset clouds. It was here that in the days of the Kelbite dynasty, the sugar-cane and cotton-tree and mulberry supplied both East and West with produce for the banquet and the paper-mill and the silk-loom; and though these industries are now neglected, vast gardens of cactuses still give a strangely Oriental character to the scenery of Palermo, while the land flows with honey-sweet wine instead of sugar.”—*J. A. Symonds.*

“Bornée à ses deux extrémités, d’un côté par le mont Pellegrino, de l’autre par le mont Catalfano, comme la baie de Naples l’est par Ischia et Caprée, la baie de Palerme le cède à cette dernière pour la grandeur et la variété; mais elle a une simplicité de lignes qui charme.

¹ Fazzello.

A droite et à gauche, deux redoutables masses arides, terminant une sorte de ligne d'or, formée par des constructions éblouissantes ;—derrière la ville, une précinction de verdure et de végétation tout égyptienne ; à l'horizon, les plus arides sommets que j'aie vu depuis l'Antiliban, voilà Palerme."—*Ernest Renan*.

The great features of the town itself are the two great streets, Cassaro and Maqueda, and the Marina, which are all the creation of Spanish viceroys. The principal streets intersect a labyrinth of alleys which, though they contain a few buildings of interest, have none of the picturesqueness of North Italian towns : indeed, though the neighbourhood of Palermo is full of artistic beauty, there is little to be found in the city itself.

Ordinary travellers should find four fine days at Palermo indispensable, and may employ them—

1. *Morning*.—Piazza Marina, La Martorana, Museo Nazionale, * Duomo.

Afternoon.—Excursion to Monte Pellegrino.

2. *Morning*.—* Cappella Palatina, S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, La Zisa.

Afternoon.—Excursion to La Favara, *S. Maria di Gesù.

3. Excursion to Bagaria and *Solunto.

4. Excursion to La Cuba, La Cubola, and *Monreale.

As a centre in describing the town, we may start from the *Piazza S. Spirito* (close to the Hotel Trinacria). Here is the gate *Porta Felice*, built in 1583 by the viceroy Marcantonio Colonna, who named it from his wife Felice Orsini. It has always been left open at the top in order that the high-towered car of S. Rosalia might pass through on her festival. Outside the gate, the promenade of *La Marina* extends along the shore, with noble views of Monte Pellegrino on one side and Capo Zafferana on the other. Desolate and gloomy in winter, it resounds with music late into the summer nights, when its walk is crowded by the lower orders, and its road by carriages filled with the Sicilian ladies, whose beauty is so greatly extolled—

“ Gli occhi stellanti, e le serene ciglia,
La bella bocca angelica, di perle
Piena, e di rose, e di dolce parole.”

At the end of the drive, at the north-eastern angle

of the city, is the little public garden of *La Flora*, decorated with busts and statues, and, adjoining it, the *Orto Botanico*, with a few pretty palm-trees. Turning south from Piazza S. Spirito, we find ourselves in the main street of Palermo, which bore its Arabic name of Cássaro (derived from Cassr, or Alcazar, because it led to the palace) till the Sardinian occupation in 1860, but which, like all main streets of Italian towns, is now *Corso Vittorio Emanuele!* The houses, for the most part, are stately, with bold cornices and innumerable iron balconies, recalling the Toledo of Naples. The ground-floors are almost always used for the mean-looking shops, of which the fronts, Eastern-fashion, are generally an open arch. The first floor is the "piano nobile" or family residence; the second and third floors are usually let as lodgings; and above all, wooden lattices are often seen, belonging to convents frequently far in the background, but arranged to allow the nuns, themselves unseen, to look down on all that is going on. Here and there a church breaks the line of houses, plain enough externally, but covered internally with Sicilian jaspers, of which there are fifty-four varieties—rich to a fault. Travellers who have visited the eastern and southern coasts of Sicily have plenty of opportunity of observing here the change to an inferior race—from the frank, freespoken, honest peasantry of the other side of the island, to a grovelling, idle, vicious population like that of Naples.

On the right, where a street opens towards the pretty little harbour of *La Cala* (from the Arabic Kalah, a hollow), is the charming brown Renaissance portico of *S. Maria della Catena*. This church is chiefly of the end of the fourteenth century, but the west front was rebuilt at the end of the sixteenth by the sons of Antonio Gagini, the great sculptor of Palermo: its portico has three elliptic arches approached by steps and supported by pillars. The name is derived from the fact that the chain which secured the mouth of the harbour in former times was attached to the building, though tradition ascribes it to the story that three criminals, being sheltered in the porch during a storm on their way to execution, were miracu-

lously delivered here from their chain in answer to prayer, and that King Martin (1392), recognising the power of the Madonna, granted them a free pardon.

On the left is the *Piazza Marina*, laid out as a garden in 1863. At the south-west corner is the pretty *Fontana del Garraffo*, a work of *Paolo Amati*, 1698. On the north is the *Palazzo dei Tribunali*, a grand Norman building founded (probably on the site of the Moorish palace of Khalesa) by Manfredo di Chiaramonte, Count of Modica, in 1307. Before a hundred years had elapsed, it was forfeited to the crown, when Andrea Chiaramonte was beheaded (1392) in the piazza for high treason, and it became the residence of Blanche, widow of King Martin, who was nearly carried off from hence by her importunate lover, Bernardo Cabrera, but escaped in her night-dress. After having been the residence of the Viceroys from 1468 to 1517, the palace, in 1600, became the Tribunal of the Inquisition. It is a lofty square, with traces of a Saracenic parapet and with pointed windows divided by slender pillars.

[Following the façade of the palace along the Via Quattro Aprile, we reach the *Church of S. Maria degli Angeli*, founded 1430 as a hospital—*La Gancia*, attached to the Convent of S. Maria del Gesu. It contains many tolerable paintings of the Sicilian school.

In the Via Alloro which runs behind the Piazza Marina, a little to the east, is the *Palazzo Abbatelli*, a beautiful Gothic building erected by Francesco Abbatelli in 1495. Hence, by the Vicolo della Vitriera, we may reach the *Church of S. Maria dello Spasimo* (whence the famous picture of Raffaele, called "Lo Spasimo di Sicilia" was taken to Madrid, in 1661) and the Piazza della Magione, containing the *Church of La Magione*, built by Matteo da Salerno, the accomplice of the wicked Majone under William I., who afterwards became chancellor to William II. In 1195 the church was conceded to the Teutonic knights and attached to their residence, whence its name of La Magione, or the mansion.

In the Via della Magione is the Gothic *Palazzo Ajutamicristo*, built by Guglielmo Ajutamicristo, Baron of Misilmeri,

in 1485, and inhabited in 1500 by Queen Joanna of Naples; in 1535 by the Emperor Charles V.; in 1544 by Muley Hassan, Regent of Tunis; and in 1574 by Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto.

Hence, Corso Garibaldi leads (right) to the *Piazza della Rivoluzione* (formerly Fieravecchia), with a fountain bearing a statue of the Genius of Palermo. On the west of the piazza is *Palazzo Gela*, built 1495. Now, through the *Vicolo Valguarnera*, we reach the *Piazza Croce del Vespro* (formerly Valguarnera), where a pillar (now in the Museum) commemorated the Sicilian Vespers.

Hence, by the *Piazza Aragona* and *Via Cintorinari* (containing, at a little piazzetta, the handsome fifteenth century *Palazzo dei Principi di Cattolica*), we should turn to the *Church of S. Francesco de' Chiodari*, begun in 1255. The noble portal is of 1302; the pillars on either side have Arabic inscriptions from the Koran—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet," etc. In the church are many works of *Pietro Novelli*, 1630-33, but none of great importance. By the *Via Cintorinari* we return to the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*.]

A few steps bring us (right) to the *Piazzetta S. Antonio*, with the Gothic *Church of S. Antonio*, which dates from 1220.

[A street on the right leads us to the great *Church of S. Domenico*, built originally in 1300, but renewed in 1414 and 1640. This is the largest church in Palermo, and the building in which, March 25, 1848, Ruggiero Settimo opened the Sicilian Parliament in the name of the people. This church is full of the works of Sicilian artists and sculptors, but has few which English visitors will care to study. In the neighbouring *Oratorio della Compagnia del Rosario* (knock between Nos. 1 and 2 *Via Bambinai*) are an altar-piece by *Vandyke*, 1623—"La Madonna del Rosario," and several works of *Pietro Novelli*. The *Via Giovanni Meli* leads to *S. Maria Nuova*, founded 1339, renewed 1520, with a picturesque portico. Farther west is *S. Cita*, of 1586, with good reliefs by the *Gagini*.]

Returning to *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, on the left is

the *Piazza Pretoria*, where the immense circular *Fontana Pretoriana* almost fills the small space. It is adorned with a crowd of white marble statues, of only too delicate workmanship, made in the sixteenth century by the Florentines Angelo Vagherino and Francesco Camilliani, for Don Pedro di Toledo, who intended it for the decorations of his villa at Florence. His sons sold it in 1575 to the Senate of Palermo, where it was put up by the best of Sicilian sculptors, Antonio Gagini, who added a statue of Venus in the place of one which was missing. On the right of the piazza is the *Palazzo Serradifalco*, which was the residence of the great Sicilian antiquary. Passing behind *S. Caterina*, of 1566-96 (which contains the last work of *Antonello Gagini*—a statue of S. Catherine), we find, in the *Piazza Bellini*, the—

Church of La Martorana, or *S. Maria dell' Ammiraglio* (open 9-4, 1 fr.), built, 1143, by Georgios Antiochenus, emir or admiral to King Roger, and first noble in Sicily—"protonobilissimus," but united in 1193 to a convent founded by Aloisia Martorana, whence the name. This church exhibits the mixed style of Greek, Saracenic, and Gothic architecture which prevailed under the early Norman kings, though the Greek in this instance predominates. The original plan was a square, with apses at the east end, and covered by a cupola supported by pillars. The church was enlarged by pulling down each end and making additions, which have united it to an ancient belfry belonging to another building, of which the lower story is a porch with pointed arches; the second story Saracenic, with windows surrounded by the Saracenic billet; the upper story French Norman.

In the interior, the original square of the church is exactly marked out by the ancient pavement. The pillars are of marble taken from earlier buildings: the upper part of the walls is covered with mosaics; the lower, as at *S. Mark's*, depends for its decoration upon the slabs of marble and porphyry with which it is clothed. Two of the mosaics, being of the date of the church, are very curious. One represents Georgios Antiochenus at the feet of the

Virgin, who holds a scroll, recommending the founder to mercy, enumerating his claims, and inscribed at the bottom "the prayer of George the Admiral." In the other the Saviour is Himself crowning King Roger, who is represented in Byzantine costume, and wears the Dalmatian tunic—a strictly ecclesiastical garment, to show that the kings of Sicily were what Urban II. made them, hereditary apostolical legates, and therefore at the head of the Church in the island. The inscription, "Rogerius Rex," is in Greek letters. This inestimable church has been given up to "restorers"—1880-83—who have worked carefully, but with great destruction of picturesqueness and interest, as well as of the ancient "patina" upon its marbles.

Close by is *S. Cataldo*, built only eighteen years later than the Martorana, and retaining its original form—a Greek square and cupola, its ancient pillars, and inlaid pavement. It was built by the admiral Majone de Bari, and, after his ruin, was bought from William I. by Count Silvestro de' Marsi, that cowardly grandson of Count Roger, by whose advice the king put out the eyes of Bonello.

The neighbouring *Church of S. Niccolò da Tolentino* (in Via Macqueda, left) contains some good works of *Novelli*. On the opposite side of Via Macqueda is the *University*.

We now reach the *Piazza Vigliena*, or *Quattro Cantoni*, decorated by *Giulio Lasso* in 1609-20 for the viceroy Duca di Villena. The sculptures of the four fountains represent—in the lower story, the Seasons; in the second, four Spanish kings who were also kings of Sicily; in the third, the Palermitan saints—Oliva, Agata, Ninfa, and Cristina.

[On the right, by *Via Macqueda* (formerly "La Nova"), a relic of Spanish rule, we may reach the *Piazza Quattro Cantoni di Campagna*, the *Piazza Ruggiero Settimo* (with the statue of that political leader, and the handsome modern *Politeama*, 1878-81), and the dull *Giardino Inglese*, whence there are pretty mountain-views.

On the right of the *Via Macqueda*, before reaching the *Piazza Quattro Cantoni di Campagna*, the *Via Bara* leads to the *Church of the Olivella*, which contains, in the second chapel on the right, an exquisite *Madonna and Child*, with

S. John and an angel, by *Lorenzo di Credi*, often attributed to Raffaele.

The convent adjoining the church is now the *Museo Nazionale* (entrance, week-days, 1 fr. ; Sundays, free ; Italian catalogue, 50 c.)

The *First Court* is occupied by mediaeval remains, amongst which we may notice a very beautiful tomb inscribed "Miserere nostri Domine quia peccavimus nimis ;" the pillar which once commemorated the Sicilian Vespers in the Piazza Croce de' Vespri, and pillars with Cuphic inscriptions from S. Giacomo la Mazara. On the right of the court opens the narrow—

Sala di S. Giorgio, which contains a Madonna by *Antonello Gagini*, from S. Spirito ; the gravestone of the sculptor Vincenzo Gagini and his wife ; (No. 22), the gravestone of Anna, mother of Greisand, secretary to King Roger of Sicily, with an inscription in four languages—Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew ; (No. 28), an Arabic epitaph to Jâ-sîn-ibn Ali, 674.

The *Second Court* is devoted to ancient inscriptions and fragments of sculpture from Solus, Himera, Tyndaris, Selinus, etc. In the vestibule at the end are a much-restored statue of Jupiter from Tyndaris, and a colossal seated statue of Jupiter and a sarcophagus from Solus (Solunto).

Passing the *Hall of Mosaics*, the *Hall of the Faun* contains a statue of a satyr from Torre del Greco, a (restored) statue of Aesculapius from the Temple of Hercules at Girgenti, etc.

The *Sala delle Metope* contains the real treasures of the Museum, the Metopes from three of the Doric temples of Selinunto. The first three Metopes, found 1823, in the central temple on the western hill, and carved in the tufaceous limestone of which the temple is built, belong to the very earliest period of Doric sculpture, and must have been executed very soon after the foundation of Selinus, c. B.C. 628. Grotesque, stiff, and exaggerated as these sculptures are, they are interesting as some of the earliest attempts at composition, as well as for a striving after life and movement. They are—

A Quadriga, with the horses in bold relief.

Perseus slaying Medusa, and Pegasus springing from her blood.

Hercules Melampygos carrying off the Cecropian robber brothers, Candahus and Atlas.

"The style of representation is extraordinarily severe, almost horrible ; the Medusa is thoroughly distorted, the other figures are formless and heavy, the faces are mask-like and stiff, with large staring eyes, projecting and compressed lips, broad forehead, and prominent nose. Still more awkward is the distortion of the group of figures, whose upper part presents a front view, while the legs are seen in an advancing profile position, a peculiarity which also marks ancient Oriental art. Nevertheless, this remarkable work is not deficient in

a just observation of life, and in a correct, though somewhat exaggerated type of form ; indeed, in the due filling of the space allotted, and in a certain bold freedom asserting itself in spite of all the strict fetters of style, we cannot but perceive a lively and artistic creative power. Old traces of polychromatic work, red painting of the background and of the edge of the drapery, increase the primitive character of the work."—*Lübke*.

4 and 5 are fragments of Metopes from the central temple on the eastern hill, relating to the contest between the gods and the giants.

The later Metopes, discovered 1831, in the southern temple (of Hercules?), on the eastern hill, are probably of the fifth century. The limestone has suffered much from the weather, but the heads, hands, and feet of the female figures have been laid on in white marble, and are in good preservation. They are—

6. Hercules and Hippolyta.
7. The Meeting of Jupiter and Hera on Mount Ida.
8. Diana and Actaeon.
9. Minerva and a Giant.
10. Apollo and Daphne.

"These reliefs evidence great energy of representation, freedom of composition, and, on the whole, an able understanding of the physical structure, which is executed in an extremely lifelike manner. The type of head is a free development of those of the earlier works at Selinus ; a primitive antiquity of style is plainly expressed in the regularly curled hair, rigid lips, and heavy eyelids, yet the fresh and lifelike expression of the heads is decidedly superior to the stiffness of those at Aegina."—*Lübke*.

In this room are some noble fragments of lions' heads, etc., from Himera, and, in the inner room (which is surrounded by the Casuccini collection of Etruscan antiquities, brought from Chiusi in 1864), one of the two celebrated bronze rams from Syracuse (see Ch. XII.—the other was made away with in 1848), which Goethe describes as "powerful forms, belonging to the mythological family, and well worthy to carry Phrixus and Helle."

Ascending from the first court to the *First Floor*, we find several rooms devoted to Saracenic and mediaeval antiquities. On the *Second Floor* is the *Picture Gallery*, containing a great deal of rubbish, and a few good works of the Sicilian school, plundered from the churches by the present Government. We may notice—

Second Room.

Antonello da Messina (?) Madonna and Child, with three archangels.

Ainemolo, 1542. The Descent from the Cross, from S. Zita.—A very noble picture. The predella represents the burial ; the

thieves are still hanging; men are taking away the ladders from the desolate cross.

Antonello da Messina.—A Cardinal—very grand.

Third Room.

A beautiful Triptych of the school of Van Eyck. Madonna and Child, with Saints.

Fourth Room (Sala dei Novelli) contains a number of pictures by the Novelli family, the best being (No. 114) the Deliverance of S. Peter from Prison, and (No. 196) Remains of Frescoes from the SS. Trinità, by *Pietro Novelli*.

The Via S. Agostino leads south from Via Macqueda to S. *Agostino*, with a good fourteenth century portal.]

Continuing our course down Corso Vittorio Emanuele, we reach (left) the *Piazza Bologna*, with a fine bronze statue of Charles V., by *Giambattista Livolsi of Susa*. The protestant heresy is represented as a hydra under the feet of the emperor. On the right of the street, facing the piazza, is the *Palazzo Riso* (of the Barone di Calobria), an elegant Sicilian work of *Venanzio Marvuglia*, 1790. On the right of the palace a little street leads to the church of the Cancelliere—*S. Maria dei Latini*, founded in 1171 by the Salernitan Matteo Ajello, Chancellor of William II., and called after him the Chancellor's Church. It was rebuilt in 1590. It contains an Adoration of the Magi by *Antonello da Saliba*.

[At the south-west of the piazza is the entrance of Via Panormita, where Antonio Panormita was born (at No. 29) in 1500. Here are the remains of the *Palazzo Speciale* (of the Viceroy) of 1468, built up into the Palazzo Raffadali. The Salita Raffadali leads to the *Casa Professa* (of the Jesuits), which has a richly-decorated church of 1636, with a tower, of which the lower portion is of the fifteenth century. It contains two fine works of *Pietro Novelli* (third chapel, right)—S. Paul the Hermit and his companions, and S. Filippo d'Argiro casting out a devil.

In the Via Porto Castro which leads south from this, we may remark the curious *Tower of S. Niccolò d'Albergaria*, which was annexed to a church founded by Queen Bianca in 1409, but was once a watch-tower, standing on the shore of the eastern arm of the sea which penetrated the town

as far as this. A little to the right of this is *S. Chiara*, founded by Matteo Sclafani, Conte di Aderno, in 1344. It contains (first chapel, right) a beautiful Pietà of 1646, by *Pietro Novelli*. This picture caused the death of the painter, who was shot in the Piazza Vigliena by its framemaker, whom he had detected to have used false gold-leaf in his gilding.]

On the left of Via Vittorio Emanuele is *S. Salvatore*, one of the richest churches in Palermo, a work of *Paolo Amato*, 1628. Some remains of the old convent of *S. Salvatore*, founded by Robert Guiscard in 1072, may be seen on the west wall in the Via del Protonotaro, opposite Nos. 18-20.

Nearly opposite *S. Salvatore* is the handsome Renaissance *Palazzo Geraci*, built by *Maravuglia* in 1790. By the left wall of the palace a tiny street leads to the church of *I Tre Re*, which stands on what was once the Lido of the western harbour.

Passing the *Lyceum*, we now reach the *Piazza del Duomo*, the only really picturesque spot in Palermo, and exceedingly interesting. A host of statues of holy or distinguished natives—bishops, popes, and sainted virgins—surrounds the enclosure in front of the cathedral, which, though it wants dignity of outline, is beautiful in the golden colour of its stone, and splendid in the richness of its Saracenic-Norman-Sicilian decoration, the apse especially being quite barbaric in its magnificence.

The older parts of the Cathedral (of *S. Rosalia*) were built in 1169 by the English archbishop, Walter of the Mill (*Gualterius Offamilius*), who pulled down an earlier church which had been used as a mosque. But only the crypt and a portion of the south and east walls are of Walter's time, the rest has been rebuilt at different dates. The west end, in its present form, is of the fourteenth century. The south door is of 1426, but the beautiful porch was added, under Archbishop Simon of Bologna, in 1450; it is very Saracenic in character, and the outer pillars, relics from the mosque, bear Cuphic texts from the Koran. Within is the proud inscription—"Prima sedes,

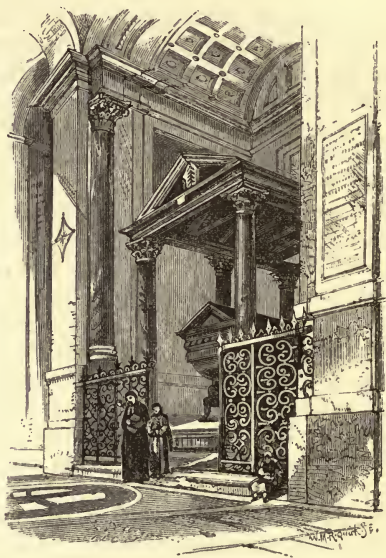
corona regis, et regni caput," bearing witness to the Norman choice of Palermo as the capital of the island. The pointed windows in the south wall have Saracenic mouldings. The noble isolated clock-tower, which joins the archbishop's palace, and in which Archbishop Stephen took refuge from the people in 1169, is united to the cathedral by two arches across the street. The cupola, which does so much to spoil the effect of the whole, was added by *Ferdinando Fuga* at the end of the last century.

The *Interior* (closed from 12 to 4) is the work of *Ferdinando Fuga*, 1782-1801, and, though of fine proportions, contains very little of interest except the two beautiful holy water basins, the silver shrine of S. Rosalia, the apostle statues by *Ant. Gagini* in the tribune, and, in the first and second chapels on the right of the nave, the *Tombs of the Kings*, one of the most interesting groups of royal sepulchres in the world. At the back of the second chapel is the monument of King Roger, "mighty duke and first King of Sicily," 1154. His porphyry sarcophagus, supported by kneeling Saracens, was brought from the cathedral of Cefalù (where Roger had intended to be buried) by Frederick II. In the first chapel, on a line with her father's tomb, is that of his daughter, Queen Constantia, mother of Frederick II., who brought Sicily to the house of Hohenstaufen, and in whom the glorious dynasty of the Norman kings came to an end: she died at Palermo, November 27, 1198. In front of that of Constantia is the porphyry tomb of her husband, the Emperor Henry VI., the cruel and hated "King of Sicily," who died at Messina (September 1197), under a sentence of excommunication from Celestine III., which was removed to allow of his burial.

"On dit que Constance porta le patriotisme jusqu'à l'homicide. Henri VI. mourut à Messine à l'âge de trente-deux ans, maudit par les Italiens, regretté par les Allemands. Lorsqu'à la chute du jour, au dernier rayon de soleil perdu sous les voûtes de la cathédrale de Palerme, on circule autour des sombres mausolées de porphyre où Henri dort à côté de Constance, on voudrait leur arracher le secret d'une vie si troublée et d'une mort si mystérieuse. Violée deux fois, la tombe n'a jamais répondu. En ouvrant celle de Henri VI., on a

trouvé sur son cadavre de longues tresses de cheveux blonds ; mais nul ne peut dire si c'est le dernier sacrifice d'une femme dévouée, ou l'hommage ironique d'une reine contrainte à choisir entre deux devoirs ; placée entre son époux et son peuple, entre sa famille et sa patrie."—*Alexis de Saint Priest.*

In front of King Roger stands the sarcophagus (also brought from Cefalù) of his grandson, the great Frederick II., who died at Castel Fiorentino in Apulia, December 12,



Tomb of Frederick II.

1250: it was opened in 1342, when the body of the emperor was found, wrapped in the robe which had been given by the Saracens to the Emperor Otho IV. when they wanted him to assist them. The epitaph is by his son Manfred—

“ Si probitas, sensus, virtutum gratia, census,
Nobilitas orti possent obsistere morti
Non foret extinctus Fredericus qui jacet intus.”

On the right is an ancient sarcophagus, containing the remains of Constantia of Arragon, who, being the widow of Emmerich, King of Hungary, was the first wife, ten years older than himself, who was forced by Innocent III. upon Frederick II. In spite of disparity of years, her married life was not unhappy. She was the mother of Prince Henry, and died at Catania, June 23, 1222.

On the left, against the wall, is the white marble sarcophagus of William, Duke of Athens, son of Frederick II. of Arragon, who died at Palermo in 1338. His figure is dressed in a Dominican robe, and his epitaph asks the prayers of the faithful—

“ Dux Guillelemus eram, regis genitus Frederici
Qui jacet hic, pro quo Christum rogetis, amici.”

“Very sombre and stately are these porphyry resting-places of princes born in the purple, assembled here from lands so distant—from the craggy heights of Hohenstauffen, from the green orchards of Cotentin, from the dry hills of Aragon. They sleep, and the centuries pass by. Rude hands break open the granite lids of their sepulchres, to find tresses of yellow hair and fragments of imperial mantles, embroidered with the hawks and stags the royal hunter loved. The church in which they lie changes with the change of taste in architecture and the manners of successive ages. But the huge stone arks remain unmoved, guarding their freight of mouldering dust beneath gloomy canopies of stone, that tempers the sunlight as it streams from the chapel windows.”—*J. A. Symonds.*

The *Crypt* contains a most curious collection of tombs of twenty-four archbishops of Palermo, including that of Walter of the Mill, 1190.

The *Archbishop's Palace*, opposite the west end of the cathedral, was rebuilt by Archbishop Simon of Bologna, who died 1465, but little remains of his time: at the east corner is a large pointed window.

Beyond the Piazza del Duomo (left) is the great sunburnt *Piazza Vittoria* (formerly Piazza Reale), recalling in its name the rebel victory of 1848. Here Via Vittorio Emanuele ends in the *Porta Nuova*, 1584, erected by Marcantonio Colonna, to commemorate the entry of Charles V. The huge turbaned Saracens, who support its

external front, have a grandiose effect, and will recall the description of Dante—

“Come per sostentar solajo o tetto
 Per mensola talvolta una figura
 Se vede giunger le ginocchia al petto,
 La qual fa del non ver vera rancura
 Nascer a qui la vede.”

Purg. x. 129.

On the left is the *Palazzo Reale*, occupying the site of a Saracenic palace, but possessing nothing older than Norman times. Its lower story is occupied by prisons and servants' apartments; on the upper floor are the principal rooms and the chapel. Originally there was a square tower at each corner, but only one remains—that of S. Ninfa, (formerly Torre Pisana), ornamented with long pointed panels, containing small pointed windows. In front of the palace a modern statue by *Nunzio Morello* occupies the site of the noble bronze statue of Philip IV. by Scipione Livulzi of Susa, 1661, wantonly destroyed by the mob in 1848. His kingdoms of Sicily and Spain are represented by allegorical figures, and the pedestal of his statue bears the inscription—“Uni regi Philippo IV. non dividitur mundus quatuor sibi divisus in partibus, nusquam sol evigilat quin Hispanias videt regnatrices.”

Ascending the red marble staircase to the first floor of the palace, on the right is the entrance of the unique and beautiful *Cappella Palatina* of King Roger (50 c.), built in the mixed style of the early Norman kings. It was finished in 1142, both Greek and Saracen architects having been employed in the work: the mosaics were completed by William I. Though only measuring 86 ft. (101 including the apse) by 40, this loveliest of chapels has all the features of a large church—nave, side-aisles, and three apses. It is of Latin form, with a Greek cupola. The pillars are of granite or marble from other buildings: the broad lancet windows are few in number. The Easter candlestick is an exquisite work of the twelfth century. The roof, after the Saracenic manner, is of wood, the central roses or stars being divided by inscriptions in

Cuphic characters, which are a repetition of the inscription on the royal robe wrought for King Roger by the Saracens of Sicily, which was carried off by Henry VI., and afterwards used as the coronation robe ("the Nuremberg robe") of the German emperors. The mosaics, so splendid in their general effect, are inferior in detail to those of Cefalù, and have been more injured by injudicious "restoration:" yet the glorious peacock colour of the walls, the subdued light, falling through the dome into the dark church, with clouds of incense, and rich vestments of the priests, produce an ecclesiastical *coup d'oeil* unequalled in Italy.

"The whole design and ornament of the chapel are Arabo-Byzantine. Saracenic pendentives with Cuphic legends incrust the richly-painted ceiling of the nave. The roofs of the apses and the walls are coated with mosaics, in which the Bible history, from the dove that brooded over Chaos to the lives of S. Peter and S. Paul, receives a grand though formal presentation. Beneath the mosaics are ranged slabs of gray marble, edged and divided with delicate patterns of inserted glass, resembling drapery with richly-embroidered fringes. The floor is inlaid with circles of serpentine and porphyry encased in white marble, and surrounded by winding bands of Alexandrine work. Some of these patterns are restricted to the five tones of red, green, white, black, and pale yellow. Others add turquoise blue and emerald, and scarlet, and gold. Not a square inch of the surface—floor, roof, walls, or cupola—is free from exquisite gemmed work of precious marbles. A candelabrum of fanciful design, combining lions devouring men and beasts, cranes, flowers, and winged genii, stands by the pulpit. Lamps of chased silver hang from the roof. The cupola blazes with gigantic archangels, stationed in a ring beneath the supreme figure and face of Christ. Some of the Ravenna churches are more historically interesting, perhaps, than this little masterpiece of the mosaic art. But none is so rich in detail or lustrous in effect. It should be seen at night when the lamps are lighted in a pyramid around the sepulchre of the dead Christ on Holy Thursday, when partial gleams strike athwart the tawny gold of the arches, and fall upon the profile of a priest declaiming in voluble Italian to a listening crowd."—*J. A. Symonds.*

It was in this chapel that Marie Amelie, daughter of Ferdinand IV. and Maria Carolina, was married, during their exile from Naples, to Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, afterwards King of the French. Here also her eldest son, afterwards Duke of Orleans, was baptized. In

remembrance of these events, a magnificent pyx was presented to the chapel by Louis Philippe on his attaining the throne.

From the sacristy of the chapel opens the *Archivio*, containing all the original charters and deeds in reference to the building, some in Greek, some in Greek and Arabic, but, after the time of Frederick II., in Latin. The act of foundation of King Roger is written in letters of gold on purple silk, after the fashion of the imperial edicts of the Byzantine emperors.

An inscription of 1142 on the wall outside the chapel records the erection of a clock by King Roger at a time when clocks were great rarities. The three languages, in equal use at the time—Greek, Arabic, and Latin—are employed.

“Palerme était appelée alors la ville trilingue. Le latin, l’arabe y’étaient parlés également, et l’idiome italien, la *favella volgare*, naquit à la cour de Frédéric Roger sous les arceaux moresques de ses palais de Palerme et de Catane.”—*Alexis de Saint Priest*.

The palace is now the residence of the Prefect of Palermo. Its more remarkable apartments are shown (1 fr.) The great *Sala Nobile*, on the first floor, decorated with red Sicilian marble, was built, 1735, by Charles III. of Bourbon. The *Parliament Hall* and the neighbouring chambers have paintings by Sicilian artists. On the second floor in the Norman tower is the *Sala di Ruggiero* or *Sala Normanna*, of which the angles are decorated by small Norman pillars, and the coved ceiling and walls blaze with mosaics, representing, on the walls, Norman hunters with crossbows and stags; on the ceiling, leopards, griffins, and other animals.

The quaint little domes which rise in the hollow below the palace on the south-west belong to the *Church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti*, which was built by King Roger, who wrote to ask for monks for its monastery from William, Superior of the Hermits of Monte Vergine, whence the name. In his diploma of 1148 he grants the buildings to the monastery (Sancti Johannis) “for the love of God, and the salvation of our mother; and our father, the great

Count Roger ; of the most serene Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle of most blessed memory ; and also for the welfare of our consort, the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance." Though erected for christian worship as late as 1132, this building, constructed by Arabian workmen, is as much a mosque as any in Africa.

The church, which is nearly intact, is thoroughly Oriental. Its form is a Latin cross, and it once had five cupolas, of which four remain ; and three apses, of which the northernmost is united to the quadrangular tower, which has a little cupola of its own. There are remains of a picturesque cloister.



La Zisa.

The *Caserna della SS. Trinità*, on the other side of the piazza, opposite the Palazzo Reale, was once the palace of Count Matteo Schlafani, and retains on its south and west sides (in Via Biscottari) beautiful Gothic decorations of 1330. In the arcades of the second court (right) is a curious fresco of the Triumph of Death by *Crescenzo*, c. 1490.

The first turn to the right, outside Porta Nuova (Via

Colonna Rotta), leads in ten minutes (passing a capital artistic subject of palm-tree, mountain, and gateway) to *La Zisa*, built by William I., who gave it the Arabic name of El' Aziz or "Glory," afterwards Italianised. An inscription proclaims that—"Europe is the glory of the world, Italy of Europe, Sicily of Italy, and the adjacent garden the pride of Sicily."

Artists will paint the building, with the noble pine which stands by its side. It is a lofty square tower of large ashlar stones, having no original windows on the outside (they are all turned to the court within), but long pointed panels. Round the parapet is an inscription in Cuphic characters.

On the ground floor (custode 50 c.) is a little open hall with three recesses, and, in the central recess, a fountain, whose waters stream through a channel across the floor. The recesses are covered with honeycomb decoration, formed by a series of parallelograms and right-angled triangles, as at the Alhambra. On the walls are mosaics of huntsmen and peacocks, as at the Palazzo Reale, with a border of flowers from Saracenic designs. The rest of the tower is not shown, but contains only one other fragment of Arabian honeycomb work. The lovely gardens, described by Leandro Alberti in 1526, have disappeared, and the road crosses their site.

A few minutes distant from *La Zisa* is the *Convent of the Cappuccini*, containing a curious, horrible, and much-visited museum of mummified monks!

"Qu'on se figure douze ou quinze cents cadavres réduits à l'état de momies, grimaçant à qui mieux mieux, les uns semblant rire, les autres paraissant pleurer, ceux-ci ouvrant la bouche démesurément, pour tirer une langue noire entre deux mâchoires édentées, ceux-là serrant les lèvres convulsivement, allongés, rabougris, tordus, luxés, caricatures humaines, cauchemars palpables, spectres mille fois plus hideux que les squelettes pendus dans un cabinet d'anatomie, tous revêtus de robe de capucins, que trouvent leurs membres disloqués, et portant aux mains une étiquette sur laquelle on lit leur nom, la date de leur naissance et celle de leur mort. Parmi tous ces cadavres est celui d'un Français nommé Jean d'Esachard, mort le 4 Novembre 1831, âgé de cent deux ans.

"Le cadavre le plus rapproché de la porte, et qui, de son vivant,

s'appelait Francesco Tollari, porte à la main un bâton. Nous demandâmes au gardien de nous expliquer ce symbole; il nous répondit que, comme le susdit Francesco Tollari était de plus près de la porte, on l'avait élevé à la dignité de concierge, et qu'on lui avait mis un bâton à la main pour qu'il empêchât les autres de sortir."—*Alexandre Dumas, Le Spéronare.*

Carriages to Monreale cost with 1 horse 5 frs., 2 horses 10 frs. An *omnibus* runs to the foot of the hill from Piazza Bologna.

Soon after leaving the Porta Nuova, we pass (left) the great *Albergo de' Poveri*, built by Orazio Fioretto, 1746. Then we reach the *Cuba*, a Saracenic palace erected by the Norman king, William II., in 1182. It is an oblong building, decorated with pointed panels, and with a parapet at the top surrounded by a Cuphic inscription. Its little court has a recess, with Moorish honeycomb work. The greater part of the gardens, whose glories are described by Fazellus, have disappeared, and the *Cuba* is now a barrack. It was here that Gianni di Procida found his lost love in the palace of Frederick II., as is picturesquely told by Boccaccio.¹

On the right of the road the gardener of the Cavaliere di Napoli will give admittance to an orange-garden, containing the small vaulted pavilion called *La Cubola*, which is the most perfect Saracenic remnant in Sicily, standing in what was once part of the gardens of La Cuba. Four pointed arches of ashlar work (surrounded with the same ornaments as the arches in the older part of the cathedral) support a small cupola. In the centre was a fountain, now dry.

A winding road (constructed by the philanthropic Archbishop Testa) bordered by aloes, with fountains and seats at intervals, leads up from the Conca d'Oro to the little town of *Monreale*, crowned by its cathedral, the latest work of the Norman kings, which, built in obedience to a vision, as the cathedral of Cefalù in fulfilment of a vow, is the noblest ecclesiastical building in Sicily, and in many respects unrivalled in the world.

¹ Giorn v. Nov. 6.

King William II., whilst hunting here in the forest, fell asleep under a tree, and the Virgin, appearing to him, bade him build a church to her honour on the spot. He obeyed, and erected the glorious church and the Benedictine monastery of Monte Reale—the “Royal Mount.” In 1682 Monreale was made a cathedral by Pope Lucius III., who said that “the like of this church hath not been constructed by any king even from ancient times, and it is such an one as must compel all men to admiration.” Monreale was



La Cubola.

made an archbishopric at the instance of the Kaid or Chancellor Matteo d’Ajello, who was anxious thus to indulge his spite against his political rival, Walter of the Mill, Archbishop of Palermo.

The cathedral of Monreale is perhaps the most remarkable example of the mixture of styles which existed under the Norman kings. It is of Latin form, with a Roman colonnade, Byzantine mosaics, Greek sculpture, and Saracenic and Norman details.¹ The exterior is exceedingly plain, except the eastern apses, which are covered with small pillars and interlacing arches; the north porch, which has grand bronze doors of the twelfth century, by

¹ See Gally Knight.

the same *Barisano di Trani* who made the doors of Ravello and Trani; and the west porch (in a façade of 1770), which has bronze doors decorated with subjects from Old Testament history by *Bonanno di Pisa*, "Bonannus civis Pisanus," the architect of the Leaning Tower, 1586.

Truly glorious is the interior (313 ft. long; 124 broad). Single pillars support long lines of arches, and the golden blaze of mosaics is subdued by time into a purple haze.

"In arrangement and dimensions the cathedral of Monreale very much resembles that of Messina, showing the same general influence in both; but all the details of the Palermitan example betray that admixture of Greek and Saracenic feeling which is the peculiarity of Sicilian architecture. There is scarcely a single form or detail in the whole building which can strictly be called Gothic, or which points to any connection with Northern arts or races. The plan of this, as of all Sicilian churches, is that of a Roman basilica, far more than of a Gothic church. In none of them was any vault ever either built or intended. The central is divided from the side aisles by pillars of a single stone, generally borrowed from ancient temples, but (in this instance at least) with capitals of great beauty, suited to their position and to the load they have to support. The pier arches are pointed, but not Gothic, having no successive planes of decoration, but being merely square masses of masonry of simple but stilted forms. The windows, too, though pointed, are undivided, and evidently never meant for painted glass. The roofs of the naves are generally of open framing, like those of the basilicas, and ornamented in Saracenic taste. The aisles, the intersection of the transepts and nave, and the first division of the sanctuary are generally richer, and therefore more truly Moorish. The apse again is Roman. Taken altogether, it is only the accident of the pointed arch having been borrowed from the Moors that led to the idea of Gothic feeling existing in these edifices. It does exist at Messina and Cefalù, but at Palermo is almost wholly wanting.

"It is evident that the architectural features in the buildings of which the cathedral of Monreale is the type, were subordinate in the eyes of their builders to the mosaic decorations which cover every part of the interior, and are in fact the glory and pride of the edifice, by which alone it is entitled to rank among the finest of mediæval churches. All the principal personages of the Bible are represented in the stiff but grand style of Greek art, sometimes with Greek inscriptions, and accompanied by scenes illustrating the Old and New Testaments. They are separated by and intermixed with arabesques and ornaments in colour and gold, making up a decoration unrivalled in its class by anything—except, perhaps, St. Mark's—the Middle Ages have produced."—*Fergusson*.

The whole of the walls are covered with mosaics, diverging from the apse with the colossal figure of the Saviour inscribed "Κρ. ὁ παντοκράτωρ" His right hand is raised in blessing, in His left He holds an open book, on which "I am the Light of the World" is written in Greek and Latin. Thus His divine attributes are represented: below His humanity is recalled by the Child on the knees of His mother. S. Peter and S. Paul guard the sides of the apse. The corners of the choir are occupied by prophets and patriarchs, with scenes from the New Testament below, relating to the life of our Saviour: the transepts and aisles are covered by Old Testament history: between the arches of the nave are medallions of saints. The royal and episcopal thrones in the choir are of porphyry and marble, with bands of rich mosaic. Over the king's seat is the figure of the Redeemer, laying His hand upon the head of the royal founder, William II., who is attired in the same dalmatica in which King Roger is portrayed at the Martorana; above the bishop's throne, the founder offers his church to the Virgin.

In the right transept are the *Tombs of William I. (the Bad) and William II. (the Good)*. Originally William I. was buried with his family in S. Maria Maddelena at Palermo, but he was removed hither by his son to the new foundation. His porphyry sarcophagus had once a canopy like those of the royal tombs at Palermo, but it was destroyed in a fire of 1811. William II., the founder, who died 1189, aged 36, had only a miserable tomb of brick till 1575, when Archbishop Lodovico Torres removed his remains at his own expense to the white marble sarcophagus which they now occupy. This king was the best beloved of all the Norman race—

" Guiglielmo fu, cui quella terra plora
 Che piange Carlo e Federigo vivo :
 Ora conosce come s'innamora
 Lo ciel del giusto rege, ed al sembante
 Del suo fulgore il fa vedere ancora."

Dante, Par. xx.

In the north transept is a sarcophagus containing the

entrails of S. Louis (who died of the plague at Tunis 1270), erected by the Viceroy Duca di Alcalá, "affinitate conjunctus, conjunctior religione."¹

"Charles I. rendit les derniers honneurs au corps de Saint Louis. . . . Ce n'était plus un cadavre, c'étaient déjà des reliques. Il fallut en faire le partage. Les os soigneusement séparés du corps, furent enfermés dans un cercueil de plomb. Philippe III. les mit dans son camp, se réservant de les rendre lui-même à la patrie. Les chairs bouillies dans le vin ne pouvaient être transportées au loin; Charles d'Anjou les réclama comme le plus digne prix de ses services. A force de prières, il obtint de son neveu les entrailles du saint roi; et s'il faut en croire un témoin très-important, Charles I. reçut aussi son cœur. Il envoya immédiatement ce trésor à l'abbaye des Bénédictins de Monreal."—*Alexis de Saint Priest, Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.*

It is remarkable that, after the Sicilian Vespers, when the island was filled from end to end with hatred of Charles of Anjou, the relics of his saintly brother continued to be venerated at Monreale. The adjoining *Cappella di S. Benedetto* has reliefs illustrating the life of the saint by *Ignazio Marabitti*, 1765.

Another sarcophagus contains the remains of Queen Margaret of Navarre, 1183, wife of William the Bad, and regent during the infancy of William the Good. A mosaic inscription under the window commemorates two of her sons, Roger, Duke of Apulia, 1160, and Henry, Prince of Capua, 1170.

The magnificent cloister, 169 ft. square (custode 50 c.), is surrounded by pointed arches, resting on coupled columns, often encrusted with mosaics in varying patterns, with ever-varied classical capitals of marvellous beauty—"all the religion, all the poetry of their age, sculptured in stone."² At one corner is a fountain in a little arcaded court, thoroughly Saracenic in character, "as of a monastic Alhambra."

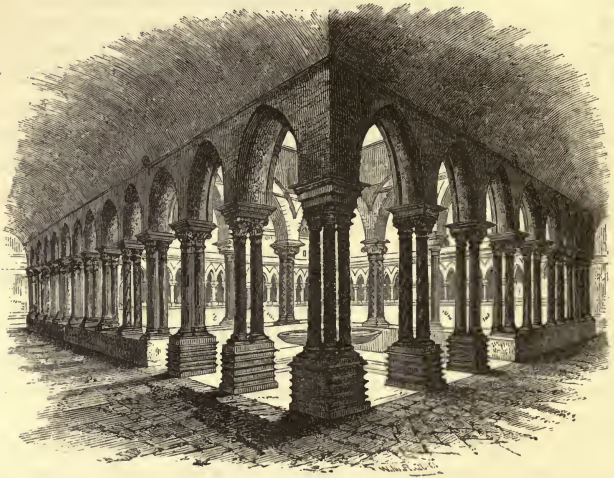
In the *Monastery*, which was originally peopled by

¹ The Sainte Chapelle at Paris disputes with Monreale the claim of possessing the heart of S. Louis. But the original urn here was inscribed "Hic sunt tumulata viscera et corpus Ludovici regis Franciæ, qui obiit apud Tonisium anno Dominicæ incarnationis MCCLXX., mense augusto, xiii. indictionis."—See Luigi Lello, *Storia della Chiesa di Monreale*, 1698.

² Dantier, *Voyage Archéologique en Sicile.*

William II. with monks from La Cava, is a fine picture of S. Benedict, surrounded by the heads of the religious orders under his rule, by *Pietro Novelli*.

A winding path (donkeys 3 frs.) leads from Monreale to the desolate unfinished Benedictine *Convent of S. Martino delle Scale*, founded amid barren mountains by Gregory the Great in 581, but with no buildings older than the last century. Its decorations are very rich, but of little interest.



Cloisters, Monreale.

The *Library* contains some literary treasures, especially the correspondence of the Beato Giuliano Majoli with King Alfonso and the Viceroy of Naples in the fifteenth century, which throws much light on contemporary Sicilian history. In the refectory are two fine frescoes of Novello—"Il Monrealese," Daniel in the Den of Lions, and the Prophet carried by the Angel into the Wilderness. From the ascent to the convent we see the *Castle of S. Benedetto*, which, from a Saracenic fortress, was turned into a convent by William II. The return from S. Martino may be varied by passing through

Baida (an Arabic name meaning "White"), with a good fourteenth century church. Between this and Palermo, near the village of *Altarello di Baida*, are some small remains of a Saracenic palace, supposed to have been built by King Roger II.

On this excursion women with kilted petticoats and white mantas may often be met coming from *Piano dei Greci*, an Albanian settlement where Greek is still the language.

An excursion should certainly be made for the ascent of Monte Pellegrino, which Goethe justly calls the most beautiful promontory in the world. A carriage (1 fr. 50 c.) may be taken to the foot of the hill, or the tram from the Piazza Marina (25 c.) as far as the Piazza della Consolazione, or donkeys (2 frs.) or horses (3 frs.) for the whole distance.

Skirting the pretty little harbour of La Cala, we pass through the suburb of Castellamare, which, till lately, contained the Church of S. Pietro a Bagnara, built, as an inscription (now in the Museum) testifies, by Nicholas, son of Leo Parathalassitos (harbour-master) of Palermo, in the time of Duke Robert and his wife Sikelgeta.

From the Piazza della Consolazione a road turns west to the royal villa of *La Favorita*, with bosky thickets of flowering shrubs near the foot of Monte Pellegrino, pleasant for walking or driving during a long stay at Palermo, but of no especial beauty. The road to the east (right) leads to the village of Acqua Santa and the *Villa Belmonte*, with a beautiful view, passing on the right the pretty arsenal and mole (of 1569-90), and then at the Lazaretto, the *Cimiterio Vecchio dei Protestanti*, which contains, amongst other tombs, that of Francis George Hare, 1841, commemorated in the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* and in the verses of Landor.

The straight road from the Piazza leads to the foot of the *Monte Pellegrino* (1960 ft. in height), where, from the grassy platform, there is a lovely view of Palermo. Hence the ascent, impracticable for carriages, is by steep paved zig-zags, supported on arches. The path through the grand red precipices is generally most desolate; only a few goats are looking for cytizus amongst the rocks, and gendarmes

are often sent from the foot of the hill to follow strangers for their protection. After passing a gate in the rock the view beyond the promontory soon becomes visible, with the western sea framed in mountains. At 1474 ft. above the sea, jammed amongst the rocks under the shoulder of the hill, are the *Shrine and Hermitage of S. Rosalia*.

Beyond the church (of 1625) is the sacred grotto, hewn out of the rock, where the noble maiden Rosalia, niece of King Roger, is said to have passed many years of her life in devotion, and to have died in 1166. Here, surrounded by a host of lamps, is a beautiful marble figure of the sainted girl in a golden robe, by the Florentine sculptor *Gregorio Tedeschi*. An angel fans her with a lily; all around are votive offerings of jewels, etc. Water trickles out of the rocks on all sides, and the network of bluish green tubes arranged to catch it give, as Goethe observes, the appearance of being overgrown by cactus, to this wonderfully picturesque cavern. The festival of the saint lasts from July 11 to 15, when the whole population of Palermo swarm up the mountain to visit her grotto. At the time of the festa the streets of Palermo have all the appearance of a pagan saturnalia, for the Sicilians, careless about religion in other respects, carry the worship of their especial saints to the wildest excess.

The remains of a beacon-tower stand on the highest point of Monte Pellegrino, the ancient Ercte, where, in the First Punic War, Hamilcar Barca established a camp, which he was able to hold for three years in spite of all the efforts of the Romans to dislodge him. Polybius¹ has left an accurate description of the mountain, with its rough and craggy precipices, its three possible means of approach, and its wide spreading view. In the distance the volcanic island of Ustica is visible, 37 m. distant, which derived its ancient name of Osteodes, or the "Bone Island," from the Carthaginians having got rid of a body of 6000 disaffected mercenaries, by landing them on its barren shore and leaving them there to perish.² The island is now thickly inhabited, and may be reached from Palermo by steamer on two Sundays in the month (fare, 7 frs. 50 c.)

¹ i. 56, 57.

² Diodorus, v. 11.

Another short excursion may be made on the south-east of Palermo to La Favara and S. Maria del Gesù.

Less than half a mile from the Porta Garibaldi is the now dry bridge of many arches called *Ponte dell' Ammiraglio* from its builder the great Emir or Admiral George Antiochenus, in 1113. It crosses the ancient bed of the *Oreto* (of which the course is now changed), in which Goethe hunted for pebbles with his artist-companion Kniep. It was between the river and the city that (B.C. 250) L. Caecilius Metellus gained that decisive battle over the army of Hasdrubal, which gave the Metelli an elephant for their arms.

A short distance farther on the high road (left) is the little *Church of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi*, built in 1071 by Robert Guiscard, on the spot where his afterwards victorious army first encamped before Palermo. Its external walls and its little cupola are original. The name is derived from a hospital for lepers once united to the church, but now pulled down.

About a mile from hence (left) are the remains of the Saracenic palace of *La Favara*, sometimes called *Mar Dolce*, from the freshwater lake, which has now disappeared, but from which it once rose in an island covered with orange-trees. The Moorish palace was probably used by King Roger II., and a tiny chapel with a cupola is of his time: the Emperor Henry VI. also made it a residence. The most striking remains are the three arches of the vaults for steam-baths, in which the ancient water-channels and the chimneys for letting off smoke and steam still exist. Nothing is left of the lovely surroundings of La Favara, of which many poetic descriptions are handed down to us, especially that of the Sicilian Arab Abderrahman:—

“O how beautiful is the lakelet of the twin palms, and the island where the spacious palace stands! The clear water of the double springs is like liquid pearls and their bason is a sea: you might say that the boughs of the trees stretched down to look at the fishes in the pool and smile at them. The great fishes swim in those transparent waters, and the birds sing their songs amongst the gardens. The ripe oranges of the island are like fire burning upon boughs of emerald; the pale lemon recalls a lover who has wept all night for his absent

beloved one. The two palms are like friends who have gained a retreat inaccessible to their enemies, or stand erect proudly to confound the murmurs and calumnies of those who envy them. O palms of the two lakelets of Palermo, may unceasing, undisturbed, and plenteous dews ever refresh you!"

Returning to the Ponte del Ammiraglio, and turning to the right for about 2 m., we shall reach the village of *S. Maria di Gesù*, where a modern cemetery occupies the terraces near an ancient church, founded, 1429, by the Blessed Matteo di Girgenti, whose embalmed body reposes



From *S. Maria di Gesù*.

within, and, according to an inscription, has been known to rise and adore the host during mass. The ancient cypress avenue of the Minorite convent which winds up the lower slope of the mountain has exquisite views of Palermo and Monte Pellegrino, and, with its broken balustrades and remnants of monastic statues, should on no account be neglected by artists.

Returning as far as a ruined cross, we may take the way back to the town by the left, passing near the *Torre de' Diavoli*, a picturesque building of the Arragonese kings in the glen of the Oreto, and the *Church of S. Spirito* founded by the English Archbishop, Walter of the Mill, in 1173. As the church bell was ringing here for vespers on Easter Tuesday, March 31, 1282, an insult offered to a Sicilian maiden

during the popular *fête* by one Drouet, a Frenchman, led to the general massacre of the French, called the "Sicilian Vespers." The foreigners, if there was any doubt about them, were detected by observing their pronunciation of the word *ciceri*, "vetches"; a test similar to that of "Shibboleth" instituted by Jephthah on the slaughter of the Ephraimites.

" E la bella Trinacria, che callga
 Tra Pachino e Peloro, sopra 'l golfo
 Che riceve da Euro maggior brigà,
 Non per Tifèo, ma per nascente solfo,
 Attesi avrebbe li suoi regi ancora
 Nati per me di Carlo e di Ridolfo,
 Se la mala signoria che sempre accuora
 Li popoli suggetti, non avesse
 Mosso Palermo a gridar—Mora, mora."

Dante, Par. viii. 67.

The excursion to Bagheria and Solunto may most pleasantly be accomplished by carriage, or the railway may be taken to Bagheria, or, for Solunto, to the next station of S. Flavia, which is close to the foot of the hill on which the remains of the ancient city are situated. Leaving by the train at 9.15 A.M. and returning at 5.15 P.M. gives plenty of time for both places.

The road to Bagheria (a very bad one) runs along the sea-coast, passing an ancient machicolated tower picturesquely situated in a thicket of canes.

Bagheria, the Richmond of Palermo, presents the most curious mixture of grandeur and misery, the most lavish ornament having been expended on buildings, afterwards left to utter decay. Grand arched gateways lead to neglected cypress avenues with roads hardly practicable for a cart. The palaces of the nobility (with few exceptions, such as that of the Duchess S. Cataldo) have moss-grown courts, dry fountains, barred-up windows, and falling roofs, and this dilapidation is now likely to increase greatly, owing to the equal division of property. Perhaps the most characteristic villa is that of *Principe Palagonia Gravina* (reached by a three-arched portal and a cypress avenue on the left beyond the station), a

climax of architectural eccentricity, possessing a garden filled with hundreds of caricatures in sculpture, which have been described in Sicilian verse by Giovanni Meli, and to which Goethe, furious as he was at them, has devoted one of his longest letters from Sicily. Prince Palagonia used to declare that the originals of the figures upon his walls might be met with in Egypt, where Diodorus Siculus tells us that the rays of the sun act so powerfully upon the fat slime left by the Nile, that it engenders all kinds of uncouth and otherwise unknown animals.¹

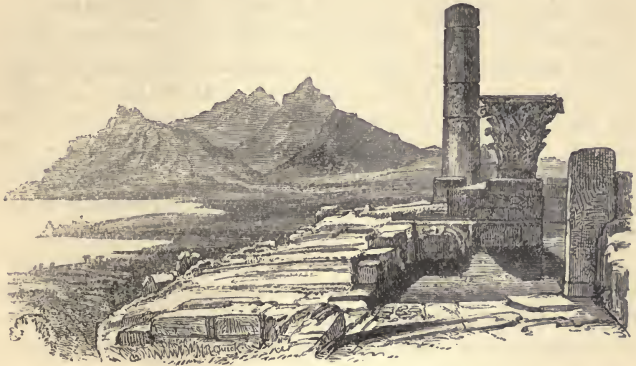
“Notre voiture s'arrêta en face du palais du Prince de Palagonia, que nous reconnûmes aussitôt aux monstres sans nombre qui garnissent les murailles, qui surmontent les portes, qui rampent dans le jardin ; ce sont les bergers avec des têtes d'âne, de jeunes filles avec des têtes de cheval, des chats avec des figures de capucin, des enfants bicéphales, des hommes à quatre jambes, des solipèdes à quatre bras, une ménagerie d'êtres impossibles, auxquels le prince, à chaque grossesse de sa femme, priait Dieu de donner une réalité, en permettant que la princesse accouchât de quelque animal pareil à ceux qu'il avait soin de lui mettre sous les yeux pour amener cet heureux événement. Un autre caprice du prince était de se procurer toutes les cornes qu'il pouvait trouver ; bois de cerf, bois de daim, cornes de boeufs, cornes de chèvre, défenses d'éléphant même, tout ce qui avait forme recourbée et pointue était bien venu au château, et acheté par le prince presque sans marchander. Aussi, depuis l'antichambre jusqu'au boudoir, depuis la cave jusqu'au grenier, le palais était hérissé de cornes ; les cornes avaient remplacé les patères, les porte-manteaux, les pitons ; les lustres pendaient à des cornes, les rideaux s'accrochaient à des cornes ; les buffets, les ciels de lit, les bibliothèques, étaient surmontés de cornes. On aurait donné vingt-cinq louis d'une corne, que dans tout Palerme on ne l'aurait pas trouvée.”—*Alexandre Dumas, Le Spéronare.*

From the *Villa Valguarnera* and the *Villa del Duca di Villarosa* there are beautiful views.

Just beyond the great church and station of S. Flavia, a gate on the left (custode, 50 c.) admits travellers to a private road leading up the heights to the ruins of *Solunto* or Solus, a Phœnician colony which was afterwards a dependency of Carthage. The great excavations which have been made here have opened to view whole streets of small houses like those of Pompeii, a gymnasium rather like the Temple of

¹ See Henry Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies*, 1785.

Castor and Pollux at Girgenti in miniature and various other ruins. The situation is exquisitely beautiful, and the views, across the broad terraced streets of ruined buildings, to the wild heights of Monte Griffone and the varied windings of the coast, are scarcely surpassed by anything in Sicily. Delightful walks through the prickly pears and palmetto lead to the crest of the hill, below which the



Solunto.

farthest promontory of Capo Zafferana juts out boldly seawards. The ruins of Solunto are guarded and may always be visited with safety.

A less safe excursion, and of greater length, may be made from Palermo to Segeste. It is $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. by rail from Palermo to Calatafimi, whence a carriage to Segeste costs 35 frs., not including the *buonomano*. Mules cost 3 frs. each, and take $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr. on the way. An escort is necessary (1882). If the earliest train from Palermo be taken, it is possible to make this excursion in a day, and to avoid sleeping at the miserable inn of Calatafimi. It may however be pleasanter to engage a carriage at Palermo for the whole excursion to Segeste and Selinunto.

The post-road from Naples to Calatafimi passes through Monreale (p. 501) to *Partinico*, 8 m. north of which is *Carini* with a fine old fourteenth century castle of the

Chiararamonti. Three and a half miles farther north are the remains of the Sicanian town of *Hycara* (on the great gulf of Castellamare, of which no ancient name is preserved to us), which was taken and plundered by Nicias in B.C. 415,¹ when the famous Lais, then a child, was carried off amongst the captives, and sold as a slave at Corinth. The site is now called *Muro di Carini*.

Alcamo (*Albergo Italiano, Fortuna*), which derives its Saracenic name from the great Moorish chief Adelmam, is a picturesque place. The *Church of S. Tommaso* has a good fourteenth century portal. The earliest Sicilian poet, Ciullo d'Alcamo, was a native of the town. Many travellers will go direct from Alcamo to Segeste, crossing the *Fiume Freddo*, the ancient Crimissus, on whose banks, in B.C. 339, Timoleon of Syracuse, with 11,000 troops, totally defeated a Carthaginian army of 70,000 men. It is however better to proceed to—

Calatafimi (*Locanda di Segesta, Locanda Garibaldi*) and to take mules from thence. The country is wild and bare in the extreme, but, long before reaching it, the grand ruins of the temple are seen amid the savage hills.

“At the highest end of a broad and long valley, the temple stands on an isolated hill. Surrounded, however, on all sides by cliffs, it commands a very distant and extensive view of the land, but takes in only just a corner of the sea. The district reposes in a sort of melancholy fertility—everywhere well cultivated, but scarce a dwelling to be seen. Flowering thistles were swarming with countless butterflies, wild fennel stood here from eight to nine feet high, dry and withered of the last year's growth, but so rich and in such seeming order that one might almost take it to be an old nursery-ground. A shrill wind whistled through the columns as if through a wood, and screaming birds of prey hovered round the pediments.”—*Goethe*.

Yellow, majestic, and desolate, the *Temple of Segeste* rises on a barren eminence surrounded by loftier mountains. It is a temple in a wilderness. It was evidently never finished, but is 190 ft. in length, and 78 in breadth, and—hexastylus peripteros—is surrounded by Doric columns, without fluting, six in each front, and fourteen on each side. At the foot of the hill runs the *Gaggera*, a stream originally

¹ Thucydides, vi. 62.

called the Scamander¹ in recollection of the famous stream near Troy, for the city of Segesta, originally Egesta, is said to have been founded by Trojan fugitives. Nothing remains of the town, whose relief, in its quarrels with Selinus, was the original object of the great Athenian expedition to Sicily in B.C. 416, though this was almost forgotten in the more important struggle with Syracuse. After the defeat of the Athenians, the people of Segeste had recourse to the protection of the Carthaginians, and, after their destruction of Selinus and Himera, for many years occupied the position of a dependent ally of Carthage. After Agathocles, in B.C. 307, had been received into the city as a friend and ally, he put the whole of the inhabitants to the sword, and changed the name of the place to Dicaeopolis, but Segeste is again mentioned as a flourishing town in the time of Cicero, and was only finally abandoned, in consequence of the ravages of the Saracens, in A.D. 900. The ruins of a *Theatre*, 205 ft. in diameter, have been excavated, and exhibit a *praecinctio* and twenty rows of seats: it was probably begun before 409 B.C., and altered in Roman times.

It is 1½ hr. by rail from Calatafimi to *Castelvetrano* (Inn, *Locanda della Pantera* decent, with honest civil people), occupying a lofty situation, with a wide view. The principal church, *S. Giovanni*, contains a good statue of the Baptist by *Ant. Gagini*, 1522, and in the Church of *S. Domenico* is a curious sarcophagus. Mules (3 frs. 50 c.) often occupy 2½ hrs. in accomplishing the 8 m. to the tremendous ruins of Selinunto or Selinus, which occupy the palmetto-covered heights on either side of the little stream *Gorgo di Cotone*, a short distance before it flows into the sea.

Thucydides says that in B.C. 628 "the Megarans, who are also called Hyblenses, a hundred years after their city Megara was founded, sent hither Pammilus, and founded Selinunte." The town was called after the river

¹ Diod. xx. 71.

Selinus (now Madiuni) which received its name from the quantity of wild parsley (*σέλινον*) which grew along its banks. It rose rapidly to power and prosperity, but was destroyed by the Carthaginians in B.C. 409, little more than two hundred years after its foundation.

“The only chance of the besieged Selinuntines was, to hold out with the courage of desperation, until they could receive aid from their Hellenic brethren on the southern coast—Agrigentum, Gela, and especially Syracuse—all of whom they had sent to warn and to supplicate. Their armed population crowded to man the walls, with a resolution worthy of Greeks and citizens; while the old men and the females, though oppressed with agony from the fate which seemed to menace them, lent all the aid and encouragement in their power. Under the sound of trumpets, and every variety of war-cry, the assailants approached the walls, encountering everywhere a valiant resistance. They were repulsed again and again with the severest loss. But fresh troops came up to relieve those who were slain or fatigued; and at length, after a murderous struggle, a body of Campanians forced their way over the walls into the town. Yet in spite of such temporary advantage, the heroic efforts of the besieged drove them out again or slew them, so that night arrived without the capture being accomplished. For nine successive days was the assault thus renewed with undiminished fury; for nine successive days did this heroic population maintain a successful resistance, though their enemies were numerous enough to relieve each other perpetually—though their own strength was every day failing—and though not a single friend arrived to their aid. At length, on the tenth day, and after terrible loss to the besiegers, a sufficient breach was made in the weak part of the wall for the Iberians to force their way into the city. Still, however, the Selinuntines, even after their walls were carried, continued with unabated resolution to barricade and defend their narrow streets, in which their women also assisted, by throwing down stones and tiles upon the assailants from the housetops. All these barriers were successfully overthrown by the unexhausted numbers and increasing passion of the barbaric host; so that the defenders were driven back from all sides into the agora, where most of them closed their defence by an honourable death. A small minority, among whom was Empedion, escaped to Agrigentum, where they received the warmest sympathy and the most hospitable treatment.

“Sixteen thousand Selinuntines are said to have been slain, five thousand to have been taken captive, while two thousand six hundred escaped to Agrigentum. . . . Syracuse, Gela, and Agrigentum, sent a joint embassy to Hannibal, entreating him to permit the ransom of the captives and to spare the temples of the gods, while Empedion went at the same time to sue for compassion on behalf of his own fugitive fellow-citizens. To the former demand the victorious Cartha-

ginian returned an answer at once haughty and characteristic—‘The Selinuntines have not been able to preserve their freedom, and must now submit to a trial of slavery. The gods have become offended with them and have taken their departure from the town.’ To Empedion, an ancient friend and pronounced partisan of the Carthaginians, his reply was more indulgent. All the relatives of Empedion found alive amongst the captives were at once given up; moreover permission was granted to the fugitive Selinuntines to return, if they pleased, and reoccupy the town with its lands as tributary subjects of Carthage. At the same time that he granted such permission, however, Hannibal at once caused the walls to be razed and even the town with its temples to be destroyed.”—*Grote’s Hist. of Greece*, vol. x.

As a humble tributary, Selinus continued to have an existence, but was a second time destroyed by the Carthaginians in B.C. 250. Under the Saracens it was called Rahl-el-Asnâm, the “Village of the Idols,” and it was one of the last strongholds which they defended in Sicily. This led to its being completely destroyed in 827 A.D. by the Normans, who gave it the name of “Terra delle Pulci,” or the “Land of Fleas.”

There are two great groups of ruins in Selinunto; those in the acropolis, which consist of the fragments of three great temples, one smaller temple, and some other remains, and those on the opposite or eastern hill, which consist of three important temples and other buildings. From the acropolis one looks down upon the two streams for whose course Empedocles, at his own cost, cut a channel through the marshy land, to save the town from pestilence, for which, when he appeared amongst them in his priestly robes and laurel crown, the people hailed him as a god. All the ruins are so completely chaotic that it is unnecessary to describe them in detail. Sixty columns lie on the ground like so many sheaves of corn left by the reaper.¹ Nothing is really known about them, all is the imagination of antiquaries; but in their desolation the ruins are stupendous, and, from their colossal size, merit their popular name of “I Pileri dei Giganti.” There is nothing to remind us of the “palmosa Selinus” of Virgil: all is bare and desolate.

The ruins are all of the Doric order. That on the eastern hill standing most to the north, of which three imperfect

¹ Crabbe Robinson’s *Diary*, 1830.

columns are still erect, is, as Swinburne describes, "one of the most gigantic and sublime ruins imaginable." The earliest of the famous Metopes now in the museum at Palermo, were discovered in the central temple of the western, the later ones in the central temple of the eastern hill.

There is a post-road of 12 m. from Castelvetro to Mazzara, passing within 2 m. of the famous quarries—*Cave di Campobello*, from which the stone for the temples of Selinus was extracted. It takes nearly an hour by rail from Castelvetro to—

Mazzara "la Inclita" (*Albergo di Selinunto, Locanda Garibaldi*), a well-situated but miserable episcopal town, with a cathedral founded by Count Roger in 1093, but of little interest. Over the west door is a statue of Count Roger riding over a prostrate Saracen, and in the porch several ancient sarcophagi.

It is $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. by rail from Mazzara to—

Marsala (*Albergo Trinacria*), the town nearest the African coast, from which the westernmost point of the island, *Capo Boëo*, is only 80 m. distant. It is still the wine-capital of Sicily. In the *Chiesa Matrice* are sixteen Doric marble columns which were originally intended as a present to Canterbury Cathedral, S. Thomas à Becket being patron saint of Marsala. The sixteenth century tomb of Giulio Alagaro and his wife describes him as "malleus acer latronum." On the gate towards the sea, an inscription records that Garibaldi landed at Marsala, May 11, 1860, marching thence, the next day, to Calatafimi. The curious little church of *S. Giovanni Battista*, between the town and the sea, contains a good statue of the Baptist by *Ant. Gagini*, and a little cave known as the "Grotto of the Cumean Sibyl" who is said to have been buried there. Here is a spring which in ancient times was supposed to impart a spirit of prophecy, and which Diodorus tells us gave the city its former name.

The ancient city of Lilybaeum, which gave a name to one of the three promontories of Trinacria, was founded B. C. 397 by the Carthaginians, for the refugees of Motya, which

had been destroyed by Dionysius of Syracuse. Its port was always dangerous of approach—

“Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis,”

Virgil, Aen. iii. 706.

but its proximity to Africa rendered it most important as a Carthaginian stronghold, and it was so strongly protected that it successfully withstood a siege by Pyrrhus in B.C. 276. In B.C. 250-240, during the First Punic War, it became celebrated for withstanding, for ten years, a siege by the Romans, who were repulsed by sea and land, till the victory of C. Lutatius Catulus at the Aegates in B.C. 241, compelled the Carthaginians to surrender their last possessions in Sicily. From this time Lilybaeum became a Roman provincial town, but it continued to be as important to the Romans as a point whence to attack Africa, as it had previously been to the Carthaginians for their attacks upon Sicily. In the time of Cicero it was still “splendissima civitas.”¹ Here, where the Carthaginians used to enter Sicily, the Saracens first disembarked in 827, though they did not complete the conquest of Sicily till 895. Under their government the port of Lilybaeum, in spite of rocks and though always very small, was considered of such importance as to be called *Marsat Allah*—“the Port of God,” a name which has always clung to it. Garibaldi disembarked at Marsala in 1860, marching thence to Palermo and afterwards to Messina, after which he was accepted as dictator. Marsala has declined in favour of Trapani since the mouth of the port was blocked up by Charles V. to protect the town from the Barbary corsairs, but the wine trade still preserves it from sinking into entire insignificance.

The environs of Marsala are most bare and desolate, but there is a fine sea view embracing the islands of *Maretimo*, *Levanzo*, and *Favignano*. The island of *S. Pantaleone*, 5 m. distant (boat with two rowers 5 frs.), was the ancient *Motya*, a Phoenician colony, which, after it fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, was very important to them as

¹ *In Verr* v. 5.

a stronghold both from its natural strength of position and its proximity to Carthage. In B.C. 397 it was taken, after a desperate resistance, by Dionysius of Syracuse, and its inhabitants put to the sword, and, though it was recovered by Himilcon in the following year, Lilybaeum was built in its place, and the island has since only been inhabited by a few fishermen. There are very few remains of the city, whose beauty is extolled by Diodorus,² beyond some tombs and fragments of aqueduct, but the ancient mole remains which connected the island with the mainland, and which was cut by the inhabitants when they were preparing for the siege by Dionysius.

It takes 1 hr. by rail from Marsala to—

Trapani (*Locanda Cinque Torri*, Largo S. Niccolò, tolerable; *Leon d'Oro*, no restaurant: *Restaurant, Giardinetto*, Largo S. Niccolò) is the ancient Drepanum, where Aeneas landed and lost his father Anchises.

“ Hinc Drepani me portus et illaetabilis ora
Accipit. Huc, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,
Amitto Anchisen.”

Virgil, Aen. iii. 707.

In the following year Aeneas is represented as being again driven hither by tempests, and offering sacrifices at the tomb of his father, and founding a city and temple to Venus on the summit of the neighbouring Mount Eryx. Hence the Carthaginian general Hamilcar removed the inhabitants to Drepanum, or Drepana, which derived its name from the resemblance of its port to a sickle (*δρεπάνη*), and it long continued of importance to the Carthaginians from its proximity to Africa, and was one of the last strongholds which remained to them in Sicily. It disappears from history after the fatal defeat of the Carthaginian fleet off the islands of the Aegates in B.C. 241

The coral fisheries are a great source of wealth to modern Trapani. Most of the churches are modern: the *Cathedral of S. Lorenzo* is a handsome Renaissance building.

Donkeys, 4 frs., or carriages with two horses, 18 frs.,

may be taken in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. to the summit of *Monte S. Giuliano*, the site of the ancient Eryx, about 6 m. distant. The mountain has the reputation of being second in height of the Sicilian mountains, though its measurement is only 2184 ft.: the view is magnificent. The town of *S. Giuliano* derives its name from the legend that, when it was besieged by the Saracens, S. Julian himself appeared on the walls for its protection, and repulsed the enemy. The *Cathedral*, founded 1314 by King Frederick II., was restored in 1685. It has three aisles with three apses. The castle is highly picturesque and has a wide view over the *Aegadian Isles*—*Levanzo* (Phorbantia); *Favignana* (Aegusa), which gives the title of Marchese to the Genoese Pallavicini, and is supposed to be the island described by Homer in the *Odyssey* (ix. 116); and *Maretimo* (Hiera). To the south we may see, near the coast, the island of *S. Pantaleo*, the site of the Carthaginian Motya, and then Cape Boëo, with Marsala—the ancient Lilybaeum, in the background. Under the castle, near the so-called *Arco di Diavolo*, are some remains of the substructions of the famous *Temple of Venus Erycina*, which was regarded with equal reverence by Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, and which, under the Roman government, was protected by an especial guard of honour.

Palermo is perhaps the best point whence to make an excursion to the exceedingly curious Saracenic *Bagni di Cefalà* (18 m. south), near the village of Ogliastro on the main road across the island. The baths, called by the Saracens Gefalath, occupy a large oblong building, 90 ft. in length. It is surrounded under the roof by a Cuphic inscription. The interior is a hall, which has a stone vault with circular openings for light and air, and three arches separating the upper and lower baths. The waters are of great reputation in cases of rheumatism, and are still much resorted to in spring.

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