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THE TOURIST

IN

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

S. PROUT, ESQ.

PAINTER IN WATER COLOURS TO HIS MAJESTY.

Or di tante grandezze appena resta
Viva la rimembranza ; e mentre insulta
Al valor morto, alla virtù sepulta
Te barbaro rigor preme e calpesta.

TESTI.

LONDON :
ROBERT JENNINGS, 62, CHEAPSIDE.

1830

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GIFT

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TO THE READER.

In offering to the public a work at once novel and attractive, and so widely differing in point of design and execution from any of a similar class hitherto announced, few observations will, it is hoped, be deemed necessary. Its character and pretensions will best be explained by simply referring to the names of the artists, its conductors—to the style of the embellishments themselves—and, as regards its literary illustrations, to the judgment of the general reader. On this last point only it may be proper to state, that the author has been deeply indebted to the valuable suggestions and other assistance of several talented individuals*, to whom he is bound to offer his warmest acknowledgments.

* Among others, in particular, to the author of the "Castilian."

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LIST OF PLATES,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES HEATH.

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GENEVA.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.

BYRON.

THE city of Geneva claims the distinction of high antiquity. It is frequently mentioned by the name it now bears in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar.

It became a republic in the year 1535, and by degrees acquired the form of government which is maintained to the present day. Its earlier history, however, is involved in unusual obscurity; and notwithstanding the ingenious speculations of many who have endeavoured to reconcile the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, none have hitherto succeeded in removing the veil with which tradition and ignorance have so long obscured it. These *tenebræ seculorum* will be a sufficient excuse for not pursuing such an inquiry, more especially as Geneva presents us with subjects far more interesting than the investigation of remote tradition.

The city is built at the head of the Leman lake, which is considered the finest piece of water in Europe. The waters abound with fish, and are famous for trout, which are often found of a prodigious size. At the opposite end the Rhone falls into the lake, which at some distance separates into two rapid streams, forming a small island in

the town, and then re-uniting pursues its course into France. The lake is bordered on one side by the Pays de Vaud, a country which was formerly conquered by the Canton of Bern from the Dukes of Savoy. This may, indeed, be considered one of the most enchanting spots in Europe. As far as the eye can reach it is studded with towns, hamlets, gardens, and vineyards, and is bounded by the hills of Mount Jura. The Savoy side has a wilder and more romantic appearance, presenting a pleasing contrast to the Pays de Vaud. Huge mountains and tremendous precipices meet the eye on all sides, rising behind each other in every wild and fantastic form with which the imagination may choose to invest them. On the one side Nature is displayed in her most sublime and awful form, while on the other she exhibits her gayest and most attractive attire. Thus, by a happy combination of the softest imagery with the grander and more majestic scenery, the neighbourhood of Geneva abounds with objects of surpassing interest. The hand of Nature has indeed marked the scene as one of her happiest labours. Every material is here combined that the poet or the painter could desire to excite the imagination or to stimulate a lingering fancy. The silver lake, which extends like a huge mirror from shore to shore, reflecting from its bright and polished surface the numberless beauties that adorn its banks, the lofty mountains that rear on every side their majestic heads, some clothed with eternal snows, and others delighting the eye with freshness and verdure, and the city itself, embosomed in its woods and waters, present a scene which, for harmonious combination and variety of imagery, must stand unrivalled, even

where beauty and sublimity most predominate. The glowing language of Rousseau and the lofty verse of Byron have been, not unworthily, employed in throwing round these romantic and favoured regions a halo of which neither time nor circumstance can ever deprive them. Moore too thus beautifully describes his feelings on visiting the lake and valley for the first time at sunset.

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
  This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly through the opening road
  The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
  And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty and pure, and fit to make
  The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.
* * * * * *
No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place;
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
  Should I, oh God! e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
  At this same calm and glowing hour,
And here at the sublimest shrine
  That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
  And *feel* my immortality!

Beyond the beauty and romance of its situation, the city of Geneva has nothing in itself to merit particular notice. Few European towns of its size and importance are so sparingly decorated with public monuments. The upper part, which rises on a gentle acclivity, is exceedingly picturesque. The houses are of stone, and well-constructed. But the lower part offers rather an unplea-

sant contrast. The houses are many stories high, and from their appearance would seem to have been built for ages. They have heavy, projecting roofs, and on each side of the streets are erected cumbersome wooden arcades, under which the trading classes exhibit their wares and merchandize. In the water which divides the town there are also erected many heavy and unseemly buildings, apparently for the sole use of the washerwomen of Geneva. Indeed, this portion of the city being chiefly inhabited by the mercantile part of the population, is not very likely to meet with speedy improvement, since expense on the one hand and prejudice on the other are most effectual securities for the adherence of the citizens to the wisdom of their ancestors. The public walks and the ramparts are, however, replete with interest. Thence the eye of the tourist will be delighted with the brilliant succession of romantic villas, which rise like fairy mansions along the margin of the lake, and, combined with the scenes around, present a series of views as beautiful as they are varied. The lake itself perhaps partakes more of softness than of grandeur, and the pleasure of gliding over its waters, when the setting sun casts a mellowed light over the vivid and glowing scenery around, would be the summit of such enjoyment, did not the frequency of those fogs or vapours, which are the bane of this part of Switzerland, too often intervene and involve the glorious scene in mist and obscurity.

The attachment of the Genevese to the pleasures of society renders their town a desirable residence to strangers. As in France, it is chiefly the evening that is devoted to society and conversation. The description which M. Si-

mond gives of a *soirée* at Geneva might be mistaken for that of an evening party in some country town in England. "Soon after eight in the evening ladies sally forth, wrapped in a cloak and hood, a rebellious feather only appearing sometimes in front, and walk on tiptoe about the streets preceded by their maid, who carries a lantern. When they reach their destination the cloak and double shoes are thrown off in an ante-room appropriated to the purpose; their dress is shaken out a little by the attentive maid, their shawl thrown afresh over their shoulders with negligent propriety, their cap set to rights, and then they slide in lightly, to appearance quite unconscious of looks, make their curtsy, take their seats, and try to be agreeable to their next neighbour; yet now and then they stifle a yawn, and change places under some pretence for the sake of changing, and curiously turn over young ladies' or young gentlemen's drawings, placed on the table with prints and books, upon which they would not bestow a look if they could help it, nor listen to the music, to which they now seem attentive. Tea comes at last, with heaps of sweet things; a few card-parties are arranged, and as the hour of eleven or twelve strikes, the maid and lantern are announced in a whisper to each of the fair visitors. Meanwhile the men, in groups about the room, discuss the news of the day, foreign or domestic politics, but mostly the latter, making themselves very merry with the speech in council of such-and-such a member (of course of the adverse party), who talked for two hours on the merest trifle in the world, and thought he was establishing his reputation as a statesman for ever."

Of all the important events which have contributed to the celebrity of Geneva, none claims so great a portion of interest as the Reformation, of which Geneva may be said to have been the cradle and the nurse. Had it not been for this precious home of liberty, which served as a rallying point for the reformers of all countries during the sanguinary terrors of persecution, the reformed doctrines would never have been so successfully promulgated, nor could their advantages have been so universally secured. The Genevese were early in the field, and to their exertions is the Protestant Church materially indebted for the rapid progress of its tenets, and for the foundation on which it at present stands.

The circumstance which led the great apostle of the Reformation, Calvin, to adopt Geneva as his residence is singular. Passing through that town on his route from France to Germany, he encountered his friend Farel, then resident at Geneva, who entreated him to remain there and to assist him in his ministry. Calvin, however, was desirous of proceeding, till Farel, *spiritu quodam heroico afflatus* (says Beza) threatened him, in the most solemn manner, with the curse of God if he did not stay to assist him in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Calvin accordingly complied, and was appointed professor of Divinity. It was at Geneva that the singular interview took place between Calvin and Eckius related to Lord Orrery by Deodati.

"Eckius being sent by the pope legate into France, upon his return resolved to take Geneva in his way, on purpose to see Calvin, and if occasion were, to attempt reducing him to the Romish church. Therefore, when

Eckius was come within a league of Geneva, he left his retinue there, and went, accompanied but with one man, to the city in the forenoon. Setting up his horses at an inn, he inquired where Calvin lived, which house being shown him, he knocked at the door, and Calvin himself came to open it to him. Eckius inquired for Mr. Calvin; he was told he was the person. Eckius acquainted him that he was a stranger, and having heard much of his fame was come to wait upon him. Calvin invited him to come in, and he entered the house with him; where, discoursing of many things concerning religion, Eckius perceived Calvin to be an ingenious, learned man, and desired to know if he had not a garden to walk in; to which Calvin replying he had, they both went into it, and then Eckius began to inquire of him why he left the Romish church, and offered him some arguments to persuade him to return; but Calvin could by no means be persuaded to think of it. At last, Eckius told him that he would put his life into his hands, and then said he was Eckius, the pope's legâte. At this discovery Calvin was not a little surprised, and begged his pardon that he had not treated him with the respect due to his quality. Eckius returned the compliment; and told him if he would come back to the church he would certainly procure for him a cardinal's cap; but Calvin was not to be moved by such an offer. Eckius then asked him what revenue he had; he told the cardinal he had that house and garden and fifty livres per annum, besides an annual present of some wine and corn, on which he lived very comtentedly. Eckius told him that a man of his parts deserved a better revenue; and then renewed his invitation to come

over to the Romish church, promising him a better stipend if he would. But Calvin, giving him thanks, assured him that he was well satisfied with his condition. About this time dinner was ready, when he entertained his guest as well as he could, excused the defects of it, and paid him every respect. Eckius after dinner desired to know if he might not be admitted to see the church, which anciently was the cathedral of that city. Calvin very readily answered that he might; accordingly, he sent to the officers to be ready with the keys, and desired some of the syndics to be there present, not acquainting them who the stranger was. As soon, therefore, as it was convenient, they both went towards the church; and as Eckius was coming out of Calvin's house he drew out a purse, with about one hundred pistoles, and presented it to Calvin; Calvin desired to be excused; Eckius told him he gave it to buy books, as well as to express his respects for him. Calvin with much regret took the purse, and they proceeded to the church; where the syndics and officers waited upon them, at the sight of whom Eckius thought he had been betrayed, and whispered his thoughts in the ear of Calvin, who assured him of his safety. Thereupon they went into the church; and Eckius having seen all, told Calvin he did not expect to find things in so decent an order, having been told to the contrary. After having taken a full view of every thing, Eckius was returning out of the church, but Calvin stopped him a little, and calling the syndics and officers together, took out the purse of gold which Eckius had given him, telling them that he had received that gold from this worthy stranger, and that now he gave it to

the poor; and so put it all in the poor-box that was kept there. The syndics thanked the stranger; and Eckius admired the charity and modesty of Calvin. When they were come out of the church, Calvin invited Eckius again to his house; but he replied that he must depart; so thanking him for all his civilities, offered to take his leave; but Calvin waited on him to his inn, and walked with him a mile out of the territories of Geneva, where with great compliments they took a farewell of each other."

The last moments of Calvin were remarked as the finest of his life. Like a parent who is about to leave a beloved family, he bade farewel to those whom he had watched over so long with a truly parental care. To the elders of the republic and the citizens he gave his parting advice, that they should steadily pursue the course in which he had directed them. His remains were conveyed, without any pomp, to the burial-place called Plain Palais. His tomb was simple, and without inscription; but the feelings of gratitude were deeply engraven on the hearts of the Genevese, and he was honoured with the sincere mourning of his adopted countrymen, to whom he had been so long a father and a friend.

Among the numerous places in the neighbourhood of Geneva that are deserving of attention, perhaps none awakens a more vivid curiosity, or excites a more powerful interest, than Ferney, the retreat of Voltaire. Literati and tourists of every country have considered it a pleasing duty to undertake a pilgrimage to that celebrated shrine of genius. The house has had many masters, but such is the almost superstitious veneration in which every thing that once belonged to the great poet has been re-

garded, that the mansion itself, with every article of decoration, remains the same as when he died.

There is a large picture in the hall, wretchedly executed by some itinerant artist whom Voltaire met with by accident, and who painted the picture according to the design of the poet. One hardly knows which to condemn most, the miserable attempt of the painter, or the vanity and egotism of the designer. Voltaire is represented in the foreground presenting the Henriade to Apollo; the Temple of Memory is seen, around which Fame is flying and pointing to the Henriade; the Muses and Graces surround Voltaire, and the personages represented in the poem stand apparently astonished at his surprising talents; the authors who wrote against him are descending to the infernal regions, and Envy is expiring at his feet!

The saloon is ornamented with a beautiful design in china, intended for the tomb of a lady who was thought to have died in child-birth, but who, horrible to relate, was buried alive! In the bed-room are portraits of Voltaire's most intimate friends, amongst which are those of the celebrated actor Le Kain, and the great King of Prussia; there is also one of Voltaire himself. On one side of the room is the Marquise de Chatelet, his mistress; and on another the Empress of Russia and Clement XIV., better known as Ganganelli, of whom the following memorable reply is recorded:—The Baron de Gluchen, when travelling into Italy, took the opportunity when at Geneva of paying Voltaire a visit at Ferney. He inquired of the poet what he should say from him to the pope? "I have been favoured by his holiness," replied Voltaire, "with many

presents and numerous indulgences, and he has even condescended to send me his blessing; but I would give all these, if Ganganelli would send me one of the ears of the Head Inquisitor." On the baron's return he called at the retreat of Voltaire, and informed him that he had delivered the message which he gave him to his holiness. "Tell him," replied the pope, "that while Ganganelli rules the church, the Head Inquisitor shall have neither ears nor eyes." There are many other portraits, but indifferently painted; his own, indeed, appears to have been more carefully executed. A vase of black marble is placed in this room, which once contained the heart of the philosopher. On it is the following affected inscription: SON ESPRIT EST PARTOUT, ET SON CŒUR EST ICI. Over the vase is written—MES MANES SONT CONSOLÉS PUISQUE MON CŒUR EST AU MILIEU DE VOUS. The portrait of Frederick the Great is so wretchedly painted that it is hardly fit to grace a sign-post. Le Kain is in crayons, but executed with no better skill; and if it bears any resemblance to the great actor, he has certainly no reason to accuse the artist of flattery, for there never could be a man less indebted to nature. The bed of Voltaire and its hangings are somewhat impaired by time, and have diminished considerably by the hands of visitors still less ceremonious, who always consider themselves justified in committing this kind of pious larceny.

The town of Ferney was entirely of the poet's creation, and many instances are recorded of the kind interest he took in the welfare of its inhabitants. The church close to his own residence is of his own building, which gave occasion to the remark of a witty traveller—"The nearer the church the farther from God."

Dr. Moore, who visited Voltaire about the year 1779, has left an amusing account of his appearance, and of his mode of life at Ferney.

"The first idea which has presented itself to all who have attempted a description of his person is that of a skeleton. In as far as this implies excessive leanness it is just; but it must be remembered, that this skeleton, this mere composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful. The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year. His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. In the morning he has a look of anxiety and discontent, but this gradually wears off, and after dinner he seems cheerful; yet an air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features whether he frowns or smiles. When the weather is favourable, he takes an airing in his coach with his niece, or with some of his guests, of whom there is always a sufficient number at Ferney. Sometimes he saunters in his garden; or if the weather does not permit him to go abroad, he employs his leisure hours in playing at chess with Père Adam; or in receiving the visits of strangers (a continual succession of whom attend at Ferney to catch an opportunity of seeing him), or in dictating and reading letters, for he still retains correspondents in all the countries in Europe, who inform him of every remarkable occurrence, and send him every new literary production as soon as it appears. By far the greater part of his time is spent in his study; and whether he reads himself or listens to another he always has a pen

in his hand to take notes or to make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney. He lives in a very hospitable manner, and takes care always to keep a good cook. He has generally two or three visitors from Paris, who stay with him a month or six weeks at a time. When they go, their places are soon supplied, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. These, with Voltaire's own family and his visitors from Geneva, compose a company of twelve or fourteen persons, who dine daily at his table whether he appears or not. For when engaged in preparing some new publication for the press, indisposed, or in bad spirits, he does not dine with his company, but satisfies himself with seeing them for a few minutes, either before or after dinner. All who bring recommendations from his friends may depend on being received, if he be not really indisposed. He often presents himself to the strangers who assemble almost every afternoon in his ante-chamber, though they bring no particular recommendation. But sometimes they are obliged to retire without having their curiosity gratified.

"The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour; besides, he is then apt to be querulous, whether he suffers by the infirmities of age, or from some accidental cause of chagrin. Whatever is the reason, he is less an optimist at that part of the day than at any other. It was in the

morning, probably, that he remarked, 'que c'étoit domage que le quinquina se trouvoit en Amerique, et la fièvre en nos climats.' Those who are invited to supper have an opportunity of seeing him in the most advantageous point of view. He then exerts himself to entertain the company, and seems as fond of saying what are called good things as ever; and when any lively remark or *bon mot* comes from another, he is equally delighted, and pays the fullest tribute of applause. The spirit of mirth gains upon him by indulgence. When surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibilities of youth. His genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing and spirited observation, and delicate irony. He has an excellent talent for adapting his conversation to his company. The first time the Duke of Hamilton waited on him, he turned the discourse on the ancient alliance between the French and the Scotch nations, reciting the circumstance of one of his Grace's predecessors having accompanied Mary Queen of Scots, whose heir he at that time was, to the court of France: he spoke of the heroic characters of his ancestors, the ancient Earls of Douglas, of the great literary reputation of some of his countrymen then living, and mentioned the names of Hume and Robertson in terms of high admiration."

Voltaire was irascible and jealous to a great degree; an instance of which is related in an accidental interview with Piron. Piron was a rival wit, who took a strange delight in tormenting him, and whom he consequently most sincerely hated. Voltaire never missed an oppor-

tunity of lashing his rival in the keen encounter of wit; and Piron, equally liberal, left him but few advantages to boast.

One morning Voltaire called at the mansion of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, and was awaiting her coming in the salon. He had comfortably established himself on a fauteuil, anxiously expecting the arrival of the lady; for though Voltaire was a philosopher, he was nevertheless a keen-scented courtier, and seldom neglected an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the powers that were. The door opened, and Voltaire, arrayed in his best smiles, sprang forward, to pay his homage to the arbitress of patronage, when, who should meet him, smirking as it were in mockery of the poet, but the hated Piron! There was no retreating; Voltaire, therefore, resolving to play the hero, drew himself up with an air of hauteur, and, bowing slightly to Piron, retired to the fauteuil from which he had risen. Piron acknowledged the salutation with an equally indifferent movement, and placed himself on a fauteuil exactly opposite Voltaire. After some few moments passed in silence, the author of the Henriade took from his pocket a black silk cap, which he usually wore when at home, or in the presence of any one with whom he thought he could take such a liberty, and putting it on his head, observed in a dry tone and with great indifference of manner,—"Je vous demande pardon, monsieur; mais mon médecin m'ordonne de—"

"Point de cérémonie, monsieur," interrupted Piron, "d'autant plus que mon médecin m'ordonne la même chose." So saying, he very coolly put on his hat.

Voltaire stared at this unequivocal demonstration of contempt; but as he had provoked it, he was obliged to put up with the affront. He was therefore compelled to limit his indignation to the expression of his countenance, which was any thing but amiable or conciliating, and occupied himself exclusively with his own reflections. Piron took no notice of him; and the situation of the two poets became every moment more embarrassing. Madame Pompadour did not arrive; and Voltaire was evidently out of humour. He again applied to his pocket, and drawing from it a biscuit he began to eat it, offering as an apology that his health was delicate. "Pardon, monsieur, mais mon médecin m'a commandé de manger."

"Point de cérémonie, monsieur," repeated the imperturbable Piron, with an obsequious bow; and drawing from his pocket a small bottle or flask, with which he was usually provided, he uncorked it, and swallowed the contents at a draught, at the same time testifying his approval by smacking his lips with a violence perfectly petrifying.

This was too much. The irascibility of the philosopher prevailed, and starting up, with indignation in his countenance, and darting a fierce look at the unceremonious Piron, he exclaimed, "Est-ce que monsieur se moque de moi?"

"Excusez, monsieur," mildly retorted Piron, enjoying the rage and confusion of his rival, "mais ma santé est si faible que mon médecin m'a commandé de boire."

Fortunately, at this moment Madame de Pompadour entered, in time to prevent the progress of hostilities; and if it was beyond her power to promote a good under-

standing between the poets, she at least contrived to engage their attention on subjects more worthy of their talents.

Before we leave Geneva it will not be improper to mention the claim which the public library has to notice. It contains many rare and curious books and manuscripts, and a very singular piece of antiquity, an ancient Roman shield of massive silver. It was found in the bed of the Arve in 1721.

The traveller who beholds a storm on the lake of Geneva will not forget Lord Byron's beautiful description.

> The sky is changed!—and such a change!—Oh night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
>
> And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
> Thou wert not made for slumber! let me be
> A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
> A portion of the tempest and of thee!
> How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
> And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
> And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
> Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
> As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

* * * * * * * * * *

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?"

LAUSANNE.

> Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Staël,—
> Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
> Thy shore of names, like these; wert thou no more,
> Their memory thy remembrance would recall!
>
> Byron.

Lausanne is a neat picturesque town, about eight hours' drive from Geneva, and is deservedly celebrated for the singular beauty of its situation. The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a summer's evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond mount Jura, the alpine summits reflect for a long time the bright ruddy splendour, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams.

Rousseau expresses his rapture at this scene, in the person of the hero of his celebrated romance, who, returning from a voyage round the world, thus exclaims at the sight of his native Pays de Vaud, "Ce paysage unique, le plus

beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé, ce sejour charmant auquel je n'avais rien trouvé d'egal dans le tour du monde."

Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The church is a magnificent gothic building, and was the cathedral when the country was subject to the dukes of Savoy. It was taken from the house of Savoy by the canton of Bern, under whose dominion it remained for nearly two centuries and a half, until the French revolution altered the whole face of affairs in Europe. Switzerland caught the cry of liberty and equality, and the government of Bern, which had hitherto been vested in an aristocracy, was transferred to a representative council, chosen by the people.

The inhabitants of Lausanne are Calvinists, although none of that mortifying spirit is discernible which characterises their brother presbyterians of Scotland. The only point on which they appear to feel the necessity of a strict observance is the time of divine service on the Sabbath day. Every thing then is as quiet and still as though all classes were convinced of the necessity of, at least, an appearance of religious duty, and few persons are seen in the streets, unless on their way to church. But so soon as the services are ended, the day is devoted to gaiety and recreation. As in France, the neighbouring places of amusement are crowded with visitors, and every thing exhibits a more than usual appearance of gaiety. Their festivities however are conducted on a more moderate scale; for great attention is paid by the government to repress the growth of luxury which, despite of the endeavours of the Swiss republicans, is making

a rapid progress. Many of the foreign residents find it extremely difficult to accommodate their habits to the regulations imposed on the inhabitants, and sometimes incur the penalties awarded in cases of infringement of their sumptuary laws.

Lausanne, in addition to the natural beauties with which it so richly abounds, derives new interest from the associations to which it gives rise.

The house of Gibbon, one of the most attractive objects at Lausanne, is visited by every stranger. To this retreat he retired to complete those great historical labours which have immortalized his name. The little impression which he had made in public life—the loss of his seat at the Board of Trade—and the neglect of the coalition ministry, who "counted his vote on the day of battle, but overlooked him in the division of the spoil;" all seemed to render his voluntary banishment desirable; while his attachment to the society and scenery of Lausanne, and his intimate acquaintance with the people and the language, gave that banishment almost the air of a restoration to his native country. Familiar as he had been with the society of the learned, the noble, and the great, he valued it too correctly to mourn over its loss. "Such lofty connexions," he observes, "may attract the curious and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shown me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life." The historian's choice was well made, nor did it subject him to repentance. "Since my establishment at Lausanne," he says,

"seven years have elapsed, and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment has occurred in which I have repented of my choice."

In a letter addressed to Madame Severy, during his visit to England in 1787, he expresses, very beautifully, his attachment to his Swiss residence, and the pain which he had experienced in leaving it.

"Je perdrois de vue cette position unique sur la terre, ce lac, ces montagnes, ces riants côteaux; ce tableau charmant, qui paroit toujours nouveau aux yeux mêmes accoutumés dès leur enfance à le voir. Je laissois ma bibliothéque, la terrasse, mon berçeau, une maison riante, et tous ces petits objets de commodité journalière que l'habitude nous rend si necessaires; et dont l'absence nous fait à tous momens sentir la privation. Sur tous les pays de l'Europe, j'avois choisi pour ma retraite le Pays de Vaud, et jamais je ne me suis repénté un seul instant de ce choix."

During his residence at Lausanne, Gibbon in general devoted the whole of the morning to study, abandoning himself in the evening to the pleasures of conversation, or to the lighter recreation of the card-table. "By many," he observes, "conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school; but after the morning has been occupied with the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind, and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards."

In a letter to his kind and excellent relative, Mrs. Porter, Gibbon has described what he terms the "skeleton of his life at Lausanne."

"In this season (the winter) I rise, not at four in the

morning, but a little before eight; at nine I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone in the English style, and with the aid of Caplin I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck-street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred, and formidable to strangers. I dress at half-past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled), we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession and accustomed to the taste of every nation, as, for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist at shillings or half-crowns is generally the game I play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables."

The gifted conversation and kind manners of Gibbon attracted the friendship of some of the most estimable of his neighbours, and in the society of the family of De Severy he found some consolation for the loss of his friend Deyverdun.

"Amongst the circle of my acquaintance at Lausanne I have gradually acquired the solid and tender friendship of a respectable family; the four persons of whom it is composed are all endowed with the virtues best adapted to their age and situation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we seek and find the opportunities of meeting; yet even this valuable connexion cannot supply the loss of domestic society." It was indeed this feeling of solitude and loneliness which "tinged with a browner shade the evening of his life." After enumerating, with the pride and partiality which its comforts and its beauties justified, the many advantages of his literary retreat, he touchingly adds—"but I feel, and with the decline of years I shall more painfully feel, that I am alone in Paradise."

The summer-house in which the great historian completed his lengthened labours may still be seen. "It was on the day," says he, "or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berçeau,* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken

an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

The sentiment of regret thus breathed by Gibbon has been no less beautifully expressed in the verse of Lord Byron, who has made Tasso lament in the same spirit over the dismissal of the Jerusalem:

> But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done,
> My long-sustaining friend of many years!
> If I do blot thy final page with tears,
> Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
> But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
> Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
> And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,—
> Thou too art gone, and so is my delight;
> And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
> With this last bruise upon a broken reed.

The terrace which the historian used to perambulate still remains. Here, not unfrequently, he was accustomed to walk and converse with the distinguished strangers who sought him in his retreat. In one of his letters to Lady Sheffield he has recorded, with excusable pride, a memorable assemblage of rank and of talent upon his terrace. "A few weeks ago, I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the 'Tableau de Paris;' the Abbé Raynal; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural son of Louis XV.; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen counts, barons, and extraordinary persons,

amongst whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia.—Are you satisfied with the list, which I could enlarge and embellish without departing from the truth?"

When visited by M. Simond a few years since, the house of Gibbon exhibited symptoms of dilapidation and decay. "The principal rooms are now used as a counting-house; the few trees on the terrace have been cut down, and the grounds below are very littery" (we copy the English version, and M. Simond was his own translator), and planted with shabby fruit-trees, but were no doubt better in Gibbon's time, yet it could never have been any great things; you go down to this terrace by a long flight of narrow stone stairs inside the house as if to a cellar; the terrace itself is a mere slip, seventy or eighty yards long, by ten in width, with a low parapet wall towards the prospect. An old-fashioned arbour of cut *charmille* (dwarf-beech) at the end of the terrace, encloses the *petit cabinet*, where Gibbon says he wrote the last lines of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is itself declining and falling into ruin. In short, every thing has been done to *disenchant* the place."

Lausanne and Ferney, as the abodes of Voltaire and of Gibbon, have been finely apostrophised by Lord Byron:

> Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
> Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
> Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
> A path to perpetuity of fame:—
> They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
> Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
> Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
> Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
> On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Lausanne and its neighbourhood are also rendered illustrious by their having afforded a residence to Necker and his most celebrated daughter. In a country house, near Lausanne, before he removed to Coppet, Necker composed his "Treatise on the Administration of the Finances," and it was here that Gibbon became acquainted with the ex-minister. At that period Mademoiselle Necker

was only a gay and giddy girl. "Mademoiselle Necker," says the historian in a letter to Lord Sheffield, "one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, with a much greater provision of wit than of beauty." It does not appear that Gibbon at this time appreciated the talents and the genius which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in the writings and conversation of Madame de Stael. Not unfrequently the Neckers visited the historian in his humble mansion, where the great financier conversed freely with him on the subject of his administration and his fall. Occasionally, also, Gibbon spent a few days with his friends at Coppet, and the correspondence, which has been published, between himself and Madame Necker, proves the very amicable terms on which they stood to one another, and from which, perhaps, the recollection of their youthful attachment did not detract. In visiting the scenes formerly illustrated by the lofty genius and graceful society of Madame de Stael, the traveller will regret that there is no adequate memoir of a person so truly distinguished. "Some one," it is well observed by Lord Byron, "some one of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit and of easy hospitality attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are in fact more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets than seen in the outward management of family

intercourse; and which indeed it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever varied and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother, tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved; the friend, unboundedly generous, but still esteemed; the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and to the sorrow of very many friends, and of more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublime scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna."

Many amusing and interesting anecdotes of Madame de Stael are, however, given in the "Notice" prefixed to her "Œuvres inedites" by Madame Necker Saussure. From her we learn that the "wild, vain, but good-natured" Mademoiselle Necker actually proposed to her parents that she should marry Mr. Gibbon in order that they might secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of his society! Her devotion to her father is said almost to have amounted to idolatry, as the following anecdote will sufficiently prove. Madame Necker Saussure had come to Coppet from Geneva in M. Necker's carriage, and had been overturned on the way, but without receiving any injury. On mentioning the accident to Madame de Stael

on her arrival, she asked, with great vehemence, who had driven; and on being told that it was Richel, her father's ordinary coachman, she exclaimed, in an agony, "My God! he may one day overturn my father!" and rung instantly with violence for his appearance. While he was coming, she paced about the room in the greatest possible agitation, crying out, at every turn, "My father! my poor father! he might have been overturned!" and turning to her friend, "At your age, and with your slight person, the danger is nothing; but with his age and bulk, I cannot bear to think of it." The coachman now came in; and this lady, usually so mild, and indulgent, and reasonable with all her attendants, turned to him in a sort of frenzy, and in a voice of solemnity, but choked with emotion, said, "Richel! do you know that I am a woman of genius?" The poor man stood in astonishment, and she went on louder: "Have you not heard, I say, that I am a woman of genius?" Coachee was still mute. "Well, then! I tell you that I *am* a woman of genius—of great genius—of prodigious genius! and I tell you more, that all the genius I have shall be exerted to secure your rotting out your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father!" Even after the fit was over, she could not be made to laugh at her extravagance, and said, "and what had I to conjure with but my poor genius?"

It is singular, that though her youth was passed amidst the most enchanting scenery of Switzerland, Madame de Stael had little relish for its charms. "Give me the Rue de Bac," said she to a person who was expatiating on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; "I would prefer

living in Paris in a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year."

M. Simond has sketched with considerable ability the character of this celebrated woman. "I had seen Madame de Stael a child, and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel I shall remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard as it were her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this may be deemed something like those of posterity. * * * Madame de Stael lived for conversation; she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself; it was the best mirror she could get, and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been noble and a beauty; yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration

was no labour, but all pleasure; conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the deep things, and the good things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company the very Corinna she depicted, although in her attempts to personify that Corinna in her book, and make her speak in print, she utterly failed, the labour of the pen extinguishing the fancy."

An amusing anecdote is related by M. Simond of the early wit and vivacity which distinguished Madame de Stael. "While at Coppet, an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (M. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then five-and-twenty, she a sprightly child of five or six years old; and walking about the grounds as we were then doing, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree; turning round, he observed the little rogue laughing. "Maman veut," she called out, "que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayois!"

Amongst the literary associations which Lausanne affords, it must not be forgotten that it was the last residence of that very amiable and highly accomplished man, John Philip Kemble.

A few miles distant from Lausanne is the small town of Vevay, a place which, like a thousand other places near it, is associated with the recollection of one of the most singular and highly-gifted men of modern times, who has peopled these beautiful regions with the undying offspring of his own imagination. "J'allai à Vevay loger

à la Clef," says Rousseau, "et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour que m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les heros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles—allez à Vevai—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas." Lord Byron, with equal rapture, has celebrated this favoured spot in verse and in prose:

> 'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
> Peopling it with affections; but he found
> It was the scene which passion must allot
> To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
> Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
> And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
> And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound
> And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
> Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

In reference to the passage from Rousseau just given, Lord Byron has said, "In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva, and as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his 'Heloise,' I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrance of the Rhone), without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which

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it has been peopled." In surveying these scenes, it is, indeed, painful to reflect that they were rather polluted than sanctified by the presence of those, whom the genius of Rousseau has invested with qualities so graceful and so captivating. It is still more painful to know that the character of Rousseau itself exhibited the same inconsistency, presenting an external surface of romance and sentiment, beneath which festered many of the meanest and most debasing of human passions. Moore has poured out in some very spirited lines his indignation against the blind worshippers of Rousseau.

'Tis too absurd,—'tis weakness, shame,
This low prostration before fame.—
This casting down before the car
Of idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No—let triumphant genius have
All that his loftiest wish can crave:
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
  For attributes, his noblest, first—
Not with that base idolatry,
  Which sanctifies his last and worst.

The house in which Rousseau resided is agreeably situated in a valley surrounded with mountains; but the garden to which he alludes in his Confessions as having cultivated with his own hands, is now no longer to be traced.

At Vevay may still be seen the house in which Ludlow the Republican, one of the most honest and manly adherents of the Parliament, in their great struggle with Charles I., lived and died. The mansion stands near the

gate leading to the Vallais, and over the door are inscribed the words,

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA
QUIA PATRIS.

Of his residence at Vevay, and of the infamous attempts there made to assassinate him, Ludlow has left an account in his Memoirs. The parties employed to perpetrate this crime had already succeeded in destroying Mr. Lisle, another of the regicides, who, in the language of one of the royalist writers, was "overtaken by divine vengeance at Lausanne, where the miserable wretch was shot dead by the gallantry of three Irish gentlemen, who attempted the surprisal of him and four more impious parricides." One of these attempted surprisals is thus related by Ludlow: "According to our information, some of the villains who were employed to destroy us had, on the 14th of November, 1663, passed the Lake from Savoy in order to put their bloody design in execution the next day, as we should be going to the church. They arrived at Vevay about an hour after sunset; and having divided themselves, one part took up their quarters in one inn and the other in another. The next day, being Sunday, M. Dubois, our landlord, going early to the church discovered a boat at the side of the lake with four watermen in her, their oars in order and ready to put off. Not far from the boat stood two persons, with cloaks thrown over their shoulders; two sitting under a tree; and two more in the same posture a little way from them. M. Dubois, concluding that they had arms under

their cloaks, and that these persons had waylaid us with a design to murder us as we should be going to the sermon, pretending to have forgotten something, returned home and advised us of what he had observed. In his way to us he had met one Mr. Binet, who acquainted him that two men, whom he suspected of some bad intention, had posted themselves near his house, and that four more had been seen in the market-place; but that, finding themselves observed, they had all retired towards the lake. By this means, the way leading to the church through the town being cleared, we went to the sermon without any molestation, and said nothing to any man of what we had heard; because we had not yet certainly found that they had a design against us. Returning from church, I was informed that the suspected persons were all dining at one of the inns, which excited my curiosity to take a view of the boat. Accordingly I went with a small company and found the four watermen by the boat, the oars laid in their places, a great quantity of straw in the bottom of the boat, and all things ready to put off. About an hour after dinner, I met our landlord, and having inquired of him concerning the persons before-mentioned, he assured me they could be no other than a company of rogues; that they had arms under the straw in the boat; and that they had cut the withes that held the oars of the town-boats, to prevent any pursuit if they should be forced to fly. But these ruffians, who had observed the actions of M. Dubois, and suspected he would cause them to be seized, came down soon after I had viewed the boat, and in great haste caused the watermen to put off, and returned to Savoy. This discovery being

made, the chatelain, the banderet, together with all the magistrates and people of the town, were much troubled that we had not given them timely notice that so they might have been seized. We afterwards understood that one Du Pose of Lyons, Monsieur Du Pre, a Savoyard (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more largely), one Cerise of Lyons, with Riardo before-mentioned, were part of this crew."

Du Pre was subsequently seized, and having been convicted of attempting to assassinate the English and of another crime, was sentenced to lose his head. The account of his execution is dreadful. "The day appointed for his execution being come, he was brought down; but the terrors of death, with the dismal reflections on his past life, seized upon him to such a degree that he fell into a rage, throwing himself on the ground, biting and kicking those that stood near, and asking if there were no hopes of pardon. He was told that he ought to remember that, if he had been taken in his own country, where he had murdered his brother-in-law, and had been broken in effigy on the wheel, he should not have been used so gently. He refused to go to the place of execution any otherwise than by force; so that about two hours were spent before he arrived at the place where he was to die, though it was within musket-shot of the prison. Here the executioner put a cap on his head, and placed a chair that he might sit; but he took off the cap and threw it away, and kicked down the chair among the people. When the executioner saw this, he tied his hands between his knees; and having assured him that if he persisted in his resistance he would cut him into

forty pieces, after about an hour's contest, he at last performed his office."

On the revolution Ludlow returned to England, with the view of serving against James II. in Ireland; but a motion having been made in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Seymour, for an address to the king, praying that he would cause Ludlow to be apprehended, he returned to Switzerland, where he died in the year 1693. A monument was erected to his memory in the principal church of Vevay, by his wife, which Addison has copied in his Travels.

MONTREAUX

AND

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

> Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God.
>
> Byron.

The Castle of Chillon can never be viewed without exciting the noblest associations—those to which Liberty and Genius give birth. The names of Bonnivard, the martyr of freedom, and of Byron, her martyr and her laureate, have consecrated the scene. With the Prisoner of Chillon are connected feelings no less in unison with the writer's early and deplored fate, than with the sublime and beautiful scenery around. The greatest of our modern poets is known to have passed some of the happiest days of his brief and chequered existence in the vicinity of Chillon. Passionately fond of sailing, the Lake afforded him the full indulgence of this taste, combined with that character of scenery he from a boy most admired, and with the sort of leisure and social enjoyment he had always best loved. It was here he first formed some of his most agreeable connexions, in particular with the Shelleys, and several

distinguished strangers and foreigners, whom he ever afterwards continued to esteem.

In this retirement, too, his health was said to have rapidly improved; he had every thing around him calculated to give scope to a genius like his, and to those "fitful moods and fancies" by which he was always so liable to be surprised. He had here even formed habits of regular study and exercise; he had solitude and society at his command; and his mind and manners evidently partook of the beneficial change.

Such, at least, is the opinion of those who there knew him in the zenith of his genius, when engaged in writing the third and fourth cantos of his Childe Harold, and that admirable embodying of "the spirit and the power" of captivity in his Prisoner of Chillon. It seems to have been his object in this exquisitely pathetic and beautiful poem to analyse the nature and effect of solitary confinement upon the human mind. He makes us feel its encroachments hour by hour, and day by day, upon the victim's heart; we breathe another atmosphere;—"the common sun, the air, the sky," become eclipsed from our view, as if, by this intense and fearful vision, the enthusiast of liberty burned to hold up "tyranny" to the everlasting abhorrence of mankind.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
  For there thy habitation is the heart—
  The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
  And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

The subject was doubtless first suggested by the singularly wild and gloomy yet picturesque appearance of the castle from the lake on approaching near the town of Villeneuve. From this point of view Lord Byron most frequently must have beheld it, and there, probably, he conceived the idea of investing it with a fame that will endure when not a stone shall be left uncovered by the surrounding waters.

The style of architecture which the castle exhibits is that of the middle ages; its aspect is gloomy and low, and there is nothing very striking, far less pleasing, about it when divested of its surrounding scenery and associations. It is, in short, a strong, low fortress, built on a rock emerging out of the lake, and only connected with the shore by means of a drawbridge, or rather platform, for the accommodation of its visitors. On one side there rises to view the delightful Clarens, and upon the other is seen the town of Villeneuve. Not far from the latter the river Rhone pours itself into the lake. Almost immediately opposite rise the rocks of Meillerie, a name too celebrated, perhaps, in the romantic descriptions of Rousseau. The scene of his well-known romance is there, the catastrophe of which is laid at a spot nearly adjoining the castle. Beneath its walls are situated the dungeons, excavated in the solid rock, below the level of the waters. In these were buried alive numbers of state prisoners, particularly during the long and sanguinary conflicts between the ancient dukes of Savoy and the citizens of Geneva, the latter of whom were often consigned to captivity.

The cells now seen there, extensive as they appear,

were once filled with these victims of political strife. In one part is placed a beam of oak, roughly hewn, and blackened by age, formerly used as a block, on which many of those executions, so disgraceful to the times, and for which this castle was so remarkable, repeatedly took place. The large arched vault above is supported by seven pillars, and to some of these iron rings are still fastened, intended for the purpose of restraining the wretched inmates within the limits allotted to them by their gaolers. In the hard pavement are left many traces of the footsteps of the prisoners—

> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod:

and doubtless among others by François Bonnivard, one of the boldest and most persevering assertors of Geneva's liberties, imprisoned there for a space of six years.

> I was the eldest of the three,
> And to uphold and cheer the rest
> I ought to do—and did my best—
> And each did well in his degree.

The two younger at length fall victims: the free spirit of the hunter first pines within him, and he dies; next, the youngest and most loved. The passage in which the fate of the last is related is exquisitely beautiful; the most masterly, with one exception, in the entire poem:

> But he, the favourite and the flower,
> Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
> His mother's image in fair face,
> The infant love of all his race,
> His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
> My latest care, for whom I sought
> To hoard my life, that his might be
> Less wretched now, and one day free;

He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind.

After this event the poet supposes Bonnivard to lose all sense of his sorrows in stupor and delirium. When again restored to a consciousness of his lot, he hears near him the note of a bird, and this trivial and natural little incident, with its effect upon the captive's mind, is admirably employed to heighten the beautiful and pathetic picture:

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;

I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud.

If this be a truly poetical and correct, no less than appalling picture of the sorrows of a captive's heart, the following will be found equally true in point of local and descriptive interest. The traveller, gazing around him

from the walls of Chillon, will not fail to recognize the scenery described by the delighted Bonnivard when he is represented as obtaining a view of it from his prison :

But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load.

When at length the prisoner is set free, it seems to him like a mockery rather than a blessing; he had become familiar even with the reptile inmates of his den, and felt the pressure of his chain like the hand of a friend.

> My very chains and I grew friends,
> So much a long communion tends
> To make us what we are:—even I
> Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

In making Bonnivard the hero of his poem, Lord Byron has not attempted to sketch, with correctness, the history or the character of the patriot. "When the foregoing poem was composed," he observes in a note, "I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. Some account of his life will be found in a note appended to the Sonnet on Chillon, with which I have been furnished by the kindness of a citizen of that Republic which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom." From the same source the following narrative is derived.

Sprung from an ancient and reputable family long resident at Lunes, François de Bonnivard was born in the year 1496, and received his education at Turin. Before the age of twenty he was made Prior of St. Victor. It was a richly endowed benefice, and had before been in the possession of his uncle, the late prior. Though his interests were with the party of the Duke of Savoy, he early became its strong and conscientious opponent, and sacrificed to the progress of the reformation and the welfare of his native city the whole of his patrimony, leaving

himself without any other resource than his eloquence and talent.

This great man—(Bonnivard deserves the title by the rectitude of his principles, the nobleness of his intentions, the wisdom of his councils, the courage of his conduct, the extent of his knowledge, and the vivacity of his mind)—this great man, who must excite the admiration of all persons by whom heroic virtue can be properly appreciated, will inspire also the warmest gratitude in the mind of every Genevese who loves the liberties of his country. Bonnivard was ever one of its firmest supporters; to secure the freedom of the republic he did not fear to lose his own: he gave up his repose; he scorned his wealth; he neglected nothing that could tend to establish the prosperity of a city which he had chosen as his own. He cherished its rights as zealously as the best of its citizens; he served it with the intrepidity of a hero; he wrote its history with the candour of a philosopher and the fire of a patriot.

At the commencement of his "History of Geneva" he says, that from the time he began the study of the history of nations he had felt the deepest interest for republics, the rights of which he always espoused. While still very young, Bonnivard openly avowed himself the defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the bishop. In 1519 he was made to experience the consequences of his boldness, and to suffer for the cause he had embraced. The duke having entered Geneva with 500 men, Bonnivard, aware of the reasons he had to fear his resentment, withdrew to Fribourg. On his journey, however, he was betrayed by two men who had accompanied him, and

delivered into the duke's hands, by whom he was sent to Grolée, and there kept close prisoner for two years. Eleven years afterwards he was still more unfortunate; for being met upon the Jura by some robbers, they, not content with plundering him, gave him up to the Duke of Savoy. He was then sent to the Castle of Chillon, where he remained until the year 1536, when, upon the taking of that fortress by the Bernese, Bonnivard was liberated, and the Pays de Vaud freed for ever from the domination of the Dukes of Savoy.

When Bonnivard returned to Geneva he found it free, as well from the duke's claims as from the burdensome superstitions and exactions of the Romish clergy. He was treated with great respect by the citizens, and, by way of recompensing the injuries he had suffered in their cause, they conferred upon him the freedom of the city. A house, formerly occupied by the vicar-general, was assigned to him, together with an annual pension of 200 crowns of gold, so long as he should continue in Geneva. This sum bore no comparison to that he had voluntarily relinquished; but perhaps it was at that period, and in the then state of Geneva, as large as her citizens were able to afford. In the year following his return he was admitted into the Council of the Two Hundred.

Bonnivard's exertions for the welfare of the city did not end here. He had laboured to make Geneva free, he now succeeded in making it tolerant. He prevailed upon the council by which the city was governed to grant the ecclesiastics and the peasants time to consider the propositions of the reformed religion which were now submitted to them. His policy upon this occasion forms a

remarkable contrast to the ferocious tyranny recommended by Calvin and his brethren, at the same period, and in the same place. Bonnivard, the advocate of true religion, succeeded by his mildness. Christianity is always preached with success when it is preached in charity.

Bonnivard was a learned man; his MSS., which still remain in the public library, sufficiently show that he was well read in the Roman classics, and that he had studied theology and history profoundly. He was devoted to science, and believing that it would be a means of elevating the glory of Geneva, he omitted no means of promoting it in that city. In 1551 he gave his own collection of books for the public use, and thus laid the foundation of the public library at Geneva. His books consist generally of those rare and valuable editions which were published in the fifteenth century. In the same year he bequeathed to the republic all that he was possessed of, on condition that it should be applied towards completing a college which was then projected.

He died, in all probability, in the latter part of the year 1571; but this is not well ascertained, there being a vacuum in the necrology of Geneva, from July, 1570, to the beginning of the year 1572.

Having spoken of Bonnivard, it would hardly be just to omit the name of Pecolet, another of the Genevese patriots, whose history abounds in curious adventure. Being a man of wit, and of a gay turn of character, Pecolet was guilty of the sin to which wits are too generally prone, that of uttering a joke, not relished by their superiors. The most singular interpretation was given to

his words; he was, in short, charged with entertaining the idea of putting the prelate of whom they were spoken to death. Upon mere suspicion Pecolet was seized, and put three times to the torture, in order to make him confess that he had meant to threaten the life of the bishop. For a long time he refused to make any such confession, until one day when the bishop was at dinner with a large party, they suspended their victim by a rope, the guests and attendants mocking and reviling him as he writhed under his torments. He was at length brought to admit all that had been advanced against him, which had not however the effect of inducing his tormentors to relent. The sufferer was plunged into a deeper dungeon, and was on the point of being again tortured, when his doctor declared it was doubtful whether he would be yet able to go through a fresh application.

This was a little perplexing; but the good bishop and the duke were obliged to submit to the disappointment. In the interval they agreed, as a sort of compensation, to accuse Pecolet of possessing some enchantment which had enabled him to undergo so much torment. The difficulty was to ascertain in what part of his body the charm lay concealed; but as he had a remarkably fine flowing beard, it was shrewdly conjectured it must be lodged there.

Having held a council, this opinion was very logically discussed and confirmed; and a barber was forthwith sent for to deprive the necromancer of his fatal gift. While the barber was earnestly engaged in preparing for the important operation, Pecolet, aware of the many interrogatories he had yet to undergo, suddenly seized the

razor and cut off his tongue, that he might not in future be compelled to accuse himself. Still his persecutors were not to be deterred; and were again about to put their victim to the question, when a tumult of the people compelled them to consult their own safety, and Pecolet was set at liberty. The courageous patriot, self-deprived of the power of uttering either his complaints or his witticisms, retired to end his days in a monastery of the order of St. Francis. He there continued for a long period to lead a quiet and silent life, till one day the friendly saint to whom he had devoted himself obtained for him the rare privilege of being able to speak without a tongue.

ST. MAURICE.

There is an air, which oft among the rocks
  Of his own native land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks.
  Oh, every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring around his knees
  The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut to scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
  Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears;
And the stern eyes that look'd for blood before,
  Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears.

Moore.

It will be necessary that the tourist should penetrate a considerable distance into Switzerland, before he can form a correct judgment of the varieties of Swiss scenery, and more particularly of Swiss character. The inhabitants of Geneva and Lausanne can hardly be termed Switzers, in the true sense of the word; so mixed are they with foreigners, and their habits and manners so imbued with foreign association. The character of the sturdy Swiss can scarcely be recognised among the pliant graces of more polished nations. As the traveller posts from town to town in the interior, or rambles with more humility, but with far greater pleasure, from village to hamlet, he will soon discover the marked superiority of the hardy Swiss peasant over the effeminate inhabitant of the city.

Notwithstanding the desire of gain which so frequently induces them to quit their native hills and valleys in quest of foreign adventure, the Swiss are remarkable for attachment to their country; and after a life spent in hardship and toil, they rarely fail to return with their hard-earned gains to pass the evening of their existence in their native canton. There are few who do not die there. The secret and powerful impulse that sends them abroad to seek their fortune, never fails to reunite them at last. Even when absent from their homes for years, their earlier recollections are liable to be awakened by the most minute circumstance. In the French armies, the air of the "Rans des Vaches," sung by the Swiss cowherds and milkmaids, was forbidden to be played; the recollections of home which the music created melting the hardy Swiss soldier to tears, and invariably producing desertion.

Pasturage is the chief produce of a Swiss farm. Early in the summer the cattle leave the valleys, and are conducted by the cowherds to the accessible parts of the mountains, while as the snow disappears, they gradually ascend, thus following the productions of nature which are continually springing to life as they proceed. Those who have the care of the cows generally account to the owners for the proceeds, or pay a certain sum for what they can make. A considerable number of swine are supported by the herds of cows, and thus form another source of profit. Scheucher describes, in his "Journey to the Alps," the different productions which the mountaineers make from the milk, which constitute their chief luxuries. The greatest harmony prevails between the

cowkeeper and his herd; indeed they may be considered as one family. He conducts them from pasture to pasture, erecting his temporary habitation at each resting place, and thus they pass their lives in constant migration, until the commencement of the winter obliges them to retire into the valleys. Round the necks of the cows are attached bells, which are made to harmonize with the Rans des Vaches, the constant strain of their keepers. The bells are of different sizes, and the merit of each individual cow is distinguished by the size and tone of her bell; indeed it is affirmed, that if by any accident the most meritorious cow (she who bears the bell) has forfeited her rank, and the insignia are transferred to another, all the jealous and angry feelings are exhibited, which a deprivation of honours might be expected to occasion among mankind. In the Pays de Vaud, however, no herds of cattle are seen grazing, and thus one picturesque feature in the country is lost. The farmers of that district know better than to allow them to ramble over their rich pastures, destroying as much as they consume; but keep them in sheds, and supply them with food cut for them without waste.

The road to St. Maurice, after leaving the lake of Geneva, continues along the banks of the Rhone, whose majestic waters glide rapidly along in their course to the lake, shaded by the exuberant foliage of beech and walnut-trees, and rendered picturesque by masses of rocks which rise from its banks. The town is approached by a magnificent stone bridge, which crosses the Rhone where it is very deep and rapid. It is two hundred feet long, and consists of a single arch, having on each side for its

foundation an immense rock, which rises on the banks of the river, forming gigantic abutments, known by the familiar name of the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi. This bridge, independently of its situation, boasts the ancient and honourable distinction of having Julius Cæsar for its founder. At one end is a tower, which is now a chapel, and at the other is an ancient castle, through which the road has been made to St. Maurice. —The plate will be found to afford a faithful representation of it.

The town of St. Maurice is singularly wild and beautiful. It is situated at the base of a line of rocks, many of which are formed into complete habitations, and almost always form part of the houses of the inhabitants. At a short distance from the town is a spot rendered interesting by tradition as the scene of the massacre of six thousand soldiers, called the Theban Legion, by order of Maximian, for their stubborn adherence to the Christian faith.

The abbey of St. Maurice, which yet exists, was founded in commemoration of the supposed event, by Sigismund King of Burgundy, as a catholic atonement for the crimes of fratricide, and the murder of half his family.

Near St. Maurice is the celebrated valley of Chamouni, which, with Mont Blanc and its glaciers, and the still more wonderful Mer de Glace, are the most surprising natural curiosities ever witnessed in this or in any other country.

This extraordinary valley, strange as it may appear, was wholly unknown to the inhabitants of the country till the year 1741, when it was *discovered* by two adventurous

English travellers, who explored the valley, ascended the Montanvert to the Mer de Glace, penetrating those recesses where the human voice was never before heard, and treading the paths before unvisited, except by the chamois and by the goat of the rocks. It was a singular instance of enterprise, and it deserves to be recorded, that although within eighteen leagues of the city of Geneva, it was reserved for the adventure and courage of Englishmen to disclose to the world the hidden wonders of the Alps. An immense block of granite on the Montanvert, on which the adventurous travellers dined, is called, to this day, "*la pierre des Anglais.*" Mons. de Saussure some years afterwards visited the valley, and was the first to ascend the Mont Blanc. His great work on the Alps rendered the country so famous that thousands of travellers flocked from all countries to see this hitherto unknown and wonderful territory; and it is now become a regular summer lounge for half the idle tourists of Europe.

The valley of Chamouni is about a mile wide. The base of Mont Blanc forms its southern wall, and Mont Bremen, followed by a long chain of hills, is on the opposite side.

The first view on entering the valley is unique and wonderful. The monarch of mountains on the one side, raising his majestic head, and overlooking the world, whose successive ages and changes he has quietly witnessed; the gloomy forests that clothe the base, partly borne down and intersected by immense glaciers, which slowly but irresistibly force their way from the accumulated pressure of snow, and seem, like a skirting dra-

pery to the mountain, of dazzling whiteness; the bursting torrents which force their way through immense fragments of other worlds; and the contrast which these sublime monuments afford to the beautiful and verdant clothing of the smiling valley are all justly calculated to inspire the mind with the most vivid and lofty conception of the works of that great Architect, in comparison with which all efforts of human skill betray their feeble origin and sink into insignificance. The tourist who would wish to view Mont Blanc in all its grandeur must ascend Mont Bremen on the opposite side. He will then, standing at about half the elevation of Mont Blanc, be fully impressed with the magnitude of the greatest mountain in Europe. By looking upwards from the valley it scarcely seems higher than its compeers, but from Mont Bremen its superiority becomes awfully conspicuous.

The ascent of Mont Bremen is not considered either difficult or dangerous with the assistance of judicious guides, whose directions it is necessary to follow implicitly: a terrible instance which followed the contempt of their advice occurred some years since. A Danish traveller named Eschur ventured heedlessly over the glacier of Druet, and always kept in advance of his guides, vainly supposing that his ideas were equal to their experience. Having preceded them on one occasion more than two hundred yards, to their horror he suddenly disappeared from their sight. The nature of the calamity was too well surmised to require explanation. He had slipped and fallen into one of the numerous chasms which intersect these vast seas of frozen snow. His companion and the guide hastened back for assistance, and on the same

evening four men undertook the search for his body. It was at last found at the bottom of a chasm nearly two hundred feet deep. The unfortunate young man must have died instantly. He was lying with his arms over his head, as though for protection, but not a bone in his body was unbroken. There is a monument erected near Lavey to record his melancholy fate.

To visit the Mer de Glace it is necessary to make the ascent of Montanvert, which will amply repay the traveller for his pains. The first object in the ascent that requires notice is the little fountain called le Caillet, from which elevation the view is imposing beyond description. The noisy torrent of the Arve that foams along in the plain beneath looks like the smallest rivulet, and every thing which before appeared stupendous is now dwindled into miniature insignificance, except the mighty mountain, whose grandeur no height that man is able to attain can diminish. The path then becomes more difficult as far as the hôpital de Blair, built by an English gentleman of that name, when the Mer de Glace presents itself. The appearance of this vast mass of ice is so wonderful, that the only idea which at all does justice to it is that of a celebrated traveller, who describes it as a tempestuous ocean whose towering waves have been suddenly rendered motionless by an all-powerful hand, and converted into solid masses of crystal.

To descend to the margin of this frozen sea there is a path bordered by rhododendrons, which has been constructed for the purpose. The waves, which appear comparatively small from Montanvert, on a nearer inspection are found to be about twenty feet high, and in

walking on the surface care must be taken of the chasms which every where present themselves, ready to engulf the unwary traveller. The effect, however, is lost on a near approach, and appears best from a distance, where the whole expanse can be viewed.

Among the various candidates for fame by an ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, the most celebrated is Mons. Saussure, whose object was as much for the advancement of science as for any personal gratification. The narrative of his ascent is interesting, as well as those of many adventurers since that time; but the view which is eagerly anticipated from the summit, after the labour and toil of the journey, is generally hidden from the disappointed traveller by the thick clouds which usually form the monarch's crown. Among the mountains which present the grandest *coup d'œil,* and which yield the greatest recompense to those who have the strength to attain their summit, is Mount Ventoux. This is one of the highest mountains in Europe, and having but few rivals near it of sufficient height to intercept the view, it commands a more extensive prospect than either the Alps or Pyrenees. From its summit may be descried the whole south of France, at least as far as the eye can reach, the waters of the Mediterranean, and the vast chain of Alps, which forms the barrier between Italy and the rest of Europe. From the number of narratives of the various ascents we give the following, as much on account of its curiosity and the beauty of its description, as from the interest excited by the narrator himself. It is written by the celebrated Petrarch in a letter to his friend, Father Dennis.

"We went (Petrarch and his brother Gerard), from Avignon to Malaverne, which is at the foot of the mountain on the north side, where we slept at night and refreshed ourselves the whole of the next day. The day after my brother and myself, followed by two domestics, began to ascend the mountain with much trouble and fatigue, though the weather was mild and the day very fine. We had agility, strength, and courage; but this mass of rocks is of a steepness almost inaccessible. Towards the middle of the mountain we found an old shepherd, who did all he could to divert us from our project. 'It is about fifty years ago,' said he, 'that I had the same humour with yourselves. I climbed, with infinite labour, to the top of the mountain; and what did I get by it?—My body and clothes torn to pieces by rocks and briars, much fatigue and repentance, with a firm resolution never to go thither again. Since that time I have not heard it said any one has been guilty of the same folly.'

"Young people are not to be talked out of their schemes. The more the shepherd exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, the greater the desire we felt to conquer them. When he saw that what he said had no effect, he showed us a steep path along the rocks. 'That is the way you must go,' said he.

"After leaving our superfluous clothes, and all that could embarrass us, we began to climb with inconceivable ardour. Our efforts, which is not uncommon, were followed with extreme weakness; we found a rock on which we rested some time; after which we resumed our march, but it was not with the same agility; mine slackened very

much. While my brother took a very steep path, which appeared to lead to the top, I took another which was more upon the acclivity. 'Where are you going?' cried my brother with all his might: 'that is not the way; follow me.'—'Let me alone,' said I; 'I prefer the path that is longest and easiest.' This was an excuse for my weakness. I wandered for some time; at last shame took hold of me, and I rejoined my brother, who had seated himself to wait for me. We marched one before another for some time, but I became weary again, and sought an easier path; and at last, overwhelmed with shame and fatigue, I stopped again to take breath. Then abandoning myself to reflection, I compared the state of my soul, which aims to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body, which had so much difficulty in attaining the top of Mount Ventoux, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. This reflection inspired me with more strength and courage.

"Mount Ventoux is divided into several hills, which rise one above the other; on the top of the highest is a little plain, where we seated ourselves on our arrival.

"Struck with the clearness of the air and the immense space I had before my eyes, I remained for some time motionless and astonished. At last waking from my reverie, my eyes were insensibly directed towards that fine country, to which my inclination always drew me. I saw those mountains covered with snow, where the proud enemy of the Romans opened himself a passage with vinegar, if we believe the voice of Fame. Though they are at a great distance from Mount Ventoux, they seem so near that one might touch them. I felt instantly a

vehement desire to behold again this dear country, which I saw rather with the eyes of the soul than those of the body: some sighs escaped me which I could not prevent, and I reproached myself with a weakness which I could have justified by many great examples.

"The sun was going to rest, and I perceived that it would soon be time to descend the mountain. I then turned toward the west, where I sought in vain that long chain of mountains that separates France from Spain. Nothing that I know of hid them from my sight; but nature has not given us organs capable of that extensive view. To the right I discovered the mountain of the Lyonnoise, and to the left the surges of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles on one side, and on the other dash themselves in pieces against the rocky shore. I saw them very distinctly, though at the distance of several days' journey. The Rhone glided under my eyes, the clouds were at my feet. Never was there a more extensive, variegated, and enchanting prospect! What I saw rendered me less incredulous of the accounts of Olympus and Mount Athos, which they assert to be higher than the regions of the clouds, from whence descend the showers of rain.

"After having satisfied my eyes for some time with the delightful objects which elevated my mind and inspired me with pious reflection, I took the book of 'St. Augustine's Confessions,' which I had from you, and which I always carry about me. It is dear to me from its own value; and the hands from which I received it render it dearer still. On opening it I accidentally fell on this passage in the tenth book:—'Men go far to observe the

summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginning and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean, *but they neglect themselves.*'

"I take God and my brother to witness that what I say is true! I was struck with the singularity of an accident, the application of which it was so easy for me to make.

"In the midst of contemplation I had got, without perceiving, to the bottom of the mountain with the same safety, though with less fatigue, than I went up. A fine clear moon favoured our return. While they were preparing our supper, I shut myself up in a corner of the house to give you this account, and the reflections it produced in my mind. You are my father, and I hide nothing from you. I wish I was always able to tell you not only what I do but what I think. Pray to God that my thoughts, now, alas! vain and wandering, may be immovably fixed on the only true and solid good!"

We will now leave mountain and glaciers for a while, and proceed on our route to Martigny, through the interesting hamlet of Lavey, which will furnish us materials for another chapter.

all from without; the staircases themselves, with their massy balustrades, containing as much timber as would build a moderate-sized house, and the air of rude but substantial comfort which pervades many of these dwellings, harmonize with the rural scenery, and by no means make us regret the absence of more stately mansions.

Indeed, whether it be from a sort of prejudice, or that the eye becomes accustomed to these irregular habitations, any other building would appear strangely out of place; and however such an improvement, or rather change, might argue a step in civilization, it would certainly destroy one of the most picturesque features of the country.

"It was on a calm summer's evening," we avail ourselves of the note-book of a friend, "that our party entered the village of Lavey—not a breath seemed to disturb the repose that reigned around. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and had marked his retreat by gilding their summits with a long and brilliant line of golden light. The rural inhabitants were seen gathering in small groups on the staircases of their dwellings, enjoying the beauty of the evening, and indulging in an hour of social converse after the labours of the day. It was a scene for the pen of Goldsmith, and we were pleasingly reminded how he had succeeded in throwing such an air of quiet beauty over his poem of the Village.

"At some little distance from the spot, a short way up the mountain, was seen a group of these happy beings, who, as it were, to welcome our arrival, struck up a wild but pleasing melody. It was a true Swiss air, and the

voices which were attuned, in perfect time and harmony; mellowed by the distance, sounded inexpressibly sweet, and they died away in a soft and plaintive murmur. The undisturbed serenity which prevailed might tend to hush even a troubled mind into comparative calm and forgetfulness; and the tranquil satisfaction expressed in the honest countenances of these untutored villagers, made us fancy that here we had at length found one earthly hour of rest, one favourite retreat of happiness and contentment.

"At the extremity of the hamlet were two cottages which more particularly attracted our attention. They were somewhat of a higher degree than the others, and there was an air about them that bespoke the existence of rustic opulence. Seated on the lower stairs of the larger cottage was an elderly but good-looking female, talking with, and caressing, a chubby boy, whom we naturally supposed to be her grandson. Standing by her side was a tall young woman, of rather a matronly appearance, who appeared to be the mother of the child. A girl was seated on a stone bench near, and on the first landing-place of the stairs we spied a tall good-looking young man in earnest conversation with a very pretty Swiss damsel. She wore the large straw hat, which forms so conspicuous a part of the costume of the female Swiss peasantry, and which a traveller has humorously likened to the large head of a mushroom on its slender stalk.

"From the manner of the young man, and the evident complacency with which she listened to his discourse, it did not require much shrewdness to discover that he was a favoured lover. There was another individual at

a short distance who might be said to form one of the group, and whose appearance interested us far more than any of the others. Seated beside a pool of marshy water, at the base of the other cottage, was a young female, apparently about three or four and twenty years of age.

" Young as we learnt she was, her countenance bore only the remains of former beauty, but was still interesting. There was deep melancholy and a strange wandering expression in her features that too clearly told a tale of unusual sorrow; such as seemed at variance alike with her years and station. She seemed plunged in a reverie of deep and mournful interest. She sat gazing intensely on the pool as though something more than usual could be traced on its glassy surface, but her thoughts were evidently far away. She seemed almost devoid of life,—a mere monumental emblem of 'Niobe all tears.' Our approach failed to excite in her the least surprise; and while others were looking at us with curiosity, she seemed wholly unconscious that we were strangers and forbigners. Her interesting appearance, and quiet unconscious gaze, strongly excited our curiosity and compassion.

" We approached the group opposite, to whom we were evidently objects of surprise and conjecture. The elderly female fixed her eyes on us, after we had attentively observed the young woman who had so excited our interest, as though she seemed conscious of our intention of making some inquiry concerning her.

" 'My good lady,' said one of our party, addressing her in French, 'I dare say you are acquainted with the history of yonder unhappy girl?'

"'Alas! yes, sir, but too well,' she answered with a deep sigh; 'I have had occasion to be acquainted with it.' It seemed a tender theme for the old matron; but our friend's curiosity, or rather compassionate interest, overcame his regard to the feelings of the mother, whom we at first supposed her to be, and he continued:—

"'She is your daughter, perhaps?'

"'She was to have been my daughter,—poor Antonia! —she once loved me dearly; no daughter could have loved me dearer than she did, but now it is all passed: she is quite unconscious of our tenderness and care.'

"'Is she then totally deprived of reason?'

"'Her misfortunes, acting upon an imagination highly wrought and sensitive, have reduced her to the unhappy state you now see.'

"'Do you allow her to be continually at large?'

"'She does no injury to herself or others. She was always of a gentle and quiet disposition, and her sorrows have never impelled her to become other than the gentle being she was; but she pines away her melancholy existence in this state of gloomy apathy and care.'

"'Has she been long in her present unhappy condition?'

"'Some years. She was left an orphan when quite a child; but her brother, who inherited the farm, was as kind and affectionate to her as the fondest parent could desire. Antonia grew in years, and her beauty was universally admired throughout the canton. You could little suppose that the silent and forlorn being you there behold was once the gayest of the gay,—the happiest of human beings. She was the merriest and most blithesome of all

the girls in the district. But, alas! it is not for poor short-sighted mortals like ourselves,' continued the old dame, in the sententious voice of age, 'to indulge in hopes of continued happiness, or scrutinize the will of that Providence on whom our lives and fortunes are dependent.'

"During this time the lovers had descended gradually from their elevation to within a few steps of the grandmother, and with an expression of deep feeling, leaned over the balustrade, listening to the 'thrice-told tale,' with apparently unabated interest. The mother of the boy stood in the attitude of respectful attention; and the child himself, clinging to the knees of his grandmother, seemed to understand, from the sedate expression of her features, that his mirth should be for a time abandoned.

"'Yes, sir,' continued the good old matron, 'it was even in the midst of joy and contentment that this poor girl was brought to the pitiable state in which you now behold her.'

"'And what might have been the cause that has produced such sad effects?'

"'The misfortunes of poor Antonia, sir, were produced by love; a love too strong and too devoted for her stricken heart to bear.'

"'Love!' exclaimed our friend, surprised; 'has love indeed been the occasion of these mournful results?' and he involuntarily cast his eyes towards the young couple who were standing near, who had apparently, for a time, forgotten their own bright anticipations in their compassion for poor Antonia. It seemed strange that

they should pay their homage at the shrine of the dreaded deity, in the very sight of one of his victims.

"The good matron proceeded.

"'It was my poor son to whom she was so tenderly attached; they had loved each other for many years, indeed we may say from infancy; they had been brought up side by side, and oftentimes has she taken milk from the same breast that nourished my poor Walter. Well, sir, to shorten my story, it was at last determined they should marry. A farm was purchased for them. The day was fixed, and the relations on both sides were invited to the ceremony. Every one looked forward to the event in joyful anticipation, and none more than my unmarried daughter and William, poor Antonia's brother, between whom I began to see some signs of attachment.'—

"The good old dame had ventured on this remark without knowing the vicinity of those of whom she was speaking. This identity was, however, placed beyond doubt by the cheek of the damsel being suddenly suffused with blushes, and the complacency with which the young man regarded her confusion spoke more than a confirmation of the supposition. The recital of the Swiss matron suffered no interruption by the *contretemps* she had so unconsciously created, but continued.

"'A few days previous to the wedding, my poor son went to Martigny, to agree about the purchase of some cows that he wanted for his farm. I shall never forget the morning he took leave of us, saying he should return at night. It is a singular fact, and I mentioned it to a neighbour, that I could not help observing an air of me-

lancholy when he parted, so different to what he was; it was like that of a doomed man; and as he took my hand and turned away I heaved a heavy sigh. Well! he set out for Martigny, but when night came Walter did not return.

" 'In the morning Antonia came to me pale and terrified, saying that she had had a frightful dream; that she had seen Walter with his hair all dripping with water, and his body all covered with frightful wounds. Alas! it was too sadly verified. My unfortunate son never returned again; he perished in the terrible inundation of the Drave! Since that moment poor Antonia has never smiled. From the uncertainty which prevailed at first for him, until time confirmed our fears, she clung to the veriest shadow of hope that he was not lost; and that persuasion is so identified with her aberration, that she still entertains the hope of again beholding her destined bridegroom. Often will she stray from hence to the summit of one of the neighbouring heights, watching and waiting his arrival, and then, disappointed and sad, she will slowly return to repeat again the same melancholy routine.'

" At this moment Antonia arose from the seat she had occupied during the time we had been listening to the story of her sorrow, and came slowly towards us. She seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of strangers, 'Walter is not yet returned, mother, and the sun has been sometime below the mountain,' she said to the old matron, in a plaintive and desponding tone.

" The eyes of the good old grandmother filled with tears, she shook her head, but was not able to answer the poor girl.

" 'Alas! I 'm afraid he will not return to-night; will he never come?' sighed the poor sufferer, and she turned slowly away, wringing her hands in anguish, while the bitter tears coursed each other down her pale cheek. Such an appeal to the feelings was unanswerable. There was not a dry eye in the group, and the last words of poor Antonia, together with her sad story, were long remembered by her auditors.

" The evening had now completely closed in, and we could not resist the temptation which the hearty invitation of the good old lady gave us, of accepting for the night the hospitality of her own and the adjoining cottage, by which arrangement we should have the advantage of seeing the magnificent waterfall of the Pissevache by the earliest dawn of the morning."

MARTIGNY.

> Night was again descending, when my mule,
> That all day long had climb'd among the clouds,
> Stopp'd, to our mutual joy, at that low door
> So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard;
> That door which ever on its hinges moved
> To them that knock'd, and nightly sends abroad
> Ministering spirits.
>
> ROGERS.

THE first object that presents itself worthy notice on quitting Lavey is the celebrated waterfall of Pissevache. It is situated on the high road, about three miles from Martigny, and well deserves the reputation it has acquired for beauty and sublimity. There are many cascades of greater pretensions, having a larger body of water, or a higher fall, but none can be more truly beautiful.

Situated by the road-side, and, consequently, easy of access, it may on that account be undervalued, as there is a perverse kind of charm attending those sights which give rise to any unusual difficulty or danger. To those who are satisfied with beholding it from a carriage window, without the slightest risk or hazard, wishing for no perilous adventure to recount by "flood or field," it will ever be a scene of the greatest attraction, and must be considered one of the most beautiful objects in the country. It is formed by the river Salenche falling over a perpendicular height of upwards of 200 feet into the valley below.

The effect produced by a first visit is invariably striking. The wild murmur of the breaking waters making perpetual music; the sparkling foam illumined in the rays of the sun, glittering like broken pieces of burnished gold, and falling in a thousand varied shapes; the stillness of the solitude by which it is encompassed; the beautiful disorder of the scenery; large rocks scattered around, torn from their foundations by time and tempest; the little white romantic dwellings peeping from amongst the verdant foliage in spots apparently inaccessible to all but the goats of the mountains, leave nothing even for the imagination to desire.

The charm produced by the scenery of the cascade continues as the traveller pursues his route, but it vanishes on arriving at Martigny. The feeling of delight which the tourist naturally experiences on viewing the most beautiful works of nature, subsides on approaching the scene of one of her most awful visitations. Martigny is the ancient Octodurum of the Romans. It is encircled by high mountains, and is divided by the river Dranse, which falls into the Rhone. There are direct roads from this place to the valley of Chamouni, which we have already noticed, and likewise to the Great St. Bernard, into Italy.

This once considerable and prosperous town now offers but a ruinous appearance when compared with its former opulence, owing to the dreadful calamity it suffered some years since by a terrific inundation of the Dranse. Since that awful event, indeed, some of the inhabitants, aided by considerable voluntary donations, have courageously endeavoured to remedy the sad effects produced at that

calamitous period, yet the vast extent of injury is even yet far from being repaired.

Nothing could surpass the sublime yet terrific spectacle of this inundation; it was as awful in its progress and disastrous in its effects as the appalling commotion of an earthquake.

The river Dranse, which divides Martigny, though in the summer a small and insignificant stream, becomes in the spring, when the snow melts on the mountains, swollen into a formidable torrent. It is in fact the outlet to the water which is formed by the many glaciers which appear in succession from Mont Blanc to the Rhone. The accumulation of waters, which caused the inundation, was not known for a considerable time, until some of the inhabitants of the valley remarked the unusual appearance of the stream, which continued trickling along without augmentation, although the snows had begun to melt.

Several people went to the source to ascertain the cause, and found to their dismay, that a vast quantity of ice having accumulated from the glacier of Getroz, had fallen across the upper part of the valley, and formed a vast lake, into which the Dranse flowed, secured from outlet by the artificial embankment. Anxiety and alarm spread throughout the country, and active measures were adopted to guard against the danger already apprehended to be at hand.

It was proposed to cut a gallery through the immense wall of ice, and drain the lake gradually. The plan was adopted, and with great labour and difficulty it was eventually accomplished. Had the embankment lasted

a few days longer, the whole mass of water would have found its way through this gallery into the Rhone; but shortly after the work was completed, fearful detonations were heard, and vast pieces of ice were seen floating on the lake, which had been loosened from the foundation of the dyke. Notice was speedily sent on all sides of the impending danger, the water begun to rush in considerable quantities from beneath the ice, and a crisis was every moment dreaded.

At length, late one afternoon, a thundering explosion was heard. Reverberating through the surrounding hills, it bore the fearful tidings an immense distance, scattering dismay and terror amongst the trembling inhabitants. The dyke had burst; and the gigantic lakes of imprisoned water rushed from their confinement with headlong fury, forming a prodigious torrent a hundred feet deep, and sweeping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A huge forest, which lay across its track, was not proof against the strength of the waters, large trees were rooted up as though they had been osier wands, and borne away like floating branches in its tide.

In this manner the inundation soon reached Bayne, offering to the view of the astonished and affrighted people, a stupendous mountain, composed of the ruins of all that the waters had gathered in their progress,—forests, rocks, houses, cattle, and immense masses of ice, shooting into the clouds a column of dense and heavy fog. The overwhelming deluge, thundering down in one promiscuous and unearthly roar, now sped towards Martigny, having compassed a distance of above fifteen miles in less than an hour. At length it burst on that ill-fated town,

producing a scene of the most awful destruction. Half the place was immediately swept away, and the remaining part was covered with ruins.

There were at least thirty persons perished, a comparatively small number, owing to the inhabitants having been taught to expect some catastrophe at hand, and having provided against the danger by flight.

Among the victims was the landlord of the Swan Inn, who was well known and respected among travellers for his obliging disposition. He had imprudently remained too long in order to save his cattle, and was overtaken by the torrent and swept away. He was observed, at intervals, on the surface of the stream, struggling with the fearful energies of despair, until he sunk exhausted in the abyss. His corpse was afterwards found torn and battered against the tree which had arrested its progress. The inundation proceeded in its destructive course, till, about midnight, it reached Lake Leman, when the watery ruin was absorbed and lost amid the capacious lake.

It is supposed that this has not been the first disaster of the kind which has occurred at Martigny, but that a similar calamity happened in the year 1595. There is a beam yet existing in the ceiling of a house in that town, which bears the following singular initial inscription: M. O. F. F. 1595, L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. D. G.; which has been thus ingeniously explained: "Monsieur Olliot Fit-Faire, 1595, Lors Que Bayne Fut Inondé Par Le Glacier De Getroz."

An English gentleman, and a young artist from Lausanne, accompanied by a guide, after visiting the works at the dyke, which had created great interest even among

those who were beyond the reach of the apprehended calamity, were returning towards Bayne, when accidentally turning round, they beheld this terrific mountain of waters bearing down on them with overwhelming and frightful rapidity. The noise, which ought to have warned them of its approach, was not heard in the roar of the torrent of the Dranse, on whose banks they were journeying. The English traveller dashed the spurs into his horse, at the same time warning his guide, who was in advance with some travellers they had accidentally encountered. The whole party instantly dismounted, scrambled up the mountain, and escaped in safety, while in another instant the rushing tide swept past them at their feet in the valley below.

The artist was, however, missing, and great fears were entertained for his safety. For many hours it was believed he was lost, and it was not till some time afterwards they discovered that he had been in great tribulation with his restive mule, who suddenly shying at a fallen rock, had discovered the frightful object which was approaching, and impelled by the instinct of preservation, dashed up the mountain without the aid of whip and spur, thus bearing his rider out of danger.

It is calculated that if the gallery had not been opened in the embankment of ice, by which means the body of water was materially lessened, the whole of the lower part of the Valais would have been included in the catastrophe. The survivors of this dreadful calamity were hardly to be congratulated on their escape, for on returning it was a matter of difficulty to trace even the site of many of the houses, and the cultivated fields and vine-

yards were covered with gravel and rubbish of every description, rendering them totally unfit for future cultivation.

Although our route to Italy is by the Simplon, we cannot pass the road to Mount St. Bernard, without visiting the good monks of whom so much has been said throughout Europe.

The convent of Saint Bernard was founded in the year 968, and is situated more than 8000 feet above the level of the sea, being the most elevated habitation in Europe. It is bordering on the region of eternal snow: in the height of summer the thermometer descends every evening to the freezing point. The mountain was known to the Romans by the name of Mons Jovis, but Bernard, the uncle of Charlemagne, conducting an army into Italy by this route, it has been ever after called by his name.

> No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
> Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green,
> But hoary winter, unadorned and bare,
> Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there.

About ten monks constantly reside here, and braving the horrors of this inhospitable climate, with a devotion beyond praise, pass their lives in the perilous offices of humanity. By their active exertions many lives are saved yearly, and their unbounded hospitality reflects on them the highest honour as men and christians. The duties of christianity are indeed practised to their fullest extent by these exemplary and pious ecclesiastics. Within their hospitable walls the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, and the sick are administered to; and all without distinction of rank or religion. Every even-

ing during the winter, one of the monks, accompanied by a trusty domestic, and one or two of their large dogs, descends a part of the mountain in search of benighted travellers. The dogs, of which so many interesting stories are related, are trained to this sort of service, and, aided by natural and wonderful instinct, perform their duty to admiration. They will scent a man at a great distance, and rarely miss their way through the thickest fog, or the deepest snow. They generally travel laden with small baskets of meat and wine, to refresh the traveller who may stand in need.

The fathers themselves are continually on the alert, and are often seen in the most exposed situations, looking out for objects on which they may exercise their charity. Without this invaluable Hospice, the passage of St. Bernard would be impracticable in winter; and, with all their care, scarcely a winter passes without lives being lost. Buonaparte crossed this mountain with the army by which he conquered at the battle of Marengo. The spot is still shown where his life was saved by a guide, who afterwards reaped the reward of his service in the shape of a purse filled with Napoleons.

It might well be supposed that so truly excellent a community would be respected even by the depraved; yet an instance was related of a shameful violation of their hospitality by some abandoned wretches, who doubtless thought the convent well stored with the donations of the rich and benevolent. These miscreants, under the disguise of travellers, were invited within the walls, and after partaking of the convent cheer, presented some concealed arms, and demanded all the money they were

possessed of, on pain of instant death. Some little delay was effected, under the pretence of complying with their wishes, when the opportunity was taken of collecting the dogs together. With this formidable reinforcement, the superior of the convent returned to his false guests; but, instead of handing them the eagerly expected gold, he gave the word to his faithful auxiliaries, who rushed fiercely at their unworthy antagonists, and, had not the monks interfered, would have speedily sacrificed them to their fury.

Having been obliged on their knees to beg for mercy, they were forthwith bound by the monks, and secured from further attempts at violence. On the arrival of the next travellers, they were delivered over to them, to be escorted to the next town. The kindness and attention of these worthy and respected monks cannot fail to make a lasting impression on all those who have experienced their hospitality and benevolence.

The author of "Sketches of Italy" has well described an adventure on the Great St. Bernard:

"Having gained upon the other guide and mules, our friend and myself now entered on the regions of eternal snow. A short progress brought us to a little low building or chapel, a yard or two off the pathway, where the bodies of persons found dead on the mountain are entombed. Here the path appeared to separate, and we thought it prudent to await the coming up of the guide. Our situation at this moment was far from enviable. Evening was approaching, and we were yet far from the convent. The 'wind,' which the herdsman had warned us we should have

on the mountain, we now found to be the dreaded 'tourmentel,' the scourge of the Alps. We had gradually felt it increase in strength and cold as we ascended, and by the time we reached this height, it assailed us with a fury which nearly carried us off our feet, and a piercingness of cold which almost deprived us of the power of motion, while at the same time the snow fell in immense flakes, so thickly that we could not see above a yard or two in any direction, and was drifted into monstrous heaps by the ruthless wind, or whirled around us with a frightful impetuosity. The mountain rose perpendicularly before us, its height and summit shrouded in the storm—no trace of living existence near us—nothing but the dead bodies of those who had perished on this very pass to withdraw our attention from our own situation—and the only sound, except the howling of the wind which we heard, water rushing beneath us under the snow, tending to increase the horror of the scene. But to this very sound we owed our safety, for soon after the guide came in sight and we proceeded; the driving snow so completely obscured the path, that the mules could no longer distinguish it, and continually strayed away. In pursuing them, the guide lost his own ideas of the direction he ought to follow, and looked around for some perpendicular bit of rock, the alpine finger-post, to assist him in regaining his memory. Wishfully, but in vain, did he look: one unbroken tract of snow met our view within the short distance that our eyes could pierce the thick mist; and the friendly water, which still murmured beneath our feet, was our only clue. By it we continued to proceed, sinking up to our knees at every

step in the new-fallen snow, and pressing up an almost perpendicular ascent against an increasing storm.

"Where, all this time, was my brother? This was precisely the question I could not answer, but which my fears almost answered for me. He could be only a few minutes in advance of us; yet not only could we descry nothing of him (which in the driving storm was not wonderful), but no traces whatever either of his own or his mule's footsteps remained on the snow. It seemed so impossible that these should disappear so very quickly, that I could not but conjecture that he had missed his way, was at that moment wandering about the mountains, and would be lost in the snow, or fall in the dark over some of the precipices. The idea gained strength with every passing moment; and I saw that my companion, though out of kindness to me he would not own it, dreaded the same. Never shall I forget the horror of those thoughts! But I was sensible that the only thing we could do for him was to reach the convent as quickly as possible, if fortunately we were in the right path, and to send out the inhabitants to seek him. I was inspired with a strength I did not know I possessed, and for nearly two hours continued to press onward, with all the rapidity which the increasing tempest, the depth of snow, and the painful degree of rarity which the air attains in these elevated regions, and which terribly affects the breathing, permitted. What was my delight, in this situation, to hear the guide suddenly exclaim, in a tone of ecstacy which marked his past uneasiness,—'Ah! nous sommes tous prêt! voilà la rocher qui est au dessous de l'Hospice!'—and to see, a moment after,

one of the monks perched upon a crag, whose very appearance, seemingly come out to meet us, augured that the object of all my anxieties was safely housed. In answer to my eager inquiries, he assured me my brother was in the convent, and, taking me under the arm, assisted me to proceed. We were at this moment not a hundred yards from that friendly abode, though we could not perceive it; and when, after mounting its icy steps, I entered the building, and found myself in a comfortable room, and before a blazing fire, the transition was so sudden that I could scarcely persuade myself that I was not dreaming, and momentarily dreaded that I should awake amid the snows of the mountain.

"The kindness of the good monks I never shall forget. They gathered round me, pressing me to take wine and liqueurs, and a hundred other restoratives, after the cold and fatigue I had undergone; and finding that I was only anxious to get my dress changed, lest I might permanently suffer from the storm, they conducted me to a bedroom, and lighted me a fire. This I afterwards found is an indulgence permitted only in very particular cases; but the kind-hearted brotherhood, commiserating my sufferings, extended it to me; nor was it the only proof I received of their hospitality and good-nature; doubly amiable in my case, because I had been the means of giving them a great deal of trouble."

The good monks of St. Bernard have been happily painted by Mr. Rogers:

—— "Bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare, indeed, was such

As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine;
And through the floor came up an ancient matron,
Serving unseen below; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in their prime:
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as I saw them,
Ranged round their hearthstone in a leisure hour,
They were a simple and a merry race,
Mingling small games of chance with social converse,
And gathering news from all who came that way,
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow roll'd on in ocean billows—
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands—
Then all at once was changed, and sallying forth
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings."

SION.

> His humble board the holy man prepares,
> And simple food and wholesome lore bestows;
> Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
> And paints the perils of impending snows.
>
> DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE next stage from Martigny on the route to the Simplon is Sion, the capital of the Valais. The country around presents a highly cultivated appearance, abounding in vineyards, with large groves of walnut trees, and extensive orchards of apple and pine trees. The sides of the mountains are richly clothed with forest till they are hidden in the clouds.

At a considerable distance from each other, situated on the points of high rocks, are still shown the ruins of three castles. Tradition asserts them to have been the fastnesses of three brothers, who established a system of brigandage over the valley, and communicated with each other from their eminences by means of signals. The pass of the valley was entirely under their jurisdiction, and no traveller could journey in safety without previous stipulation with one of the marauders. Many instances are recorded of persons of consequence having been captured by their followers, and retained in the dungeons of one of the castles till ransomed by their family or friends. One of the castles having been taken by stratagem by the Baron de Unstetten, who suspected that a relative of his was a

prisoner within its walls,—among other captives liberated was a Spanish ecclesiastic, the bishop of some diocess in Grenada. He had been taken when returning from an embassy to Rome; his suite was put to death, and he had undergone a rigorous imprisonment for three years, rather than yield to the demand of an exorbitant ransom. It was the misfortune of those days that nobles of high rank, who were considered as patterns of knighthood and honour, did not scruple to sanction the plunder of unfortunate travellers, by their own retainers, provided they were presented with a handsome share of the spoil.

Sion is the ancient Sedunum of the Romans, and was their fortified boundary in this part of Helvetia. A wall was built at some little distance, of which the traces are still shown, to shut out the barbarians whose conquest was not deemed of sufficient consequence to hazard an expedition. The town is at present an extremely agreeable and picturesque object. Its ancient castle is pinnacled on a rock, and the old walls, towers, and gates, bear evident tokens of its past importance. It was formerly the abode of warlike and princely ecclesiastics, who held dominion over the town and adjoining country. The Alps rise behind in all their grandeur, and at their feet winds the Rhone, at no great distance from its source. Another castle likewise commands the town from its eminence, and is now the residence of the bishop; besides a third, where are seen the portraits of all the prelates of Sion since the fourth century.

Many of these ecclesiastics have rendered themselves conspicuous in history for certain qualities, not quite in

accordance with the peace and humility inculcated by the Gospel. Perhaps they may have been actuated by a somewhat too zealous ambition of being accounted worthy members of the church militant; for in one of the battles of the period, amongst the spoils of the field were shown the helmet and armour of a bishop of Sion who was slain in the encounter. One of the most renowned of their mitred warriors was Mathin Skimmir. His abilities as a politician were only equalled by his courage as a soldier, of which honourable mention is made at the sanguinary conflict of Marignan. A curious story is recorded of him. The preceding bishop had caused a representation of Saint Theodosius, in the act of fighting with the devil, to be struck on the coin of the bishoprick. The warrior bishop being a lover of simplicity, as well as of martial achievement, considering the device somewhat redundant of ornament, ordered the figure of the saint to be erased, thus leaving the devil in full possession of the coin. The prince of darkness by this means had his portrait pretty widely circulated by the authority of the bishop, who, it may be supposed, wished to inculcate a moral lesson by means of allegory.

There are some remains of Roman antiquities to be seen in the town of Sion. An inscription in honour of Augustus can yet be traced near the entrance to the cathedral. On the banks of the Rhone, and opposite to the town, is a deserted convent. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and contains chapel, cells, refectory, kitchens, and other apartments; but so wet from the continual damp, that it is matter of surprise how it could ever have been inhabited. There are numerous spots among

the rocks of the neighbourhood rendered sacred as the abodes of holy men. Many remains of hermitages are yet shown, each with some traditional history attached to them of the virtues or misfortunes of their ancient inhabitants.

Not long ago there was an individual who took up his residence in one of these obscure retreats, and lived there for some time without ever having been known to stir from beyond the precincts of the mountain. He was universally respected by the inhabitants of the country for his civil and unassuming manner, and was at last found dead in his cell by some travellers whom curiosity had induced to visit the hermitage. He was a stranger in the country, and no one knew whence he came or any thing of his history. It was supposed that he was a prey to some secret grief which eventually terminated his existence. An English gentleman, who was travelling in Switzerland some time since, gave the following account of his visit to the anchorite. Speaking of himself he said:

"Being in a more than usual degree beset with the infirmity so peculiar to travellers,—a love of the extraordinary,—I inquired of mine host, of the Lion d'or, with whom I had established a very friendly communication by means of praising his sour wine, as to the objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood. In the course of enumeration, on which he bestowed a considerable share of eloquence, that which mostly attracted my attention was the account he gave of a stranger who had chosen his abode in a deserted hermitage, in one of the wildest recesses of the mountains; nothing was known of him, but

from his piety, and the kindness of his manner, he had acquired, among the country people, a considerable share of respect. He had never been known to quit the dreary spot he had chosen.

"'In what manner does he procure the necessaries of life?' I inquired.

"'His wants are few,' returned the host, 'and the inhabitants of the country around take care the holy man does not perish for lack of the little he requires.'

"'And what may be your opinion of this worthy?' I inquired of my host.

"'Doubtless,' replied he, crossing himself devoutly, 'doubtless he devotes himself to that dreary solitude to atone for his sins.'

"I could not help shaking my head in doubt at this charitable conclusion.

"'It is not impossible,' said I, 'that this same hermit may be a wolf in sheep's clothing, who, tired of the profession of rogue, by which he may not have been a gainer, has determined to spend the rest of his life in sloth and indolence, still continuing, though in a safer way, to prey on the industry of others.'

"'God forgive you,' said the host, 'for your uncharitable surmises; the poor man has worked early and late to learn some part of the business of watchmaking, and all his earnings he gives to the poor. As to the bread and fruit he receives from the peasants, he amply repays the value, by teaching them and their children the duties of men and christians.'

"I stood abashed before my host, and could have wished my unguarded expressions were recalled; but

I was always sceptical on the subject of monks and hermits, and required some proof to convince me of their sincerity.

"'There are, doubtless,' continued the landlord of the Golden Lion, 'many impostors, from whose scandalous conduct you have formed your opinion; but father Berthold is none of those. Many houseless poor and wandering strangers have received, with gratitude, the timely assistance which his little fund has afforded them, and frequent donations are sent by the charitable for him to distribute to the distressed.'

"My esteem for the recluse rose in proportion to the spirited and feeling eulogium passed on his virtues by the landlord, and I instantly conceived an earnest wish to visit his retreat. My imagination portrayed him as the victim of misfortune, seeking an asylum from the persecution of the world, and returning to mankind good for evil. My sympathy for his imaginary wrongs rose in proportion as my prejudice had been heretofore excited by his supposed hypocrisy.

"I resolved to visit the hermitage, more particularly as the landlord described the situation to be all that a lover of the picturesque and romantic could desire. It was noon when I set out on my excursion, accompanied only by a guide, my companions declining to be of the party. I did not regret their absence, for my thoughts were so occupied with the subject, which interested me, that I felt I should have been but a sorry companion. My guide did not interrupt me with the never-ending detail which some of those gentry possess, and we proceeded in silence towards the height where the recluse had his

rocky habitation. We had commenced the ascent of the mountain, the path was very steep, and every step became more difficult of access. We halted in a little plain, which seemed as though placed as a resting-place, previous to entering a gloomy-looking defile which led to the hermit's abode.

"The scene became singularly wild and sombre. A very narrow path led through this rocky pass, which we trod with great caution. Though it was but little after noon, the gloom was gradually increasing as we advanced. I found it was produced by large masses of overhanging rocks, which seemed suspended in the air above us, and crowned with thick foliage, that completely shadowed our path. As we proceeded the gloom became positive darkness, and, I must confess, I did not feel at all comfortable in my situation; but as I looked forward, I saw the dull twinkling of a solitary light, which seemed to proceed from the extremity of our unpleasant and even dangerous pathway. The guide informed me the light was placed there by the hermit, as a direction to his lonely retreat, for some accidents had occurred to the poor who had ventured thither without a guide.

"The passage now became excessively steep, and seemed as though it had been cut into the rude resemblance of a staircase. When, with great fatigue, we had nearly reached the summit, a most extraordinary cry was heard, which, reverberating amongst the recesses of this wilderness, conveyed a strange feeling of awe, amounting almost to terror. I looked to the place whence the sound proceeded, and I perceived, by the little light which the lamp afforded, a large dog standing on a pro-

jecting fragment of rock, almost perpendicularly above us, and again making the dull echoes resound with his wild cry.

"Immediately afterwards I beheld a human figure, bearing a lantern, ascending to the spot on which the dog was placed, who crouched humbly at his feet. It was the hermit. We had now approached near enough to distinguish objects clearly, and the entrance to the hermitage became visible. It was apparently hewn out of the rock, and almost covered by the dark foliage that crowned the mountain. The appearance of the recluse was as singular as his dwelling. His apparel consisted of a rough dark-coloured dress, reaching from his neck almost to his feet, and girded round the waist with a broad leathern belt; a lantern was suspended to his side, which it rarely quitted when traversing the dismal precincts, of which he appeared the undisputed proprietor. His beard was not as white as snow, as some hermits have been described, but his appearance was sufficiently venerable to excite respect. He had, moreover, a mild prepossessing look, that bespoke your good-will before a word was uttered; and the kindness and piety for which he was remarked might be almost read in the lines of his countenance.

"He welcomed us to his retreat, which was through the entrance mentioned. It was a dark apartment, with a deal table, on which lay some of the implements of the art which he cultivated. In one corner was a mattress, which served him for a bed; and there was a small cup-board, in which was some bread and dried grapes, and a jar of oil for his lamps.

" 'You have chosen a lonely retirement,' I said, 'and a particularly unfortunate situation for the successful practice of the art with which I hear you amuse yourself.'

" 'No place can be said to be lonely,' he replied, 'when the mind is fully occupied to the advantage of itself and others; but I have another apartment wherein I can practise, with greater advantage, the business whereof you speak, which I will presently show you.' He then led the way through a gallery cut in the rock, and opening a door, I was almost bewildered with the sudden change. It was like emerging from the deepest night to the bright glories of day. The apartment was of good size, likewise cut out of the rock, the front of which was open to the light, at a very considerable elevation up the mountain.

" I was delighted with the glorious prospect. Below was the town of Sion, with its rocks and castles; the river Rhone winding through a beautiful and picturesque country, and the summits of the snow-capt Alps rising one above the other as far as the eye could reach. When my surprise had in some degree subsided, I turned to the hermit, who was smiling at my astonishment, to congratulate him on possessing a place so enviable.

" 'The eye soon becomes accustomed to beauties, however great,' he replied, 'and it requires much more than a pleasing prospect to satisfy a mind which, if not occupied, would prey upon itself.' His words raised my curiosity, and I took a bottle of wine out of the small basket which the guide had brought, with some sandwiches, and, at the invitation of the hermit, took a chair

in this delightful spot, and entreated him to partake, hoping that a little intimacy might perhaps beget confidence. In this, however, I was mistaken, for my entreaties were not sufficient to prevail on him to depart from his own abstemious fare. On the table I observed a Bible, and on shelves round the room were a great many books. There was a small side-table, likewise, which bore the implements of his trade, and two or three unfinished watches. He was very affable, and conversed with freedom on every subject but that which related to himself, but that was unfortunately what I most particularly desired to know.

"Alternately stimulated by an eager curiosity to learn the particulars of the hermit's history, and the equally importunate calls of a keen appetite, which the morning's ramble had created, I began to find the latter in a fairer way of gratification than the former. The flask of excellent liqueur, with which my host of the Golden Lion had provided me, had nearly disappeared, but my friend the recluse still continued insensible to my repeated hints. My frequent though distant endeavours to draw him into a conversation that might lead to the conclusion I desired were vain. At last, however, finding, perhaps, that I was one of those pertinacious beings who sometimes are tempted to infringe on the rules of good-breeding rather than surrender a favourite point, he saw the necessity of a decided reply to my no less distinct, though distantly worded, inquiries.

"'During the time that I have occupied this retreat,' he observed, 'I have been honoured with the visits of many travellers, and I have observed with some pain,

they have all expressed a desire to learn the reasons which have induced me to quit the world.'

"'Such desire is but natural,' I replied, thinking this was a favourable opportunity for pressing the subject more unreservedly, 'for the motive must have been extraordinary that could justify such a resolution, and doubtless the recital would furnish an excellent moral lesson.'

"'The misfortunes of an humble individual like myself,' said the hermit, 'would confer no benefit on those who revel in prosperity; and a curiosity that can experience gratification in hearing the sorrows of the unfortunate is but an unworthy feeling, and ought not to be gratified.'

"I felt the rebuke, perhaps, because I deserved it; for I could not distinguish any thing in the placid countenance of the old man, or in the gentle tone of his voice, to warrant the belief that his remark was levelled expressly at me. I hastened to deprecate his censure.

"'If the recital of misfortune,' I remarked, 'were the means of creating pain in the individual—if curiosity alone were to be gratified—it ought justly to be reprobated; but might there not be a compassionate interest which seeks the alleviation of sorrows disguised under the semblance of curiosity? and,' I added, with warmth and sincerity, 'if I seek to know your history, be assured it is that I may offer you consolation or assistance, although perhaps inadequate.'

"The old man laid his hand gently on my arm, and fixing his mild blue eyes on me with a melancholy expression which I shall never forget, 'My kind young friend,' said he, 'I am obliged to you for your compas-

sionate feeling; be assured that I do not attribute your curiosity to unworthy motives; but you are young; in time you will learn that no slight or common-place misfortune could induce a man to forsake his home, his country, all in fact that mankind covet in this world, and retire to a solitary cave, where his best prospect is the grave: you will learn that assistance to such as he would be vain; that commiseration would be useless; that his only hopes are those of another world. Seek not then that I should, by the recital, revive those scenes of sorrow which, even through the lapse of years, I cannot remember without pain: be satisfied that I have tasted the cup of affliction in many a deep and bitter draught; and God grant, my young friend, that you may never experience the disappointment, the cruel laceration of the heart's best feelings which I have had so bitterly to lament.'

"I was moved with the old man's words, and the tone in which they were uttered; and as I raised my eyes, I saw a tear silently trickle down his aged cheek. He rose from his seat and removed slowly to the opening, or window, to conceal the emotion which his thoughts occasioned. I could not but reproach myself for the pain I had unconsciously created, to so kind-hearted and unfortunate a being; and I would have given worlds to have known how I could, even in the slightest degree, have contributed to his comfort. But his sorrows were henceforth sacred, and during the short time I remained we conversed on other subjects. When I arose to depart, the old man lighted his lamp, and accompanied me to the verge of his gloomy abode. Here I bade him farewell,

and promised that, on my return from Italy, I would revisit the hermitage.

"It was about a year and a half afterwards that I again found myself at the Lion d'Or, in the ancient town of Sion, and after partaking of a hasty meal, I set out, unaccompanied, to visit my friend the hermit. It was a fine afternoon, and the sun had yet some distance to travel ere the Alps would screen him from my sight, as I quickly and without difficulty retraced the path I had trod on a former occasion. I involuntarily quickened my pace, as I advanced towards the narrow defile that led to the gloomy habitation of the recluse. I longed again to see the old man, whose placid and benignant manner, and whose deep but unobtrusive griefs had caused within me an interest and respect for him, that the time which had departed had by no means extinguished. I ascended the dismal path until the darkness rendered it dangerous to proceed. The lamps which had lighted the way at my former visit were no longer seen. I called loudly, hoping that the sound of my voice would be heard and answered. I could distinguish no reply but the echo, which gave back my voice in many a prolonged and mournful reverberation. Fatigued and disappointed, after another fruitless attempt to make myself heard, I returned to the light, and was about to retrace my steps to Sion, when I saw a shepherd, who was ascending the mountain after his flock. I called to him, and made inquiry after the hermit. The man shook his head.

"'Has he then left the mountain?' I asked, hoping that he might have found cause to renounce his solitude.

"The man looked the affirmative.

" 'Whither has he gone?' I inquired anxiously.

" 'I hope, to heaven!' replied the peasant, in a tone of compassion.

" 'Alas! then, he is dead!'

"The shepherd made no answer, but crossed himself devoutly.

" 'Tell me the manner of his death,' I said, after a short pause, in which sorrow and disappointment had succeeded to the pleasing anticipations in which I had indulged, of again conversing with the old man.

" ''Tis but a short tale,' he said, 'and I will tell it you willingly.' He seated himself on one of the fragments of rock which lay plentifully scattered about, and continued: 'It is now about six months that we ceased to observe the hermit walk on the mountain, which was his constant custom; and the bread and fruits which were left for him were untouched. We thought, perhaps, he had broken his rule, and gone to Sion for a day, but, when another day passed, and still the fruits remained, we were fearful that something was wrong, and taking a piece of lighted pine-wood, we determined to ascend to the hermitage. When we had nearly reached the top we found the lights, which the hermit kept constantly burning, were extinguished; and, on listening, we heard distinctly the low wailings of a dog. Some of our party were seized with fear, and returned with precipitation, fearful of they knew not what: myself and another continued our way. We entered the dark apartment of the hermitage, and the first object that met our sight was the old man lying dead on the mattress which served him for his bed. His poor dog, whose wailings we heard, was

lying close beside his dead master, apparently almost starved for want of food. The death of the old man was a source of great sorrow to the country people around, for they loved him very much, and a great number followed him to his grave. He was buried in the churchyard of the monastery in the valley.'

"Did he leave no paper behind, to say who he was?" I inquired.

"None," said the shepherd. "No one knows who he was, or whence he came; but it is hoped he will rest in peace, though he died enshrined with all his sins to answer for."

I rewarded the shepherd for his story, and returned to Sion, filled with melancholy.

VIEGE.

Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma in loro vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino
Tra l' erba verde e 'l bel monte vicino
Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto.

PETRARCA.

At a short distance from Sion flows the river Morges, which separates the district into what is called the Haut and Bas Valois. There is a marked difference between the inhabitants of these two portions of the same district. The former are an industrious people; simple and inoffensive in their manners, strong and healthful in their persons, and of comely appearance. The latter are squalid and wretched, frightfully deformed with the goitrous swelling, and many of them more or less affected with *cretinism*. Previous to the French revolution, the people of the low Valois were subjects of the upper, having in earlier times been conquered from the Dukes of Savoy. In the alteration which Europe has undergone of late years, the two people have become fellow-subjects to the same league, and are now on a perfect equality with each other, apparently with no ill feeling caused by the recollection of their former respective situations. The canton of the Valois has been rendered conspicuous by the desperate and determined opposition made by its inhabitants to the constitution imposed on them by the

French Directory. The French, after having been defeated in many a sanguinary encounter, succeeded at last in enforcing their odious measures, with the destruction of more than one-fourth of the population. The contest was carried on with unexampled ferocity; no quarter was given or accepted, and it is said that eighteen young women were found slaughtered by the sides of their fathers and brothers in a field of battle where the French were victorious. After the fury of the conflict was over, and the country was subdued, the French soldiers rendered ample testimony to the valour and devotion of its inhabitants; and it must be said in justice to them, that they did all in their power to remedy the devastation they had caused. Liberal subscriptions were raised for the suffering survivors in different parts of Europe, and the French general himself distributed 1200 rations daily to the starving population.

In this part of Switzerland there is little to attract the attention of the curious: it only claims a share of notice, being the thoroughfare into Italy by the passage of Mount Simplon. On the high road is the village of Siene, one of the prettiest places in the district, but on no other account deserving attention. The Col de la Gemmi with its frozen summit next rises to view, and at its base is seen a magnificent cataract, the picturesque appearance of which is very much heightened by a dark forest of pines through which it takes its foaming course towards the Rhone. The passage of the Gemmi is one of the most extraordinary of the Alps. Although attended with some little difficulty and danger, the traveller, by traversing it, may reach the interior of Switzerland in a few

hours, which by the regular road would make a distance of two hundred miles. The people of the Valois in 1799 defended this passage against the French, who adopted every means to force them, but without success. Had not their Austrian allies induced them to abandon their own tactics, for those of a more legitimate but less successful nature, their country would not so soon have fallen a sacrifice to their invaders. Beyond this are the celebrated baths of the Leuk. They are approached by a narrow path, cut out of the rock in many places, by the side of the mountain, and are 5000 feet above the level of the sea. On observing the many little villages and habitations perched among the mountains, apparently inaccessible to all but the goats, it would be difficult to pronounce any path impracticable to the hardy mountaineer. There is a village near the baths which is approached by a passage called the Chemin d'Echelles: eight successive ladders over precipices lead to this singular abode, which the inhabitants are in the habit of traversing at all hours without any difficulty, and utterly unconscious of danger. Some distance beyond this is shown the village and castle of Raren: they formerly belonged to powerful barons of that name, some of whom were captain generals of the Valois. A curious instance of insurrection is related of the people of the Valois against one of the former lords of this domain, named Wischard: they were animated by a strong feeling of resentment against him, doubtless from some aggravated case of feudal exaction, and determined on revenge. A party of young men having concerted their measures, went about from hamlet to village, carrying with them a

large wooden club, shaped at one end like a man's head, and invited every one to join the feud by driving a nail into the head, which signified an intention to become a party in the expedition. This species of proceeding against an individual who had incurred the displeasure of the people was called La Matza, probably from the club or mace which they carried with them. A very considerable number soon joined against the obnoxious baron, who was at last forced to fly, having been obliged to witness the destruction of his castles and the confiscation of his estates. On the road to Brigg, which is the last town in Switzerland, is seen the small village of Viêge or Visp, remarkable for two churches of singular architecture which well deserve inspection. It is situated on the banks of the river Visp, which is of great depth and rapidity, and scarcely inferior to the Rhone. Over it rises the towering summit of Mount Rose, which forms one of the chain of Alps, and is considered nearly as high as Mont Blanc. Travellers usually proceed to Brigg and remain there the night previously to the ascent of the Simplon. Glyss is the regular post town, but Brigg is generally preferred. In the chapel at Glyss, is a picture of George de Supersax and his wife, with their twelve sons and eleven daughters, with the following inscription:

> "En l'honneur de saint Anne
> George de Supersax, soldat,
> A fondé cette chapelle l'an de grace, 1519,
> A élevé un autel, et l' a enrichi
> En reconnoissance des *vingt-trois enfans*
> Qui son epouse Marguerite lui a donnée."

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

> Now the scene is changed,
> And on Mont Cenis, o'er the Simplon winds
> A path of pleasure.
>
> Rogers.

The traveller who intends to enter Italy by the Simplon, after leaving Viêge usually passes through Brigg, one of the most considerable towns of the Haut Valais, situated opposite to the base of the Simplon. The route of the Simplon, with its wonderful road, passing through excavated mountains, and over precipitous valleys, has been so frequently described, that a repetition of its marvels and its beauties may well be spared. The road is one of the few really noble monuments which Napoleon has left of his reign. It was commenced in 1801, and occupied upwards of three years in the completion, affording employment to 30,000 men. Fifty bridges are thrown over the valleys and precipices, and five galleries are hewn through the solid rock, the largest of which is nearly seven hundred feet in length.

Having ascended through the wild and magnificent scenery of the Simplon, the eager traveller at length beholds the fair plains of Italy spread before him:

> But now 'tis past,
> That turbulent chaos; and the promised land
> Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
> To him who starts up from a terrible dream,

And, lo! the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment, as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

The first view of Italy from the Simplon cannot fail to delight the traveller. He beholds, spread out before him, the beautiful Val d'Ossola, enclosed by sweeping hills, crowned with verdure, and speckled with picturesque villages, and with mansions embosomed in the trees. In the distance lies the town of Domo d'Ossola, so called from its containing the principal church, or *duomo* of the valley. It is a small, but populous commercial town, much frequented by the small merchants of Milan and of Switzerland. The environs of the town are laid out in meadows, or planted with vines, frequently supported by little pillars of granite.

Evelyn has left an amusing account of his passing the Simplon. "This night, through almost inaccessible heights, we came in prospect of Mons Sempronius, now Mount Sampion, which has on its summit a few huts and a chapel. Approaching this, Capt. Wray's water-spaniel (a huge filthy cur, that had followed him out of England) hunted a herd of goats down the rocks into a river made by the melting of the snow. Arrived at our cold harbour (though the house had a stove in every room), and supping on cheese and bread, with wretched wine, we went to bed in cupboards so high from the floor, that we climbed them by a ladder. We were covered with feathers, that is, we lay between two ticks stuffed with them, and all little enough to keep one warm. The ceilings of the rooms are strangely low for those tall people.

The house was now, in September, half covered with snow; nor is there a tree or bush growing within many miles. From this uncomfortable place we prepared to hasten away the next morning, but as we were getting on our mules, comes a huge young fellow, demanding money for a goat, which he affirmed that Capt. Wray's dog had killed; expostulating the matter, and impatient of staying in the cold, we set spurs, and endeavoured to ride away, when a multitude of people being by this time gathered together about us (for it being Sunday morning, and attending for the priest to say mass), they stopped our mules, beat us off our saddles, and disarming us of our carbines, drew us into one of the rooms of our lodging, and set a guard upon us. Thus we continued prisoners till mass was ended, and then came half a score grim Swiss, who taking on them to be magistrates, sate down on the table, and condemned us to pay a pistole for the goat, and ten more for attempting to ride away, threatening, that if we did not pay it speedily, they would send us to prison, and keep us to a day of public justice, where, as they perhaps would have exaggerated the crime, for they pretended we had primed our carbines, and would have shot some of them (as, indeed, the captain was about to do), we might have had our heads cut off, as we were told afterwards, for that amongst these rude people, a very small misdemeanor does very often meet that sentence. Though the proceedings appeared highly unjust, on consultation among ourselves we thought it safer to rid ourselves out of their hands, and trouble we were brought into, and therefore we patiently laid down our money, and with fierce countenances had our mules

and arms delivered to us; and glad we were to escape as we did. This was cold entertainment, but our journey after was colder, the rest of the way having been, as they told us, covered with snow since the creation; no man remembered it to be without: and because by the frequent snowing the tracks are continually filled up, we pass by several tall masts, set up to guide travellers, so as for many miles they stand in ken of one another like to our beacons."

Since the peace, the Simplon has been tracked by an endless succession of English travellers:

> If up the Simplon's path we wind,
> Fancying we leave this world behind,
> Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear,
> As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—
> The funds (phew, curse this ugly hill)
> Are lowering fast—(what, higher still?)
> And (zooks, we 're mounting up to heaven!)
> Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

CASTLE OF ANGHIERA,

ARONA.

> ——— Thy pencil brings to mind a day,
> When from Laveno and the Beuscer hill,
> I over Lake Verbanus held my way;
> In pleasant fellowship, with wind at will.
>
> SOUTHEY.

THE Lago Maggiore, the Lacus Verbanus of the Romans, is celebrated not only for its extent, but for the diversified beauties it exhibits. From Locarno at the north end, to Sesto Calende at the south, the Lake measures thirty-seven English miles. On a promontory projecting into the lake, is situated the castle of Anghiera, from which the province, erected into a county by the emperor Wenceslaus, derived its name. From this castle the Alps are seen in the distance, clothed with pine and firs, and their summits crowned with snows.

> ——— All things minister delight,
> The lake and land, the mountain and the vales,
> The Alps, their snowy summits rear in light,
> Tempering with gelid breath the summer gales;
> And verdant shores and woods refresh the eye,
> That else had ached beneath that brilliant sky.

One of the most attractive objects upon the Lago Maggiore is the Isola Bella, one of the Borromean Islands, so called from their forming part of the pos-

sessions of the Borromean family. Isola Bella was formerly much celebrated for its singular and beautiful gardens, which were visited by Burnet just at the period of their completion. "From Lugane, I went to the Lago Maggiore, which is a noble lake, six and fifty miles long and in most places six broad, and a hundred fathom deep about the middle of it: it makes a great bay towards the westward, and there lie two islands called the Borromean Islands, which are certainly the loveliest spots of ground in the world. There is nothing in all Italy that can be compared to them. They have the full view of the lake, and the ground rises so sweetly in them that nothing can be imagined equal to the terraces here. They belong to two counts of the Borromean family. I was only in one of them which belongs to the head of the family, nephew to the famous cardinal, known by the name of St. Carlo. On the west end lies the palace, which is one of the best in Italy for the lodgings within, though the architecture is but ordinary. There is one noble apartment above four and twenty feet high, and there is a vast addition making to it, and here is a great collection of noble pictures, beyond any thing I saw out of Rome. The whole island is a garden except a little corner to the south, set off for a village of about forty little houses. And because the figure of the island was not very regular by nature, they have built great vaults and porticoes along the rock which are all made grotesque, and so they have brought it to a regular form, by laying earth over those vaults. There is first a garden to the east, that rises up from the lake by five rows of terraces: on the three sides of the garden that are watered by the

lake, the stairs are noble, the walls are all covered with oranges and citrons, and a more beautiful spot of a garden cannot be seen. There are two buildings in the two corners of this garden: the one is a mill for fetching up the water, and the other is a noble summer-house all wainscoted over with alabaster and marble of a fine colour, inclining to red. From this garden one goes on a level to all the rest of the alleys and parterres, herb and flower gardens, in all which there are variety of fountains and arbours; but the great parterre is a surprising thing, for as it is well furnished with statues and fountains, and is of a vast extent and justly situated to the palace, at the further end of it there is a great mount. The face of it that looks to the parterre is made like a theatre, all full of fountains and statues, the height rising up in five several rows, about fifty feet high and almost fourscore feet in front; and round this mount answering to the five rows, into which the theatre is divided, there run as many terraces of noble walks. The walls are all close covered with oranges and citrons, as many of our walls in England are with laurels. The top of the mount is seventy feet long and forty broad, and here is a vast cistern into which the mill plays up the water that furnishes all the fountains. The fountains were not quite finished when I was there; but when all is complete the place will look like an enchanted island. The freshness of the air, it being both in a lake and near the mountains, the fragrant smell, the beautiful prospect and delightful variety that is here, makes it such a habitation for summer that, perhaps, the world has nothing like it."

The gardens of Isola Bella, with their straight walks, their porticos, their urns, their statues, and their temples, have excited the scorn and almost the indignation of modern travellers. Mr. Pennant, in a letter subjoined to Archdeacon Cox's Travels in Switzerland, has termed them "a monument of expense and folly;" Mr. Southey, in his pretty little poem on the Lago Maggiore, tells us they are "folly's prodigious work;" and a late tourist speaks of them as "outraging all purity and simplicity." It may, however, be doubted, whether the modern taste for the *natural* has not been carried to an excess, and whether the more artificial gardens of former times did not contribute to the gratification of the taste as well as to that of the eye and of the fancy. In architectural ornament and in the artful and methodical arrangement of the ground there is, at least, as much to delight a refined and correct taste as in the unskilful imitations of natural scenery so acceptable to a modern eye. The stately aisle-like avenues of former days have given place to naked circuitous approaches, and the broad grassy alleys of our ancient gardens have been removed to make way for the contorted gravel walks of our modern grounds; changes which have been supposed to be improvements from the common mistake of confounding the artificial and the ungraceful.

Upon the Isola Bella is a laurel tree of great size and beauty. A late traveller says that "Buonaparte, when in this neighbourhood shortly after the battle of Marengo, came hither, and in an apparent fit of musing carved on its bark the word 'Battaglia,' some letters of which may still be traced."

The view from Isola Bella has been well described by Mr. Eustace. "A high wall surrounds the whole island; but it is so constructed as to form a terrace, and thus to aid the prospect. The prospect, particularly from the top of the pyramid, is truly magnificent. The vast expanse of water immediately under the eye, with the neighbouring islands covered with houses and trees—the bay of Magotzo, bordered with lofty hills westward—eastward, the town of Lavena with its towering mountain—to the south the winding of the lake, with numberless villages, sometimes on the margin of the water, sometimes on gentle swells, and sometimes on the sides and crags of mountains—to the north, first the little town of Palanza, at the foot of a bold promontory, then a succession of villages and mountains bordering the lake as it stretches in a bold sweep towards the Alps, and loses itself amid their snow-crowned pinnacles.—The banks of the lake are well wooded, and finely varied with a perpetual intermixture of vineyard and forest, of arable and meadow, of plain and mountain. The latter circumstance, indeed, characterises the Lago Maggiore, and distinguishes it from the others, which are enclosed in a perpetual and uninterrupted ridge of mountains; while here, the chain is frequently broken by intervening plains and valleys. This interruption not only enlivens its surface by admitting more light and sunshine, but apparently adds to its extent by removing its boundaries, and at the same time gives a greater elevation to the mountains by bringing them into contrast with the plains."

The little town of Arona is situated on the borders of the Lago Maggiore, having the lake in front, and being flanked by a precipitous cliff, on the summit of which are to be seen the remains of an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the Borromean family, and in which the celebrated Cardinal Borromeo, canonized by the Roman church, was born. The name of this excellent and virtuous man, one of the great lights of the catholic church, is not yet forgotten by the descendants of those who were blessed by his enlightened charities. He was born in the year 1538; and on the accession of his uncle, Pius IV., to the papal chair in 1559, he was raised to some of the highest offices in the church, and received the cardinal's hat. "It was," says Tiraboschi, "a truly admirable thing to see a youth of two-and-twenty, for such was Borromeo's age when he was elected cardinal, sustaining the weighty cares of the pontificate, and managing with singular good sense the most difficult affairs." After discharging the various duties of the day, the cardinal was accustomed in the evening to assemble round him the persons most distinguished in the court of Rome for their talents and learning, for the purpose of conversing upon subjects connected with moral philosophy. These meetings, from the time and place at which they were held, acquired the title of the *Notti Vaticane*.

In the early part of his life, this establishment of Cardinal Borromeo was remarkable for its splendour and magnificence; but the council of Trent having enjoined a greater simplicity of life amongst the priesthood, he discarded his princely retinue, and appropriated his for-

tune to the noblest objects of charity and improvement. He promoted education, not only amongst the clergy, but also amongst the people at large, supplying the funds for the establishment of various institutions directed to the encouragement of letters. Among other admirable improvements, he introduced at Milan the system of Sunday schools for the education of young persons, an establishment which is continued at the present day. "It is both novel and affecting," observes Mr. Eustace, "to behold on that day, the vast area of the cathedral filled with children, forming two grand divisions, of boys and girls, ranged opposite each other, and then again subdivided into classes according to their age and capacities, drawn up between the pillars, while two or more instructors attend each class, and direct their questions and explanations to every individual without distinction. A clergyman attends each class accompanied by one or more laymen for the boys, and for the girls by as many matrons. The lay persons are said to be oftentimes of the first distinction." The personal wants of the poor and of the sick within his diocese were ever liberally supplied by Cardinal Borromeo, and during a destructive pestilence which burst out in Milan, he built a lazzaretto, and tended the patients with his own hands. He died in the year 1584, aged only forty-six, after leaving a name worthy of canonization in any hierarchy. Not far from Arona, the piety of his relatives erected to the memory of St. Charles Borromeo a colossal statue in bronze of vast magnitude, being in height seventy feet, and supported by a marble pedestal of forty feet.

Far off the Borromean saint is seen
  Distinct, though distant, on his native town,
Where his colossus, with benignant mien,
  Looks from its station on Arona down:
To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes
From the wide lake when perilous storms arise.

The remains of St. Charles are deposited (it can scarcely be said that they repose, for they are exposed to every inquisitive stranger) in the cathedral of Milan. How mistaken was the piety that could exhibit such a spectacle as that described by Sir J. E. Smith! "Before the high altar, in a subterraneous chapel, reposes St. Charles Borromeo. This chapel is one of the most remarkable things about the cathedral. Nothing can be richer.—The hangings are cloth of gold, the architraves of the doors, the cornice, in short, every thing but the hangings is of massy silver. The cornice is supported by large statues of angels, and adorned with fine alto relievos all of the same metal. On the back part of the altar and raised a little above it, lies the saint's body in a transverse position, in a case made of large slices six or eight inches square, of very fine rock crystal set in frames of silver given by Philip IV. of Spain, who was eight years in search of a sufficient quantity of crystal. The body is most magnificently dressed in archiepiscopal robes, with abundance of jewels. The face only is visible, and looks like that of an Egyptian mummy. The nose is nearly gone, which added to the drawing back of the lips from the teeth, gives the countenance a horrible and ghastly look."

MILAN.

> Et Mediolani mira omnia; copia rerum
> Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum
> Ingenia, et mores læti: tum dupplice muro
> Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
> Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
> Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque moneta,
> Et regio Herculei celebris sub honore lavacri,
> Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,
> Meniaque in valli formam circumdata labro.
> Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
> Excellunt: nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.
>
> AUSONIUS.

ALTHOUGH, since the times of Ausonius, Milan has been subjected more than any city in Italy, or perhaps in the world, to the evils attending upon the greatest scourges of humanity,—war and plague,—yet the praises which the poet bestows upon it are still, in a great degree, applicable to that city. If there be not a *circus* and *moles cuneata theatri;* there are yet theatres of modern fashion, and that of La Scala, both for size and beauty, is one of the first in the world. There is no place dedicated to Hercules, but there are churches of very remarkable beauty, not to mention the cathedral, inferior in size only to St. Peter's at Rome, and superior even to that edifice in ornaments. Marble is there as plentiful as it was in the time of Ausonius. It is true that there is no longer *opulens moneta* there; yet the mint *(zecca)*, under the late kingdom of Italy, was one of the best, and the coins which were struck there were superior, and still are, to

all others in elegance of design. A few thousand francs worth of coins issued by Maria Luigia, Duchess of Parma, Napoleon's widow (which may perhaps be said to excel all the coins of the Italian kingdom), were struck at Milan.

Milan was a city of great importance in the time of the Romans, particularly towards the latter end of the empire, when it was even the seat of some of the emperors before the invasion of the barbarians. It was destroyed by Attila so completely that its archbishop, St. Ambrose, emphatically copying one of Cicero's expressions, said of it, and of some other cities destroyed by that conqueror, that they were "tot semirutarum urbium cadavera." It was however rebuilt, and, in the twelfth century, it was, as it still is, the most flourishing and powerful of all the cities of Lombardy. The emperor, Frederic I. (Barbarossa), found in the Milanese a people determined to resist his tyrannical pretensions, and his German legions would have in vain attempted to reduce that city to a slavish obedience, had not many of the other cities of Lombardy joined the emperor against their own countrymen. Frederic, assisted by Pavia, Cremona, Lodi, and other neighbouring cities, in addition to his own Germans, besieged Milan, and, in seven months, succeeded in taking it, the citizens being reduced to the last extremities, and the emperor insisting on their unconditional surrender. Having taken possession of the city, he ordered all the inhabitants to leave it, and having delivered it up to plunder, he caused it to be razed to the ground. The executors of this abominable order were Lombards. Milan was divided into six parts, and six of

the Lombard tribes were charged with the destruction, each of one portion of the city, an office which they executed so literally, and with so inveterate a hatred, that it excited both surprise and scandal even among the Germans in the emperor's army. The population of Milan was distributed into four provisional encampments, which were erected near the site on which the city once stood, and for three or four years the Milanese were subject to all kinds of vexatious and tyrannical acts from their imperial governors. At length the Italians becoming sensible of the danger of allowing the imperial power to grow stronger in Italy, united, and entered into an alliance, known under the name of the famous "Lega Lombarda." One of the first acts of this league was to assist the population of Milan in rebuilding and fortifying their city, which was done in an incredibly short time, and Milan in a few years was rebuilt handsomer and larger than before, as it now exists. The allies, amongst whom the Milanese stood prominent, having obtained a victory over the emperor, forced him to a dishonourable peace, which was sealed by the treaty "De Pace Constantiæ," so called, because it was signed at Constance.

The cathedral of Milan was commenced in 1386, by Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, a prince who has left behind him a very lofty name. The front of this noble edifice was imperfect till the beginning of the present century, when by the orders of Napoleon it was completed. It is of gothic architecture, and in fret-work, in carving, and in statues it surpasses all churches in the world. The whole of it, even the roof, is of marble, and taking into account both the large and small statues, it

is said to contain several thousands. Some of the pillars are ninety feet high, and eight in diameter. The whole temple is 490 feet long, 298 broad, and 258 high in the interior under the dome. The highest external point of the tower is 400 feet.

This tower, dome, or obelisk, for, as Mr. Eustace observes, it is difficult to ascertain its appellation, was built only in 1763, and commands a very fine view. Coryat, who from another tower surveyed Milan, and the plain of Lombardy, speaks of the pleasure which he thus enjoyed in the following enthusiastic words : "I ascended almost to the toppe of the tower, wherence I surueyed the whole citie round about, which yeelded a most beautifull and delectable shew. There I observed the huge suburbs, which are as bigge as many a faire towne, and compassed about with ditches of water : there also I beheld a great part of Italy, together with the lofty Apennines, and they shewed me which way Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence, Genoa, Ravenna, &c. lay. The territory of Lombardy, which I contemplated round about from this tower, was so pleasant an object to mine eyes, being replenished with such unspeakable variety of all things, both for profit and pleasure, that it seemeth to me to be the very Elysian fields, so much decorated and celebrated by the verses of poets, or the temple or paradise of the world; for it is the fairest plain, extended about some 200 miles in length, that ever I saw, or ever shall, if I should travell over the whole habitable world; insomuch, that I said to myself, that this country was fitter to be an habitation for the immortal gods than for mortal men."

The churches of Milan are in general beautiful, and

the traveller, who is at all interested in ecclesiastical antiquities, will find great pleasure in investigating the rites of the diocese of Milan, commonly called "The Ambrosian rite," said to have been instituted by St. Ambrose, archbishop of that city. The popes have, in vain, at different times, attempted to prevail upon the Milanese to conform to the strict practice of the Roman church. It seems that, in olden times, the Milanese church used some peculiar method in the administration of the Lord's Supper; and to this day the ritual for the celebration of mass is different from that adopted in other catholic countries. One of the great peculiarities of the Ambrosian rite consists in the administration of the baptism, which takes place by immersion, according to the primitive rite of the church. The rules of the diocese of Milan have also the effect of prolonging the carnival in that city, Lent there beginning not on Ash Wednesday, but on the following Sunday. The consequence is, that carnival lasts three days longer (Friday being excluded) at Milan than in any other city. This period is called *Carnovoloze*, and is very merrily kept, owing chiefly to a large concourse of people from the neighbouring places, the inhabitants of which make the best of their time, by shortening the period of Lent and prolonging that of carnival.

In speaking of the ecclesiastical history of Milan, the glorious name of Borromeo is not to be forgotten. Two cardinals of that name, Carlo and Federico, deserve particular mention. Of the former something has been already said. If ever a man deserved to be canonized, it

was San Carlo Borromeo. His piety, his generosity, and the purity of his manners, were equally remarkable. His nephew, Federico Borromeo, emulated his virtues, and has left a splendid monument of the noble patronage, which he extended to letters, by the establishment, at his own expense, of the Ambrosian Library, one of the richest in MSS. of any in Europe. He moreover endowed it with funds out of which nine doctors annexed to it were to be paid, new books bought, and a correspondence kept up with the literary men of Europe. He likewise caused oriental types to be cast, books in those languages to be printed, the languages themselves, as well as Greek, Latin, and Italian, to be taught gratis, provided for the maintenance of the establishment in future, and ordered that the library should be opened to the public throughout the year, and every thing necessary for taking notes supplied to the students. An establishment like this, founded by the liberality of a private individual, is so honourable and rare an occurrence, that it ought not to escape the notice of travellers who wish to see in a country what is really worthy of notice.

It was by the Cardinal Carlo Borromeo, as before observed, that the Sunday-schools at Milan were founded, that prelate being satisfied, that the more the people are instructed, the more probable is it that they will follow the precepts of the gospel. There is no city in which so large a number of establishments for the gratuitous education of children exists as in Milan. They formerly amounted in number to one hundred and twenty, but it is to be feared that the tyrannical interference of the government has de-

stroyed several of these excellent institutions. About ten years ago, Lancastrian schools were introduced, and were supported by some philanthropic citizens, whose exertions in so noble a cause became the object of suspicion to the Austrian government. The consequence was, that a great number of these benevolent individuals fell victims to the ignorance and despotism of the government, and the Lancastrian schools were suppressed. The very utterance of the words *mutual instruction* to this day amounts in Milan to a high misdemeanour.

It must be said, to the honour of Milan, that it sinhabitants are distinguished for their generous support of any great undertaking or institution which may tend in any way to promote public comfort. Among their charitable institutions, that of the Ospedal Maggiore deserves particular notice, on account both of the splendid manner in which it has been endowed by the piety of the Milanese, and of the liberality with which the needy are supported, and the miseries of life softened or remedied. To the public spirit of the Milanese, in patronizing whatever is noble and useful, the world owes the most perfect collection of historical monuments respecting the middle ages that any nation can boast of. We allude to the Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, edited by the learned Muratori, assisted by Sassi and Argelati. The plan of this work was formed by Muratori, when one of the doctors of the Ambrosian Library, together with his two associates above mentioned. A very great number of historical documents inserted in that collection were copied from the MSS. of that library, and, to meet the

enormous expense caused by the printing, a society was formed at Milan, the individuals of which, who called themselves Socii Palatini, entered into a subscription for this purpose, and by their liberality the edition was published.

The scientific traveller who visits Milan will find that the principles of hydrostatics and hydraulics have never been better practically applied than in Lombardy, the fertile plains of which are, in many parts, skilfully irrigated. When he inspects at Milan the two canals, that of the *Mantesana*, and that of Pavia, he will be delighted in thinking that they are two of the oldest works of this kind; and that it was on the former that those ingenious contrivances by which boats ascend hills, or descend into valleys (we mean locks), were first applied by their inventors. The canal of Pavia, which forms a communication between Milan and this city, by which merchandizes are conveyed from the Ticino into the Po, and thencc to Venice, was completed only twelve years ago. It is, however, many centuries since its commencement. On a bridge within Milan, which crosses this canal, the following event took place in 1373.

Bernabò Visconti, Duke of Milan, having incurred the pope's displeasure with respect to some political transactions and alliances which were considered injurious to the court of Rome, his holiness Urban V., the reigning pontiff, sent the Cardinal Belfort and the Abbot of Farfa to expostulate with the duke; directing that if he did not yield to the pontifical commands, he should be excommunicated. The ambassadors were well received, but

completely failed in their negotiation; and, according to their orders, solemnly delivered into Bernabò's hands the bull of excommunication. He received it very quietly, placing it, without the least observation, in his vest. The ambassadors then took leave, and he, as if to pay them honour, accompanied them with a large retinue towards the gate by which they were to return.

On the party arriving on the bridge above mentioned, the duke stopped, and abruptly said to the ambassadors, "Gentlemen, will you eat or drink? for I am determined that you must do either the one or the other before you leave this bridge."

The two prelates, surprised at this address, consulted a little while together, not knowing well what to think of the proposal; then one of them answered, "My lord, in a place like this, where there is so much water at hand, we prefer eating to drinking."

Upon which the duke, drawing from his vest the bull of excommunication, rejoined, "Then eat the bull which you have delivered to me."

It was in vain that the two ambassadors remonstrated, and threatened him with divine punishment. Bernabò was not a man whose conscience could be moved by such fears; he peremptorily insisted; and both the cardinal and the abbot, to escape with their lives, were actually obliged to devour not only the bull, which was, of course, written on parchment, but the ribbons by which the seals were appended, and the very seals themselves; after which they were allowed to return to their sovereign.

About a century afterwards the tragical death of Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, killed by a party of

young men, full of patriotism and the love of liberty, turned all eyes upon this city.

Galeazzo Sforza, Lord of Milan, united to great talents the most profligate character. Cruel, licentious, false, and violent, he not only delighted in shedding blood, but even in a refinement of torture. He caused some of his victims to be buried alive, others to die of hunger. A peasant on being convicted of killing a hare, was obliged to eat it up raw, skin and all. Three young men, Giovanni Andrea Lampugnani, Carlo Visconti, and Girolamo Olgiati, who had been educated by Cola Montani, a celebrated professor of literature, in a Spartan manner, joined together to destroy this monster. Montani, who was full of Grecian and Roman literature, strongly impressed upon his pupils that it was in a free country that those great men had flourished whose deeds we now read of with such admiration; insisting that the first act was to free the country from tyrants. The conspiracy was agreed upon between these three young men, and kept for many months secret, without an occasion presenting itself for carrying it into execution. At length it was reported that the duke intended going to St. Stephen's church on that saint's day, the 26th December, 1476, and in that place they determined upon killing him. Early in the morning they went to the church, prayed that Heaven would bless their undertaking, which they considered not only just but holy; begged St. Stephen to forgive them if in so pious a cause they were obliged to pollute his church with blood; and, besides the usual prayers, they addressed to this saint a peculiar petition, purposely written for the occasion by Visconti. On the

duke entering the temple, they immediately killed him. Lampugnani was slain on the spot by a Moorish servant of the duke's; Visconti was soon afterwards taken and put to death. Olgiati, taken the last of all, was likewise put to death with the most horrible tortures. A confession, or rather statement of the conspiracy, drawn up from the relation of Olgiati, then twenty-two years of age, by order of his judges, and in the agonies of torments, still exists, in which a man of extraordinary fortitude is recognized. He never appears once to repent of what he has done. He met his death with the courage of a martyr, and the resignation of a Christian, but he never acknowledged himself guilty before God of what he had done. "I know," he said to the priest who attended him during the excruciating torments by which he was put to death, "that my poor body deserves this and greater punishment, if it could bear it, for my sins. But for the glorious deed for which I suffer, I hope to be rewarded by the Almighty; for I know the purity of my motives. I would suffer a thousand times the same death cheerfully; and were I to die and revive again ten times, I would ten times do the same." He only once moaned; but he soon checked himself, saying, "Collige te, Hieronyme; habet vetus memoria facti: mors acerba, fama perpetua." His undaunted stoicism was the means of accelerating his death, as the executioners themselves were moved by it, and it was thought that his example might be dangerous. An epigram which he composed when he heard from the place where he was concealed the noise of the mob dragging along the streets the body of his friend Lampugnani, has been preserved.

Quem non armatæ potuerunt mille phalanges
Sternere, privata Galeaz Dux Sfortia dextra
Concidit: atque illum minime juvere cadentem
Astantes famuli, nec opes, nec castra, nec urbes.
Unde patet sævo tutum nil esse tyranno.

But the consequences of Galeazzo's death were far different from what the conspirators expected. His eldest son, then eight years of age, was nominally his successor, but the throne was usurped by Lodovico the Moor, an abominable traitor, to whom Italy owed the invasion of Charles VIII. of France. Ludovico by that invasion, in the end, lost both his throne and his liberty, and it is from that time that an incessant succession of misfortunes and calamities has poured upon Italy. Milan, after many vicissitudes, became an Austrian province, and afterwards, under Napoleon, was the capital of the little kingdom of Italy. In 1814 it returned under the yoke of its former master, the German emperor, who, by the iron rod with which he rules Lombardy, and more particularly Milan, amply revenges the humiliations to which his predecessor, Frederic Barbarossa, was of old subjected by the Lombards, more especially by the then brave Milanese. From the loss of its independence, Milan, like the rest of Italy, has fallen into complete oblivion with respect to the civilized world. Despotism has effeminated the people, blighted their glory, and dried up every source of opulence. Nothing that formed the ancient renown of Milan, even in a commercial point of view, now remains. Its rich manufactories, both of swords and armour, so famous through all the world, have now disappeared; a person surveying Milan in its present state will scarcely believe that a spirit of industry and com-

mercial enterprise was ever cultivated in a place now debased and ruined by a degrading government. It is scarcely then worth while to notice the idleness of the assertion so often repeated, that no man of talents is to be reckoned among the Milanese. The city, where the Emperors Julian the Apostate and Maximian were born, and among the names of whose native citizens we meet with those of Marechal Trivulgio, and in more modern times of Beccaria and Verri, of Farini and Faveroni, of Manzoni and Grossi—this city cannot in fairness be accused of not having contributed its full share to the glorious list of names which shed so much lustre (the only consolation of which that unhappy country cannot be deprived, either by jesuitical cunning or by Austrian feudality) on the Ausonian peninsula.

LAKE OF COMO.

Ædificare te scribis, bene est: inveni patrocinium. Ædificio enim jam ratione quia tecum. Nam hoc quoque non dissimile, quod ad mare tu, ego ad Larium Lacum. Hujus in littore plures villæ meæ, sed duæ ut maxime delectant, ita exercent.

PLIN. EPIST.

I love to sail along the Larian Lake,
Under the shore—though not to visit Pliny,
To catch him musing in his plane-tree walk,
Or fishing, as he might be, from his window.

ROGERS.

THE Lake of Como, the Lacus Larius of the ancients, is upwards of thirty miles long, and between two and three miles broad. It is divided into two branches, one of which leads directly to the town of Como, while the other, called the Lake of Lecco, discharges the Adda, and communicates, by means of that river and its canals, with Milan. The borders of the lake are lofty hills, covered with vines, chestnut, walnut, and almond trees, and enlivened with numerous villages. The temperature is mild, and not only the inhabitants of Milan, but numerous strangers, amongst whom are many English, retreat to the delightful villas with which the lake is surrounded. Like its neighbour the Benacus, the Lacus Larius is subject to tempests, which sometimes render its navigation dangerous. It is, indeed, included by Virgil in the same line with the stormy Benacus.

Tu Lari, maxime, tuque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgans, Benace, marino.

In consequence of the lake being fed by the melting of the snow on the neighbouring mountains, the water is higher in summer than in winter.

On the eastern side of the lake is situated the Pliniana, a villa belonging to a Milanese nobleman, and supposed to be the site of one of Pliny's beautiful residences on the borders of the Lacus Larius. He has himself described the situation of two. "We are pretty much agreed, likewise, I find, in our situations; and as your buildings are carrying on upon the sea-coast, mine are rising upon the site of the Larian lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which I take most delight, so they give me most employment. They are both situated like those at Baiæ; one of them stands upon a rock, and has a prospect of the lake, the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my tragic; the other, as resting upon the humble sock, my comic villa. They have each their particular beauties, which recommend themselves to me so much the more, as they are of different kinds. The former commands a wider prospect of the lake; the latter enjoys a nearer view of it. This, by an easy bend, embraces a little bay; the promontory upon which the other stands forms two. Here you have a straight walk extending itself along the banks of the lake; there a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not feel the force of the waves, the latter breaks them; from that you see the fishing vessels below; from this you may fish yourself,

and throw your line from your chamber, and almost from your bed, as from a boat. It is the beauties, therefore, these agreeable villas possess that tempt me to add to them those which are wanting."

The resemblance of the Pliniana to either of these descriptions has been questioned by Mr. Eustace. Some writers have supposed that one of the villas which Pliny possessed, in the neighbourhood of Como, occupied this site; but though he had many in the vicinity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favourite retreats, and the situation of the Pliniana corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and in this respect it resembled the Pliniana; but it would be difficult to find, in the latter, sufficient space among the rocks for the "*gestatio quæ spatiosissimo xysto leviter inflectitur.*"

The attachment which Pliny felt for his Larian villas, and the longing desire which, amidst the bustle of Rome, he experienced to visit those delightful retreats, are beautifully expressed in one of his letters to Caninius. "How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study or in those of the field? Or does he unite both, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind, as the surrounding woods will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will, at the same time, dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are engaged with some only, or with each of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you, but I must confess I greatly regret that I also cannot partake of them;—a happiness I long for as earnestly as

a man in a fever for drink to allay his thirst, or for baths and fountains to assuage his heat. But if it be not given me to see a conclusion of these unpleasant occupations, shall I never at least break loose from them? Never, indeed, I much fear; for new affairs are daily rising, while the former still remain unfinished: such an endless train of business is continually pressing upon me and riveting my chains still faster."

In a small court at the back of the villa Pliniana rises the celebrated ebbing and flowing spring, which has been described by both the elder and the younger Pliny. It rises from the rock about twenty feet above the level of the lake, into which, after passing through the under story of the villa, it pours itself. The following description of it, from the Letters of the younger Pliny, is inscribed in Latin and Italian upon the walls of the villa: "There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and, running among the rocks, is received into a little banqueting room, from whence, after the force of its current is a little restrained, it falls into the Larian Lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprising; it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. The increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very amusing to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and while you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees, till it is entirely covered, and then gently retires; and if you wait you may see it thus alternately advance and recede three successive times." The rising and falling of the water is

said to be affected by the direction and force of the wind, and at the present day the fountain presents the same phenomena described by Pliny. Similar springs exist in different parts of England.

On the borders of the Lake of Como is situated the villa occupied by the late Queen, of which the following short description is given by Mr. Cadell, in his Journey through Carniola, Italy, and France: "To see the Lake, we proceed in a boat. Two miles and a half up, and near the water's edge, on the west bank of the Lake, is a villa belonging to the Princess of Wales, bought from General Pino, and now (1818) for sale. The house presents a front of considerable size. The ground attached to the villa is of small extent. A road has been made, at the expense of the Princess, along the side of the Lake, from the village to Como."

Mr. Rogers has celebrated, in his beautiful poem of "Italy," an incident which befel him while sailing over the Lake of Como:

In a strange land,
Such things, however trifling, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place planting good-will to all.
At least I found it so; nor less at eve,
When, bidden as an English traveller
('Twas by a little boat that gave me chase,
With oar and sail, as homeward-bound I crossed
The bay of Trammezine), right readily
I turned my prow and followed, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave;
Where, through the trellises and corridors,
Soft music came, as from Armida's palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods, the waters;

And, through a bright pavilion, bright as day,
Forms such as hers were flitting, lost among
Such as of old in sober pomp swept by;
Such as adorn the triumphs and the feasts
Painted by Cagliari; where the world danced
Under the starry sky, while I looked on,
Listening to Monti, quaffing gramolata,
And reading, in the eyes that sparkled round,
The thousand love adventures written there.
Can I forget, no never, such a scene,
So full of witchery. Night lingered still,
When, lit by Lucciole, I left Bellagio;
But the strain followed me; and still I saw
Thy smile, Angelica; and still I heard
Thy voice, once and again bidding adieu.

The pen of Mr. Wordsworth, also, has been well employed in celebrating the beauties of the Lake of Como:

More pleased my foot the hidden margin roves
Of Como, bosom'd deep in chestnut groves,
To flat-roof'd towns, that touch the water's bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound;
Or from the bending rocks obstrusive cling,
And on the whitened wave their shadows fling;
While round the steeps the little pathway twines,
And silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The viewless lingerer hence at evening sees,
From rock-hewn steps, the sail between the trees;
Or marks, mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain shades to view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,
Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep,
As up the opposing hills with tortoise foot they creep.

COMO.

Quid agit Comum, tuæ meæque deliciæ?

PLIN. EPIST.

THE town of Como is of considerable antiquity, and owes its chief celebrity to the circumstance of its having been the birth-place of the younger Pliny, of whom a statue is erected in front of the cathedral. It was the delight of Pliny to adorn his native town, and to establish amongst his fellow-citizens institutions for the encouragement of learning. His admirable arguments in favour of the formation of an university at Como are particularly interesting at the present time, when a similar experiment has been so successfully tried in our own metropolis. "Being lately at Comum, the place of my nativity, a young lad, son to one of my neighbours, made me a visit. I asked him whether he studied rhetoric, and where? He told me he did, and at Mediolanum. And why not here? Because, said his father, who came with him, we have no professors. No! said I; surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers (and very opportunely, several of the company were), that your sons should receive their education here rather than any where else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or instructed with more safety and less expense than at

home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure proper masters, if you would only apply towards the raising a salary for them the extraordinary expense you sustain for your sons' journeys, lodgings, and for whatever else you pay in consequence of their being educated at a distance from home, as pay you must for every article of that kind. Though I have no children myself, yet I shall willingly contribute to a design so beneficial to my native country, which I consider as my child or my parent; and therefore, I will advance the third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might be hereafter abused and perverted to private ends, which I have observed to be the case in several places where public foundations of this kind have been established * * *. You can undertake nothing that will be more advantageous to your children nor more acceptable to your country. Your sons will by these means receive their education where they received their birth, and be accustomed from their infancy to inhabit and affect their native soil."

The affection with which Pliny regarded his native place appears from several of his letters. In addressing one of his correspondents, he says, "How stands Comum, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree walk, the crystal canal, so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake below, which serves at once the purposes of use and

beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft gestatio, the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose, both at noon and night? Do these possess my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call him frequently from this agreeable retreat?"

The town of Como is very pleasantly situated on the southern extremity of the lake, in a narrow vale, enclosed by fertile hills. It is surrounded by a wall, flanked with towers, which present a picturesque appearance. The houses are built of stone; but the cathedral is of white marble, and though it displays a mixture of Grecian and gothic architecture, has not an unpleasing effect. The celebrated Paulus Jovius was bishop of Como, of which town he was a native. His house is still shown without the walls, by the side of the lake. Como was also the birth-place of the poet Cæcilius, as we learn by the following invitation, addressed to him by Catullus.

> "Poetæ, tenero meo sodali,
> Velim Cæcilio, papyre, dicas,
> Veronam veniat, novi relinquens
> Comi mænia, Lariumque littus.
> Nam quasdam volo cogitationes
> Amici accipiat sui, meique.
> Quare si sapiat, viam vorabit."

Como and Verona have both claimed with much eagerness the honour of giving birth to the elder Pliny. The Conte Anton-Giuseppe della Torre di Rezzonico, in a long dissertation, vindicated the claims of Como his native placc, which has been thought by the learned Tiraboschi to place the question at rest.

VERONA.

Ocelle mundi, sidus Itali cœli,
Flos urbium, flos corniculumque amœnum
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere, Verona!

SCALIGER.

The situation of Verona is extremely well chosen. It is built on the declivity of a hill at the foot of the Alps along the banks of the Adige, to which, with great good taste and good sense, openings have been preserved, as in Paris to the Seine. The immediate neighbourhood of the city is adorned by numerous villas and gardens, which give elegance and animation to the landscape. The interior of the city also presents many picturesque views, to which its abundant marble quarries have contributed. "This city," says Evelyn, "deserved all those eulogies Scaliger has honoured it with, for in my opinion the situation is the most delightful I ever saw, it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as if it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree: here of all places I have seen in Italy would I fix a residence."

"Verona," says Mrs. Piozzi, "is the gayest looking town I ever lived in; beautifully situated; the hills around it elegant, the mountains at a distance venerable;

the silver Adige rolling through the valley, while such a glow of blossoms now ornaments the rising grounds, and such cheerfulness smiles in the sweet faces of its inhabitants, that one is tempted to think it the birth-place of Euphrosyne. Here are vines, mulberries, olives; of course, wine, silk, and oil; every thing that can seduce, every thing that ought to satisfy desiring man. Here then, in consequence, do actually delight to reside mirth and good humour, in their holiday dress. *A Verona mezzi matti,* say the Italians themselves of them, and I see nothing seemingly go forward here but improvisatori, reciting stories or verses to entertain the populace; boys flying kites cut square like a diamond on the cards, and called *stelle;* and men amusing themselves at a game called pallamajo, something like our cricket."

The first object of interest in Verona is the ancient amphitheatre, which, in extent and magnificence, may almost rival the Coliseum. The gladiators' bloody circus stands, a noble wreck in ruinous perfection. This splendid structure, which according to the conjectures of some critics was never completed, in its outward circumference measures about 1300 feet, while the length of the area is upwards of 200 feet. It still exhibits more than forty tiers of seats, which before it fell into ruins must have been more numerous. De la Laude conjectures, that 22,000 persons might conveniently be seated within its circuit; and it is said, that when the sovereign pontiff, in 1782, bestowed his blessing upon the assembled multitude within its walls, a still greater number of persons were then collected. The seats, with the staircases and galleries of communication, are all

formed of blocks of solid marble. Upon these seats Pliny the younger often sate to witness the furious combats which the amphitheatre then exhibited. "You are perfectly in the right," says the philosopher in one of his letters, "to promise a combat of gladiators to our good friends the citizens of Verona, not only as they have long distinguished you with their peculiar esteem and veneration, but as it was from that city you received the amiable object of your most tender affection, your late excellent wife. I am sorry the African panthers which had been largely provided for this purpose did not arrive time enough; but though they were delayed by the tempestuous season, the obligation to you is equally the same, since it was not your fault that they were not exhibited." Till the end of the last century, plays were occasionally acted in this amphitheatre, an use to which it was applied by the French on their entrance into Verona. For a long course of years, sums of money were appropriated to the preservation of this magnificent ruin, and two persons, with the title of *Presidenti alla arena,* were appointed to protect it from injury and decay. The period at which this edifice was erected is not known, there being no inscription or peculiarity of architecture to mark its origin. By some, it has been attributed to the age of Augustus; by others, to that of the emperor Maximian.

During the sitting of the congress at Verona, the area of the amphitheatre, which had been covered to the depth of nearly two yards by the accumulation of earth, was cleared, and the full proportions of this magnificent structure were rendered visible. The amphitheatre is not the only relic of Roman architecture which Verona

possesses. In the middle of the *corso* or principal street stands a double arch or gateway of marble, inscribed with the name of Gallienus, and supposed to have been formerly the entrance into the Forum Judiciale.

Opposite to the Palazzo del Podestà, or town-hall, stand the monuments of the Scaligers, the ancient lords of Verona—of the "Gran Lombardo"

> "Che porta in su la scala il santo augello,"

and of the celebrated Can Grande, the favourite subject of Dante's verse.

> "Colui, ch' impresso fue
> Nascendo si da questa stella forte
> Che notabili fien l'òpera sue."

> "That mortal who was at his birth impress'd
> So strongly from this star that, of his deeds,
> The nations shall take note."

These monuments have been considered fine specimens of the gothic; and though exposed for nearly five hundred years in the public street, they have remained undefaced. "A circumstance is worthy of observation in these monuments," says Mr. Stewart Rose, "as indicative of the peculiar properties of Italian climate. A curious unpainted iron trellice forms the protection of them, and is of the same age (1350, if I recollect rightly); yet this screen, though some parts of it, as the armorial bearings of the Scaligers, are thin, has not been injured by time. The Italian air, even when charged with sea-salt, as in the Venetian islets, seems to have very little effect upon iron."

Verona is rich in architectural edifices. Here San Micheli, an architect of high ability, nearly contemporary with Palladio, flourished, and has adorned the city with many specimens of his genius. Amongst these are the palaces Canossa, Terzi, Bevilacqua, and Pompei, of which the Palazzo Pompei has been thought to exhibit most favourably the skill of the architect. In addition to these buildings, San Micheli, also, designed the Capelli Pellegrini in the church of San Bernardino, and the Porta del Pallio, celebrated for its beautiful simplicity. The theatre, from the design of Palladio, is situated in the neighbourhood of the ancient amphitheatre. The portico has been decorated, by the celebrated Maffei, the illustrator of Verona, with Etruscan marbles and inscriptions.

To this extraordinary person, the glory of Verona, and indeed of Italy, a statue was erected, after his death, by the gratitude of his fellow-citizens; but a more enduring monument is to be found in the numerous learned and excellent performances, which his genius and industry gave to the world. Scarcely any branch of literature or of science was left untouched by his pen—to which, also, his native city owes the valuable exposition of her literary treasures and antiquities in the "Verona Illustrata." To promote the study of antiquities he founded a museum, and established also a literary society at his own house. His countrymen, grateful for the benefits and the fame which they derived from Maffei, placed, during his life-time, in the hall of the Philharmonic Academy, a bust of him, with the following admirable inscription—"Scipioni Maffæo adhuc viventi Academia Filhar-

monica ære et decreto publico;" but the modesty of Maffei prompted him to remove this honourable testimony to his merits.

The Englishman who visits Verona eagerly seeks for some authentic relic to connect the scene before him with that most touching of all dramas—Romeo and Juliet.

> "Are those the ancient turrets of Verona?
> And shall I sup where Juliet, at the masque,
> Saw her loved Montague and now sleeps by him?"

In order, no doubt, to satisfy the craving of our countrymen in this particular, the kind Veronese used formerly to point out in an ancient chapel the tomb of Juliet; but the destruction of this building a few years since has at the same time destroyed the illusion. There is every reason, however, to believe that Verona was the seat of a tragical history, resembling in all its more prominent features that which has been dramatised by Shakspeare. Gerolamo della Corte, in his History of Verona, has referred to it as an historical event; and both Luigi da Porto and Bandello, in their novels, have laid the scene of the story at the same place. So in the old metrical history of Romeus and Giuliet, which, it is probable, was followed by Shakspeare, the scene is laid in Verona.

The author of "Sketches descriptive of Italy" was led, like the rest of his countrymen, to the pseudo-tomb of Juliet, and has discovered that she was buried in a red marble coffin. "Did it not possess an extensive claim on the notice of strangers, this tomb would cer-

tainly be mistaken for a common water-trough: for it is formed of the coarsest red marble, and has no ornament whatever. If, therefore, it had any connexion with Juliet, it was probably her coffin. The garden in which it now stands occupies the site of a church belonging to an old monastery, which was destroyed by the explosion of a powder-mill, moored in the neighbouring Adige. The old woman who has the care of it, tells the story of Juliet's death, as it is related in the Italian novel from which Shakspeare drew the materials of his matchless drama. Every English visitor, she says, carries away a bit of the marble: a circumstance she greatly deplores, not considering that her telling them all so, is the very way to effect the continuance of the custom."

From Verona, the traveller usually diverges to the Lago di Garda, the Benacus of the Romans, one of the three largest lakes on the southern declivity of the Alps. The beautiful scenery around this magnificent sheet of water awakens a thousand delightful associations. "The Lago di Garda, which disembogues into that of Mantua, was highly spoken of by my Lord Arundel to me as the most pleasant spot in Italy, for which reason I observed it with the more diligence, alighting out of the coach and going up to a grove of cypresses growing about a gentleman's country house, from whence, indeed, it presents a most surprising prospect. The hills and gentle risings about it produce oranges, citrons, olives, figs, and other tempting fruits, and the waters abound in excellent fish, especially trouts." The Lago di Garda is still subject to the storms, which agitated its surface in the time of Virgil. "We saw the Benacus in our way," says Addison,

"which the Italians now call Lago di Garda. It was so rough with tempests when we passed by it that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it,

> Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."

Mr. Eustace also had the fortune to see the lake in its state of classical agitation. "Before we retired to rest, about midnight, from our windows we observed the lake calm and unruffled. About three in the morning I was roused from sleep by the doors and windows bursting open at once, and the wind roaring round the room. I started up, and looking out, observed by the light of the moon, the lake in the most dreadful agitation and the waves dashing against the walls of the inn, and resembling the swellings of the ocean more than the petty agitation of inland waters.

"Next morning, the lake so tranquil and serene the evening before, presented a surface covered with foam, and swelling into mountain billows that burst in breakers every instant at the door of the inn, and covered the whole house with spray." At Peschiera the lake terminates in the river Mincius, "Smooth-flowing Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds," which like the Benacus has preserved its classical character,

> ——— Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.
>
> Georg. III. 14.

But the most striking feature of the Lago di Garda

is the promontory of Sermione, the favourite retreat of Catullus, himself a native of Verona.

> Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
> Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
> Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
> Quam te libenter, quamque lætus inviso, &c.

This delightful little poem has lost none of its beauty in the version of Moore.

> Sweet Sermio! thou the very eye
> Of all peninsulas and isles,
> That in our lakes of silver lie,
> Or sleep enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles,
>
> How gladly back to thee I fly!
> Still doubting, asking, can it be
> That I have left Bithynia's sky
> And gaze in safety upon thee?
>
> Oh! what is happier than to find
> Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
> When anxious long, the lighten'd mind
> Lays down its load of care at last;
>
> When tired with toil, on land and deep,
> Again we tread the welcome floor
> Of our own home, and sink to sleep
> On the long wish'd for bed once more:
>
> This, this it is, that pays alone
> The ills of all life's former track—
> Shine out, my beautiful, my own
> Sweet Sermio—greet thy master back.
>
> And thou, fair lake, whose water quaffs
> The light of Heaven, like Lydia's sea,
> Rejoice, rejoice, let all that laughs
> Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

The extremity of the promontory is covered with ruins, and a vault is exhibited to the stranger under the name of the Grotto of Catullus.

The neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda is also rendered interesting by its connexion with the second era of classical literature in Italy. Its beauties inspired the muses of Bembo, Navagero, and Fracastoro, the latter of whom possessed a delightful villa, situated near the lake. The traveller may, probably, be able to trace its site from the pleasing description which the biographer of the poet has given. It was placed amidst the range of hills, which extend between the lake and the Adige, about fifteen miles from Verona. Here, after a moderate ascent, rose the villa of the poet, which was sufficiently elevated to command a view of the lake. The house was plain; had little to boast from artificial ornament, but much from the natural beauty of its situation. It was of a square form, with an open aspect on every side, except the north. On the east, where the Adige rolls its rapid current, hastening from the interior of Germany and laving the foot of the mountain, it commanded a view of Verona, with innumerable villas scattered here and there on the subjacent plain. Herds and flocks added to the picturesque beauty of the scene, heightened still more by the smoke of the scattered habitations, seen more distinctly towards evening. On the west, the appearance of the Lago di Garda was no less pleasing—hills rising in alternate succession met the view—the sometimes disturbed and tumultuous billows of the lake—the charming peninsula of Catullus—vessels with expanded sails, and fishing barks seen

approaching from a remote distance, and numerous towns and hamlets seated on the sunny promontories. Beneath, lay Bardoleno, its declivities crowned with olives and orange trees—the hilly summits here embrowned with shady woods, there spreading a green and luxuriant pasture. The damp unwholesome winds from the south were warded off by an orchard of the choicest fruit trees, so arranged as to form a screen to the villa, while mount Baldo on the north, towering behind, protected it from the rigorous blasts of winter. Fracastoro has himself celebrated, in a poem addressed to his friend Francesco Torriano, the studious pleasures of this charming retreat.

> "Here peaceful solitude the muse befriends,
> Soothes us awake, and on our sleep attends.
> What, if my ceiling boast no painted dyes,
> Nor fears the innoxious dust that round it flies;
> If chisell'd by the immortal sculptor's hand,
> No busts surprise, nor breathing statues stand;
> Here Freedom dwells, that loves the rural plains,
> And wide expatiates in her own domains."
>
> GRESWELL.

In this retreat Fracastoro died in the year 1553. The inhabitants of Verona, of which city he was a native, erected a statue to his memory.

VICENZA.

> Mœnia, templa, domus, et propugnacula, et arces,
> Atque alia in multis sunt monumenta locis
> Istius ingenio, et cura fabrefacta decenter
> Fama unde illius vivet, honorque diu.
>
> BRESSANI.

VICENZA is to be visited as the city of Palladio. It is the Mecca of architects, adorned with a hundred shrines, each claiming the devotion of the pilgrim. "Vicenza," says an excellent critic (Mr. Forsyth), "is full of Palladio. His palaces here, even those which remain unfinished, display a taste chastened by the study of ancient art. Their beauty originates in the design, and is never superinduced by ornament. Their elevations enchant you, not by the length and altitude, but by the consummate felicity of their proportions, by the harmonious distribution of solid and void, by that happy something between flat and prominent, which charms both in front and in profile; by that *maëstria* which calls in columns, not to encumber, but to support, and reproduces ancient beauty in combinations unknown to the ancients themselves. Even when obliged to contend with the coarsest Gothic at La Ragione, how skilfully has Palladio screened the external barbarism of that reversed hulk, by a Greek elevation as pure as the original would admit. His Vicentine villas have been often imitated in England, and are models more adapted to resist both our climate and

our reasoning taste, than the airy extravagant structures of the south."

One of the latest and most signal triumphs of Palladio's genius, is the Teatro Olympico, or Olympic Theatre, erected at the expense of the Olympic Academy, an association formed in the sixteenth century for the promotion of polite literature. This splendid edifice, framed upon the model of the ancient theatres, exhibits, in the place of the moveable scenery which decorates modern theatres, a stationary view. Looking through the proscenium, which consists of a magnificent archway, supported by columns, the spectator sees five several streets or approaches to the stage, formed from actual models of buildings, so framed as to imitate an architectural perspective. The centre portion of the theatre is occupied by the orchestra, and around it rise the seats in the form of an ellipsis, and above the seats a range of Corinthian columns.

Another celebrated structure of Palladio is the Rotonda, so called from its containing in the centre a large circular room with a cupola. The building itself is square, having four colonnades, each of six unfluted Ionic columns, with a flight of steps and a pediment. The Rotonda is situated on the Monte of Vicenza, a hill near the city, covered with the seats and casinos of the Vicentine gentry, and which may be ascended under the cover of porticos, resembling those near Padua, and leading to the church of Madonna di Monte. The extraordinary view from the summit of the Monte has been described by Mr. Stewart Rose. The Rotonda of Palladio was imitated by Lord Burlington in his villa at Chiswick, now the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

In examining the palaces designed by Palladio, it must be remembered that the architect was frequently compelled to sacrifice his own pure and beautiful conceptions to the false taste of the persons by whom he was employed. This appears not only from an inspection of his published works, but especially, as is stated by a writer in one of our literary journals, from a collection of original drawings by Palladio, now in the possession of the Signore Pinale of Verona. Amongst those drawings are many designs for buildings which were never executed, but which are more creditable to the architect than any of his existing edifices. Amongst others, there is a beautiful design for the bridge of the Rialto. It must not be forgotten that the modest mansion built by Palladio for his own residence, is to be seen near his most celebrated work, the Teatro Olympico.

While residing at Vicenza, Mr. Stewart Rose witnessed the exhibition of an improvisatore in one of the halls of the Teatro Olympico. "Two understrappers appeared upon the stage with materials for writing, and a large glass vase; one of those took down, on separate scraps of paper, different subjects which were proposed by such of the audience as chose to suggest them. The other having duly sealed them, threw them into the above-mentioned vase, which he held up and shook before the spectators. He then presented it amongst them for selection, and different subjects were drawn, till they came to 'Alfieri alla tomba di Shakspeare,' an argument which was accepted by universal acclamation.

"The two assistants now retired, and the principal appeared in their place. He was young and good-look-

ing, and being of opinion that a neckcloth took from his beauty, wore his neck bare, but in other respects had nothing singular in his dress, which was precisely that of an Englishman. He received the paper on entering, and immediately threw himself on a chair, from whence, after having made a few Pythian contortions, but all apparently with a view to effect, he poured forth a volley of verse, without the slightest pause or hesitation; but this was only a prelude to a mightier effort.

"He retired, and the two assistants re-appeared; subjects were proposed for a tragedy, the vase shaken as before, and the papers containing the arguments drawn.

"Amongst the first titles fished out was that of "Ines de Castro," which, as no objection was taken to it, was adopted, and communicated to the improvisatore. He advanced, and said, that, as he was unacquainted with the story, he desired to be instructed in the leading facts. These were communicated to him, succinctly enough, by the suggestor of the theme, and he proceeded forthwith to form his dramatis personæ, in the manner of one who thinks aloud. There were few after the example of Alfieri. As soon as the matter was arranged, he began, and continued to declaim his piece without even a momentary interruption, though the time of recitation, unbroken by any repose between the acts, occupied the space of three hours.

"Curiosity to see how far human powers can be carried, may tempt one to go and see a man stand upon his head; but to see a man stand on his head for three hours is another thing. As a *tour de force*, the thing was marvellous; but I have seen as wonderful in this country,

which is fertile in such prodigies. I recollect once seeing a man to whom, after he had played other pranks in verse, three subjects for sonnets were proposed, one of which was, 'Noah issuing from the ark;' the other, 'The death of Cæsar;' and the third, 'The wedding of pantaloon.' These were to be declaimed, as it may be termed, interlacedly; that is, a piece of Noah, a piece of Cæsar, and a piece of pantaloon. He went through this sort of bread and cheese process with great facility, though only ten minutes were given him for the composition, which was moreover clogged with a yet more puzzling condition: he was to introduce what was termed a *verso obligato*, that is, a particular verse, specified by one of the audience, at a particular place in each of the sonnets. This last summerset in fetters appeared to please the spectators infinitely, who proposed other tricks which I do not remember, but which were all equally extraordinary."

In the earlier part of the present century, the Signora Fantastici was the favourite improvisatrice of the day. Mr. Forsyth has described her performances, which displayed very extraordinary powers: "She went round her circle, and called on each person for a theme. Seeing her busy with her fan, I proposed the fan as a subject; and this little weapon she painted, as she promised, 'col pennel divino di fantasia felice.' In tracing its origin, she followed Pignotti, and in describing its use, she acted and analyzed to us all the coquetry of the thing. She allowed herself no pause, as the moment she cooled, her *estro* would escape. So extensive is her reading, that she can challenge any theme. One morn-

ing, after other classical subjects had been sung, a Venetian count gave her the boundless field of Apollonius Rhodius, in which she displayed a minute acquaintance with all the Argonautic fable. Tired at last of demigods, I proposed the sofa for a task, and sketched to her the introduction of Cowper's Poem. She set out with his idea, but being once entangled in the net of mythology, she soon transformed his sofa into a Cytherean couch, and brought Venus, Cupid, and Mars on the scene; for such embroidery enters into the web of every improvisatore."

The curious philologist who visits Vicenza will not neglect the Sette Communi, the descendants of some northern tribes, residing amongst the hills in the neighbourhood of Vicenza, and retaining not only the characteristic habits and manners, but even the language, of their ancestors. Much controversy has arisen as to the original stock from which this tribe is derived, which, undoubtedly, from the language still spoken by them, was of northern extraction. It is said that one of the kings of Denmark, visiting Italy, found that the idiom of the Sette Communi so much resembled the Danish as to enable him with ease to understand their language. This tribe furnishes by no means a singular instance of a community retaining the language of their ancestors in the midst of another nation. On the borders of Transylvania a Roman colony is still in existence by whom the Latin language is familiarly spoken. A late traveller, passing through this part of the country, was wakened one morning at his inn by the entrance of a Transylvanian Boots, with a glass in his hand, who addressed him in the

following words, "*Domine, visne schnaps?*" The traveller, summoning up his classical acquirements, replied by another interrogatory, "*Quid est Schnaps?*" "*Schnaps est res,*" said the Boots, "*omnibus maxime necessaria omne die,*"—presenting to him the glass of brandy.

In the neighbourhood of Vicenza a singular contrivance is described by Ray, who visited Italy in 1663. "In the same village we had also sight of the famous Ventiduct, belonging to a nobleman of Vicenza, contrived for the coolness of his palace, during the heat of the summer, to effect which channels are cut through the rocks from a spacious high-roofed grotto to the palace, so that when they intend to let in the cool air, they shut up the gate at the cave, and by opening a door at the end of the channel, convey the fresco into the rooms of the palace, each of which has a conduit or hole to receive it."

PADUA.

THE TOWN-HALL.

> For the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
> And by my father's love and leave am arm'd,
> With his good will and thy good company,
> My trusty servant well-approved in all.
> Here let us breathe, and happily institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies.
>
> TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PADUA "la dotta," as, in compliment to its celebrated university, it is still termed, is situated in the midst of a rich and abundant country. "Padua," says Mr. Forsyth, "has contracted from its long low porticos and its gloomy churches, a grave old vacancy of aspect." Since the fall of Venice, however, this city has increased in importance, and presents a more animated scene than when it was visited by Mr. Forsyth.

The town-hall of Padua, usually called Il Salone, was commenced in the year 1172, and is said not to have been completed until 1306. It is the largest hall in Europe with a roof unsupported by pillars, being about 300 feet in length, and 100 in breadth, while Westminster hall only measures in length 270 feet, and in breadth 74. The walls of this magnificent structure are ornamented with frescoes by Giotto, which, in the course of the last

century, were retouched by Zannoni. The bust of Livy, and a tomb, which was supposed to have covered his remains, are also displayed in the hall. About the year 1340 a monumental stone was discovered in the monastery of S. Giustina, upon which the name "T. Livius" appeared. This was quite sufficient to satisfy the antiquarian patriotism of the Paduans, who, transported at their discovery, assembled in crowds round the relic, and bore it in pomp and triumph through the streets of their city. At length an inquisitive scholar, upon an examination of the inscription, found that the T. Livius to whom it was dedicated was some forgotten freedman, and not the celebrated Patavinian. In the town-hall may be seen a stone inscribed with the words "*lapis vituperii*," formerly applied to a singular use, and serving, by a very simple machinery, all the purposes of our insolvent courts. Any unfortunate Paduan, who found himself unable to pay his debts, and was willing to swear that he was not worth five pounds, was seated, in a full hall, upon this stone, without that protection from the cold which his garments usually supplied, and was by this process relieved from the burthen of his debts. "But this is a punishment," says Addison, "that nobody has submitted to these four and twenty years." "None of the confined debtors," observes Mr. Howard, in his remarks on the prisons at Padua, "would sit on the elevated stone in the great hall, and I was informed that not one had submitted to this ignominy these ten years." In other cities of Italy the same custom was formerly prevalent. The ceremony consisted in the debtor sitting down three times, each time repeating the words "*cedo bonis*."

No persons have ever been more delighted with antiquities of their own manufacture than the Paduans. The Gothic tomb of Antenor attracted for a long period their patriotic veneration; and the house in which Livy was born was exhibited with pride to the stranger. "In this town," says Evelyn, "is the house in which Titus Livius was borne, full of inscriptions, and pretty faire." Coryate likewise visited this mansion in 1608, and has given, in his usual quaint style, the reasons for his belief in its genuineness. "Amongst other very worthy monuments and antiquities which I saw in Padua, the house of Titus Livius was not the meanest: for had it beene much worse than it was, I should have esteemed it precious, because it bred the man whom I do as much esteeme, and whose memory I as greatly honour, as any ethnic historiographer whatsoever, either Greeke or Latin; having sometimes heretofore, in my youth, not a little recreated myself with the reading of his learned and plausible histories. But seeing, I now enter into some discourse of Livie's house, methinks I heare some carpinge criticke object unto me, that I do in this one point play the part of a traveller, that is, I tell a lie; for how is it possible (perhaps he will say) that Livie's house should stand to this day, since that yourself before have written that Padua hath beene eftsoones sacked and consumed with fire? How cometh it to passe that Livie's house should be more priviledged from the fury of the fire than other private houses of the citie? I answer thee, that it is very probable this building, whereof I now speake, may be the very house of Livie himself, notwithstanding that Padua hath been often razed and fired." Omitting, how-

ever, his arguments here, he thus concludes. "For the very same house, wherein he lived with his family (as many worthy persons did confidently report unto me) and wrote many of his excellent histories with almost an incomparable and inimitable style, I saw, to my great joy, being in a certain street as you go from the Domo, which is the cathedrall church, to the gate Saint Johanna."

The palace of the university, from the designs of Palladio, is built in a quadrangular form, with arcades round the central court. It contains the public schools or lecture-rooms, a theatre of anatomy, and a museum of natural history. The university of Padua, though inferior in point of antiquity to that of Bologna, was yet founded at a very early period, and reckons amongst its scholars some of the most celebrated men of Italy and of other nations. Dante, Petrarch (who afterwards, for some time, resided in this city), and Tasso all prosecuted their studies at this university; whose schools during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were filled with disciples from the remotest parts of Europe. Here, too, Galileo taught. At one period there are said to have been no less than 200 of the German youth studying jurisprudence in the schools of Padua. The names and arms of those who have taken degrees at the university may still be seen on its walls, and amongst them may be found many names from England and from Scotland.

> Te, septicornis Danubii accola,
> Te fulva potant flumina qui Tagi,
> Longeque semoti Britanni
> Cultum animi ad capiendum adibant.

In the present age many highly distinguished men

have studied or taught at Padua. Her schools may boast of Foscolo as a student, and of Sebiliato, Brazuolo, Cesarotti, and Forcellini as teachers.

Amongst the celebrated men of our own nation who have studied at this university, was the great Harvey, for whom is claimed the merit of having been the first to discover the circulation of the blood. At the age of nineteen he became a pupil of the very learned Hieronymus Fabricius ab Aquapendente, for whom, in his writings, he always expresses the highest regard. In the year 1602 Harvey was created doctor of physic and of surgery in this university. Chaucer, too, is said to have passed some time at Padua, though it does not appear that he resided there as a student. Goldsmith spent six months at this university, and has been supposed by some of his biographers to have taken his degree here. Padua, like Bologna, can boast that her schools have been adorned by many learned and accomplished women. Of these no one attained a higher reputation than Lucretia Helena Cornaro, a Venetian lady of a noble family, the daughter of a procurator of St. Mark. She acquired an accurate knowledge of the Spanish, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and had some acquaintance with the Arabic. Her knowledge of all the scholastic sciences was extensive; and possessing a talent for poetry, she composed verses, which she sung to her harp. So deeply also was she versed in theological studies that the university of Padua were desirous of enrolling her amongst the doctors of theology, but this proceeding was opposed by the bishop. She was, however, honoured with the cap of doctor of philosophy, which was bestowed

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upon her in 1678, in the cathedral of Padua, no other building being sufficiently capacious to accommodate the crowds who assembled to witness the ceremony.

The university of Padua was formerly distinguished, not only by the learning, but also by the riotous conduct of its *alumni.* This arose principally from the great number of students of different nations who were congregated within its walls. "I heard," says Coryate, "that when the number of students is full, there are at the least one thousand five hundred here; the principal faculties that are professed at the university being physicke and civill law; and more students of forrain and remote nations doe live in Padua, than in any one university of Christendome. For hither come in, many from France, high Germany, the Netherlands, England, &c. who, with great desire, flocke together to Padua for good letters sake, as to a fertile nursery, and sweet emporium and mart town of learning."

Evelyn, during his travels in Italy, matriculated at this university, resolving to spend some months here in studying physic and anatomy, sciences of which Padua then possessed the most celebrated professors. He found "the streets very dangerous when the evenings grow dark." "Nor is it," he continues, "easy to reform their intolerable usage, when there are so many strangers of several nations." Misson, who visited Padua in 1688, gives the following account of the disorders of which the students were guilty. "These scholars have a custom of going abroad, armed, in the night-time, in whole troops, and lurking between the pillars of these piazzas, assault such as happen to pass by that way; for whilst one asks

the question, '*Qui va li?*' another immediately cries, '*Qui va li?*' and so, without giving time to the passenger to recollect himself, knock him down, and sometimes break an arm or a leg, or perhaps give him a passport to the other world." Even in Addison's time it was not considered safe to walk the streets after sunset. With the decline of the university, the licentious spirit of the students was extinguished, and when Dr. Moore visited Padua, at the close of the last century, he found the streets as tranquil by night as by day.

The university of Padua has been long on the decline. Burnet, who visited it in 1684, observes, "The university here, though so much supported by the Venetians that they pay fifty professors, yet sinks extremely: there are no men of great fame in it, and the quarrels amongst the students have driven away most of the strangers that used to come and study here." Dr. Moore found its schools almost deserted. "The theatre for anatomy could contain five or six hundred students, but the voice of the professor is like that of him who crieth in the wilderness." "Of eighteen thousand students," says Eustace, "six hundred only remain, a number which, thinly scattered over the benches, is barely sufficient to show the deserted state of the once crowded schools of Padua." Formerly Venice sent her senators to control and direct the affairs of the university, under the title of Riformatori dello studio di Padoua. Mr. Forsyth has given an anecdote which presents, in a strong light, the fitness of the *clarissimos* for their office: "Not long since, a Venetian senator being deputed as a visitor to this university, asked the astronomer if the observatory wanted any in-

strument. 'It wants nothing,' replied Chiminelli, 'except a good horizon.' 'Horizon!' said the most potent signor, 'why then we must send to London for one.'"

Strangers, on arriving at Padua, are generally conducted by their guide, in the first instance, to the church of St. Antonio, the patron saint of the city. Here the remains of the saint are exhibited, and the traveller will have an opportunity of proving how

> buried saints the ground perfume
> Where, fadeless, they've long been lying.

"The body of this holy person," says Dr. Moore, "is enclosed in a sarcophagus, under an altar in the middle of the chapel, and is said to emit a very agreeable and refreshing flavour. Pious catholics believe this to be the natural effluvia of the saint's body; while heretics assert that the perfume (for a perfume there certainly is) proceeds from certain balsams, rubbed on the marble every morning before the votaries come to pay their devotions. I never presume to give an opinion on contested points of this kind; but I may be allowed to say, that if this sweet odour really proceeds from the holy Franciscan, he emits a very different smell from any of the brethren of that order whom I ever had an opportunity of approaching." Addison accounts for the odour in the same manner, observing, that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. By Mr. Eustace, the authority of Addison is, singularly enough, introduced in confirmation of the miraculous effluvia: "In Addison's days, ointments, it seems, distilled from the body, celestial perfumes" (according to Addison, they resembled "apoplectic balsam")

"breathed around the shrine, and a thousand devout catholics were seen pressing their lips against the cold marble, while votive tablets hung over and disfigured the altar. When we visited the santo, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes had evaporated, the crowds of votaries had disappeared, and nothing remained to certify the veracity of our illustrious traveller but a few petty pictures hung on one side of the monument." The miracles attributed to St. Anthony are very numerous. Dr. Moore thus relates one of them in that droll and dry style of humour, of which his novels of "Edward" and "Mordaunt" contain such admirable specimens. "When an impious Turk had placed fireworks under the chapel, with an intention to blow it up, they affirm that St. Antonio hallooed three times from his marble coffin, which terrified the infidel, and discovered the plot. The miracle is more miraculous as the saint's tongue was cut out, and is actually preserved in a crystal vessel, and shown as a precious relic to all who have a curiosity to see it. I started this as a difficulty which seemed to bear a little against the authenticity of the miracle; and the ingenious person, to whom the objection was made, seemed at first somewhat *nonplussed,* but after recollecting himself, he observed that this, which at first seemed an objection, was really a confirmation of the fact, for the saint was not said to have spoken, but only to have hallooed, which a man can do without a tongue; but if his tongue had not been cut, added he, there is no reason to doubt that the saint would have revealed the Turkish plot in plain articulate language." It can scarcely be thought singular that the saint, after

his death, should speak without the assistance of his tongue, since he is recorded, in his lifetime, to have been able to preach in two places at one time, a faculty for which some of our own curates have great occasion. Few saints have had greater powers attributed to them than St. Anthony, who was said to have had the distribution of thirteen graces every day.

In surveying the churches of Padua the traveller must not neglect that of St. Giustina, built, it is said, by Andrea Riccio, a Paduan architect, after the design of Palladio; it has been esteemed one of the finest structures in Italy. "St. Justina's ionic aisles," says Mr. Forsyth, "stand in that middle sphere, between elegance and majesty, which I would call the noble. This church, like a true Benedictine, is rich in the spiritual and the temporal, in sculpture and painting, in the bones of saints and the disputed bodies of two apostles. Paul Veronese's martyrdom of St. Justina still remains here. Pereodi's dead Christ is a grand composition in statuary, without one particle of the sublime. This magnificent pile remains unfinished for a very sufficient reason, not the want of money, but the possession of it. Some pious simpleton, as they represented to me, ambitious to figure on so grand an edifice, left a large sum, which the monks were to enjoy until they completed the front."

The lover of Dante, in visiting Padua, will not forget Ezzelino, the ferocious lord of that city, whom the poet beholds, in company with Obizzo of Este, steeped to the brow in boiling blood.

Onward we moved
The faithful escort by our side, along

> The border of the crimson-seething flood,
> Whence from those steep'd within loud shrieks arose.
> Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow
> Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus—
> "These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
> To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
> Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,
> And Dionysius fell, who many a year
> Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow
> Whereon the hair so jetty clust'ring hangs
> Is Azzolino; that with flaxen locks
> Obizzo of Este, in the world destroy'd
> By his foul step-son."

The tower from which Ezzelino, who was much devoted to astrology, studied the motions of the planets, is still to be seen in Padua.

> —— an old dungeon tower,
> Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelino.

The atrocities of Ezzelino are powerfully described in the Chronicle of the Paduan Monk. "This year, towards the end of August, Ecelinus, the enemy of the human race, by the suggestion of demons and of malignant men, firmly believing that the soldiery and the popular representatives of the March had conspired against him, drew his deadly sword irrevocably from the scabbard, and beginning with a Veronese soldier, whom he asserted to be the ringleader of the conspiracy, perpetrated in Padua, Vicenza, and the whole of the March, an unheard-of slaughter and destruction of men. Noble matrons, and delicate and beautiful virgins, wasted away in unknown dungeons, amid pestilence, and injuries, and afflictions. Daily, with different kinds of torments, the old and young perished under the hands of the executioner. Loud

voices, as of those crying in tortures, were heard by day and by night issuing from remote places, wakening the greatest grief and horror. None dared openly to bewail those evils, but all united, though not with their hearts, yet with their voices, in wishing life and victory to Ezzelino. He was just, he was good, he was wise, he was the friend of the March! such was the flattering exclamation of all! But not all this could soften the ferocity of his mind. To him all were alike, the laity and the clergy, the aged and infirm, and the child lisping out its earliest words."

On the loss of Padua the ferocity of Ezzelino burst out afresh against the devoted Paduans, then serving under his banners. "Thereupon," says the Chronicle above cited, "this insatiable homicide and envenomed dragon, heaping affliction upon the afflicted, commanded all the Paduans (except a few infamous wretches) to be seized, the number of whom amounted to twelve thousand, and ordering them to be manacled, he had them thrust into deep dungeons, where they miserably perished with hunger and in other ways."

Though the cruelties of Ezzelino had thus reduced his wretched subjects to a state of the most passive despair, yet some instances were not wanting of that heroic resistance which, though only exhibited in the person of a single individual, almost redeems the character of a nation. Monte and Araldus de Montesilice were carried to Verona to be tried for treason against the tyrant. Being borne into the palace, where at that moment Ezzelino was dining, they loudly exclaimed that neither they nor their ancestors had ever been guilty of treachery. The

frequent repetition of this assertion reached the ears of Ezzelino, who descended hastily and unarmed to the apartment where the prisoners stood, crying, in anger, "The traitors have come in good season!" These words were no sooner heard by Monte, than, roused to fury, he sprang upon Ezzelino, and dashing himself against him with his whole heart and soul, prostrated him upon the ground. There casting himself boldly upon his supine enemy, and casting away not only all reverence, but all fear of his person, being unarmed himself, he searched for the sword of the tyrant, at the same time gnashing his teeth in the extremity of his rage. "Of a truth," says the admirable old chronicler who relates the story, "that day might have been the end of many evils, the vindicator of widows and orphans, the consolation of the poor, the prevention of much mortality, the termination of innumerable rapines, the liberty and the security of Lombardy and of the March; but a sinister accident," adds he, "had placed nigh at hand that prudent soldier and brave man Jacopo, the son of the Count Schinella, whom Ezzelino kept near his person for his security. He, drawing his sword, cut through the right thigh of Monte. The latter nevertheless stirred not, and would doubtless in the end have suffocated his impious adversary had not the bystanders pierced his body and that of his brother with repeated blows. The physicians were many days ere they cured the face of Ezzelino, marked with the teeth and bloody from the nails of this bold and commendable man, who, excelling all other men of this world, thus praiseworthily died."

The same writer relates another anecdote, equally

spirit-stirring. Henry de Ygna, the mayor or judge of Verona, and the nephew of Ezzelino, sitting in the hall of the palace, summoned before him an inhabitant of Verona, called Giovanni de Scanarola, whom he desired, in an angry voice, to reveal what he knew of a conspiracy which had been formed against himself. The prisoner for a few minutes engaged the judge in conversation, then extricating a sword which he had concealed under his garments, though his feet were bound in fetters, leaped like lightning upon the tyrant, and dealing three heavy blows upon his head, laid him prostrate at his feet. "Giovanni," says the chronicler, "that prudent and bold man, was immediately slain, and had his head cut off by the guards of the judge; but the latter, after lingering for fourteen days, himself died." The Paduan monk, in relating this incident, breaks out into fervent expressions of admiration. "O wonderful and stupendous boldness, worthy to be celebrated in the mouths of all! That a single man bound in fetters, and surrounded with armed soldiers, should attack a man young in years, bold in spirit, powerful in strength, and terrible to his enemies! Truly that proverb is correct— 'He who fears not death is master of a king's life!'"

At length Ezzelino met that death which he had inflicted on so many thousands of his countrymen. Being severely wounded in battle, he was surrounded by a crowd of his enemies and made prisoner. It might have been expected that the frightful cruelties which the tyrant had so long perpetrated would have roused his captors at once to exterminate him, as they would a wild and savage beast by whose fangs their friends and relatives had been torn

to pieces. But the lofty spirit of chivalry preserved them from offering violence, even to the person of Ezzelino. One of his captors, indeed, transported with the recollection of his brother's sufferings, who had been mutilated by the tyrant's command, could not restrain himself from striking him twice or thrice, crying, as he struck the blows, that his brother should be avenged. "Whoever he was," says the ancient chronicler, "he gained thereby no praise, but rather the utmost opprobrium in thus striking a captive man." Ezzelino, though carefully attended, after lingering about five days, expired, "and the devil got his soul," says the charitable historian, Nicholaus Smeregus; "for whose death," continues he, "may the name of the Lord be blessed through ages of ages, and beyond. Then was the dog Ezzelino buried in the territory of Sunzinum, whence the verses,

> Terra Sunzini tumulus canis est Ezzelini
> Quem lacerant Manes, Tartareique canes."

It is not surprising that the superstition of his times should have assigned to Ezzelino a supernatural and demoniacal parentage, a tradition which found its way into the pages of Ariosto.

> Ezellino immanissimo tiranno
> Che fia creduto figlio del dèmonio.

> Fierce Ezzelin, that most inhuman lord,
> Who shall be deem'd by men a child of hell,
> And work such evil, thinning with the sword
> Who in Ausonia's wasted cities dwell.

In an early Latin tragedy by Albertinus Mussatus, of

which Ezzelino is the hero, his mother is thus made to describe the advent of her infernal lover.

Quum prima noctis hora communis quies
Omni teneret ab opere abstractum genus,
Et ecce, ab imo terra mugitum dedit,
Crepuisset ut centrum, et foret apertum chaos;
Altumque versa resonuit cœlum vice.
Faciem aëris sulphureus invasit vapor,
Nubemque fecit. Tunc subito fulgor domum
Lustravit ingens, fulminis ad instar tono
Sequente, oletum sparsa per thalamum tulit
Fumosa nubes * * *

When the first hours of night had brought to all
Their common quiet and repose from toil,
I heard from out the depths of earth a moan
As though, from the centre cracking, chaos were
Opened beneath me. On my head meanwhile
The heavens gave back the sound. A sulphurous cloud
Darken'd the air—when suddenly a light
Illumined all the house, like lightning, follow'd
With thunder-peals, and then that smoke-like cloud
Bore o'er my bed its vapours.

PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT ARQUA.

> This was his chamber. 'Tis as when he left it;
> As if he now were busy in his garden.
> And this his closet. Here he sate and read.
> This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
> Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
> He passed away, as in a quiet slumber.
>
> ROGERS.

SUFFERING from that restless irritability which too often distinguishes the temperament of genius, Petrarch, though possessing a mansion in almost every country in which he had an ecclesiastical benefice, lived as if he had no home. He has himself described, in touching language, the painful state of mind which prompted him to seek, in change of scene, a relief from the feelings with which he was oppressed: "I am again in France, not to see what I have already seen a thousand times, but to dissipate weariness and disquietude, as invalids seek to do, by change of place." . . . . "Thus I have no place to remain in, none to go to. I am weary of life, and whatever path I take, I find it strewed with flints and thorns. In good truth, the spot which I seek has no existence upon earth; would that the time were come when I might depart in search of a world far different from this, wherein I feel so unhappy—unhappy, perhaps, from my own fault; perhaps from that of mankind; or it may be only the fault of the age in which I am destined to live; or it may be the fault of no one—still I am unhappy."

The zeal of those to whom the fame of the poet was dear has recorded and distinguished the various places of his residence. The house granted to him by the Venetians, in the Riva degli Schiavoni, is still shown to the stranger in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo have designated his birth-place by a long inscription. In Pavia, where he passed the autumn of 1368, a tablet and a bust have been erected to him. In Padua, the house in which he resided was explored by the diligent Tòmasini, while Vaucluse is still the object of repeated pilgrimages. The house of the poet has indeed disappeared, nor can even the site of his gardens be ascertained with precision, but the beautiful scenery which so often inspired him still remains unchanged.

Four years before his death, Petrarch retired to Arquà, where he is said to have built the house which is the subject of the present illustration. The identity of the edifice rests upon tradition, but the tradition is not of modern date. Of the scenery around Arquà, a description has been given in the notes to Childe Harold. Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake, the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each

other, and mainly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits, and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains above, whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters, on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will soon be overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence that has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but by veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to

identify the poet with the country where he was born, and yet where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Foscolo, in his Letters of Ortis, has described the enthusiasm with which he visited the residence of Petrarch. "Noi prosequimmo il nostro breve pellegrinaggio fino a che ci apparve biancheggiar dalla lunga la casetta che un tempo accoglieva

> Quel Grande alla cui fama è angusto il mondo
> Per cui Laura ebbe in terra onor celesti.

Io mi vi sono appressato come se andassi a prostrarmi su le sepolture de' miei padri, e come uno di que' sacerdoti che taciti e reverenti s'aggiravano per li boschi abitati dagl' Iddii. Là sacra casa di quel sommo Italiano sta crollando per la irreligione di chi possiede un tanto tesoro. Il viaggiatore verrà invano di lontana terra a cercare con meraviglia divota la stanza armoniosa ancora dei canti celesti del Petrarca. Piangerà invece sopra un mucchio di ruine coperto di ortiche e di erbe selvatiche fra le quale la volpe solitaria avrà fatto il suo covile."

The house of Petrarch is vulgarly called *la gatta di Petrarcha,* from its containing the embalmed figure of a cat, preserved in a niche in the wall. In honour of this cat, the favourite of the poet, two Latin epigrams have been written, in which she is said to have held the first place in her master's affections, and to have been nearer his heart than even Laura herself. "Maximus ignis ego, Laura secundus erat." The curious

and precise Tomasini has given, in his Petrarca Redivivus, an engraving of the poet's chief favourite, together with the representation of a chair of extraordinary form, and a book-press, which were said to have formed part of Petrarch's domestic establishment. The interior of the poet's mansion has been described, in detail, by Mr. Eustace. "It consists of two floors: the first is used for farming purposes, as it is annexed to a farmer's house: the second story contains five rooms, three of which are large, and two closets: the middle room seems to have been used as a reception room or hall; that on the right is a kitchen; that on the left has two closets, one of which might have been a study, the other a bed-chamber. Its fire-place is high, and its *postes fuligine nigri* (beams black with soot). To the chief windows is a balcony; the view thence towards the opening of the valley on the side, and in front towards two lofty conical hills, one of which is topped with a convent, is calm and pleasing. The only decoration of the apartments is a deep border of grotesque painting running as a cornice under the ceiling; an old smoky picture over the fire-place in the kitchen, said by the good people to be an original by Michael Angelo, and a table and chair, all apparently, the picture not excepted, as old as the house itself. On the table is a large book, an album, containing the names and sometimes the sentiments of various visitants. The following verses are inscribed in the first page. They are addressed to the traveller.

Tu che devoto al sagro albergo arrivi,
Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale,
Di quei che vi depose il corpo frale,
La patria, il nome, i sensi tuoi qui scrivi.

Thou who with pious footsteps lovest to trace
The honour'd precincts of this sacred place,
Where still th' immortal spirit hovers near,
Of him who left his fleshly burden here,
Inscribe thy name, thy country, and impart
The new emotions that expand thy heart.

"The walls are covered with names, compliments, and verses. Behind the house is a garden with a small lodge for the gardener, and the ruins of a tower covered with ivy. A narrow walk leads through it, and continues along the side of the hill under the shade of olive-trees: a solitary laurel still lingers beside the path, and recalls to mind both the poet and the lover. The hill ascends steep from the garden, and, winding round, closes the vale and the prospect."

Upon the fountain, which has been already described, and from which, as the inscription tells us, the poet drew draughts of immortal song, the following classical lines were written by Marc Antonio Romiti:—

Lumina vix puero nascenti adaperta Petrarchæ,
Vix tenera vitæ limina pressa pede,
Cum, mihi perpetuos, ut primum adolaveret ætas,
Hæc debent luctus lumina, dixit Amor.
Ecce, ubi tempus adest, lacrymæ labuntur amaræ
Continuo ex oculis, more perennis aquæ.
Scilicet objicitur juveni pulcherrima rerum
Perpetui fletus causa, puella sui.
At longos miserata nimis Libetina labores
Pallenti clausit lumina fessa manu.
Risit Amor, furtim et subductos condit ocellos
Non procul a tumulo, magne Petrarcha, tuo.
Jussit et irriguos lympha manare perenni,
Fallere et urentes cætera membra rogos.
Splendide fons, miseros semper testabere amantes
Ponere nec lacrymis funere posse modum.

In this retreat Petrarch appears to have spent the last years of his life, engaged in the same laborious pursuits, the same unsatisfied inquiries to which he had dedicated himself in his maturer years. His unceasing devotion to letters may be gathered from the account which he has himself left of the mode in which he was accustomed to pass his time. "Whether I am shaved, or having my hair cut; whether I am riding on horseback, or taking my meals, I either read myself, or get some one to read for me. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing; and when I awake in the dark I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written." During the latter years of his life, says Ugo Foscolo, in his Character of the poet, he always slept with a lighted lamp near him, and rose exactly at midnight. "Like a wearied traveller I quicken my pace in proportion as I approach the end of my journey. I read and write night and day; it is my only resource. My eyes are heavy with watching; my hand is wearied with writing, and my heart is worn with care. I desire to be known to posterity; if I cannot succeed, I may be known to my own age, or at least to my friends. It would have satisfied me to have known myself, but in that I shall never succeed." For four months before his death the days of Petrarch were spent in languor and dejection, till on the 19th of July, 1374, he was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting on a book.

> There is a tomb in Arquà;—rear'd in air,
> Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose

The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree, which bears his lady's name,
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to Fame.

They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died;
The mountain village, where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect, far away,
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.

One of the noblest of the modern poets of Italy has dedicated to the mansion of Petrarch a sonnet, of which the late Mr. Charles Johnston, whose poetical compositions display a fine and pure taste, has left the following version:

Chamber! that didst in this small space confine
 Him for whose fame earth is too small a bound,
 Him, bard of love, most pure and most profound;
Whence Laura had on earth honours divine;
What recollections, sad yet sweet, are mine
 As slow I pace thy solitary round!
 Why tears bedew my breast, who thee have found
Still wanting honours which are duly thine!
Here was indeed a temple and a shrine
 For marble, gold, and precious stones; yet, no:
 Thou hast no need of these; and they may be
Fit ornaments for royal tombs, and shine
 With lustre, where the laurel will not grow;
 The name of Petrarch is enough for thee.

Amongst our own poets, too, Mr. Rogers has visited and celebrated the tomb of Petrarch.

There is within three leagues and less of Padua
(The Paduan student knows it, honours it)
A lonely tombstone in a mountain churchyard;
And I arrived there as the sun declined
Low in the west. The gentle airs that breathe
Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds
Singing their farewell song—the very song
They sung the night that tomb received a tenant:
When, as alive, clothed in his canon's habit,
And slowly winding down the narrow path,
He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,
Princes, and prelates mingled in his train,
Anxious by any act while yet they could
To catch a ray of glory by reflection:
And from that hour have kindred spirits flock'd
From distant countries, from the north, the south,
To see where he is laid.

VENICE.

THE RIALTO.

> Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
> Stare urbem, et tota ponere jura mari:
> Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter arces
> Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis ait:
> Si Pelago Tybrim præfers—urbem aspice utramque,
> Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse deos.
>
> SANNAZARO.

THE impression which the first view of Venice conveys is described by every traveller as most singular and striking. All other cities that he has visited present in their more prominent features a general resemblance; and it is only when the eye begins to examine the details that the diversified characters of the places become apparent. But Venice, the "Rome of the occan," the "Sea Cybele," stands alone amid the cities of the earth. No eye can for a moment mistake her: her palaces, her spires, her towers, and her cupolas, rising from the bosom of the waters, at once proclaim her name. The magnificence of her edifices, too, correspond well with the associations which history and romance have spread around her.—"Her aspect is like a dream; and her history is like a romance."

> And unto us she hath a spell beyond
> Her name in story, and her long array
> Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
> Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
> Ours is a trophy which will not decay
> With the Rialto: Shylock, and the Moor,
> And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
> The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
> For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The Rialto, thus doubly immortalised in the scenes of Shakspeare and the verse of Byron, is a bridge which crosses the *Canal Grande,* or Great Canal, which traverses the whole city, dividing it into two nearly equal portions. The Rialto is situated nearly in the middle of the canal, and is formed of one arch, about eighty-one feet wide. A double row of mean shops, twenty-four in number on each side, are built upon the bridge, which is so coated with dirt as scarcely to permit the marble of which it is constructed to be visible. The canals of Venice have left very few open spaces in the city, and the Broglio, or portico under the ducal palace, the Piazza of St. Mark, and the Rialto, are therefore the places in which the Venetians are accustomed to meet and converse. It is difficult to conjecture why Otway chose the Rialto for his conspirators to meet at; no place could be less proper for secret deliberation. Shakspeare, with more accuracy, has preserved the proper character of the place. "He hath an argosy," says Shylock, "bound to Tripolis; another to the Indies. I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico."

He selects it also as the scene of the public insults offered by Antonio to the Jew.

> "Signor Antonio! many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys and my usances."

It is probable, indeed, that, in speaking of the Rialto, Shakspeare did not intend to designate the bridge, but an edifice on one side, which was formerly used as an exchange by the "Merchants of Venice;" and the expression "*In* the Rialto," seems to countenance this conjecture. Coryate, who visited Italy about the year 1608,

says in his "Crudities," "The Rialto, which is on the farther side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke, as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries, that I have before mentioned, and hath a prety quadrangular court adjoyning to it."

By ascending to the summit of the Campanile or Tower of St. Mark, the tourist will be presented with a clear view of the city, of its port and shipping, and of the neighbouring shoals and islands. The Tower of St. Mark, which, like those of Bologna, is constructed of brick, has few pretensions to architectural beauty. Its shape is quadrangular, and its height about three hundred feet. It was built in the time of the doge Dominico Morosini, who was elected in the year 1148. The architect, Buono, was much celebrated for the buildings which he designed in Naples, in Pistoia, in Florence, and in Arezzo. The summit of the Tower of St. Mark is consecrated to science. It was the study of the "starry Galileo." In ascending the Campanile it will not be uninteresting to the traveller to know that he is pursuing the footsteps of the amiable and excellent John Evelyn. "After this we climb'd up the Toure of St. Mark, which we might have don on horseback, as 'tis said one of the French kings did, there being no stayres or steps, but returnes that take up an entire square on the arches, 40 foote, broad enough for a coach."

Of the prospect which is presented to the traveller from the summit of the Campanile, Coryate speaks in glowing terms. " From every side of the square gallery you have the fairest and goodliest prospect that is (I thinke) in all the worlde. For therehence you see the whole model and forme of the citie, *sub uno intuitu,* a sight that doth in my opinion farre surpasse all the shewes under the cope of Heaven. Then you may have a synopsis, that is a general view of little Christendome (for soe doe many intitle this citie of Venice), or rather of the Jerusalem of Christendome."

The bell of the Campanile is of a great size, and the sound of it to a person in the tower is almost deafening. A few years since a singular accident happened there. The tongue of the bell fell upon a person who was unfortunately standing beneath it, and killed him.

On descending from the Campanile, the traveller finds himself in the Piazza di S. Marco, or Place of St. Mark, surrounded by churches and palaces of Palladian architecture. The Piazza di S. Marco, though small in comparison with the vast squares of other cities, is the grand scene of public resort for the Venetians. In former days it was

> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

But the same fatal course of events which has destroyed the glory and independence of Venice, has cast a cloud over the spirits of her children, and " the harsh sound of the barbarian drum" echoes through the arcades which were once filled with Italy's most enlivening music :—the Piazza di S. Marco is now a military parade.

On one side of the Piazza is the celebrated church of

St. Mark, the patron saint of the republic, a most extraordinary edifice, constructed in a great measure from the spoils of Constantinople. The architecture of St. Mark's is an unhappy combination of almost every style; of Grecian, of Gothic, and of Saracenic. The building was commenced so early as the year 829, and having been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt in the year 976. The front presents a forest of porphyry columns of various dimensions, intermingled with a few of *verde antique,* and the roof is surmounted by cupolas, which give the edifice the air of a mosque. In the interior the same rich and tasteless magnificence is visible, and porphyries, and oriental marbles, and glittering mosaics are dimly seen in its dark recesses. In front of the church, half hidden under the porch window, are again visible the restored horses.

> Before Saint Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.

This splendid monument of art, so often the trophy of the conqueror, has been the subject of much controversy; but the best opinion appears to be, that it is of Grecian workmanship, and that it was transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. On the sacking of that city by the Venetians in 1206 the horses were transferred to the church of St. Mark, where they remained until the year 1797, when, on the entry of the French, they were carried to Paris. Upon the overthrow of Napoleon, they were again restored to the Venetians. On the capture of Constantinople, this monument of art was carried to Venice by the great doge Dandolo, and on its restoration a descendant of the doge, now captain of a ship in the Austrian service, was, out of compliment to his glorious

ancestor, charged with the honourable office of accompanying the horses back to St. Mark, the *only* compliment paid by the Austrian government to the fallen nobility of Venice. It is remarkable, that on the taking of Constantinople by the Venetians and the French, the former carried away the monuments of art as treasures, while the latter wantonly and brutally destroyed them.

Many of the churches of Venice claim the traveller's particular attention. Of these, several are from the designs of Palladio. The Chiesa del Redentore, and the Chiesa di S. Georgio Maggiore, have been considered the most favourable specimens of his genius. Indeed, every church in Venice ought to be visited, since they all contain numerous treasures of art from the pencils of the most distinguished painters. Another of the principal objects, which claims the attention of the traveller at Venice, is the Arsenal, a spacious edifice, occupying an entire island. Before the gate stand several sculptured lions, the spoils of Greece, *triumphali manu a Piræo direpta.* While Venice had an existence as a free state, upwards of a thousand artisans were constantly employed here, and double that number in time of war. At present, the Arsenal serves only as a spectacle to strangers and a monument of the fallen glory of Venice.

The Venetian palaces are rich in architectural beauties; some display the chaste and classical taste of Palladio, and others the airy grace of Sansovino, or the grand conceptions of San Micheli, while in almost all are to be seen the master-pieces of Titian and his followers. The Palazzo Barbarigo has been named the Scuola di Tiziano: within its walls that celebrated artist resided

for upwards of four years, and there also he breathed his last. His tombstone may be seen in the church of the Frari or Conventual Friars of the order of the Cordeliers, bearing the simple and appropriate inscription, "Qui giace il gran Tiziano." In the church of St. Sebastian may also be seen the tomb and monument of Paul Veronese. Amongst the palaces of Venice which have been sanctified by the presence of genius, an Englishman will not be forgetful of the residence of Byron, whose muse, indeed, crosses him in every memorable place. It was the pride of the poet to link his own memory with those noble associations which the scenes he has described inspire. In the dedication prefixed to the fourth canto of Childe Harold, he has expressed this sentiment very beautifully. "What Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which, in some degree, connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and, however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects." Lord Byron, during his residence in Venice, occupied a palace upon the Canal Grande. "There was

one palace," says Lady Morgan, "whose dark façade was spotted irregularly with casements, the anchorage poles before its portico were surmounted with an English coronet and arms; it was now silent and deserted like the rest; 'Palazzo di Lord Byron,' said the chief of our gondolieri, as we rowed by it."

In visiting Venice, the traveller used formerly to make a point of being present on Ascension day, when the Doge

——Deck'd in pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;

but now "the spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord," and the magnificent pageant no longer recalls to the mind of the stranger the former sea triumphs of Venice. The late Sir James Edward Smith has left an amusing account of this ceremony, which he witnessed in the year 1787, and which at that period had much declined from its ancient splendour. "We first repaired to the ducal palace, and saw the tables set out with sweetmeats and other decorations for the dinner. They were very paltry, and much inferior to the generality of mayors' feasts in England. The doge presently appeared, not exactly with all that alacrity one would expect in a bridegroom whose intended spouse was so very favourable and complacent as on the present occasion; but he had passed many such bridal days already, and knew the fickleness of his mistress's disposition; so that, though in the ceremony he might assume the title of her lord and master, she could at pleasure very soon make him sensible of the contrary, and however complacent now, might perhaps be in a very ill humour before morning. The doge was accompanied

by the pope's nuncio, with the officers of state and a large train of nobles, and so went on board the Bucentaur, which was then rowed and towed towards Lido, an island about two miles distant, where stands a church, with a fort guarding the approach to Venice from the Adriatic. The flat roof of the vessel was spread with crimson velvet, looking magnificent among the gilding; but nothing can be more ugly than its shape, or more awkward than its motion. We accompanied it in our gondola, amid thousands of other gondolas, peotas, and boats of all kinds, which covered the sea, and formed the most striking and curious part of the spectacle. The ships all saluted the Bucentaur as it passed; and a little before its arrival at Lido, the doge threw a plain gold ring, worth about three sequins, into the sea, with the usual speech—'Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.' This part of the ceremony could be seen only by those who were very near. The doge and his suite then attended mass at the church of Lido, during which every body who chose it might go on board the Bucentaur to see its inside; foreigners were even permitted to stay there, and to return with the doge. We took advantage of this indulgence. The doge sat on his throne towards the stern, with the nuncio, a very keen, sensible-looking man, at his right hand; and the senators, in their robes of crimson silk, with great wigs put over their hair, like our lawyers, were ranged on benches and intermixed with strangers, some of whom I was sorry and ashamed to see wear their hats, and in very shabby clothes, particularly two or three Frenchmen. The doge's dress was white and gold; his cap the same,

formed like a Phrygian bonnet. He was then about seventy-six years of age, and is since dead; his countenance rather pleasant than striking. It was a truly fine sight to look down from the windows of the Bucentaur upon the sea, almost covered with gondolas and other vessels all around; the shores of the islands crowded with spectators, and especially all the windows and roofs, as well as the shore about St. Mark's Place, where the doge and his company landed." The Bucentaur, which now "lies rotting, unrestored," was only used on the occasion of this solemnity. It was a heavy, broad-bottomed vessel, drawing little water, loaded with ornaments, gilding, and sculpture, not unlike the state barges of the city of London. On the entry of the French into Venice the Bucentaur was dismantled, and has now wholly perished.

Though Venice has lost her Bucentaur, her gondolas still remain, wakening in the heart of the stranger, as he glides over "the soft waves once all musical to song," a thousand romantic associations; yet even here the glory of the Venetians has departed from them. Till the extinction of the republic, it was no unusual circumstance to hear the voices of the gondoliers chanting the verses of their favourite poets. "Hark! while I am writing this peevish reflection in my room," says Mrs. Piozzi, "I hear some voices under my windows answering each other upon the Grand Canal. It is, it is the gondolieri, sure enough; they are at this moment singing to an odd sort of tune, but in no unmusical manner, the flight of Erminia, from Tasso's 'Jerusalem.' Oh, how pretty! how pleasing! This wonderful city realises the most romantic

ideas ever formed of it, and defies imagination to escape her various powers of enslaving it." But the sense of political degradation and of private penury has at length almost extinguished in the breast of the gondoliers the love of music and of verse. By few of them now are the stanzas of Ariosto or of Tasso remembered, the musical repetition of which was, in former days, so favourite an exercise. The effect of this recitative has been well described by Mr. Hobhouse. "On the 7th of last January, the author of 'Childe Harold' and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida, and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire or to repeat, 'and,' said the poor fellow, 'look at my clothes and at me—I am starving.'"

"It is now," says Mr. Stewart Rose, "almost as difficult to find one who can sing a Venetian ballad, as one who can chant verses from Tasso. This poet has been, as you know, translated into all, or most of all, the Italian

dialects, but with most success into that of this state, ministering matter for their music to the gondoliers of former times. But 'the songs of other years' have died away. I requested one the other day from a man who was said to be amongst the last depositories of them; but found I had touched a tender string in asking him for a song of Sion. He shook his head and told me, that 'in times like these he had no heart to sing.' This boat music was destined for the silence and solitude of the night; but it should seem that some of our countrymen entertain very different notions on this subject; as I saw lately a sober-looking Englishman, with his wife and child, embarked on the Grand Canal at mid-day, with two violins and a drum. Yet they did not look like people who would have paraded Bond-street at the time of high water with fiddles in a barouche."

Sir J. E. Smith has left a lively description of the gondolas and gondoliers, in his remarks on Venice. "The gondolas being entirely black have a very hearse-like appearance; but the gay liveries of the rowers, and the elegant company within, soon chase away all funereal ideas. Nothing can be more graceful than the attitude of these gondoliers, as they urge their light barks over the waves, skimming the surface of the water with the rapidity of a swallow, and scarcely seeming to touch it more; while their bright prows of polished iron gleam in the sunshine, and glitter in the rippling waves. Their elegance of attitude is certainly owing to the just and full exertion of the muscular frame, which always gives elegance. They stand on a very narrow part of the boat, slightly elevated, like the ridge of a house, and varying in its horizontal

inclination every moment, on which they are supported only by the close application of their feet through their shoes, a firm position of their legs, and accurate poising of the body, the upper part of which with the arms alone is in motion."

The restraint which the watery streets of Venice impose upon travellers, renders it an undesirable residence for any considerable length of time. "Strangers," says Mr. Forsyth, "accustomed to expatiate on terra firma, soon feel the moated imprisonment of a town, where their walks are incessantly crossed by a canal, and their thread of talk or thinking is cut short at the steep steps of a bridge. I admit its aquatic advantages, and the cheap convenience of its gondolas, yet, with eight theatres, and a proportionate quantity of private amusement, with large libraries and well stocked markets, with every thing that study or pleasure could desire, Venice is the last residence that I should choose in Italy." During the summer months the effluvia from the small canals, which, as an English lady's-maid observed, "have not at any time a pretty smell with them," renders this a disagreeable if not an unhealthy residence.

At Venice an Englishman will have a good opportunity of forming an opinion of Italian society. "If you are inclined to society," says one of the best-informed of our modern travellers, Mr. Stewart Rose, "the favourite society of Venice, I mean that of the coffee-houses (where both sexes assemble), is, generally speaking, to be enjoyed at all hours. To a certain degree this is even applicable to private society. There are several ladies here who open their houses, where, from nine at night till three

in the morning, there is a constant flux and reflux of company of different ages, sexes, and conditions, not to speak of many smaller circles. Here all foreigners are well received; but to be an Englishman is to bring with you a sure letter of recommendation. He who is once asked is always welcome, and may rest assured that he is not brought there merely to be looked at as a lion, and then, perhaps, left to lament himself as a 'lost monster.' Moreover, he may go in boots, in a great coat, and, to some small parties, even in a *tabarro,* the cloak of the country; and when there, without being squeezed or stewed, find people, right and left, who are anxious and qualified to converse with him.

"The society of Venice may, indeed, be compared to the fire in the glass-houses of Venice, which is said to be never out; for there is also a continual morning assemblage at the house of one lady or another, who, in the phrase of the country, 'tiene appartamento,' or in that of London is 'at home.' This appears to be a sort of substitute for the *casinos,* now nearly extinguished. Of these coteries I cannot speak from experience, but the playing at company in sunshine presents but a melancholy sort of idea. However this may in reality be, society at Venice is on so very easy and rational a footing, that if it is to be enjoyed any where it is here; the more so as it seldom breaks into the extravagancies it does in other countries."

The Venetians are still distinguished by a considerable originality of character, and by a degree of eccentric humour which is seldom seen amongst the other inhabitants of the south. Mr. Rose has collected some amusing illus-

trations of this spirit, and amongst them the following. A Venetian, who died not very long ago, made a provision of torches for his funeral, artificially loaded with crackers, anticipating to a confidential friend the hubbub that would result from the explosion, which he calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots. It would be an unpardonable omission not to state that this posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of its projector.

The traveller in Italy, who is desirous of witnessing the festivities of the Carnival, in general selects the Roman festival in preference to that of Venice. We have consequently but few descriptions of this spectacle at the latter place. In the year 1646 Evelyn was present at it, and has left a short account of the extravagancies which he witnessed.

"I stirred not from Padoa till Shrovetide, when all the world repair to Venice to see the folly and madness of the Carnival; the women, men, and persons of all conditions disguising themselves in antique dresses, with extravagant music and a thousand gambols, traversing the streets from house to house, all places being then accessible and free to enter. Abroad they fling eggs filled with sweet water, but sometimes not over sweet. They also have a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas, which is very dangerous, the passages being generally very narrow. The youth of the several wards and parishes contend in other masteries and pastimes, so that 'tis impossible to recount the universal madness of this place during this time of licence. The great banks are set up for those who will play at basset; the comedians have liberty, and the operas are open; witty

pasquils are thrown about, and the mountebanks have their stages in every corner. The diversion which chiefly took me up, was three noble operas, where were excellent voices and music, the most celebrated of which was the famous Anna Renche, whom we invited to a fish dinner after four days in Lent, when they are given over at the theatre."

"I do think," says Mrs. Piozzi, "the Turkish sailor gave an admirable account of a carnival, when he told his Mahometan friends at his return, that those poor Christians were all disordered in their senses, and nearly in a state of actual madness while he remained amongst them, till one day on a sudden they luckily found out a grey powder, that cured such symptoms, and laying it on their heads one Wednesday morning, the wits of all the inhabitants were restored at a stroke; the people grew sober, quiet, and composed, and went about their business just like other folks. He meant the ashes strewed on the heads of all one meets in the streets through many a Catholic country, when all masquerading, money-making, &c. subside for forty days, and give from the force of the contrast, a greater appearance of devotion and decorous behaviour in Venice than almost any where else during Lent."

The splendour and magnificence which formerly gave to Venice her title of "la Ricca" have at length faded away. The gorgeous furniture of her water-palaces is tarnished, her "gentiluomini" are despoiled of their rich apparel, and the superb spectacles which her waves used to exhibit are seen no more. Even so late as the middle of the last century, Venice had not forgotten her former

magnificence. In a letter written in the year 1740, Lady Mary Wortley Montague has described a regatta, which rivals in pomp and brilliancy the splendours of earlier ages. "You seem to mention the regatta in a manner as if you would be pleased with a description of it. It is a race of boats; they are accompanied by vessels which they call *piotes* or *bichones,* that have a mind to display their magnificence; they are a sort of machines that are adorned with all that sculpture and gilding can do to make a shining appearance. Several of them cost one thousand pounds sterling, and I believe none less than five hundred. They are rowed by gondoliers dressed in rich habits, suitable to what they represent. There were enough of them to look like a little fleet, and I own I never saw a finer sight. It would be long to describe every one in particular; I shall only name the principal. The Signora Pisani Mocenigo's represented the chariot of the Night, drawn by four sea-horses, and showing the rising of the moon accompanied with stars, the statues on each side representing the hours to the number of twenty-four, rowed by gondoliers in rich liveries, which were changed three times, all of equal richness, and the decorations changed also to the dawn of Aurora and the mid-day sun, the statues being new-dressed every time, the first in green, the second time red, and the last blue, all equally laced with silver, there being three races. Signor Soranto represented the kingdom of Poland, with all the provinces and rivers in that dominion, with a concert of the best instrumental music, in rich Polish habits; the painting and gilding were exquisite in their kinds. Signor Contarini's Piote showed the liberal arts; Apollo

was seated on the stern upon Mount Parnassus, Pegasus behind, and the Muses seated round him; opposite was a figure representing Painting, with Fame blowing her trumpet, and on each side Sculpture and Music in their proper dresses. The Procurator Foscarini's was, Flora guided by Cupids, and adorned with all sorts of flowers, rose-trees, &c. Signor Julio Contarini's represented the triumphs of valour; Victory was on the stern and all the ornaments warlike trophies of every kind. Signor Correri's was the Adriatic sea receiving into her arms the Hope of Saxony. Signor Alvisio Mocenigo's was the garden of Hesperides; the whole fable was represented by different statues. Signor Querini had the chariot of Venus drawn by doves, so well done, they seemed ready to fly upon the water; the Loves and Graces attended her," &c.

However false was the glory which once shone around Venice, it shone with a brilliancy seldom equalled; and it is difficult to read her magnificent history without feelings of admiration which would be better repressed.

> Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
> In ruin, 'mid those states unblest,
> Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride
> Where'er they trampled Freedom died.
> No—let us keep our tears for them,
>   Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
> Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
>   Like that which deck'd this Ocean Queen,
> But from high daring in the cause
>   Of human rights—the only good
> And blessed strife, in which man draws
>   His powerful sword on land or flood.

The power of her government; the secrecy of its de-

liberations; and the vigour and resolution with which those deliberations were carried into action, are contrasted so forcibly with the imbecility of her citizens in modern times, that we regard with an undue favour qualities ill calculated to secure the happiness of mankind. The character and maxims of the government exercised a powerful influence over the nobles, who assumed an almost kingly rank and station. Even so late as the time of Addison, these lofty pretensions were still visible. "The noble Venetians think themselves equal, at least, to the electors of the empire, and but a degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen." Though bearing a ducal coronet on their arms, the only title they assumed was that of "Gentiluomini," or gentlemen, a few only boasting the title of "Knights of St. Mark." "Of the *gentil uomo Veneto,*" says the writer of the Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, "the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self; but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous." The fallen fortunes of the Venetian nobles have driven them from the scenes of their former riches and splendour. In their degradation and despair they have forsaken their stately mansions; and Jewish merchants now inhabit the palaces, which in other days were filled with the proudest nobles of Christendom. The Contarini, the Morosini, the Falieri, the Dandoli, the Foscari, the Grimani, the Priuli, have become names which belong only to history. Within the last thirty years, nearly a hundred of the most magnificent palaces of the city

have been sold and dismantled, till, at length, the Austrian government interfered to stay the work of destruction. At the close of the seventeenth century, the population of Venice amounted to nearly 200,000 souls. At the period of the extinction of the republic it was 140,000, which, within thirty years, was reduced to 100,000; so rapid is the pestilence of political degradation. Truly, indeed, has it been said of Venice, in the language of Scripture, that she "dies daily."

Some idea may be formed of the degradation of the Venetian nobility from the fact, that the mendicants of Venice venture to assume the title, and doubtless expect that their pretensions will be credited. "The number of indigent persons in Venice," says an American traveller, "calling themselves noble, is noticed by almost every traveller. I have been repeatedly stopped by genteel-looking persons in the Place of St. Mark, calling themselves *poveri nobili,* who received with thankfulness the most trifling gratuity. In passing through the streets and public squares, my attention has been frequently arrested by decent females—their faces concealed by a veil, and kneeling for hours together: all these, as my guide informed me, were *povere nobili Veneziane.*"

But even in the midst of their poverty, the gaiety of the Venetian temperament shines out. "From what you see of the Venetians in their favourite rendezvous of pleasure," says the writer just mentioned, "you would suppose them the happiest people in the world; but follow them to their homes, and the scene is entirely reversed. A wretched, half-furnished apartment, the windows of which look upon the sullen waters of a lonely

canal, whose solitude is interrupted only by the occasional appearance of a black gondola, is often the abode of some ruined family once high in the ranks of nobility. In a mansion, whose appearance announces the interior of a palace, beauty and accomplishments are often found languishing in want, yet solacing their sad condition by those pleasures which Italy still yields to the imagination and the heart. The gay assemblies of St. Mark's Place in the evening; a musical party on the water; a trip to Padua along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, have the power of dissipating the gloom of adversity."

No one can leave Venice without acknowledging the beauty and feeling of Mr. Wordsworth's "Sonnet on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic."

"Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee,
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth.
Venice, the eldest child of liberty—
She was a maiden city, bright and free:
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And, what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away."

VENICE.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

> Enter the palace by the marble stairs,
> Down which the grizzly head of old Fallero
> Roll'd from the block. Pass onward through the chamber,
> Where among all drawn in their ducal robes
> But one is wanting.
>
> ROGERS.

The principal, and, as it may be called, the state entrance of Venice from the sea, is by the Piazzetta di S. Marco, or Lesser Place of St. Mark, a smaller quadrangle opening into the Piazza, a great square of St. Mark. The side of the Piazzetta which is open to the Lagune is adorned with two magnificent granite columns. On the summit of one of these pillars,

> St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood
> Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
> Over the proud place where an emperor sued,
> And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
> When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

On the quay of the Piazzetta, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa landed on the 23d of July, 1177, to accommodate his disputes with the sovereign pontiff, Alexander III., and to reconcile himself to holy church. Accompanied by the doge, the patriarch, the dignified clergy and citizens of Venice, he went in procession to the church of S. Marco, where the pope was waiting to par-

don his repentant son. In the vestibule of the church, Frederic, throwing off his mantle, prostrated himself at the feet of the supreme pontiff.

> —— In that temple porch
> Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
> And kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
> Of the proud pontiff.

A piece of marble is still shown upon which, it is said, the imperial neck rested, while Alexander, placing his foot upon it, repeated the haughty sentence, "Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis." "Non tibi, sed Petro!" murmured the humiliated emperor.

On the right of the Piazzetta stands the Ducal Palace, formerly called the Palazzo Ducale, Palazzo Publico, or Palazzo di S. Marco, but now the Palazzo Ex-ducale. This magnificent structure was for centuries the seat of one of the most powerful and terrible governments of Europe. The senate, which resembled a congress of kings rather than an assemblage of free merchants, the various councils of state, and the still more terrible inquisitors of state, the dreaded "Ten," here held their sittings. The splendid chambers in which the magnificent citizens were accustomed to meet, where their deliberations inspired christendom with hope, and struck dismay into the souls of the Ottomans, are still shown to the stranger; but the courage, and the constancy, and the wisdom, which then filled them, are fled.

The Ducal Palace was originally erected in the ninth century; but having been on several occasions partially destroyed by fire, it has been, in portions, frequently rebuilt. Of the architecture of the palace, which, like

that of other buildings in Venice, is rather Saracenic than Gothic, the reader may form his own opinion. "It is built," says that intelligent traveller, Mr. Forsyth, "in a style which may be Arabesque, if you will, but it reverses the principles of all other architecture; for here the solid rests on the open, a wall of enormous mass rests on a slender fret-work of shafts, arches, and intersected circles. The very corners are cut to admit a thin spiral column, a barbarism which I saw imitated in several old palaces." Near the principal entrance is a statue of the doge Foscaro, in white marble; and opposite to the entrance are the magnificent steps, called "the Giants' Staircase," from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by which it is commanded. Here, it is said, the Doges of Venice received the symbols of sovereignty, and here the traveller may ascend

> The stairs by which they mounted
> To sovereignty, the Giants' Stairs, on whose
> Broad eminence they were invested dukes.

Upon the landing-place of these stairs, the Doge Marino Faliero was sentenced to be beheaded.

> As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,
> Thou shalt be led hence to the Giants' Staircase,
> Where thou and all our princes are invested;
> And there, the ducal crown being first resumed
> Upon the spot where it was first assumed,
> Thy head shall be struck off, and Heaven have mercy
> Upon thy soul!

"When the execution was over," says the Chronicle of Sanuto, "it is said, that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace, over-against the Place

of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody sword unto the people, crying out, with a loud voice, 'The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor;' and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in to see the corpse of the duke who had been beheaded." It is a remarkable fact, that out of the first fifty Doges of Venice, five abdicated, five were banished with their eyes put out, five were massacred, and nine deposed. Well might Lord Byron say that the Venetians seem to have had a passion for breaking the hearts of their doges! The fatality which waited upon the chiefs of the republic tracked their footsteps to the end; and Manini, the last doge of Venice, was struck to the earth with sudden and mortal sickness while in the degrading act of swearing fidelity to the Austrians.

The staircase leads to the apartments which were formerly appropriated to the doge, and to the various chambers of council and of state, in which the Venetian nobles were used to assemble. The apartments are filled with the noblest specimens of the Venetian school. In the hall of the college, on the east side of the building, where the signory were accustomed to grant audiences to the ambassadors of foreign states, may be seen a splendid picture of Europa, by Paul Veronese, with others from the pencil of Tintoret. The ceilings in the hall of the Council of Ten, and in the adjoining room, are also ornamented by the hand of the former master. Almost every room is filled with matchless specimens of art.

On every side the eye of the stranger rests upon monuments of the faded glory of Venice. The walls of the grand-council hall are covered with pictures recalling

the triumphs of her arms. The ceiling, from the pencil of Paul Veronese, represents Venice crowned by Fame; while the humiliation of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and the taking of Constantinople, form the chief subjects of the pictures which adorn the walls. Over the tenantless seats of the magistrates may be seen inscribed the lofty sentences which enforced their duties or stimulated their patriotism. On a picture over the doge's chair, in one of the council rooms, we read, "Vehementer est iniquum, vitam quam a naturâ acceptam, propter patriam conservaverimus, naturæ, cum cogat, reddere—patriæ, cum rogat, non dare. Sapientes igitur æstimandi sunt, qui nullum pro salute patriæ periculum vitant." No relic of former days speaks more forcibly to the heart of the stranger than the fatal "lion's head," for the reception of those secret denunciations which the infamous policy of the oligarchical government of Venice encouraged. These receptacles of treachery were placed in various parts of the ducal palace. The lower gallery, or portico under the palace, is called the Broglio; and here, in former times, the noble Venetians were accustomed to walk and converse.

"The Broglio," says Misson, who travelled in Italy towards the end of the seventeenth century, "is the place where the nobles walk, who sometimes take one, and sometimes the other side, according to the conveniency of the sun or shade, and no one else is admitted to mix with them on that side of the walk, but the other is free for every body. They are so nice in this point, that when a young nobleman comes to the age which qualifies him for the council, and to take the robe, four noblemen

of his friends introduce him the first day into the Broglio; and if any nobleman is excluded from the council, he is no longer admitted into the Broglio." Here the senators, as they walked, discussed the affairs of the republic, and the votes which they should give in the senate. It was one of the rules of the infamous inquisition of state, "that the spies selected from the nobility should be especially charged to give an account of all that should be said by the nobles on the Broglio, and particularly early in the morning, because at that time they are accustomed to speak more freely in consequence of the small number of persons present." The dress of the Venetian nobles, when they went abroad, has been described by Coryate. "It is said that there are of all the gentlemen of Venice, which are there called claressimoes, no lesse than three thousand, all which, when they go abroad out of their houses, both they that beare office, and they that are private, do weare gownes, wherein they imitate *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.* Most of their gownes are made of black cloth, and over their left shoulder they have a flappe made of the same cloth, and edged with blacke taffata. All these gowned men doe weare marveilous little blacke caps of felt, without any brimmes at all, and very diminutive falling bands."

Opposite to the Ducal Palace stands the Library of St. Mark, an institution of which Petrarch may be considered the founder. Twelve years before his death he presented to the Venetian senate his rich collection of ancient manuscripts, and received, in return, a mansion in the Riva degli Schiavoni, which is still shown to the stranger. The library of Petrarch was augmented by

the addition of that of Cardinal Bessarion, also presented by its owner to the senate. But it was not until the year 1529 that the Venetians provided a suitable building for the reception of these treasures, when the present magnificent edifice was raised from the design of Sansovino. Amongst the librarians of this institution are found the names of Andrea Navagero, of Bembo, of Dempster, and of other very learned men. The collection in the library of St. Mark is not extensive, but is extremely rich in manuscripts. Amongst these are shown two copies of the Greek version of the Septuagint, of the eighth or ninth century; a Commentary on Homer, rather later in date; the original of Fra Paolo's History of the Council of Trent; and the original manuscript, with many corrections and alterations, of Guarini's Pastor Fido. "Having heard," says Mrs. Piozzi, "that Guarini's manuscript of the Pastor Fido, written in his own hand, was safely kept at this place, I asked for it, and was entertained to see his numberless corrections and variations from the original thought, like those of Pope's Homer, preserved in the British Museum; some of which I copied over for Dr. Johnson to print at the time he published his Lives of the English Poets."

The library of St. Mark was visited by the celebrated Montfaucon, who was however prevented by the jealousy of the Venetians from examining its contents. "In this library," he observes, "there are none but manuscript books, most of them Greek, and presented by Cardinal Bessarion. Here was hope of a mighty harvest; but on the 8th of August, when we came the third time by appointment, the abbot told us that the procurator Cornaro, who has

the chief care of the library, upon an information given him by I know not what person, that had slipped into the library the day before, had forbade our being allowed to examine, much less to transcribe; thinking it for the honour of the republic and its library, that so great a number of manuscripts should stand quietly on their shelves, and be of no manner of use; as if Cardinal Bessarion, who took so much care to find out those books, and bring them together from several parts of the world, had done it only to have them heaped up in a beautiful room, and lie there till they perish of age, or worms, or fire, as often happens."

Venice was formerly considered the great book-mart of the south, and the traveller was accustomed at this place to complete his collections of Italian books. It was from the port of Venice that Milton despatched to England the literary treasures which he had collected during his residence abroad; and from the same port Evelyn consigned his ample collections of books, works of art, and of objects of natural history. In the last century the English consul at Venice formed, principally in this city, the excellent library, which was afterwards purchased by George III., and which was the foundation of the splendid collection of books munificently presented by the king to the British Museum.

The monastery of St. George formerly contained a valuable library of manuscripts, collected by Cosmo de Medici, "Pater patriæ," deposited by him in that place, as a mark of gratitude for the hospitality afforded him by the Venetians during his exile from Florence. This library was in existence in 1614, but in consequence of

the monastery being at that period rebuilt, it was dispersed, and the books are supposed to have perished. Montfaucon, indeed, who visited Venice about the year 1700, says, "I had been informed by some persons that there were manuscripts in the monastery of St. George of our monks of Monte Cassino, where having attended, they scarcely allowed me to see their library from the door." The same learned writer also mentions several private collections of manuscripts at Venice, which have long before this time been in all probability dispersed.

From the period of the revival of letters, Venice can boast of a numerous list of persons distinguished by their learning, and by their attachment to literature and science. Of these illustrious men none acted a more celebrated part than Sarpi, better known in England by the name of Father Paul. Eminent alike in literature, in science, and in politics, and distinguished at the same time by the integrity and independence of his mind, and by the purity of his private life, he would have exhibited one of the most admirable and excellent characters of modern times, had he not lent himself to the propagation of the infamous principles upon which the Venetian government acted. In the disputes in which the Venetian government engaged with the church of Rome, the pen of Sarpi was vigorously employed in maintaining the cause of the Venetians, in consequence of which he incurred the implacable resentment of the papal court. Though he had received intimations from various quarters that designs were in agitation against his life, yet, trusting to the innocence and rectitude of his conduct, he took no precautions against such attacks. At length, returning to his monastery late

in the evening, he was attacked by five assassins, who wounded him in fifteen places with stilettoes, one of which was driven with such force into his face, that the assassin who planted it was compelled to leave it in the wound. None of the blows proved mortal, owing principally to the skill and attention of the celebrated Aquapendente, whom the government rewarded most liberally for a service so acceptable to the state. The death of Father Paul, many years afterwards (uttering with his dying voice a blessing on the republic), was received with much joy at Rome, the pontiff himself affirming that the hand of God was at length visible: "as if," says Fulgentio, the biographer of Sarpi, "it had been a miracle for a man to die at the age of seventy-one."

Sarpi, as already stated, acted a distinguished part in the disputes which occurred at the commencement of the seventeenth century, between the state of Venice and the court of Rome. In illustration of the resolute spirit with which the republic carried on that contest, some anecdotes have been given by M. Daru. The pope having forbidden the clergy of Venice to perform divine service, the Council of Ten issued a mandate, requiring them, notwithstanding the interdict, to proceed in the performance of their usual duties. The priests promised obedience with one or two exceptions. The grand vicar of Padua, having been informed of the order issued by the government, observed, that he should act according to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. "Very well," said the magistrate who communicated the order, "but it is proper that you should know that the Holy Spirit has already inspired the Council of Ten to hang every

one who disobeys their orders." The curate of Santa Maria, notwithstanding the decree of the government, closed his church. On the following morning, when divine service was to be performed, he beheld, on looking out of his window, an enormous gallows, which had been erected in the night. The argument succeeded, and the curate, forgetting the pope's interdict, opened his church with alacrity, and preached as usual. So great was the jealousy with which the Venetians regarded the court of Rome, that, when during the pontificate of Urban VIII., an inscription, recording the services rendered to holy church by the republic, in the time of Alexander III., was removed from the Vatican, the Venetian ambassador was directed by his masters to quit Rome without taking leave; nor would the republic again appear by their representative at the court of Rome, until the inscription, ten years afterwards, was restored by Innocent X.

VENICE.

THE PALACE OF THE FOSCARI.

> Despair defies even despotism: there is
> That in my heart would make its way through hosts
> With levell'd spears; and think you a few jailors
> Shall put me from my path? Give me, then, way;
> This is the Doge's palace.
>
> THE TWO FOSCARI.

THE fatal history of the Foscari, whose palace is represented in the plate, is told by the old Venetian writers, and more particularly by Sanuto, whose relation has been followed by M. de Sismondi, in his admirable Histoire des Republiques Italiennes, and by M. Daru, in his valuable Histoire de la Republique de Venise. Though every English reader is acquainted with it through the drama of Lord Byron, it will not, perhaps, be thought improper to give in this place an outline of the story.

Francesco Foscari, at the age of fifty-one, attained the summit of a Venetian's ambition, and was elected doge. A noble name, rendered still more splendid by the services which he who bore it had performed to the republic, favouring fortunes, an undaunted courage, and a family of sons who seemed to inherit the lofty spirit of their father, rendered the newly elected doge an object of jealousy to the nobility of Venice. The first blow to

the happiness of Foscari was the death of three of his sons, within eight years after his assumption of the ducal authority. Though the stability of his family was much shaken, his enemies did not for many years venture to carry into execution the schemes which they had formed for his destruction. The signal successes in war which distinguished his government, and which added to the republic Brescia, Bergamo, Ravenna, and a great part of Lombardy, silenced for a time the voice of envy and opposition. At length, in the year 1445, the opportunity was afforded for inflicting upon the heart of the venerable doge an incurable wound. In that year Bevilacqua, a Florentine exile, instigated, without doubt, by the enemies of the Foscari, secretly denounced Jacopo Foscari to the state inquisitors of Venice, for having received presents from Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The rank and station of the accused could not protect him from the cruel severity with which all state criminals were treated in Venice, and the son of the doge, like the meanest servant of the republic, was subjected to the question, and rigorously tortured. Although no confession could be wrung from him, he was pronounced guilty by the voice of his father, and was banished for life to Napoli di Romania. On his voyage to the place of his exile, he fell sick at Trieste in consequence of the sufferings he had endured. In consideration of his health, the government of Venice were with difficulty prevailed upon by his father to permit the place of his exile to be changed, and to allow him to retire to Treviso, under the condition of his presenting himself every morning before

the governor of that place. Here he was joined by his wife, the daughter of Leonardo Contarini.

For five years Jacopo Foscari remained at Treviso gradually recovering from the effects of his Venetian tortures, until a fresh opportunity occurred to the enemies of his house of renewing their inhuman persecution. In the year 1450, Almoro Donato, chief of the Council of Ten, was assassinated; and as a servant of Jacopo Foscari had been seen on the day of the crime being committed at Venice, Foscari himself was suspected of having been privy to the commission of it. The servant being seized was put to the question, but no confession affecting the honour of his master could be wrung from him. Jacopo Foscari was then ordered to return to Venice, and was for the second time subjected to the utmost severity of the question. Though nothing but a denial of the imputed crime could be forced from him, he was condemned to be banished to Candia, and a reward was directed to be bestowed upon the informer who had denounced him to the state. Within a short period afterwards, a man of abandoned character, whose name was Nicolao Erizzo, confessed on his death-bed that he was the assassin of Donato.

In vain did the Foscari protest against the injustice of detaining a citizen in exile, when the crime for which he was banished had been confessed by another. The inexorable Council of Ten refused to recal their sentence, and the younger Foscari, broken in health and in spirit, continued to languish out his years in exile. That exile became at length so insupportable to him, that he ad-

dressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, imploring his good offices with the Venetian senate, and intreating him to intercede for a remission of his sentence. The spies who surrounded Foscari immediately carried this letter to the Council of Ten, and the unfortunate writer was once more summoned to appear as a criminal at Venice. For the third time he underwent the horrible process to which he had before been subjected. In the midst of his tortures he stated that he had written the letter to the duke, with the intention that it should fall into the hands of the Venetian government, knowing that he should be immediately recalled to Venice as a criminal, where he might once more behold his wife and his parents. Upon this confession his sentence of banishment was confirmed, and it was ordered in addition that he should be imprisoned for the space of one year. His request to be permitted to see his relatives was granted, but the interview was directed to take place in one of the public halls of the ducal palace. There, over his tortured form his mother and his wife wept, but the doge, even in this trying moment, preserved the stern dignity of the sovereign. When his son, shrinking from the solitude of the prison to which his emaciated frame was about to be conveyed, implored his father to procure for him the privilege of remaining in his own house, saying, "Messer Padre, vi prego che procuriate per me acciochè io torni a casa mia;" the doge replied, "Jacopo, va e obbedisci a quello che vuole la terra, e non cercar piu oltre." The younger Foscari did obey the cruel voice of his country; but scarcely had he reached the place of his exile, than, worn out by his sufferings, he expired.

The destruction of the venerable doge himself still remained to be accomplished. Amongst the most resolute enemies of the Foscari was Jacopo Loredano. His father Piero and his uncle Marco had been the stern opponents of Francesco Foscari, and died under circumstances which gave rise to suspicions of their having perished by his means. In that bitterness of soul which sometimes leads men to the most extraordinary modes of expressing their feelings, Jacopo Loredano opened, in his books of trade, an account with his great enemy, charging him as debtor for the lives of his father and his uncle.—A page was left unwritten upon, on the opposite side.—To balance this account of blood became the principal object of Loredano's life; and, having been elected a member of the Council of Ten, opportunities were not wanting of enforcing the payment of the debt.

Almost heart-broken by the death of his son, the doge had retired to his palace, where, incapable of applying himself to the business of the state, he lived secluded from the public eye. This secession furnished Loredano with grounds upon which to rest his project. He proposed in the council that, as Foscari neglected the duties of his ducal office, they should proceed to the election of another doge. Of such a deposition there had been no instance in the annals of the republic, and the council hesitated before the adoption of so arbitrary a measure. Waiting upon the doge in a body, they endeavoured, in the first instance, to procure from him a voluntary renunciation of his dignity; but the lofty spirit of Francesco Foscari was not yet quelled. He said that he had sworn faithfully to serve the republic, and that, until re-

leased from his oath and deposed, he would not lay down his sovereign authority. The council being again assembled absolved him from his oath, and commanded him to resign within three days the symbols of his ducal power. In obedience to this mandate, Foscari delivered up the doge's ring, which was broken in his presence, and supported by the arm of his brother prepared to quit the palace of St. Mark, where for five and thirty years he had lived the first servant of the republic. A secretary, seeing him about to descend the Giants' Staircase, suggested to him that he would find it more convenient to descend through a more private passage, as the Giants' Stairs were crowded with the citizens. "No," said Foscari, "by those steps I mounted, and by those will I descend." The people as he passed testified their affection and respect, and such was the nature of the public excitement, that the Council of Ten found it necessary to publish a proclamation forbidding the Venetians, under pain of death, to speak of the late deposition.

The electors were now assembled in conclave to choose a new doge, and on the 30th October, 1457, Paschal Malipieri was raised to the supreme dignity. The great bell of St. Mark, announcing the appointment of his successor, sounded in the ears of Francesco Foscari. Grief and indignation overwhelmed the frame already worn out by age and infirmities:—he died before the cheerful peals which welcomed the new doge had ceased to sound. His enemies, who had despoiled him of his power while living, insisted upon rendering him ducal honours when dead, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of

his widow, who implored permission to expend her own dowry upon his obsequies, the body of Foscari was again borne up the Giants' Stairs, and, clothed in the ducal garments, exposed to the public gaze, his successor assisting at the ceremony in the simple robe of a Venetian senator.

Jacopo Loredano, turning to his books of trade, opened them at the leaf where he had stated the account between himself and Francesco Foscari, and on the opposite page inscribed the fatal acquittance "l'ha pagata." "He has paid it!"

VENICE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand.
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

BYRON.

AMID the thousand romantic associations with which Venice teems, there are none possessing a deeper or more engrossing interest than those which fill the heart of the traveller as he steps upon the Ponte dei Sospiri, or "Bridge of Sighs." Connecting the splendours of the ducal palace with the dungeons of the public prison, it recals the memory of those majestic times when Venice sate crowned upon the waters, and when she ruled not only the creatures of her conquests but her own subject-sons with the most despotic sway. Over the "Bridge of Sighs" have passed the thousand victims whom the state-jealousy of the TEN consigned to torture or to death, and whose groans were lost in the dark recesses to which it gave a ready access. The awful secrecy which attended all the political punishments of the Venetians was much assisted by this gloomy communication, which prevented the accused from being subjected at any time to the public gaze. The Bridge of Sighs derives no small additional interest

from its having suggested to Lord Byron the splendid commencement of the fourth canto of Childe Harold; and to the annotations on that poem we are also indebted for an accurate description of this singular structure, and of the dungeons to which it leads.

The Ponte dei Sospiri is a covered bridge or gallery, considerably elevated above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons called *pozzi*, or wells, were constructed in the thick walls of the palace, and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment or cell upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the prisoner was taken into this cell is now walled up, though the passage still remains open. The *pozzi* are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deepest of these dungeons. The curious traveller may still, descending through a trap-door, crawl down through holes half choked with rubbish to the depth of two stories below the first range. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture, and no light was allowed. Upon the walls of many of the cells sentences are still visible which the despair or the devotion of their inmates has dictated.

The author of "Sketches descriptive of Italy" visited

these dungeons, of which he has given some account. Coryate, in his "Crudities," has also described the prison to which "the Bridge of Sighs" leads, of which he appears to have been quite enamoured. "There is near unto the duke's palace a very faire prison, the fairest absolutely that ever I saw, being divided from the palace by a little channel of water, and again joyned unto it by *a marvellous faire little gallery*, that is inserted aloft into the middest of the palace wall eastward. I think there is not a fairer prison in all Christendome: it is built with very faire white ashler stone, having a little walke without the roomes of the prison, which is forty paces long and seven broad; for I meated it; which walke is fairly vaulted over head, and adorned with seven goodly arches, each whereof is supported with a great square stone pillar. The outside of these pillars is curiously wrought with pointed diamonde work. In the higher part of the front towards the water, there are eight pretty pillars of free-stone, betwixt which are seven iron windows for the prisoners above to look through. In the lower part of the prison, where the prisoners do usually remaine, there are six windows, three on each side of the doore; whereof each hath two rowes of great iron barres, one without and the other within; each row containing ten barres, that ascend in height to the toppe of the window, and eighteen more that crosse these tenne: so that it is altogether impossible for the prisoners to get forth. Betwixt the first row of windows in the outside, and another within, there is a little space, or an entry, for people to stand in that will talke with the prisoners who lie within the inner windows that are but single barred. The west side of

the prison, which is near to the duke's palace, is very curiously wrought with pointed diamond worke, with three rows of crosse-barred iron windows in it, whereof each row containeth eleven particulars. It is reported that this prison is so contrived that there are a dozen roomes under the water, and that the water doth oftentimes distill into them from above to the great annoyance of the prisoners that lodge there. Before this prison was built, which was not (as I heard in Venice) above ten years since, the towne prison was under the duke's palace; where it was thought certain prisoners, being largely hired by the King of Spaine, conspired together to blow up the palace with gunpowder, as the papists would have done the parliament house in England: whereupon the senate thought good, having executed those prisoners that were conspirators in that bloody design, to remove the rest to another place, and to build a prison in the place where this now standeth."

A modern critic, in remarking upon "The Palladian Architecture of Italy," coincides in the admiration which Coryate has expressed of this edifice. Nor are the "Bridge of Sighs," and

> The sunless cells beneath the flood,
> And racks and leads that burnt out life,

passed over by Corinne, a description doubtless sufficiently familiar to the reader.

The "Bridge of Sighs" has not even yet altogether forgotten its ancient uses. "I saw to-day," says Mr. Matthews the Invalid, "a man being conducted back to prison, after trial, through the covered passage over the Bridge of Sighs."

The secret history of that terrible tribunal, the Inquisition of State, which for so many years exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of the Venetians, filling these dungeons with its victims, has been fully developed by the industrious researches of M. Daru. He has discovered and given to the world the statutes or regulations which created and governed the inquisition of state, together with the ordinances made by the inquisitors themselves. A more singular monument of the dreadful machinery by which the despotic government of Venice was moved, cannot be conceived. The rules and orders of the tribunal were all written in the hand of one of the three inquisitors, and deposited in a box, of which each was in turn to possess the key. All the forms of proceeding were to be kept inviolably secret, none of the inquisitors bearing any external sign of their office. The warrants commanding the appearance of parties before them never issued in their own names, but in that of the Secretary of the Tribunal. If the order was disobeyed, the *Messer grande*, or head of the police, was directed to seize the refractory party, not at his house, but suddenly in some retired place, and conduct him to the state prison. Spies were selected from every rank of people, the nobility, the citizens, and the priests, to whom rewards of every kind were promised. Four spies, unknown to one another, were attached to each of the foreign ambassadors, and if these men were unable to penetrate the secrets of the stranger, a banished Venetian was directed to take refuge in his house, and to betray the party who protected him. If a person was suspected, and the spies who were charged with

him were unable to implicate him, a creature of the inquisitors was sent to him to offer him a considerable sum of money in case he should betray any of the secrets of the government to a foreign ambassador. If the party concealed this offer, his name was placed on the list of the suspected. In case it was thought necessary to destroy a person, he was never put to death in public, but was privately drowned during the night in the *canal Orfino*. If a noble Venetian revealed propositions made to him by a foreign ambassador, he was directed to proceed until the inquisition had acquired the necessary information, when the person who had appeared as the intermediate agent was put to death. In case a noble accused of any crime took refuge in the house of an ambassador, he was to be assassinated. When it was necessary to proceed against a chief of the Ten, and he was convicted, poison was employed to destroy him. Such are a few only of the frightful laws which governed this execrable tribunal.

> A power that never slumber'd, never pardon'd,
> All eye, all ear, nowhere, and every where;
> Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
> Most present when least thought of—nothing dropp'd
> In secret when the heart was on the lips,
> Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
> Observed and judged—a power, that if but glanced at
> In casual converse, be it where it might,
> The speaker lower'd at once his eyes, his voice,
> And pointed upwards as to God in Heaven!

The information which Bishop Burnet received when he visited Venice, and to which he could not persuade himself to attach any credit, appears to have approached more nearly to the truth than he imagined: "I give no

credit," he observes, "to that which a person of great eminence assured me was true, that there was a poisoner-general in Venice that had a salary, and was employed by the inquisitors to despatch those against whom a public proceeding would make too great a noise. This I could not believe, though my author protested, that the brother of one who was solicited to accept of the employment discovered it to him." It is singular, that Burnet, in exile on account of his attachment to liberal opinions, should have esteemed the abominable institution of the Venetian inquisition, "the greatest glory and chief security of the republic."

Various anecdotes are related of the marvellous despatch and secrecy with which the orders of the inquisitors were carried into effect.

A French nobleman, travelling through Venice, and being robbed there of a considerable sum of money, imprudently indulged in some reflections upon the Venetians, observing, that a government which was so careful in watching the proceedings of strangers might bestow a little more attention on the state of their own police. A few days afterwards he left Venice, but he had only proceeded a very short distance, when his gondola stopped. On demanding the reason of this delay, his gondoliers replied, that a boat was making signals to them. The Frenchman, disturbed at this incident, was meditating on the imprudence of which he had been guilty, when the boat which was following his gondola came up, and the person in it requested him to go on board. He obeyed.

"Are you not the Prince de Craon?" said the stranger.

"I am."

"Were you not robbed last Thursday?"

"I was."

"Of what sum?"

"Five hundred ducats."

"Where were they?"

"In a green purse."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"My valet de place."

"Should you know him again?"

"Certainly."

The stranger then pulled aside a mantle, beneath which lay a dead man, holding in his hand a green purse. "Justice has been done," said the stranger; "take your money, but beware how you return to a country, the government of which you have despised."

A Genoese painter, at work in a church, quarrelled with some Frenchmen, who made use of very abusive expressions against the government. The following morning the artist was carried before the Inquisitors of State, and interrogated with regard to the persons with whom he had disputed on the preceding day. The terrified prisoner hastened to clear himself, protesting that he had uttered nothing offensive to the government. Suddenly a curtain was drawn aside, and he beheld the two Frenchmen strangled. Half dead with terror, he was dismissed, with an injunction to avoid speaking of the government in future, either good or evil.

Not unfrequently persons were sacrificed by the inquisitors to the most unfounded jealousies. On the return of a Venetian squadron, a dispute arose between the people and the sailors, and a dangerous riot ensued. The

magistrates in vain endeavoured to stop the effusion of blood, till at length an officer, who had formerly commanded in the fleet, and who was much beloved by the sailors, interfered, and by his influence succeeded in calming the tumult. The reputation he acquired by this act excited the alarm of the inquisitors. He was secretly seized, and never afterwards seen. In the same manner a Venetian, who, during a time of scarcity, distributed corn to the poor, was committed to the cells of the state prison.

Mrs. Piozzi has illustrated the severity of the Venetian government by an anecdote not devoid of interest.—"Some years ago, perhaps a hundred, one of the many spies who ply this town by night, ran to the state inquisitor with information, that such a nobleman (naming him) had connections with the French ambassador, and went privately to his house every night at a certain hour. The *Messer grande*, as they call him, could not believe, nor would proceed without better and stronger proof against a man for whom he had an intimate personal friendship, and on whose virtue he counted with very particular reliance. Another spy was therefore set, and brought back the same intelligence, adding the description of his disguise; on which the worthy magistrate put on his mask and *bautta*, and went out himself, when his eyes confirming the report of his informants, and the reflection on his duty stifling all remorse, he sent publicly for Foscarini in the morning, whom the populace attended all weeping to his door. Nothing but resolute denial of the crime alleged could, however, be forced from the firm-minded citizen, who, sensible of the discovery, prepared for that punishment which he knew to

be inevitable, and submitted to the fate his friend was obliged to inflict, no less than a dungeon for life, that dungeon so horrible that I have heard Mr. Howard was not permitted to see it. The people lamented, but their lamentations were vain. The magistrate who condemned him never recovered the shock; but Foscarini was heard of no more, till an old lady died forty years after in Paris, whose last confession declared that she was visited with amorous intentions by a nobleman of Venice, whose name she never knew, while she resided there as companion to the ambassadress. So was Foscarini lost! so died he, a martyr to love and tenderness for female reputation!"

In the later years of the republic, the government sometimes endeavoured by stratagem to preserve that reputation for omniscience and omnipresence, which it had acquired at an earlier period. Not long before the dissolution of the republic, two strangers arrived at an hotel in Venice. Scarcely had they comfortably settled themselves before they were waited upon by the *messer grande*, or head of the police, who inquired whether they had not two trunks in their possession. It was in vain to deny the fact. The trunks were produced, and the trembling travellers were ordered to deliver up certain papers, which were accurately described to them. Travellers and trunks were then seized by the officers and carried away, to the infinite dismay of the spectators, who were left trembling and amazed at the vigilance and knowledge of the government. The travellers were never seen again, and of course were supposed to have visited the bottom of the canal Orfino. They were in fact agents of the government, disguised as strangers, and having played their parts were privately dismissed in the night.

FERRARA.

Città sin' ora a riverire assorgo,
L' amor, la cortesia, la gentilezza
De' tuoi signori, e gli onorati pregi
Dei cavalier, dei cittadini egregi.

Ariosto.

Ils arrivèrent ensemble à Ferrare, l'une des villes d'Italie les plus tristes, car elle est à la fois vaste et deserte; le peu d'habitans qu'on y trouve marchent lentement, comme s'ils etaient assurés d'avoir du temps pour tout. On ne peut concevoir comment c'est dans ces mêmes lieux que la cour la plus brillante a existé, celle que fut chantée par l'Arioste et le Tasse.

De Stael.

It is the high privilege of genius to confer an undying interest upon the meanest spot which its presence has sanctified. Ferrara, sinking from her former lofty rank amongst the cities of Italy, possesses, amid the weeds which have crept over her streets, and the ruins which defile her churches and her palaces, a solitary grace and a grandeur which intellectual associations only can bestow. The prison of Tasso and the house of Ariosto are shrines before which the stranger-pilgrims of all nations bend in devotion.

While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!

Tasso has indeed made

> a temple of his cell,
> Which nations yet shall visit for his sake:

for amongst the different objects of interest which Ferrara presents, none can compete with the cell in which the poet was confined, in the hospital of St. Anna. "As misfortune," says Lord Byron, "has a greater interest for posterity and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined, in the hospital of St. Anna, attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me." Over the entrance of the cell the traveller reads the following inscription.

"Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso infermo piu di tristezza che delirio, detenuto demorò anni VII., mesi II., scrisse versi e prose, e fu rimesso in libertà ad instanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno VI., Luglio 1586."

Tradition (which, in Italy especially, is ever careful in tracking the footsteps of genius) has assigned this little chamber as the original place of the poet's confinement. The cell, which is nine paces long, between four and six wide, and seven feet high, is below the ground floor of the hospital, and is dimly lighted through a grated window. To the narrow bounds of this dungeon did the Duke of Ferrara consign the poet who

> revell'd amongst men and things divine,
> And pour'd his spirit over Palestine;

> and with the brand of shame
> Stamp'd madness deep into his memory.

The inscription is incorrect, not only in stating that the poet owed his liberation to the city of Bergamo, but also in assigning the same cell as the place of the poet's imprisonment during the whole of his cruel confinement. He was incarcerated within its walls only from March, 1579, to December, 1580, when he was placed in a more commodious apartment, where, to use his own expression, he could philosophise and walk about. Subsequently, his imprisonment was rendered still less strict, and he was occasionally permitted to leave his prison during the day. The causes which led to the confinement of the poet have been the subject of much controversy, but it appears most probable, that the freedom with which he spoke of the duke and his court was the true ground of his punishment. The subject has been ably discussed by Mr. Hobhouse, in his Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, and by Mr. Wiffen, in the Life prefixed to his excellent Translation of the Jerusalem. "Historians," says Ugo Foscolo, "will be ever embarrassed to explain aright the reasons of Tasso's imprisonment; it is involved in the same obscurity as the exile of Ovid. Both were among those thunder-strokes that despotism darts forth. In crushing their victims they terrified them, and reduced spectators to silence. There are incidents in courts that, although known to many persons, remain in eternal oblivion—contemporaries dare not reveal, and posterity can only divine them." The misfortunes of the poet have given rise to one of the most beautiful efforts of Lord Byron's muse, "the Lament of Tasso," as well as to some of the most powerful stanzas in the fourth canto of Childe Harold.

Ferrara! in thy wide, and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell;
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

The tears and praises of all time; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn.

In the public library of Ferrara, founded so late as the year 1740, are preserved some inestimable relics of Tasso —an *autograph copy of the Jerusalem,* several letters written by the poet during his confinement in the hospital of St. Anna, and his last will. The letters and the testament have been published by Mr. Hobhouse, in his Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe

Harold. In one of the letters, there is a passage which, with others that occur in his writings, gives a colour to the assertion of the poet's enemies that his mind was disordered. He entreats his correspondent to receive and keep in safety for him fifty gold crowns, telling him that "in his cell there is a demon that opens the boxes and takes out the money, in no great quantities, indeed, but not so little as not to incommode so poor a fellow." It was probably this passage which suggested to Lord Byron the fine lines in his "Lament of Tasso,"

> Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
> But with a sense of its decay:—I see
> Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
> And a strange demon, who is vexing me
> With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
> The feeling of the healthful and the free;
> But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,
> Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
> And all that may be borne, or can debase.
> I thought mine enemies had been but man,
> But spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
> Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
> Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
> It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
> Against the outworn creature they assail.
> Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
> Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
> Because I loved what not to love, and see,
> Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

It is probable, that the "Folletto," or demon of which Tasso complains, was not the only being answerable for the disappearance of his money: but many of the apparitions with which he was tormented can only be

explained by the supposition that his imagination was disordered. He adopted a singular mode of freeing himself from the nocturnal visions which disturbed him, eating a large supper to procure sound sleep. "I must now," says he to one of his correspondents, "give you some account of my sprite. The little thief has stolen from me many crowns, I know not what number, for I do not, like misers, keep an account of them, but, perhaps, they may amount to twenty. He puts all my books topsy turvy, opens my chests, and steals my keys, so that I can keep nothing. I am unhappy at all times, but especially during the night, nor do I know if my disease be frenzy, or what, in its nature. I find no better remedy than living fully and satisfying my appetite, that I may sleep profoundly. As to food, indeed, by the grace of God, I can eat abundantly, for the object of the magician seems not to have been to impede my digestion, but my contemplation. Often, however, I fast, not from motives of devotion, but because my stomach is full; but at such times I cannot sleep."

Of the mental sufferings which Tasso sustained in his dungeon he has himself left an affecting account. "Meanwhile I am unhappy, nor will I conceal my misery, in order that you may remedy it with all your force, with all your diligence, and with all your faith. Know then that, in addition to the wonders of the Folletto, which I may reserve for our correspondence at some future period, I have many nocturnal alarms. For even when awake, I have seemed to behold small flames in the air, and sometimes my eyes sparkle in such a manner that I dread the loss of sight, and I have visibly seen sparks

issue from them. I have seen also in the middle of the tent-bed shades of rats, which by natural reason could not be there. I have heard frightful noises, and often in my ears are the sounds of hissing, tingling, ringing of bells, and sounds like that of a clock. After these is a beating for an hour; and sometimes in my sleep it seems as if a horse threw himself upon me, and I have afterwards found myself languid and fatigued. I have dreaded the falling sickness, apoplexy, and blindness: I have had headaches, but not excessive; pains, but not very violent, of the intestines, the side, the thighs, and the legs. I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and fever. Amidst so many terrors and pains, there appeared to me in the air the image of the glorious virgin, with her son in her arms, sphered in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace. And though this might easily be a phantasy, because I am frenetic, disturbed by various phantasms, and full of infinite melancholy, nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can sometimes withhold my assent, which, as Cicero remarks, being the operation of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was a miracle of the virgin. But if I am not deceived, the source of my frenzy is to be attributed to some confections which I eat three years ago; since from that period I date this new infirmity, which joined itself to the first, produced by a similar cause, but which was neither so long nor so difficult to cure."

At length, on the intercession of the Prince of Mantua, the poet was released from "the narrow circus of his dungeon wall;" but the injury which it is probable

his mind first contracted during his imprisonment was not removed with his enlargement. While residing at Naples, under the friendly roof of Manso, he continued to be visited by a familiar spirit, with whom he conversed in a lofty and mysterious strain. Manso, indeed, adopted a very different course to dispel these illusions than that which the Duke of Ferrara had been pleased to pursue. "The Signor Torquato," says he in a letter to one of his correspondents, "is become a very mighty hunter, and triumphs over all the asperity of the season and of the country. When the days are bad, we spend them, and the long hours of evening, in hearing music and songs; for one of his principal enjoyments is to listen to the Improvisatori, whose facility of versifying he envies, nature having, as he says, been in this point very avaricious to him. Sometimes, too, we dance with the girls here, a thing which likewise affords him much pleasure."

From the cell of Tasso, the traveller, to whom the memory of genius is dear, will direct his footsteps to the house of Ariosto. On the death of his patron, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, the poet was recalled to Ferrara, where he erected the simple mansion which the veneration of his countrymen has preserved. The centre of the *facciata* of the house displays an inscription which well illustrates the modest independence which distinguished the character of the poet—

PARVA SED APTA MIHI; SED NULLI OBNOXIA; SED NON SORDIDA; PARTA MEO SED TAMEN ÆRE DOMUS.

And on the highest part of the front is inscribed—

SIC. DOMUS. HÆC.
AREOSTEA.
PROPITIOS.
DEOS. HABEAT. OLIM. UT.
PINDARICA.

Within these walls, and in the gardens attached to his residence, Ariosto, in the enjoyment of the ease and independence so dear to his soul, devoted himself with ardour to the prosecution of his poetical tastes. Here he composed the additional cantos of the Orlando, and versified some comedies which in his youth he had written in prose. Here also he continued, with little interruption, to reside until the period of his death in 1533.

Ariosto was born at Reggio, in Lombardy, where the house in which he first saw the light is distinguished by an inscription recording the fact. He was buried at Ferrara, in the church of the Benedictines, where his bust, surmounting his tomb, was struck by lightning, and the iron crown of laurels which surrounded the brows of the poet was melted away:

> The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
> The iron crown of Laurel's mimick'd leaves.

In the year 1801 the remains of the poet were transferred from the Benedictine church to the public library, with all the splendid honours due to his fame. The

same walls now contain the perishable and the imperishable—the ashes of the poet and *his own copy* of the Orlando, which is unfortunately imperfect. In the library are also preserved an autograph copy of one of his satires, and of his comedy La Scolastica, together with several letters in the poet's own hand. These inestimable MSS. were examined by Mr. Stewart Rose, during his residence in Italy, and are particularly noticed by him in his admirable "Letters." With these literary treasures are also preserved the arm-chair and the inkstand of the poet. The library likewise contains an autograph copy of the Pastor Fido.

"The old ducal palace stands," says Mr. Forsyth, "moated and flanked with towers, in the heart of the subjugated town like a tyrant intrenched among slaves, and recals to a stranger that gloomy period described by Dante :—

> Che le terre d'Italia tutte piene
> Son di tiranni; e un Marcel diventa
> Ogni villan, che parteggiando viene."

But the ducal palace of Ferrara did not always present this gloomy aspect. During the greater part of the sixteenth century there were few of the courts of Europe which could vie in splendour or richness with that of Ferrara. Montaigne, accustomed as he was to the brilliancy of the court of his own sovereign, was astonished at its magnificence. "The court of these princes," observes Gibbon, "was at all times polite and splendid: on extraordinary occasions, a birth, a marriage, a journey, a festival, the passage of an illustrious stranger, they

strove to surpass their equals, and to equal their superiors; and the vanity of the people was gratified at their own expense. Seven hundred horses were ranged in Borso's stables: and in the sport of hawking the duke was attended to the field by a hundred falconers. In his Roman expedition to receive the ducal investiture, his train of five hundred gentlemen, his chamberlains and pages, one hundred menial servants, and one hundred and fifty mules were clothed, according to their degree, in brocade velvet or fine cloth; the bells of the mules were of silver, and the dresses, liveries, and trappings were covered with gold and silver embroidery. The martial train of Alfonso II. in his campaign in Hungary consisted of three hundred gentlemen, each of whom was followed by an esquire and two arquebusiers on horseback, and the arms and apparel of this gallant troop were such as might provoke the envy of the Germans and the avarice of the Turks. Did I possess a book printed under the title of The Chivalries of Ferrara, I should not pretend to describe the nuptials of the same duke with the emperor's sister; the balls, the feasts and tournaments of many busy days; and the final representation of the temple of love, which was erected in the palace garden, with a stupendous scenery of porticos and palaces, of woods and mountains. That this show should continue six hours without appearing tedious to the spectators is perhaps the most incredible circumstance." The indefatigable Muratori has faithfully chronicled these splendours; and to his pages the curious reader is referred.

Tasso has described the striking appearance which

Ferrara presented on his visit to it in 1565. "Quando prima vidi Ferrara, e mi parve che tutta la città fosse dipinta, e luminosa, e piena di mille forme e di mille apparenze, e le azioni di quel tempo simile a quelle che sono rappresentate ne' teatri, con varie lingue e con varj interlocutori."

The old ducal palace, moated and flanked with towers, recals to the memory the days when genius, and beauty, and splendour, rendered Ferrara one of the most brilliant courts in Europe. To an Englishman especially, those ancient walls possess an interest as the residence of that magnificent race whose descendant now bears the crown and sceptre of England.

The history of the house of Este, which has been told by Gibbon in a style as gorgeous as its own ancient glories, is remarkable for some domestic tragedies with which its pages are stained. Within the walls of the ducal palace may be seen the fatal spot where the guilty loves of Hugo and Parisina were expiated by blood. "It was there," says an historian of Ferrara, "in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day, beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that, on the night of the twenty-first of May, were beheaded, first Ugo and afterwards Parisina." The scene of this tragedy, which he has so beautifully illustrated, was visited by Lord Byron during his residence in Italy. The annals of Este are discoloured, if possible, by a still darker history. The Cardinal Ippolito was enamoured of a young and beautiful lady of his own princely family, but his natural brother

Julio had attracted and won her affections. The passion of the lovers could not be concealed from the cardinal, who learned that the lady had commended in the language of tenderness the beautiful eyes of her youthful relative. "The deliberate cruelty of the cardinal," says Gibbon, "measured the provocation and the revenge. Under the pretence of hunting he drew the unhappy youth to a distance from the city, and there compelling him to dismount, his eyes, those hated eyes, were extinguished by the command, and in the presence, of an amorous priest, who viewed with delight the agonies of a brother. It may, however, be suspected that the work was slightly performed by the less savage executioners, since the skill of his physicians restored Don Julio to an imperfect sight. A denial of justice provoked him to the most desperate counsels, and the revenge of Don Julio conspired with the ambition of Don Ferdinand, against the life of their sovereign and eldest brother, Alfonso I. Their designs were prevented, their persons seized, their accomplices executed; but their sentence of death was moderated to a perpetual prison, and in their fault the Duke of Ferrara acknowledged his own."

During the reign of Alfonso I., the court of Ferrara was distinguished by its richness and splendour. The residence of Tasso, of Ariosto, and of Guarini, at Ferrara, and the relation in which those celebrated men stood to the house of Este, have conferred upon the princes of that family a reputation as patrons of literature, to which, in justice, they have no title. The cruel imprisonment of

Tasso has been already related. Ariosto, in the service of his patron the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, was reprimanded for bestowing on the composition of his poem the time which he ought to have employed on his master's affairs; "Il cardinal disse che molto gli sarebbe stato più caro che Messere Ludovico avesse atteso a servirlo, mentre che stava a comporre il libro;" while the utmost liberality of the Duke of Ferrara could only afford for the poet the wretched annuity of 100 scudi, the arrears of which, as he has himself declared, were frequently withheld from him.

S' avermi dato onde ogni quattro mesi
Ho venticinque scudi, nè si fermi,
Che molte volte non mi sien contesi,
Mi debbe incatenar, schiavo tenermi,
Obbligarmi ch' io sudi e tremi, senza
Rispetto alcun, ch' io moja o ch' io m' infermi;
Non gli lasciate aver questa credenza,
Ditegli che piuttosto ch' esser servo,
Torrò la povertade in pazienza.

Nor was the treatment of Guarini at the court of Ferrara more liberal than that which Tasso and Ariosto had experienced. Having served the duke for sixteen years with honour and credit both at home and abroad, he was induced, from the little encouragement afforded him at Ferrara, to quit that court, a step for which he sought the duke's permission, but doubtful of the reception which his petition would meet with, he privately left the city in the night and withdrew to Turin. But here, and afterwards at Venice, the vengeance of Alfonso pursued

him, and prevented him from receiving that encouragement in other courts which he had denied to him in his own.

If in his peregrinations through Ferrara, the traveller should observe at the door of the inn where he lodges a magnificent Latin inscription, commencing "Quod Taberna hæc diversoria," &c. it may afford him some amusement to peruse the following commentary upon it, which was probably floating in the mind of Sir Walter Scott, when he described with such admirable humour the pride of that ancient lady who entertained his most sacred majesty, Charles II. "The emperor and two of his brothers," says Dr. Moore, "lodged lately at the inn where we now are. Our landlord is so vain of this, that he cannot be prevailed on to speak on any other subject; he has entertained me with a thousand particulars about his illustrious guests: it is impossible that he should ever forget those anecdotes, for he has been constantly repeating them ever since the royal brothers left his house. I asked him what we could have for supper? He answered that we should sup in the very same room in which his imperial majesty had dined. I repeated my question, and he replied, that he did not believe there were three more affable princes in the world. I said I hoped supper would be soon ready; and he told me that the archduke was fond of a fricassee, but the emperor preferred a fowl plain roasted. I said with an air of impatience, that I should be much obliged to him if he would send in supper. He bowed and walked to the door, but before he disappeared, he turned about and

assured me, that although his majesty ate no more than an ordinary man, yet he paid like an emperor. To perpetuate the memory of this great event of the emperor and his two brothers having dined at his house, the landlord got an ecclesiastic of his acquaintance to compose the pompous inscription which is now engraven upon a stone at the door of his inn. 'Quod taberna,'" &c.

BOLOGNA.

> **Il Bolognese è un popol del demonio,**
> **Che non si può frenar con alcun freno.**
>
> TASSONI.

CELEBRATED alike in arts and in letters, Bologna, " the mother of studies," presents numerous objects of interest to the amateur and to the scholar. The halls which were trod by Lanfranc and Irnerius, and the ceilings which glow with the colours of Guido and of the Carracci, can never be neglected by any to whom learning and taste are dear.

The external appearance of Bologna is singular and striking. The principal streets display lofty arcades, and the churches, which are very numerous, confer upon the city a highly architectural character. But the most remarkable edifices in Bologna are the watch-towers, represented in the plate. During the twelfth century, when the cities of Italy, " tutte piene di tiranni," were rivals in arms as afterwards in arts, watch-towers of considerable elevation were frequently erected. In Venice, in Pisa, in Cremona, in Modena, and in Florence these singular structures yet remain; but none are more remarkable than the towers of the Asinelli and the Garisenda in Bologna. The former, according to one chronicler, was built in 1109, while other authorities assign

it to the year 1119. The Garisenda tower, constructed a few years later, has been immortalised in the verse of Dante.

When the poet and his guide are snatched up by the huge Antæus, the bard compares the stooping stature of the giant to the tower of the Garisenda, which, as the spectator stands at its base while the clouds are sailing from the quarter to which it inclines, appears to be falling upon his head.

> "Qual pare a riguardar la Carisenda
> Sotto 'l chinato, quand' un nuvol vada
> Sovr' essa, sì ched' ella incontro penda;
> Tal parve Anteo a me, che stava a bada
> Di vederlo chinare"—
>
> —"as appears
> The tower of Carisenda from beneath
> Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
> So sail across that opposite it hangs;
> Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
> I mark'd him stooping."—

"En approchant de Bologne," says Madame de Stael, "on est frappé de loin par deux tours très-elevées, dont l'une surtout est penchée d'une manière que effraie la vue. C'est en vain que l'on sait qu'elle est ainsi batie, et que c'est ainsi qu'elle a vu passer les siècles ; cet aspect importune l'imagination."

The tower of the Asinelli rises to the height of about 350 feet, and is said to be three feet and a half out of the perpendicular. The adventurous traveller may ascend to the top by a laborious staircase of 500 steps. Those

steps were trod by the late amiable and excellent Sir James Edward Smith, who has described the view presented at the summit. "The day was unfavourable for a view; but we could well distinguish Imola, Ferrara, and Modena, as well as the hills about Verona, Mount Baldus, &c. seeming to rise abruptly from the dead flat which extends on three sides of Bologna. On the south are some very pleasant hills stuck with villas." The Garisenda tower, erected probably by the family of the Garidendi, is about 130 feet in height, and inclines as much as eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been conjectured that these towers were originally constructed as they now appear; but it is difficult to give credit to such a supposition.

According to Montfaucon, the celebrated antiquary, the leaning of these towers has been occasioned by the sinking of the earth. "We several times observed the tower called Asinelli, and the other near it named Garisenda. The latter of them stoops so much that a perpendicular, let fall from the top, will be seven feet from the bottom of it; and, as appears upon examination, when this tower bowed, a great part of it went to ruin, because the ground that side that inclined stood on was not so firm as the other, which may be said of all other towers that lean so; for besides these two here mentioned, the tower for the bells of St. Mary Zobenica, at Venice, leans considerably to one side. So also at Ravenna, I took notice of another stooping tower, occasioned by the ground on that side giving way a little. In the way from Ferrara to Venice, where the soil is marshy, we see a structure of great antiquity leaning to

one side. We might easily produce other instances of this nature. When the whole structure of the above named tower Garisenda stooped, much of it fell, as appears by the top of it."

At a very early period, when the rest of Italy and of Europe had scarcely yet begun to emerge from the darkness of the middle ages, Bologna had opened her schools to the studious of all nations. To her, England was indebted for the learning of Lanfranc, and in her halls the celebrated Thomas à Becket was instructed. "The cradle of regenerated law," she was the first to diffuse throughout Europe the recovered treasures of Roman jurisprudence. It has been asserted, that Bologna was the earliest university that conferred degrees. And certainly, for a very considerable period both before and after the restoration of learning, she held the very highest rank in the university of letters, reckoning amongst her *alumni* kings, and princes, and pontiffs. In the *scuole publiche*, or halls of this celebrated university, many thousand pupils were in former ages assembled, and at one period they are said to have amounted to 12,000, but at the present day, the number of students does not, probably, exceed 400 or 500. Nearly seventy professors are, however, still employed, and various branches of study are pursued with distinguished success. The buildings of the university, as they now appear, were commenced in 1562, under the auspices of Cardinal Borromeo.

The university of Bologna is celebrated not only for its learned men, but for the accomplished and erudite ladies, by whom its schools have been distinguished. In

the fourteenth century, Giovanni d'Andrea, professor of jurisprudence in that university, had two daughters, Bettina, and Novella, the latter of whom, when her father was prevented from delivering his lectures, was accustomed to supply his place; but as she was very beautiful, it was found necessary, in order to prevent the attention of the students from being distracted, that she should lecture behind a curtain. An old French author, cited by Tiraboschi, has given a long account of the fair lecturer, but too long to quote.

Moore also, with singular felicity, has introduced the beautiful Novella into the *proem* of one of his "Fables for the Holy Alliance."

> Novella, a young Bolognese,
> The daughter of a learn'd law doctor,
> Who had with all the subtleties
> Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
> Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
> And over hearts held such dominion,
> That when her father, sick in bed,
> Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
> To lecture on the code Justinian,
> She had a curtain drawn before her,
> Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
> Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
> And quite forget their jurisprudence—
> Just so it is with truth—when *seen*,
> Too fair and bright—'tis from behind
> A light, thin, allegoric screen
> She thus can safest teach mankind.

In later times, also, the chairs of the university have occasionally been filled by female professors of great

learning and eminence. Natural philosophy was professed by Laura Bassi, and anatomy, by Madonna Manzolina. Only a few years since, the professorship of Greek was held by Signora Clotilde Tambroni, whose severity is still remembered by her disciples. "This university," observes Mrs. Piozzi, "has been particularly civil to women; many very learned ladies of France and Germany have been and still are members of it; and La Dotteressa, Laura Bassi, gave lectures not many years ago in this very spot, upon the mathematics and natural philosophy, till she grew very old and infirm; but her pupils always handed her very respectfully to and from the doctor's chair. *Che brava donnetta ch' era!* says the gentleman who showed me the academy, as we came out at the door; over which a marble tablet with an inscription more pious than pompous is placed to her memory; but turning away his eyes, while they filled with tears, *tutti muojono*, added he, and I followed, as nothing either of energy or pathos could be added to a reflection so just, so tender, and so true."

Bologna has not ceased to produce that race of learned and accomplished men, who in former days proceeded from her schools. Mr. Stewart Rose has given an account of the celebrated Mezzofanti, whose acquirements as a linguist surpass even those of our own distinguished scholar, Sir William Jones. "The living lion to whom I allude," says Mr. Rose, "is the Signor Mezzofanti, of Bologna, who when I saw him, though he was only thirty-six years old, read twenty and conversed in eighteen languages. This is the least marvellous part of the story; he spoke all these fluently, and those of

which I could judge, with the most extraordinary precision. I had the pleasure of dining in his company formerly, in the house of a Bolognese lady, at whose table a German officer declared that he could not have distinguished him from a German. He passed the whole of the next day with G. and myself, and G. told me that he should have taken him for an Englishman who had been some time out of England. A Smyrniote servant, who was with me, bore equal testimony to his skill in other languages, and declared that he might pass for a Greek or a Turk throughout the dominions of the Grand Signior. But what most surprised me was his accuracy; for during long and repeated conversations in English, he never once misapplied the sign of a tense, that fearful stumbling-block to Scotch and Irish, in whose writings there is almost always to be found some abuse of these indefinable niceties.

"The marvel was, if possible, rendered more marvellous by this gentleman's accomplishments and information; things rare in linguists, who generally mistake the means for the end. It ought also to be stated that his various acquisitions had been all made in Bologna, from which, when I saw him, he had never wandered above thirty miles."

Of this very extraordinary person the following anecdotes may be relied upon as authentic. An Italian gentleman having introduced to him two Russians and a Pole, who were passing through Bologna, Mezzofanti entered at once into conversation with them in their own languages. One of the Russians then addressed him in Turkish, and was answered in the same tongue with much facility, although, as Mezzofanti informed them, this was

only the second time of his having conversed with any one in Turkish. The Pole now addressed him, observing that he thought he was acquainted with a language which even so distinguished a scholar as himself would be unable to understand, beginning at the same time to speak in the language of the Bohemians or Gypsies. To his great astonishment, however, Mezzofanti promptly answered him in the same singular language. When called upon to explain the manner in which he had acquired this singular knowledge, he said that some Zingari or Gypsies, passing through Bologna, had been seized and imprisoned; that he had sought and obtained permission from the authorities to visit them in their confinement, and that he had thus made himself acquainted with their language. At the same time opening a drawer, he displayed several sheets of paper containing a grammar and vocabulary, which he had framed of the Gypsy tongue.

At a marriage festival in Bologna several persons, as is usual in Italy, were called upon to repeat a few extempore verses suitable to the occasion. At length Mezzofanti was requested to exercise his improvisatorial powers, a display which he declined, alleging his inability to compose verses. He requested permission, however, to offer his congratulations in prose, and immediately proceeded to compliment the new-married couple in more than thirty languages, varying each time not only the substance of the compliment, but the style of phrase and expression, according to the genius of the language in which he was speaking.

The attachment of the Bolognese to literature has been

manifested, not only by the ancient splendours of their university, but by the institutions of later ages. In the seventeenth century the Count Marsigli founded an institution for the encouragement of science, of literature and arts, on which he bestowed an invaluable collection of books, scientific instruments, and objects of natural history. In 1714 the senate or corporation purchased for the reception of these treasures the Palazzo Cellesi, now known by the name of the Instituto di Bologna. The library, the extensive museum of natural history and of anatomy, and the gallery of antiques, well deserve the attention of the stranger. Amongst the many valuable MSS. preserved in the library may be seen the collections of the celebrated naturalist Aldrovandus, in one hundred and eighty-seven large folio volumes. The architects of the Palazzo dell' Instituto were Pellegrino Tibaldi and his son Domenico, and the walls and ceilings of the palace are adorned with fresco paintings.

The Count Marsigli, the founder of the Institute of Bologna, was to that city what Maffei was to Verona, the promoter and encourager of arts and science, and the centre and ornament of its literary society. The life of Count Marsigli was one of singular and eventful interest. He was born at Bologna, in 1658, of an ancient and illustrious family. Having received a learned education, he accompanied the Venetian envoy to Constantinople in 1679, and on his return published his first literary work, entitled "Observations on the Thracian Bosphorus." Hostilities impending between the Turks and the Imperialists, he offered his services to the Emperor Leopold, and having been employed to fortify the river and island

of Raab, he was rewarded with a company of infantry. Being wounded and deserted by his soldiers, he was taken prisoner by the Tartars, who sold him to the governor of Temeswar, by whom he was carried as a slave to the siege of Vienna. Marsigli during this time carefully concealed his rank, lest an exorbitant sum should be demanded for his ransom. At Vienna he was sold to two brothers of Bosnia, and on the retreat of the Turkish army after the victory of Sobieski, he was compelled to travel eighteen successive hours tied to his master's stirrup, and narrowly escaped being massacred with the other captives. At length, having been ransomed, he returned to Bologna, and after a short residence there, again resumed his military occupations, and served with distinguished success in the army of the Imperialists. In 1700, he was appointed commissioner to settle the boundaries between the two empires in Hungary and Dalmatia, and departed on his mission attended by a splendid escort. On arriving at the residence of the Turkish brothers who had formerly been his masters, he directed them to be sought for and brought before him. They had fallen into great poverty, and Marsigli not only presented to them his purse, but recommended them to the protection of the vizier. Taking up his residence some time afterwards near Marseilles, he resumed those literary and scientific studies by which he had distinguished himself in his earlier life. As he stood one day on the harbour of Marseilles, he saw amongst the slaves in a galley which had just arrived, a Turk who had been accustomed, during his captivity in Bosnia, to bind him to a stake at night to prevent his escape, and who had

treated him with much harshness. The Turk recognising him, threw himself in fear and shame at his feet, entreating his forgiveness. Marsigli raised him from the ground, and not only relieved his immediate necessities, but, by an application to the king, succeeded in obtaining his liberty. In 1709, Count Marsigli resumed for a short period the profession of arms, and was entrusted by Clement XI. with the command of the papal troops. He soon, however, returned to his native city, and in 1712 founded the celebrated Institute which has been already mentioned. The Bolognese, grateful for the benefits he had rendered them, were desirous of erecting a statue in his honour, a mark of distinction which his modesty induced him to refuse. The remainder of his life was spent in literary and scientific pursuits, and in foreign travel. Having visited England, he formed an acquaintance with Sir Isaac Newton, and became a member of the Royal Society. The collections which he made during his travels, he bestowed in 1727 upon the Institute. At length, having returned to his native city, he died there on the 1st of November, 1730. His chief works are his "Histoire Physique de la Mer," published in 1725, and his "Danubius Parmonico-Mysicus," in five volumes folio, presenting a history of the Danube and the adjacent country. He was also the author of several smaller works on subjects connected with science.

Amongst all the cities of Italy, Bologna has been said to stand second only to Rome as a treasury of art. Though it possesses few works of sculpture of which to boast, yet in paintings it is most abundantly wealthy. The number of churches in Bologna is very great, and there are few

that do not display upon their walls some splendid specimen of the Bolognese masters, of Guido, of Guercino, and of the Caracci. Several of the palaces, also, are rich in paintings, particularly the Palazzo Zampieri, where the ceilings are embellished by the pencils of the Caracci and of Guercino, though the principal pictures which ornamented its walls have been removed. The traveller, therefore, ought to make such arrangements as will enable him to devote a considerable portion of time to Bologna. Forty of the finest pictures in this city were transferred by the French to Paris, but the principal part of them have been since restored. In examining the works of art in Bologna, the celebrated fountain of John of Bologna, in the Piazza del Gigante, must not be neglected.

One of the most remarkable edifices in the neighbourhood of Bologna is the arcades, leading from the city to the church of the Madonna of St. Luke. This singular building, resembling that in the environs of Vicenza, was built during the seventeenth century, and has been described, in its incomplete state, by Bishop Burnet. The best account of it, however, is given by Mrs. Piozzi.

Amongst the literary recollections which the view of Bologna recals, the well from which the Secchia Rapita was taken must not be forgotten. The bucket itself is still exhibited in the magnificent tower of the Ghirlandina at Modena. Nor will it be forgotten by those to whom the genius of Richardson is dear, that the residence of the beautiful and unfortunate Clementina was at Bologna. Who does not remember that " at Bologna and in the neighbourhood of Urbino are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Poretta, which

boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals, one in the latter age and one in the beginning of this?" Who can forget the daughter of this noble house—"the favourite of them all—lovely in her person—gentle in her manners, with high but just notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character?" "When I perambulated," says Mrs. Piozzi, "the palaces of the Bolognese nobility, gloomy though spacious, and melancholy though splendid, I could not but admire Richardson's judgment, when he makes his beautiful *bijou,* his interesting Clementina, an inhabitant of superstitious Bologna. The Poretta palace is hourly presenting itself to my imagination, which delights in the assurance that genius cannot be confined by place."

Bologna, like most of the cities of Italy, has been the seat of many tragical incidents, affording such rich materials for her novelists. Amongst others, is one which we give in the words of the excellent critic by whom it is related. "The family Geremei of Bologna were at the head of the Guelphs, and that of the Lambertazzi of the Ghibellines, who formed an opposition by no means despicable to the domineering party. Bonifazio Geremei and Imelda Lambertazzi, forgetting the feuds of their families, fell passionately in love with each other, and Imelda received her lover into her house. This coming to her brothers' knowledge, they rushed into the room where the two lovers were, and Imelda could scarcely escape, whilst one of her brothers plunged a dagger, poisoned after the Saracen fashion, into Bonifazio's breast, whose body was thrown into some concealed part

of the house and covered with rubbish. Imelda hastened to him, following the tracks of his blood, as soon as the brothers were gone; found him, and supposing him not quite dead, generously, as our own Queen Eleanor had done about the same time, sucked the poison from the bleeding wound, the only remedy which could possibly save his life: but it was too late; Imelda's attendants found her a corpse, embracing that of her beloved Bonifazio."

ROME.

THE PONTE SISTO.

> The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
> An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
> Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
> The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
> The very sepulchres lie tenantless
> Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
> Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
> Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.
>
> BYRON.

THE Ponte Sisto was erected during the pontificate of Sixtus IV., from whom it derives its name. The view of this bridge recals to the mind of the traveller the character of one of the most violent and depraved men who ever filled the chair of St. Peter. Profligate, avaricious, and despotic, to supply means for his pleasures he not only exposed to sale the offices of the church, but instituted new ones for the mere purpose of bartering them, and when the indignation of the people was roused by these infamous acts, he established an inquisition of the press in order to stifle the voice of censure. His death is said to have been occasioned by vexation at the prospect of a general peace—" Di grossi conti avrà avuto questo pontefice nel tribunale di Dio," says Muratori.

The following account of the Ponte Sisto and its neigh-

bourhood is given by a lively writer in one of the best of our periodical works. "The Ponte Sisto, an erection of Sixtus IV., notorious for his connexion with the Pazzi conspiracy, is an ordinary bridge, and the buildings about it are ordinary disfigurements. It is preceded by a meagre fountain, which is a mere concetto in water. Here the Tyber, rushing angrily enough in whirlpool and in mud, yellow and frothy, just hints what an inundation might have been in the days of Horace and Augustus. It conducts you into the heart of the Janiculum or Transtevere. Its inhabitants are still very fiercely marked with all the characteristics of the ancient race, unalloyed by any weaker blending of Greek, Jewish, or Gothic blood, and furnish a bold illustration of the observation of Alfieri, 'that in no country in Europe does the plant man attain such robust maturity as in Italy;' and, it might be added, in no part of Italy is this vigour of constitution so striking as at Rome. Every head you meet might bear an immediate translation into marble, and not be misplaced beside the austere busts of the Vatican or Capitol. The Lungara, which by its length and regularity justifies the appellation, leads directly to St. Peter's through the bastions of the Leonine city, or the Borgo, along the banks of the Tyber, from all view of which, however, it is singularly excluded by the Farnesina and its gardens, the Chigi stables, &c. &c. On the left are a series of palaces with their plantations stretching up the sides of the Janiculum behind. The most remarkable of the line is undoubtedly the Corsini, now deserted by its prince, who, more a Florentine than a Roman, resides habitually in the former city. One of its last inhabitants was Christina

of Sweden; 'the glory of the priesthood, and the shame,' and whose equivocal reputation still, *sub judice,* is not to be determined either by Pasquin or Filicaia. The bastion, even in its unfinished state, is a fine piece of military architecture, which might have done honour to the genius of Micheli. It leans, on one side, on a portion of the colossal hospital of the Santo Spirito, and on the other runs up to the Campo Santo of the city. The gate, or its immediate vicinity, has been immortalised by the death of the Constable Bourbon, and the graphic sketch of Cellini. Above is San Onufrio, consecrated by the ashes of Tasso—vineyards, cypresses, chestnuts, pines, bosoming it, or framing it, and beyond scattered villas, oratories, crosses, and ruins; the whole shut in by the regular towers and brown-red battlements of the Borgo."

"Pope Clement," says Cellini, "having, by the advice of signor Giacopo Salviati, dismissed the five companies which had been sent him by signor Giovannino, lately deceased in Lombardy, the Constable Bourbon, finding that there were no troops in Rome, eagerly advanced with his army towards that capital. Upon the news of his approach, all the inhabitants took up arms. I happened to be intimately acquainted with Alessandro, the son of Pietro del Bene, who at the time that the Colonnas came to Rome, had requested me to guard his house. Upon this more important occasion he begged I would raise a company of fifty men to guard the same house, and undertake to be their commander, as I had done at the time of the Colonnas. I accordingly engaged fifty brave young men, and we took up our quarters in his house, where we were all well paid and kindly treated.

"The army of the Duke of Bourbon * having already appeared before the walls of Rome, Alessandro del Bene requested I would go with him to oppose the enemy: I accordingly complied, and taking one of the stoutest youths with us, we were afterwards joined on our way by a young man of the name of Cecchino della Casa. We came up to the walls of Campo Santo, and there descried that great army, which was employing every effort to enter the town at that part of the wall to which we had approached. Many young men were slain without the walls, where they fought with the utmost fury; there was a remarkably thick mist. I turned to Alessandro, and spoke to him thus: 'Let us return home with the utmost speed, since it is impossible for us here to make any stand; behold, the enemy scales the walls, and our countrymen fly before them, overpowered by numbers.' Alessandro, much alarmed, answered, 'Would to God we had never come hither;' and so saying, he turned with the utmost precipitation, in order to depart. I thereupon reproved him, saying, 'Since you have brought me hither, I am determined to perform some manly action,' and levelling my arquebuse, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest, but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them

* Bourbon, without any artillery, arrived quite unexpectedly at Rome, on the night of the 5th of May, with 40,000 men: the ensuing morning the assault, of which Cellini gives this account, took place.

fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon *; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised above the rest."

* All historians agree, that Bourbon fell by a musket-shot early in the assault, while, distinguished by his white mantle, with a scaling ladder in his hand, he was leading on his troops to the walls.

ROME.

RUINS.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

BYRON.

To endeavour even to enumerate the countless multitude of objects which press upon the eye and the mind of the traveller as he traverses the streets of the "Eternal City" would be a vain and useless task. The first sensation of the stranger is almost that of bewilderment, so oppressive is the crowd of images by which he is assailed. Mr. Rogers, in his "Italy," has described the feelings of a traveller who visits Rome for the first time.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race.

The beautiful ruin represented in the plate is only one of a thousand specimens of the splendour which Rome exhibits. Though precluded by our limits from entering into any details of the magnificent edifices with which the ancient city abounded, yet the following account of some of the most remarkable spectacles which the modern city affords will not be considered altogether uninteresting or misplaced.

One of the best and most entertaining narratives of the carnival at Rome is given by Sir James Edward Smith.

"This entertainment lasts here but nine days, Sundays excluded; and even on those nine days masks are allowed to be worn for only three or four hours in the afternoon. Its first beginning was on the afternoon of Saturday, February 10th; the scene of diversion being the Corso, the principal street of the city, which runs from the Piazza del Popolo, in a straight line almost up to the capitol, which, indeed, ought to be laid open to it.

"The middle part of this street, which unluckily is not a very wide one, is in carnival time occupied by three rows of coaches all in procession; those which compose the two outermost going up one side and down the other, and so making a continual circuit, as in Hyde Park. The central row is composed of the coaches of sovereign princes, and I believe cardinals, at least the splendid equipage of the present pope's nephew always moved in that line, but whether in consequence of his rank as cardinal, or as governor of Rome, I am not certain. Here the 'exiled majesty of England' might be seen every afternoon, lolling in his coach, the very

image of a drunken Silenus, more asleep than awake, and apparently tottering on the brink of that grave to which he is since gone. The small remains of expression to be seen in his face wore the appearance of good-nature. He was often accompanied by his legitimated daughter, the Duchess of Albany, a lively and unaffected woman, but without any personal charms. She died, I think, before her father. The countenance of this unfortunate prince had much resemblance to that of King James II., and it has been somewhat severely remarked, that 'the perverseness of his destiny, and the worthlessness of his character, bore testimony to his descent.' The permission to ride in the centre of the Corso was almost the only mark of rank that the pretender enjoyed; the pope having long ago required him to lay aside the style and title of king. The people commonly nicknamed him 'the king of the twelve apostles,' because he lived in the square so named. To Englishmen the Romans were always very polite on this subject. Being at a house in the Corso one afternoon, from the balcony of which we had a view of the carriages and masks, somebody inquired whose coach that was in the middle of the street? They were immediately answered aloud, purposely, in our hearing, 'Il pretendente.' We observed a few North Briton travellers assiduous in their attentions to the Duchess of Albany and her father.

"The equipages on the Corso displayed great magnificence, and a fantastic style of ornament never indulged but in carnival time. After the promenade had continued about two hours, the coaches were all drawn up in a row on each side of the street, and foot passengers

either stationed between them and the houses, or seated on rows of chairs or benches on the foot walk, which is in some places raised three or four feet above the central pavement. Thus every body waited in anxious expectation for the race. At length a number of little horses without riders started from a stand in the Piazza del Popolo for a goal at the other end of the Corso. They were decked with ribbons, intermixed with tinsel and other rattling matter, and small nails so contrived as to prick their sides at every step and spur them on. They were also tickled and spirited up as much as possible by their owners before the signal for starting, so that they set off furiously at first, but the spirit of many of them failed before the end of the course; and one or two of the most promising were often seen to stop short in the middle, staring about them, while a more steady racer arrived at the goal. Nothing can be more silly than this race; and our English jockey travellers, who are competent judges on such parts, at least, of the curiosities of Italy, treat this diversion with the same contempt that some people bestow on their own racing at home.

"On these occasions the houses in the Corso are ornamented with tapestry, hung out of their windows, which contributes much to the splendour of the scene. At the French academy of painting and sculpture, we observed some very rich ornaments of this kind, representing the natural productions of Cayenne, executed in a first-rate style, probably at the Gobelins, and forming an interesting study for a naturalist. They are exposed at no other time.

"We mixed with the motley crowd every afternoon,

our English clothes serving most completely as a masquerade dress, and procuring us a number of rencounters, all of the facetious and good-humoured kind. Tuesday, February 20th, was the last day of carnival; and on that evening all the diversions were carried to their highest pitch. The crowd was prodigious; but although every body was full of tricks, and all distinctions of ranks and persons laid aside, the whole passed off without the least ill behaviour, or any thing like a quarrel. It was the most good-humoured mob I ever saw. About dark, every body took a small lighted taper in their hands, and most people held several; happy were they who could keep the greatest number lighted, for the amusement consisted in trying to extinguish each other's candles. Some people carried large flambeaux. All the windows, and even roofs, being crowded with spectators, and scarcely any body without lights, the street looked like a starry firmament. Below were many carriages parading up and down, much more whimsical and gaudy than had yet appeared. Some resembled triumphal cars, decked with wreaths of flowers and party-coloured lamps in festoons. The company within carried tapers, and a plentiful ammunition of sugar-plums, with which they pelted their acquaintances on each side, insomuch that the field of action looked next morning as if there had been a shower of snow. These carriages contained the first company and most elegant women in Rome, fantastically dressed, but generally unmasked. They were open to the jokes and compliments of any body who chose to stand on the steps of their coach doors, which were very low, and the ladies were not backward in repartee. When they had no

answer ready, a volley of sugar-plums generally repulsed their besiegers. The ranks on the raised footway, and the crowd below, were in a continual roar of laughter; some with effusions of real humour, while those who could sport no better wit bawled out, as they carried their branches of wax candles, 'Sia amazzato chi non ha lume!'—'Kill all that have no lights!' To which others answered, 'Kill all that have!' Others called out, 'Siano amazzati gli abbati barbieri, capucini,' or 'my lordi:' the latter to us Englishmen, and sometimes they called us 'Francesi,' Frenchmen."

Goethe has also given a delightful picture of the carnival at Rome, which has been emulated by Madame de Stael in her "Corinne," both probably already familiar to the reader.

Amongst the antiquities and curiosities of Rome, none are more singular, or indeed more deserving of study and attention, than the catacombs. Not only do they interest the traveller by the associations to which they give rise as the abodes of the early Christians and the refuge of the first martyrs of the church, but they also present an invaluable monument of the state of art during the earlier ages of Christianity. The catacombs are formed chiefly by the excavation of the sand called puzzolana, from which a very lasting cement is manufactured. The origin of these excavations is not known, but it is probable that they were commenced at an early period of the Roman history. The arenariæ extra portam Esquilinam are mentioned by Cicero, and Nero was advised to conceal himself in these retreats.

It is impossible within the limits of these pages

to give an adequate description of this vast subterranean city of the dead. Those who are desirous of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the singular antiquities which it contains must consult the Roma Sotteranea of the learned Antonio Bosio, who devoted a great portion of his time to the examination and description of the catacombs. According to the narrative of a contemporary writer, Bosio does not appear to have been much affected by the solitude and sanctity of the place. He and his companions carried with them underground a complete apparatus for cooking, and a skilful proficient in that art, making the deserted mansions of the dead re-echo with the sound of their revelry. Perhaps the best specimens of the catacombs are those of Calixtus, explored by Bosio in the year 1593, and situated between the church of St. Maria in Palmis, and the Via Appia. So vast is its extent, that Bosio, though he employed many days in tracking its passages, was unable to complete his survey of it, some new gallery always presenting itself. The passages in general are high enough to allow a person to walk upright, though occasionally they are so narrow as to be almost impassable. In the solid rock are excavated spaces for the reception of the dead bodies, which are generally enclosed in stone coffins. The principal chambers of the catacombs of Calixtus are four in number, communicating with one another. Both the walls and the ceilings are highly ornamented with historical subjects from the Old and New Testament, which may be found represented in the Roma Sotteranea.

Lady Miller, in her letters from Italy, has given a

lively description of the catacombs, and of an adventure that happened to her there. "We explored them accompanied by a ragged ill-looking fellow whose business is to sweep the church and to show these silent mansions of the dead. One of our footmen was sent of a message, the other followed us. We were provided with little wax candles, and descended the staircase, each carrying a lighted bougie; the others were for provision, lest any of those already lighted should burn out or extinguish. Having at length reached the bottom, after no very agreeable descent, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of very narrow passages turning and winding incessantly; most of these are upon the slope, and, I believe, go down into the earth to a considerable depth. They are not wider than to admit one person at a time, but branch out various ways like the veins in the human body; they are also extremely damp, being lodged in the earth, and caused our candles to burn blue. In the side niches are deposited the bodies (as they say) of more than seventy-four thousand martyrs. These niches are mostly closed up by an upright slab of marble, which bears an inscription descriptive of their contents. Several are also buried under these passages, whose graves are secured by iron grates. We followed our tattered guide for a considerable time through the passages; at last he stopped, and told M. if he would go with him to a certain *souterrain* just by, he would show him a remarkable catacomb. At that moment I was staring about at the inscriptions, and took it for granted that M. was really very near; but after some moments I asked the footman who was standing at the entrance, if he saw his master; he

replied in the negative, nor did he hear any voice. This alarmed me: I bade him go forward a little way, and that I would wait where I was, for I feared losing myself in this labyrinth in attempting to get out, not knowing which way they had turned. I waited a little time, and finding the servant did not return, called out as loud as I could, but to my great disappointment, perceived that I scarce made any noise, the sound of my voice, from the dampness of the air or the lowness of the passages, remaining, as it were, with me. I trembled all over; and perceiving that my bougie was near its end, I lighted another with some difficulty, from the shaking of my hands, and determined to go in search of M. myself at any hazard; but figure to yourself the horror that seized me, when, upon attempting to move, I perceived myself forcibly held by my clothes from behind, and all the efforts I made to free myself proved ineffectual. My heart, I believe, ceased to beat for a moment, and it was as much as I could do to sustain myself from falling down upon the ground in a swoon.

However, I summoned all my resolution to my aid and ventured to look behind me, but saw nothing. I then again attempted to move, but found it impracticable. Just God! said I, perhaps M. is assassinated, and the servant joined with the guide in the perpetration of the murder; and I am miraculously held fast by the dead, and shall never leave these graves. Notwithstanding such dreadful representations that my frighted imagination pictured to me, I made more violent efforts, and in struggling, at last discovered that there was an iron grate, like a trap-door, a little open behind me, one of

the pointed bars of which had pierced through my gown, and held me in the manner I have related. I soon extricated myself, and walking forward, luckily in the right path, found M., who was quietly copying an inscription, the guide lighting him, and the servant returning towards me with the most unconcerned aspect imaginable. I had the discretion to conceal my fright as much as I was able, and only expressed with some impatience my desire of returning into the open air. M., who is ever complaisant to my wishes, instantly complied, and as we were retiring, the poor guide, whom my imagination represented as an assassin, told us that there was a pit among the catacombs of which the bottom could never be discovered, and he had been told that formerly a great many people had been abused, robbed, and flung into it. I thanked God inwardly that he had not told me this story earlier. Having entered the carriage, I determined within myself that this visit to the catacombs should be my last."

The catacombs were visited by Evelyn in the year 1645. "We now took coach a little out of towne to visit the famous Roma Soterranea, being very much like what we had seen at St. Sebastians. Here, in a little corn-field, guided by two torches, we crept on our bellies into a little hole, about twenty paces, which delivered us into a large entry that led us into several streets or alleys, a good depth in the bowels of the earth, a strange and fearful passage for divers miles, as Bosio has measured and described them in his book. We ever and anon came into pretty square rooms, that seemed to be chapels with altars, and some adorned with very ordinary ancient

painting. Many skeletons and bodies are placed on the sides one above the other, in degrees like shelves, whereof some are shut up with a coarse flat stone, having engraven on them 'Pro Christo,' or a cross and palms, which are supposed to have been martyrs. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the primitive christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the younger describes them. As I was prying about I found a glass phial, filled, as was conjectured, with dried blood, and two lachrymatories. Many of the bodies, or rather bones (for there appeared nothing else), lay so entire as if placed by the art of the surgeon, but being only touched, fell all to dust. Thus, after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean meander, we returned, almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches. It is said, that a French bishop and his retinue adventuring too far in these dens, their lights going out, were never heard of more." "They tell us," says Montfaucon, in his Journey through Italy, "that a man of quality, who ventured into those places unadvisedly, with his family, was never after heard of. I met, not long since, with some papers of a French traveller, who seemed to be a man of sense, and said, that having gone into those dark ways with a few companions, they wandered up and down for above five hours, not without danger of being lost for ever, had they not lighted on workmen who were digging up bodies."

THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

VIGNETTE.

Ces portes triomphales qu'on voit encore à Rome, perpetuaient, autant que les hommes le peuvent les honneurs rendus à la gloire. Il y avait sur leurs sommets une place destinée aux joueurs de flûte et de trompette, pour que le vainqueur, en passant, fut enivré tout à la fois par la musique et par la louange et goûtât dans un même moment toutes les emotions les plus exaltées.

DE STAEL.

THE Arch of Constantine is one of the best preserved monuments of Roman antiquity which have been transmitted to modern times. It was erected in honour of the signal victory obtained by the emperor, near Rome, over the troops of the infamous Maxentius; a victory chiefly owing to the gallantry of Constantine himself, who charged in person the cavalry of the enemy. This triumph was followed by the celebration of numerous games and festivals at Rome; and several edifices, which had been raised at the expense of Maxentius, were now dedicated to his conqueror. To preserve the memory of the victory, the triumphal arch was decreed, which is still distinguished by the emperor's name. So low, however, had the arts fallen, that no sculptor could be found whose skill was considered adequate to the erection of this magnificent trophy, and the arch of Trajan was unscrupulously destroyed to furnish the materials for that of Constantine. The ruins of the former were traced by

a diligent antiquary, whose labours are recorded by the learned Montfaucon. "The difference of times and persons, of actions and characters, was totally disregarded. The Parthian captives appear prostrate at the feet of a prince who never carried his arms beyond the Euphrates, and curious antiquarians can still discover the head of Trajan on the trophies of Constantine. The new ornaments, which it was necessary to introduce between the vacancies of ancient sculpture, are executed in the rudest and most unskilful manner." Antiquarians are not well agreed as to the particular portions of Constantine's Arch which were borrowed from that of Trajan. After speaking of the Arch of Septimius Severus, Mr. Forsyth adds, "Constantine's Arch is larger, nobler, and even more correct in its architecture; the only object now in review: but is that architecture its own? We know that its columns, statues, and relievi are not; and we may fairly suspect that even its composition was also stolen from other works, as Constantine's reign was notorious for architectural robbing."

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