

*Memoir of James
Ewing, Esq. of Strathlever*

Macintosh Mackay



James Ewing Esq. of Strathleven
Eng. by G. H. Shaw from the Bust by Fildes.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES EWING Esq.,

OF STRATHLEVEN,

FORMERLY LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW, AND M.P. FOR THAT CITY,
LL.D. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

WITH

A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN WHILE ON A TOUR IN
ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c., &c.

BY

THE REV. MACINTOSH MACKAY, LL.D.



GLASGOW:

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 ST. VINCENT STREET.

1866.

TO

MRS. ELIZABETH HYDE,

ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER OF HER REVERED PARENTS' FAMILY, AND
ONLY SURVIVING SISTER OF

JAMES EWING, ESQUIRE OF STRATHLEVEN.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have great, though saddened, satisfaction in your kindly permitting me to Dedicate to you this Volume.

To become the Biographer of one who had occupied so wide a space in the Public eye, and the highest positions in his native city, I confess to have been felt by me a bold undertaking.

Your beloved Brother was my Parishioner for some years. His own kindness drew me to have much personal intercourse with him; and it continued till the year of his decease. The privilege was mine. You know the persuasions which encouraged me. I have endeavoured faithfully at least to fulfil the duty. I am not conscious of exaggerating his merits.

May a younger generation emulate his example in his filial piety, his public usefulness, his beneficent liberalities, his generous aspirations for the good of all men, and his personal honour.

I am, MY DEAR MADAM,

With sincere respect,

Your very faithful and affectionate Servant,

M. MACKAY.

MEMOIR.

THE desire of being connected with the ancient and honourable, or with names of repute, is an ambition natural almost with all, and not below its average power with Scotchmen. It may, indeed, degenerate into personal vanity, and become both unprofitable and offensive. Yet, implanted in our nature, within due limits, it leads to honourable distinction, and to the habitual exercise of many a moral virtue. Even the self-esteem of inheriting mere "blood," ironically aspersed by poets as having "passed through scoundrels ever since the flood," has, undoubtedly, produced its benefits; and be it ever far from us to seek its extinction, while held in due subjection to higher ends than its own selfish gratification.

If antiquity of name be honour, it does assuredly belong to the subject of this memoir. And we know scarcely any name that has undergone so many transmutations, in the progress of our ancient national speech, as that which now forms the surname of Ewing. We find it in the shape of the simple "*I*," or *Eye*, in the ancient dialects both of Scotland and Ireland, and from high antiquity, along the stream of

national history, till, after multitudinous metamorphoses of dialect, it meets our view, while we are constrained still to acknowledge its identity, in the strange forms of "*Diogenes*" (not the cynic philosopher of Sinope), and among our own native clans, — "*Aodh, Aidan, and Evan, Eoghan, and Iùistein,*" with scores of Highland cousinships, MacEwens and MacHuisteins, Mackays and Macquistins, till the antiquity of the name becomes more than established.

Neither can it be counted any boasting to say, that no individual who ever bore the name, whose personal history is known to us, did it more honour than the honoured subject of this biographical sketch.

The late James Ewing, the subject of this brief biographical narrative, was born at Glasgow, 7th December, 1775. His descent and parentage, on either side, were from the honourable and the excellent of the earth. It were injustice to pass over without special notice either his lineage or his more immediate descent. The virtues and excellences of both his father and mother were eminent in their day. His father, Walter Ewing Maclae, was son of Humphrey Ewing, Esq., of Dumbartonshire, and Miss Margaret Maclae, sister of Walter Maclae, Esq. of Cathkin, to which estate he succeeded on the decease of his uncle; then assuming the name of Maclae in addition to that which he had paternally inherited. He was no ordinary man, but of remarkable depth of mind, richly endued,—not more, indeed, by constitutional

depth and strength of capabilities, than by excellent and invaluable principles of sound, clear, and fixed religious belief, with unvarying consistency of accordant practical, uniform character. Prominently distinguished as exemplifying that character, with a breadth of intelligence that went before his time, his eminent worth raised him to a very elevated position in the esteem and confidence of the whole circle of the community around him. It was on those grounds that he was led, we believe very much insensibly to himself, from step to step, to pursue the honourable profession of an *Arbitrator*, which he continued to follow till his later years, which were spent entirely at his Mansion-house of Cathkin, where, to the inexpressible grief of his family, he died, 22d October, 1814. Scotland has preserved the memory of many of its worthies; and the name and memory of Walter Ewing Maclae, of Cathkin, has come down to our generation embalmed and fragrant from the attached remembrance of his numerous friends. It was said of him,—while he filled a space in the view of his contemporaries that few indeed arrive at,—what can be said of fewer still, that he never was known to have an enemy. The intimation of his death, which was unexpected, is said to have cast a gloom for days over the whole community of Glasgow and its neighbourhood. His character is ably and clearly sketched by the eminent Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, his nephew by marriage, in a funeral sermon preached

by him (afterwards published) on the Sabbath following Mr. Ewing Maclae's decease; and we cannot omit the following extract from it:—

“In the mysterious providence of Him whose ways are past finding out, we have been deprived of a highly valued and warmly beloved friend. Into any account of his life, or extended delineation or eulogy of the character of that friend, it is not my present purpose to enter. His eulogy is in the hearts of all those who knew him. You expect, however, that a man who was so public as he was should be publicly spoken of. The expectation is natural and reasonable; and to refuse to gratify it would be an act of insensibility and of injustice.

“I am sensible, indeed, that even for any public mention of him at all he would have himself reprehended me. I feel while I speak as if I were incurring his displeasure. But even the frown of the dear and honoured dead I must submit to bear, convinced as I am of its being an incumbent duty—not only as a tribute of affection, but as an incitement to imitation—to hold forth to view the eminent example of departed worth. . . .

“In selecting, as an illustration of my text, and as an example worthy of attention and of imitation, the lamented friend to whom I have alluded, I feel no embarrassing delicacy arising from the relation in which I had the honour of standing to the deceased; for, from what I know of the sentiments of my brethren respecting him, I am under no apprehension of being charged with speaking the language of partial affection. I believe I utter the conviction and feelings of *all*, when I say that, in being bereft of him by the stroke of death, not his relations only, but the Church of Christ, and the community at large, have sustained a heavy loss indeed.

“He was endued by nature with a penetrating and comprehensive understanding, which, in its practical application to the various practical purposes of life, was directed by an accurate acquaintance with human nature as described and exemplified in the Bible, and by long and intimate experience and acute observation of human character. An extensive knowledge of mercantile business, of the principles of equity, and of the laws of his country, eminently qualified him for discharging the important functions of an Arbitrator. In this capacity, uncommon clearness of judgment

enabled him to develop many a case of peculiar complexity and difficulty; and, feeling strongly the weight of responsibility, his decisions were the result, always, of full and often laborious investigation, united with the most inflexible and conscientious integrity. These qualifications were equally displayed in the more public situation of a magistrate; as a justice of peace, he fulfilled his duty with honour to himself and advantage to the community; and in the parish over the affairs of which he was called to preside as a deputy lieutenant, he at once maintained order and conciliated attachment. Firm integrity, joined with correctness, promptitude, and punctuality; an unusual measure of forethought and prudence, distinguished him in all transactions of business. His advice was highly valued; and in every case where he was satisfied it could be of any service, it was freely bestowed. He had peculiar satisfaction in relieving the unfortunate, and extricating the embarrassed, both by his aid and by his counsel; and many are those who this day bless his memory, as the means, under God, of restoring them to comfort and independence. To his tenants, and all whom Providence placed under him, he was endeared by a kind and condescending frankness, which encouraged them in all their difficulties to look to him as their confidant and friend. An engaging mildness, ease, and affability of manner, rendered him open and accessible to all classes; and while it won their affections to himself, contributed in an eminent degree to diffuse amongst others harmony and peace."

Such is the delineation of Mr. Ewing Maclae's character drawn by an eminent divine, whose own rectitude, judgment, and taste rendered it neither overcharged nor partial. Such, indeed, is the opinion of still surviving contemporaries, who testify to the elevation and purity of Mr. Ewing Maclae's principles and habits of moral and religious character. These combined and outstanding properties gathered around him such an amount of esteem and confidence as is seldom, in amount, the portion of men engaged in the duties of public life. His circle of acquaintance and friends became wide.

His liberality of sentiment, with his amiable bearing toward all classes and denominations, not frequently to be met with in his day, rendered his handsome and hospitable residence almost daily the happy scene of re-unions of clerical and lay men of different persuasions, but evincing themselves to be of one spirit. Mr. Ewing Maclae was eminently the "*Gaius*" of his native city and neighbourhood; for he was ever, as is still well remembered to his praise, truly "a lover of good men."

Having frequently occasion to have under his care the pecuniary affairs of widows and fatherless children, there was one remark which, in his advanced years, he had evidently great pleasure in making,—communicated by an honoured surviving member of his family:—That he had never known an instance of any virtuous family early left to maternal widowed care, but in course of time such fatherless children came to be placed in higher positions than, humanly speaking, they were likely to have attained, even if both parents had been longer spared to them.* There is much of deep interest in this remark, and much calculated to encourage and strengthen many a widow's heart. And we feel fully assured, from all we have heard of this admirable and benevolent Christian gentleman, that any practical benefit accruing from the recording of that remark, to parent or

* Suggested to him by a sermon written by the Rev. Dr. Randall, of Stirling, on "God the Father of the fatherless"—unfortunately now out of print.

children bereaved, would have been subject of high gratification to his benevolent spirit. Mr. Ewing Maclae was never engaged in any commercial pursuit, unless for some short time with America. Of easy temperament, and of competent hereditary fortune, he had great and constitutional pleasure and enjoyment in occupations connected with a fine landward estate. And the only business pursuit to which he devoted a portion of his time and talents, we believe to have come in pursuit of *him*, rather than from his having gone in quest of the employment.

The care of such a father was one special privilege with which the subject of our narrative was so highly favoured from birth to manhood. And if we have found so much to dwell upon and depict on the father's side, we might find equally much to be described and commemorated on the maternal side of the subject of our sketch, in Mrs. Ewing Maclae.

Her descent and progeniture were from honoured names and memory, especially in the ecclesiastical and religious history of Scotland. Mrs. Ewing Maclae, of Cathkin, was Margaret Fisher, second youngest child of the Rev. James Fisher, minister of the parish of Kinclaven, in Perthshire, afterwards of Glasgow, and Jane Erskine, daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, son of the Rev. Henry Erskine, a descendant of the family of Mar. He (Rev. Henry Erskine) had been minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Cornhill, in Northumberland,

whence he was ejected as one of the two thousand ministers in England who were subjected to the same trial, for conscience' sake, under the operation of the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. After having suffered much persecution, and long imprisonment, with the enduring of many other severe hardships and sufferings, he found himself in condition, at the memorable Revolution of 1688, to accept a *Call*—which he accordingly did—to the parish of Chirnside, in Berwickshire; where he continued in the faithful discharge of all ministerial and pastoral duties, and was held in the highest esteem, till his decease, in the year 1696, when his exemplary and holy life terminated in a peaceful and triumphant death. A handsome monument has been erected to his memory in the churchyard of that parish. Mr. Henry Erskine was twice married; but the name of his first wife cannot now be ascertained, so far as known to us. By that marriage he had a son and daughter. The son latterly conformed to Prelacy, and became Rector of Knaresdale, in Northumberland. In consequence of this step, and his father's change of residence to Scotland, there appears to have been little intercourse subsequently between himself and his family; nor must we, without further information upon the subject, perhaps now unattainable, decide, in any measure, to which of the parties concerned such degree of alienation is traceable. The daughter was married to Mr. Balderstone, surgeon in Edinburgh. Her character was that of eminent practical piety.

She enjoyed the privilege of intimate friendship with the well-known and popular Mr. Thomas Boston, minister of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, who ascribed his own conversion to the ministry of her father; and also with the pious Colonel Blackader, Deputy-Governor of Stirling Castle. Mr. Boston is said to have committed to Mrs. Balderstone's prayers his studies, while writing his eminently learned and ingenious work on the Hebrew language, his *Tractatus*. This volume, written in Latin of classical purity, is in defence of the system of "*points*" in the Hebrew language; and is held still in high esteem by many Hebraists in the Universities of the continent of Europe. It affords high evidence of Mr. Boston's scholarship. Mr. Boston mentions Mrs. Balderstone as a lady eminent for her personal piety, Christian experience, and communion with God.

Margaret Halcro, Mr. Henry Erskine's second wife, the mother of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine—names become household words in Scotland—is said, in her certificate of church membership before her marriage, to be, by her father, of the house of Halcro—a very ancient and honourable family in the Orkneys, and related to the Laird of Dun, so well known in our Scottish ecclesiastical histories, and to the noble house of Air-lie; and by her mother also related to the family of Barscube, in Galloway. This certificate is dated in 1666, signed by the minister and session-clerk of her native parish. In her Biography she is stated to have been the great-grand-daughter of

Harry Halcro of that Ilk and Lady Barbara Stewart, the youngest daughter of Robert, Earl of Orkney, son of James V.* But Margaret Halcro had the far higher distinction of vital, growing, and fruitful piety. After having survived her husband nearly thirty years, she resigned her earthly existence, with a hope full of immortality, on 14th December, 1725, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. Her remains were deposited in the chapel ground of Scotland Well, with an appropriate Latin inscription by her sons, in memory of a mother endeared by her sufferings in the cause of religion, as well as by her maternal affections and her Christian graces.

The Rev. James Fisher, whose venerable name we have already introduced as the father of Mrs. Ewing Maclae, was a man of distinguished talents and character. He himself was born of parents of no mean estate, and extensively connected with many individuals and families of high respectability and worth. While still minister of the parish of Kinclaven, he became one of that brave and conscientious brotherhood who, resisting the ecclesiastical despotism and oppression of that period in the Church of Scotland, separating themselves both from its immunities, and what they rightly considered as of incomparably higher importance, its defections, and its tyranny over both ministers and people,

* The Halcros, of Halcro, were acknowledged to be descended from Halcro, a prince of Denmark.

forsook its communion, but not their ministry in the Church of Christ. Scotland has not yet, perhaps, done full justice to the leaders of that movement; her people have not, even yet, fully recognized their own manifold obligations to those purely, honest, sound-minded, and religiously patriotic, devoted men, who in that day boldly and bravely vindicated, at the cost of all their temporal rights and possessions, the constitutional religious privileges of Scotland's free-born children; bearing high the testimony of those rights by the immoveable stedfastness of their own practical example. They would not yield their submission to what their own enlightened consciences told them to be contrary to that Truth to which, and to which alone, they had pledged their full and unreserved allegiance, and in the love of which they now both obeyed and adorned its faith. And here, while assuredly not excluding from either our view or remembrance our Scottish martyrs and confessors of old, we point for the present to the historical names of the Fathers of the first and second secessions from the Church of Scotland—our Erskines and Fishers our Wilsons, our Gillespies and Taylors—who bore high, at the cost of so many “cruel mockings,” testimony to the Scriptural purity of the Constitution of our National Church, and the rights and privileges conferred by its provisions upon all the families of our land. Nor is it any difficult task to the impartial eye to trace—whatever may have been some of the after incidents,—to that righteous testimony so borne, as if

by the "forlorn hope," the salt, cast into the waters of bitterness—waters which, humanly speaking, would have overborne and quenched all soundness of faith and evangelical religion in the Church of Scotland, more than a century gone by, had not those faithful confessors stood forward in their day, to go forth without the camp bearing the reproach. Those excellent Fathers, those rescuers of our Church's purity and freedom, were men of might, of enlarged and cultivated minds, resolute, and of noble bearing. And when we consider their works and their endurings, worldly censurers deeming them weak and misguided, such reproaches and censures rise before us lighter than dust in the balance. And in times more recent, when the same contest has had to be faced again, on a still broader basis of operation, the experience of many must be but imperfectly improved, if they look not up with reverence and affectionate admiration to those devoted pioneers of the same path, who were first summoned, in their own time, to bear the burden and heat of the day.

Among that goodly band, the name of James Fisher stands forth conspicuous. Separating, as we have seen, from the Established Church in the year 1733, he accepted a call to a highly respectable congregation in the city of Glasgow, in the year 1745, in connection with which the remainder of his life-time was usefully and honourably spent, till 1755, when he died greatly mourned, as he had lived greatly respected.—

“Being dead, he yet speaketh.” His work on the *Shorter Catechism* displays a rich fund of sound theological, practical erudition; and it soon became, and still continues to be, the favourite religious manual in thousands of Scotland’s religious families, and has associated his name, with the Erskines especially, as a household word. He is said to have been of singularly dignified and attractive bearing and manner, with an expression of beaming intelligence.

His daughter, Margaret, was married to Walter Ewing Maclae, Esq., of Cathkin, 28th November, 1768. She became the accomplished wife of a deeply attached and devoted husband, who could and did well appreciate her superior worth. Surviving friends and acquaintances delighted to speak of her striking elegance and beauty of person. Her resemblance in countenance and expression, it is said, to her father, was so unusually perfect, that an artist of eminence, in whose hands a portrait of her father remained unfinished at the time of his death, requested Mrs. Ewing Maclae to sit to her father’s portrait, that the artist might complete his task by the aid of so striking a likeness. Her whole character bore evidence of unfeigned and distinguished piety. Though in the *world*, she was not *of* it; and had as little habitual intercourse with its associations as circumstances could permit. Like her father, and with more ample means, she opened her hand wide to the deserving poor. An intelligent and accomplished friend re-

marked, that, from her native dignity and saintly purity of character, the beautiful designation of the "Elect Lady" was strikingly appropriate to her. Her mind was altogether of superior mould, ever amiable in all her demeanour, with the law of kindness in her lips. She was most happily suited to a partner of kindred spirit. Their eminent friend, the late Dr. Balfour, of the High Church, Glasgow, married to a relative of Mr. Ewing Maclae's, was wont to say that he had never seen husband and wife of such mutual similitude in temperament and character. Around their hospitable board the excellent ones of the earth, of all denominations, were wont to congregate; and all, with themselves, now gone to the general assembly of the first-born in the kingdom above. Their names are written in heaven.

A few words will not be here grudged, descriptive of the scene which so much domestic piety and happiness adorned, while it also formed the youthful scene of the subject of our memoir's earlier enjoyments, and to his end the object of his fondest recollections. The estate and place of Cathkin lies about five miles eastward and somewhat southward of Glasgow. Its spacious and substantially built mansion, placed with thoroughly good taste, at once suggests, of itself, united comfort and elegance. The scene both from within and around it presents striking combinations of unusual interest, and of very unusual expanse. It embraces within its bounds, as a landward estate, many

features and points of peculiar beauty, and commanding one of the most extensive views eastward of the valley of the Clyde, attainable from any neighbouring point, by its more than ordinary elevation. There is to many minds somewhat exhilarating in such terrace views as this peculiarly forms. The valley of the Clyde opens at once upon the view eastward, and presenting a richly variegated scene of agricultural richness of wide expanse, till melting and narrowing upon the eye in the distance. Again, toward the west, almost the whole Frith of Clyde, as well as the river itself, onward to the Islands of Bute, the Cumbræes, and the Island of Arran, are spread out to the observer's eye; while not a few portions and districts of the extensive county of Argyle, and of the counties of Dumbarton, Stirling, and Perth, and even of Aberdeenshire, with several of their lofty mountains, towards the north and east are easily recognized. Towards the south, also, the mountains of Dumfriesshire and Galloway form the background in this splendid panorama. Historic associations and memories are also numerous crowded around this favoured spot, including the scene of ill-starred Mary of Scotland's ultimate defeat at the battle of Langside. The rough boulder-stone, said to have formed her sitting-place on that day of gloom to her prospects, is still pointed out on the verge of this estate.

The family of Mr. Ewing Maclac consisted of eight children—three sons and five daughters.

First, JANE, afterwards Mrs. Crum.

Second, HUMPHREY, succeeding to his paternal estate as Humphrey Ewing Maclae.

Third, MARGARET, Mrs. Buchan.

Fourth, ANN, who died at the age of twenty-three.

Fifth, JAMES, the subject of this Memoir.

Sixth, WALTER, who died at the early age of twenty, at Charlestown, S. Carolina.

Seventh, ALISON, who died at the age of nine.

Eighth, ELIZABETH, afterwards Mrs. Hyde, and now (1865) the only survivor.

An accident, ultimately proving fatal, deprived the then remanent members of this interesting family of their honoured and beloved mother. A fall down a stair within the Mansion-house of Cathkin, not threatening fatal results at the time, left such effects as rendered it advisable she should make trial of the climate of the South of England for a time. That climate proved ineffectual to rally her constitution and frame; and in the all-wise Providence of God, she was called home to her eternal inheritance, her decease taking place at Totness, in Devonshire, on 28th December, 1815, to the inconsolable grief and sorrow of her then surviving family.

James Ewing, the subject of our memoir, was thus the fifth child, and second son of his father's and mother's family, born, as already stated, 7th December, 1775, and was named after

his maternal grandfather, the Rev. James Fisher. In his early boyhood, James gave even precocious promise of uncommon capacity, activity, and readiness of mind. Under the training and example of his pious parents, it was no wonder he should be early imbued with aptitude toward solemn and religious duties and habits. When almost still a child, to his mother's equal gratification and surprise, James, in his father's absence, would gladly undertake—not lightly, but with gravity and the solemnity due to the service—the conducting of family worship in his father's house; and was wondered at, by the propriety and richness of his devotional expression and style of address. Neither did there ever, by this exercise or kindred habits, any tincture of sanctimoniousness or gloom attach to his manner or boyhood bearing. While a model of propriety and filial dutifulness towards his parents, his temper was vivacious, active, and sprightly; and his early progress and aptitude to learn, with the retentiveness of his memory, soon began to distinguish him. When still the mere boy, no more than grown out of his childhood years, his desire to learn, and his quickness of apprehension—or, as our countrymen were wont to call it, “*uptake*”—caused him, even then, to become the special favourite of a truly learned man,—a paternal grand-uncle, who is pretty well known to be the prototype of “the good-natured usher” in Smollett's *Roderick Random*. It is not improbable that, by frequent association with this learned and amiable relative, the youthful James had his mind

at an early period turned to literary studies. At an earlier period than usual with boys, he began his course of rudimental instruction at the High School of Glasgow; and at the early age of twelve years he was permitted to enter the University of Glasgow—a step to which his judicious parents would not have consented, had they not seen in their promising boy a maturity of intellect already forming, which would enable him to profit by the course of studies which the University presented. While a pupil in the Grammar School, he was specially distinguished by the uniform assiduity with which he set himself to his lessons. No doubt “the good-natured usher” might now and then impart a hint opportunely, in seasons of obscurity, to the youthful student’s apprehension. He was the great favourite of his learned grand-uncle, who afterwards testified his affection by bequeathing to James his library and his silver plate. James long retained in his possession, though not as subject of boasting, a goodly array of prizes and other memorials of his early successful scholarship, both at the High School and the University, which was the more remarkable as he had at both of them to compete with boys, and some of them young men, much older than himself; while not a few of those had, moreover, the advantage of private teachers to help them onward in their college lessons and studies—a factitious benefit which James Ewing spurned, and is known not to have accepted when put in his offer. He was found to have

the early ambition perfectly to master whatever lessons or studies were presented to his attention and care. He was uniformly resolute in thoroughly accomplishing this. This won to him the warm regard and good-will of his teachers at school, and of his professors at the University. And in after years,—his active mind fully occupied with commercial pursuits and cares,—one who could and did very frequently betake himself for recreation and amusement to the reading of the Roman and Greek classics, must be acknowledged to have made both solid and extensive acquirements in the knowledge of those languages, and to have acquired a formation of taste that could appreciate their beauties. Nor can all this fail to be perceived in the specimens of his literary composition which we shall have to produce. At an early age, while yet in attendance on the literary and philosophical classes at the University, he was destined to the Bar. His courageous determination, from very youthful years, to master fully and thoroughly whatever became his special study at the time, and the penetrating, quick understanding which so soon distinguished him, seemed to indicate that profession as that which should give most scope to his mental powers and tendencies, and perhaps the most likely path to raise him to future usefulness and honour in his native land. He had already begun preparatory studies with that view. Simple incidents frequently change the complexion of future life, in the season of youth. And incidents did occur, un-

necessary now to be detailed, which made the subject of our memoir yield to the entreaties of certain of his relatives and friends, though with much reluctance, to undertake the care in Glasgow of West India consignments. At that period his senior brother, Humphrey, was an extensive planter in the island of Jamaica, in partnership with an English gentleman of the name of Jaques, and Mr. James Laing, a brother of the historian; the latter and Mr. Ewing having each succeeded uncles who had been long settled in Jamaica—Mr. Malcolm Laing and Mr. Ralph Fisher. It is easy to get *in* one's hand into particular pursuits, but again to withdraw is not frequently so easy or so free a matter of choice. And it has been frequently matter of regret to those who loved him most—his fellow-members of the same excellent family—that the Bar did not become to him his permanent pursuit in life. His early manifested distinction in talents, the compass and strength of his mental grasp, and his peculiar readiness of utterance, gave them the assurance that at the Bar he must speedily have risen to high distinction. But circumstances pressed upon him now, by no means at all the "*res angusta domi*," for in that respect he had never known from boyhood what it was to be straitened; but still the path of present duty seemed to be made clear to him, and conscientious readiness to follow that path when once clearly indicated, he was early imbued with; and most uprightly did he follow it during the whole future progress of his useful and honoured life.

As the great-grandson of Henry Erskine, of Chirnside, and the grandson of James Fisher of Kinclaven, with the kindred ties held by his own father and mother to numerous and eminent worthies of their time, we need not wonder to find him a sincere admirer of the Nonconformist sufferers and confessors of those times; and frequently did he recur, in after-life, to the great debt which his native country owed to those worthies, who rescued and preserved to our nation its spiritual freedom—that freedom of which Reformation martyrs had kindled the spirit in Scotland at their martyr-piles of fire; a spirit which they prophesied should continue to show its light to the latest periods of time within our British dominions. An independence of thought and of action on those important topics began early to characterize Mr. Ewing's stedfast career, and continued to do so to his latest day; as the progress of our narrative will clearly show.

Commencing his West India business at his own hand, and now resolved to pursue it, it is to be borne in mind, that about that period West India business had begun to assume the leading place in the commerce of Glasgow. Occupation crowded upon his hands, and at a rate of progress -which he had never anticipated. His spirit and energies rose to the occasion; and while his business had soon assumed magnitude, and its operations had begun to swell into larger dimensions than what might merely be termed respectable, it speedily assumed, if not the first,

at least an equal place, in the amount and extent of its operations, with any mercantile firm in Glasgow or on the Clyde; he himself, singly and alone, continuing to guide it in every detail of its departments. There was readiness, firmness, decision, with soundness of discretion, and the most conciliatory bearing, in all his business movements, with a perspicacity of judgment that could see far through risks and dangers, and could with stedfastness guide him to avoid them; just as his own firmness of principle made him sure to shun whatever might tempt to any questionable course of action. It became the surprise of many among his fellow-citizens, that one individual should be able to maintain full and perfect punctuality, and the highest order, in all the details of a business now grown into such extent and amount; and to his nearer friends, acquaintances, and more select associates, it was matter of still greater surprise that, when relieved from the toil and worryings of the day, he portrayed a buoyancy and hilarity of manner, and a relish of social and cheerful enjoyment, as if nothing had ever disturbed or burdened his mind, or had ever affected or given tincture or colouring to his habits of thought, or had broken in upon his constitutional equanimity. His elasticity of spirit raised him above the recurrent *tracasseries* of ordinary business, which might bring moodiness or vexation to many a mind even of average strength. His business went on daily to prosper; and we believe that a good conscience gave

him that "merry heart which hath a continual feast." Ere yet his valued and revered father had drawn nigh to the close of his honourable and useful career, that father had the satisfaction and enjoyment of having seen his son James fairly and solidly established and prospering in his adopted profession in life. And yet the time was drawing on, in the mysterious course of Providence, when the subject of our memoir was to be deprived of his venerated father—almost the first inroad upon his strong filial affections within the family of which he was a member. His father's sudden death affected him deeply, casting him, indeed, into seemingly inconsolable sorrow; but his strength of sound understanding, his conscientious sense of duty, and, we fully believe, his unfeigned trust in his Father in heaven, preserved his equanimity firm under this afflictive event. He was now deprived of no ordinary father; and it was small wonder that the sorrowing of that father's sons and daughters, and specially of his beloved and now bereft consort, should have been no ordinary sorrow. And when the occasion arrived, a new and attractive trait of Mr. James Ewing's character was exhibited in his prompt attendance to generous filial duty. Cathkin House had been left in life-rent to Mrs. Ewing MacLae, by her husband's settlement. But, considering the long-continued happiness she had enjoyed in that favoured spot and residence, and the blank now made there, the desolation which it must have been to her affections could not well

but render the scene to her rather a burden and a successive renewal of sorrow, than one of enjoyment; and it became her own desire to leave Cathkin House. On this subject, whenever her desire to leave had been made known to her eldest son, at that time abroad, he pressed her to reconsider her purpose; but she still found herself unable to change it. And in the spring of 1815 she went to Bath, afterwards to Devonshire. Meanwhile, ere yet his mother had left for England, Mr. James Ewing, still desiring her society and comfort, and hoping that she might yet, after a time, prefer returning to Scotland, at once decided upon doing what brought into prominence the strength of his filial affection. He purchased, specially for his mother's residence, the mansion at the northern termination (at that time) of Queen Street, and which constituted then the most handsome residence in all the city of Glasgow,—rather, it may be said, then in its environs; for the place at that time had all the benefits of a country house, surrounded with what so long was styled the Queen Street Park; venerable Scotch firs, interspersed with numerous other trees, and extensive shrubbery, adorning, and giving it privacy and retirement. It formed a most desirable residence, and fully adequate in spaciousness and style of finishing to satisfy the wants and to supply all comforts, so far as mere residence can supply them, to a family of any rank. But it was not destined that the filial affections of so dutiful a son should in this matter be gratified:—as already intimated,

the venerated mother's lamented decease, soon after this period took place in England; and her remains were carried from England to this mansion in Glasgow, and she was laid by the side of her much-loved husband, in February, 1816. The busy streets of the now greatly enlarged city of Glasgow are still trodden by numerous inhabitants, of every class, who remember the admiration and *fondness* with which they looked upon the Queen Street Park, its stately and solid mansion, its venerable groves, its cawing rookery, the admiration of their youngster and schoolboy days, and perhaps, on exciting occasions, the scene of their *roguish* and bold adventures. This place had now been purchased by Mr. James Ewing, for six thousand pounds—a sum at that period considered unusually large for any residence, even among the wealthiest class of Glasgow citizens. But now, alas! no more is Queen Street Park to be noted among Glasgow notabilities; its days have been numbered, long as they continued to roll. A venerable notability in Glasgow it long stood, having become as of patriarchal appearance, and an object of so many interesting reminiscences. But of places as of men, how often it falls to be recorded, as of patriarchs of old, "And he died!" and so has ceased to be seen the Queen Street Park and its mansion. The terminus of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway now stands on the identical spot; and need we say that not a remnant remains to proclaim its more dignified history.

Would that Mr. Ewing's generous filial affections were

imitated and followed by our own generation's youth in times of more enlarged and increasing prosperity! We say not but it may be so, in many an instance; and let us hope that it is. Such virtues would form not the lowest, but the highest feature of all Glasgow's modern adornments.

But we must proceed in our pleasing task of recording Mr. Ewing's onward, prosperous, and beneficent career of life.

It may well be supposed that an individual of Mr. Ewing's talents, his well-known probity and honourable conduct in every association and relation of life, with his distinguished aptitudes and capabilities in mercantile affairs, could not but attract the attention of his fellow-citizens, and command their confidence and esteem. Nor is it to be forgotten nor questioned but the recollection and knowledge of his honoured immediate descent formed an additional claim upon the respect of his fellow-citizens. Not more than one year after his father's lamented decease Mr. Ewing was elected by the Merchants' House of Glasgow to the high and honourable office of Lord Dean of Guild,—an office which almost from time immemorial had been conferred only on citizens of the highest mercantile probity and position in that city. It shall fall to us again, ere the close of our memoir, to refer to the Merchants' House of the City of Glasgow. We have the following testimony, proceeding from undoubted authority and competent knowledge of facts—namely, “We think we may truly state, and that, too, without the smallest flattery or detriment

either to the living or to the dead, that no Dean of Guild ever performed his duties to that House with more industry and fidelity than Mr. James Ewing." It is but proper here to remark, that the Merchants' House of Glasgow was one of the earliest public institutions of that city; and by its constitution enjoyed very special immunities and powers, as a part of the framework of the City's incorporation as a Burgh. Among those rights of the Merchants' House was that of electing the Dean of Guild; and that office at the same time having most important and extensive functions attached to it, it was anything but a sinecure to its occupant; and the discharge of its functions demanded many preparative capabilities. Many of the city's real interests stood connected with the judicious and enlightened manner in which the functions of this office might be fulfilled. The deep and active interest taken by Mr. Ewing, not merely in the duties of the office to which he was now chosen, but in the Merchants' House of Glasgow itself, is proved by the fact that he bestowed much labour in writing a history of the Institution, embracing its earliest recorded existence, from the year 1605, down to the year 1816. There are still more interesting proofs of this, to which we shall have occasion to refer in the progress of our narrative. Meantime it may be stated, as acknowledged on all hands, that Mr. Ewing's history of the Merchants' House of Glasgow is the best and most interesting history of it yet published. Its members acknow-

ledged this soon after its publication, in the year 1817, by a minute entered on their records, in these terms—"The House, on the motion of the Lord Provost, unanimously presented thanks to Mr. Ewing for the ability and research with which he has prepared this accurate, luminous, and valuable record."

About the same period at which Mr. Ewing became connected with the "Merchants' House" of Glasgow, he also became intimately connected or associated with, and a growingly leading member of almost all the several other institutions of the city, all of which have had most important influence on the now astonishing progress of Glasgow, and on its public intelligence, its extended commercial interests, its manufactures, its advanced place and rank of distinction in our national progress; and to this day, in its amazingly altered and improved external appearance. How energetically, and with what a generous spirit, he gave himself to those interests, will yet appear. Of such institutions he had a most correct and sound appreciation, and of their future benefits. He was habitually found in the spirit and element of studying the benefit and advancement of his native city's interests. Nor was this from partial or party views, or for the advancement of any partial or party object, but from the most disinterested and generous desire of doing good, and of elevating the position, and of urging forward the best interests of all classes alike; and to few has it been given to see so much

good resulting from such efforts, as he lived to see of benefits that followed from his own unwearied endeavours. The elevation of Glasgow, it was evident, lay very near his heart.

It was in such pursuits that both the strength and capacity of his active mind came into view, still more forcibly than even in the pursuit of his own personal commercial affairs. These prospered onward most favourably; and, according as they did, so the activities of his practical beneficence seemed to have been gathering strength. To one special commercial institution in Glasgow he is known and recorded to have lent the full weight and influence of his understanding, to which, by that time, much respect was felt to be due by every class of his fellow-citizens—we here mean “The Glasgow Bank,”—first instituted by a single individual, of much kindred spirit with himself, the late James Denniston, Esq. The history of this Bank would of itself form a volume of much interest, not merely in a commercial point of view—in which aspect, we confess, we must be but very incompetent judges; but as, from the evidence of judges most competent, we have frequently heard stated—its wise and liberal administration, by which its own steady and unvarying prosperity was sustained, and in the midst of such mercantile difficulties and crashings as from time to time seem destined to occur; that institution—the Glasgow Bank—held on its way unshaken and sound. The subject of our memoir, being one of its first supporters, continued to be connected with its managements, though not officially, till it

proved very largely to be a source of much prosperity to the city of Glasgow. And we find it stated by one who has most honourably to himself laid claim to be designated a biographer of Mr. Ewing, that many merchants and manufacturers, struggling in early life, but obtaining credit from that Bank, have ultimately amassed vast fortunes, besides establishing their name and their fame, not merely in their own city, but to the most distant parts of the world.*

But in another institution, of humbler aspect, no doubt, specially at its commencement, and in its origin not so much commercial as benevolent, and to an amazing extent helpful to the virtuous labouring and industrious classes, not merely of Glasgow, but throughout Scotland,—we mean, the first "*Provident*" or "*Savings' Bank*" in Glasgow:—in the formation of this most laudable institution, Mr. Ewing, in connection with another eminent citizen of Glasgow, the late Archibald Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill, now represented by his esteemed son, James Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill—took the initiative; nor can we easily imagine a more creditable and honourable enterprise. While their own personal and crowded engagements in business must have very closely occupied their time and attention, their beneficence did not lose sight of the welfare of the hard-labouring and industrious families

*This Bank has now changed its designation to that of "The Union Bank of Scotland," while it is still virtually to be recognized as that which we have thus noticed in its beginnings, and of which Mr. Ewing is to be recognized as one of the earliest friends and conductors.

whom they beheld around them, struggling for their daily maintenance, and exposed to so many temptations and hardships. At its first formation, Archibald Smith, Esq., was styled *Governor*, and Mr. James Ewing, *Deputy-Governor*; and for many years afterwards, both these gentlemen continued actively to patronize, and to give the benefit of their time, counsel, and influence, to that most valuable institution. The following reference to it is introduced in the *Annals of Glasgow*, by the laborious and judicious author of that work, the late Dr. Cleland. He says,—“ On 19th June, 1815, a *Provident* or *Savings' Bank* was opened here, for the benefit of the lower orders of the community, where deposits of one shilling and upwards are received. The institution is placed under the management of a *Governor*, *Deputy-Governor*, and twenty-eight directors, who all act gratuitously.” It may be interesting here to record what Dr. Cleland in the same work has stated also,—“ that in the first year of this *Provident Bank* one hundred and fifty-seven accounts were opened. Seven hundred and seventy-three deposits were made, amounting to the sum of one thousand six hundred and eight pounds sixteen shillings” sterling. This *Provident Bank* continued to prosper and increase most successfully till its deposits amounted to the sum of £39,000, when it merged into others of kindred spirit and object, and the system became national, under Parliamentary sanction. Glasgow now owns several *Savings' Banks*, all in prosperous

condition. But all of them are traced, as their origin, to the one we have now specified. It may be said to have struck the key-note. And yet more interesting and gratifying it is to be enabled to state that the depositors in one of the several kindred Banks now in Glasgow,—the “National Security Savings’ Bank of Glasgow,”—the number of depositors now amounts to upwards of thirty thousand; with accumulation of sterling money, all arising from small savings on the part of the moral industrious classes in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, amounting to upwards of One Million sterling! This is perhaps as prominent an instance as can be put on record of the progress, not so much of wealth and comfort among our industrious classes, as of their continued, and we trust we may also say, of their well-maintained and growing moral principles and character. While the commencement and progress of these invaluable Banks can be traced to the individual beneficent minds of two citizens of Glasgow, Mr. Ewing’s biographers can have no more gratifying task than to note, and to his honoured memory can no monument more honourable ever be raised, than that very Provident Bank,—honourable alike to his practical wisdom, his expansive benevolence, and the thorough soundness and power of his moral and patriotic affections. And it spoke volumes, at the very commencement of that institution, of the appreciation and confidence in which he was held by the industrious classes of his native city, that so many

of them at once came forward, under the auspices of him and his valuable coadjutor, Mr. Smith, practically to give such evidence of their full confidence in both; and that, too, at a time when such Banks were but a new and almost a novel idea to the labouring classes in Scotland. We scarcely know of one fact in the history of his active and useful life of which his relatives may cherish a more legitimate pride, than in the remembrance of this very institution having been devised and put into operation under his wise and generous movements of heart. Who can tell the amount of moral benefit, of comforts to so many thousands of families and of individuals, that may be traced clearly to this admirable Institution; or how many valuable and useful lives it has preserved from dangerous and destructive habits; or how many it has elevated also to a higher grade of life,—to respectability and to honourable independence? It may not be without interest also to record, that the benefits arising from the “Glasgow Provident” or “Savings’ Bank” may now be found in a great measure pervading all the towns and villages of the west of Scotland,—its branches have become so numerous and extensive, and proportionally conducive to the moral comfort and elevation of our labouring classes! Every fact and feature of the history of this institution in Glasgow is full of interest. Two simple facts only we shall take time to set down, as deserving insertion in this memoir. The one is,—in one of those Banks,

that the amount of *Interest* upon deposits, due to depositors in one year (1864), was *Thirty thousand nine hundred and one pounds*, would have been altogether incredible when this institution received its commencement in 1815; and the other is, that during the year 1864 there was the number of two thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine added to the list of depositors—showing the degree to which the institution has commended itself to the growing intelligence of our labouring population; and all this representing the value of liberal devisings upon the part of two individual, philanthropic citizens.

We have now brought down our narrative to the year 1817; and we have found Mr. Ewing not obtruding himself, but his increasingly recognized character extending the sphere of his influence; and his ever ready willingness in all that was profitable and honourable to every class of the community,—leading both himself to originate schemes of moral and of social good and improvement, and to follow readily every path to public usefulness to which his fellow-citizens might call him, or in which they might seek his aid. And while already raised, in civic honours, to the responsible office of Lord Dean of Guild, or, as it might be styled in a sister kingdom, “Master” of the “Merchants’ House” of Glasgow; and bringing laboriously the light of his own research to be reflected on that institution, with respect to its proper ends and objects, and the best legitimate means of attaining these, we find Mr. Ewing honoured by the unanimous consent of

not a few bodies of his fellow-citizens,—these unitedly forming, according to certain rules, the membership of that House,—to have the position assigned to him of presiding over their meetings and their deliberations.

In the year we have indicated, at which our narrative now has arrived, we find Mr. Ewing to have been chosen President of the Andersonian University—a popular Institution of the city of Glasgow, tending to the diffusion of literary and scientific knowledge among the classes of its citizens who were, by their circumstances and avocations, precluded from becoming regular students within the University classes; an institution which, beyond doubt, has done not a little to promote the spread of useful knowledge and practical science. We find him also chairman of the Glasgow Marine Society, a Director of the Glasgow Auxiliary Bible Society, a director of the Magdalen Hospital, a director of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, Deputy-Governor of the Glasgow Provident Bank, at the same time, or within the same year; besides devoting his attention to the details of the business of the Dean of Guild Court, which were, not unfrequently, exceedingly onerous; and still carrying forward assiduously the increasing business of his own commercial and now widely ramified transactions. In every one of these several institutions, Mr. Ewing's connection with them was never merely nominal. He took deep interest in the progress and usefulness of each one of them, and not unfrequently in guiding their deliberations.

We meant not to have omitted one particular fact, tending, with so many others, to the honour of Mr. Ewing, that in the year 1816 he was appointed Convener of the Committee of the City Council for conducting the affairs of the High School of Glasgow, of which he had himself been a highly distinguished scholar in early life. And under his advice and judgment, while filling the office of so important a Conventership, the Magistrates and Council of the city added an additional department to that useful seminary—a class, with a teacher and additional apartments, for writing and arithmetic—a department now of permanent usefulness and necessity in so large a commercial community. And at a subsequent period we find Mr. Ewing depositing a considerable sum of money in the hands of the Magistrates and Council for a silver medal, to be annually presented to the student producing the best specimen of elementary progress in the knowledge of the Greek language, and for the purchase of useful and necessary books to form the nucleus of a library for the use of the High School. And his plan for establishing a library there has since been rendered permanent by an Act of the Magistrates and Council of the city.

Into the troubled domain of politics we have no desire to enter in this memoir. Its details are not, to say the least, the most inviting with which to deal. But the truth is, that we must confess our own incompetency, as well as our reluctance, to enter upon the subject. Happily the agitations that had

long troubled our country upon such subjects, which we are far from saying had not their own importance, are now quieted. We hear but little of them, if their voice be heard at all;—and “*Requiescant in pace*”—and to the latest posterity be it! But it was not so during the most part of that period in which the late Mr. Ewing served his own generation, and during it all maintained his own independence, his integrity, and his honour. This, at least, may be said of him,

“Sworn to no party,
Slave to no faction, HE.”

Independence of thought, of utterance, and of action, formed a prominent feature both of his constitutional temperament and his practical character. While this might expose him to taunts of partisans, as the roll and din of political strife passed over him, or rather as he traversed the field where political strifes were waged, his equanimity was never disturbed; and this we make bold to say, that no tincture, no scintillation of ill-will ever found place in his mind; and this feature highly distinguished him in every relation of life, social, private, and public. He was one of those who had learned the lesson, and loved and practised it, “to speak evil of no man.” To any individual who ever made his personal acquaintance, and had personal intercourse with him, this feature of his character could not but strikingly appear.

At the same time, in matters bearing upon commercial interests, and upon his country’s rights, and its onward pro-

gress, he never hesitated to take his ground, and to hold his position with full clearness of aim and fixedness of purpose.

One subject of this description, especially,—it was a broad and important one, which the prosperous fruits of its fair adjustment show to have been of primary importance to our national advancement,—was, the opening of our commerce with the Eastern provinces of the British empire, and the casting aside, and out of the way, of that gigantic monopoly which had swollen to the size of empire itself—the Honourable East India Company's Charter. On that subject Mr. Ewing brought the full strength of his energies and influence to bear; and to those who have had opportunity of entering into view of the progress of this national question onward to its final settlement, it is very clear that Scotland, at least, owes, perhaps, more obligation to two individuals than to all others united, in Scotland. These were both citizens of Glasgow—the subject of this memoir, James Ewing, Esq., and the late Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward, Mr. Ewing's fellow-citizen and friend, and latterly, for some years in another county, his neighbour. It were but invidious to say which of them did really take the lead in moving the country upon this huge commercial subject, the most important, in its commercial aspect, that ever engaged our nation's attention. These two gentlemen were, in turn and successively, honoured by the city of Glasgow with the highest civic honours that that city could bestow; and it is but equally

true that they were men who did as much honour to that city as it had done to them,—extending its commerce, enlarging its operations, extending and widening its commercial privileges, and its European and world-wide fame as one of our chief national cities of merchant-princes. Mr. Ewing again appears on the question of that gigantic monopoly as an author, and, indeed, repeatedly, in connection with the same subject. Nor can we here help quoting a passage from one of his pamphlets on the subject of India and its commerce, which does great honour, in our estimation, alike to his head and to his heart. That production of his pen is so fraught with rich meaning, with just, generous, and liberal views, with aspirations toward the realizing of the very highest ends of commerce and trade, and assuming almost prophetic accuracy of moral calculation and forethought, graced and strengthened with simplicity and clearness of expression,—that any individual of his time, bearing the highest literary distinctions, or the highest cares of statesmanship, might well be proud to own its authorship. The extract is the following, and selected from among not a few others that are equally worthy of lasting fame. This pamphlet was issued from Mr. Ewing's pen in the year 1818. He says:—

“The spirit of monopoly may now be considered as subdued; the eyes of the country are awakened to its pernicious influence; the sentiments of the legislature are expressed as to its erroneous principle; its partial continuance has been tolerated only on the ground of alleged necessity; and if the commercial privileges still retained by the East India Company should sur-

vive the duration of their new Charter, there can scarcely exist a doubt as to their subsequent dissolution. Other prospects yet remain. In a national point of view, the increase of the shipping will add to our maritime strength, and the extension of the trade will augment our financial resources. To those who carry their ideas beyond either mercantile success or public prosperity, the free intercourse presents the gratifying hope of the mental, the moral, and political improvement of the natives of India."

The philanthropic and enlightened sentiments breathed in this short and succinct paragraph, we need not inform our readers have now been, already, in our own generation, to a great and still hopefully expansive extent, realized. And we see now, both the civilization, and even the Christianizing of the numerous millions of the population of India, as if set free from chains and imprisonment, going forward, even by strides, with respect to the heathen religious beliefs of India, and in the face of what had been long dogmatically pronounced to be impossibilities even of a moral kind, hopefully progressive. We have already beheld Christian converts, of enlightened mind, both as members of civil society, and as devoted ministers of the Gospel, resorting to our shores, and greeted in the palaces of our beloved Queen, becoming of "the one body" with ourselves, and that from the highest *castes* of Hindooism in Britain's Indian Empire. And we cannot but honour the man whose enlightened mind embraced this prospect when its realization was still in hidden futurity, and whose affections sought and longed for such an issue.

We meet next with Mr. Ewing earnestly engaged in endeavouring, by all legitimate and constitutional means, to obtain the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. This subject cannot be said to have had the full breadth of practical application to Scotland which it appears to have had in England—while, still, its application to Scotland was undoubtedly such as, on every principle of toleration and equity, to demand redress. Its chief application to Scotland exclusively, appears to have been in what was designated the “Burgess Oath,” imposed as a necessary qualification for civic offices and honours, and for several other employments. It demanded, in shape of highest solemnity, an acquiescence in the then existent condition of all matters both civil and ecclesiastical. However loyal many individuals might be, and assuredly they were, with respect to all civil provisions of those laws under which they had enjoyed, as we all still do, the privilege to live, there were many of equally high moral worth and social position also with those who could freely make such solemn averment, who could not conscientiously do so with respect to the whole provisions affecting especially their own religious convictions. Nonconformists, in one word, because of their being so, were virtually, and in point of fact, debarred from rights of equality with their fellow-subjects; and they justly enough felt it to be an oppression, from which they sought relief. Mr. Ewing wrote an exceedingly able pamphlet upon

that subject. The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Glasgow appointed a committee of their number to draw up a report upon the whole question, which had by this time acquired an aspect of considerable public importance. He was appointed Chairman (or Convener) of that Committee. He corresponded with almost every burgh in Scotland upon the subject; and, finally, he prepared a very elaborate report, the concluding paragraph of which will serve to show the strength of his judgment, his power in grappling with his subject, together with the liberality of his sentiments upon this and kindred topics to which he addressed himself, in no partisan spirit, but in subjection to the moral obligations of equity and constitutional rights, applicable to all classes alike of every community. He thus concludes:—

“Your Committee must solicit your indulgence in their remarks on the various clauses of this oath. If they have committed either inadvertency or mistake, while they can plead the difficulty of the task which you have committed to their charge, they may safely add that they have been anxious to avoid every misconception, and to abstain from every offence. If an apology be necessary for the length of the report, they hope it will be found in the wide field they had to traverse, and in the interesting nature of the subject, not to this Corporation alone, but to many members of the community. It may certainly appear to some that they have bestowed useless labour. But while they have been desirous to exhibit the various points in a clear and intelligible light to the present generation, they have also felt it due to the ages that are gone, neither to treat their institutions with irreverence, nor to pass them over in neglect. But with every sense of the wisdom, and zeal, and prudence of our ancestors, it is incumbent upon us to exercise our own judgment, as they would themselves have done, had they lived in the same era, and been placed in the same circumstances. Statutes and

customs vary their character and lose their utility, with the change of times and manners; and the period has surely arrived when we may apply the hand of reform without the reproach of innovation."

The Magistrates and Council of the city of Glasgow ultimately (1819) adopted the views set forth so ably and clearly in Mr. Ewing's pamphlet, appealing, as it did, to principles of sound common sense, and to the moral sense, ever to be respected in connection with solemn oaths. The "Burgess oath," in itself—practically, and so far, identical with the Test and Corporation oaths in England—had become really inept, and almost, it may be said, in its principal bearings unmeaning, while, at the same time, it set forth principles which many conscientious persons of the most worthy character felt to be little less than revolting, while the whole matter of taking that oath had degenerated into a mere perfunctory matter of form. And the turning of solemn moral and religious duty into such a mere formality, bore hard on the conscientious scruples of perhaps the most worthy men. It had become, thus, a yoke or burden to such men, from which relief was most desirable. To effect such deliverance to so many, and to banish a mere ceremony, which was made to assume an appearance of what it ceased to be in reality, had become a duty; and Mr. Ewing's good feeling, and his clear perception of what was both just and equitable, had incited him to bestow careful and friendly attention upon this important subject. And it came to be unanimously

agreed by the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, that in all time coming the Burgess oath should be dispensed with in Glasgow. Their warmest thanks were voted to Mr. Ewing "for his very able and meritorious services in this matter by almost all the Royal Burghs in Scotland; and the Burgess oath soon ceased to be an exaction."

We have hitherto avoided all vexed questions on the subject of politics, more strictly so called, and we abide by our purpose, either as to their facts, their merits, or demerits. At the same time, there were certain matters of fact, arising from political considerations, in which the subject of our sketch, though in no way himself connected with their occasion, was summoned to public duty, both as a magistrate and a citizen of Glasgow. And then, too, his faithful and manly discharge of those duties furnish an exhibition, so far, of his mind and character, which it would be injustice to his memory not to record.

In Scotland, as well as in England, in course of the year 1819, political discontents and murmurings had arisen among certain classes of our population, and had assumed an appearance not usually beheld in this country. They are now matters of historical fact. In the west of Scotland, and especially in the vicinity of Glasgow, as well as in that city itself, political disturbances did come to assume a grave aspect, until at length actual hostile collision took place between the Government side and the leaders of the malcontents. The

matter had then assumed the character of actual rebellion. It was very speedily quelled; nor had its roots ever struck deep into the popular mind of Scotland. Certain parties having assumed the attitude of rebellion, Government held it a duty to interpose its own authority; and certain leaders taken in the act, must be visited by the authority of law, and brought to trial. A special Commission of "Oyer and Terminer" was appointed to that effect; and before that Commission, as a court of Assize, on 20th July, 1819, an individual of the name of Wilson was placed at the bar, arraigned for High Treason. From a list of jurymen containing two hundred names, twelve were chosen, and Mr. Ewing was chosen by these as their Chancellor. The respectable writer from whom we have already quoted so largely records that "the trial of Wilson was one of the most solemn and interesting that probably ever took place in Glasgow, either before or since." It lasted for two days. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" against Wilson, on one count of the indictment—viz.: "contriving to levy war against the king, in order to compel him to change his measures." This verdict was of course intimated to the court by Mr. Ewing as Chancellor of the jury; at the same time recommending the prisoner to the mercy of the Crown. That recommendation did not take effect. The prisoner was publicly executed in Glasgow, with all the hideous formalities commanded by law in cases of Treason. The sensation pro-

duced was immense and deep. Taking the judgment of most intelligent contemporaries, the expression of which has not unfrequently fallen in our way, it has uniformly borne testimony that, had Mr. Ewing ever previously been known as a political partisan, the popular feeling in Glasgow, subsequently to this trial and its issue, could not be restrained from expression in some shape—perhaps in not a few shapes—towards him. And perhaps there was no other passage of his life in which the public unanimous estimate of his true integrity and honour, his unsullied conscientiousness, shone forth more conspicuously than on this occasion. No whisper, so far as known to us, no breathing of popular murmur, was ever heard uttered against him, nor token of disfavour shown him. Such is the power of moral integrity.

Another fact connected with the same trial we cannot omit to mention. At the conclusion of the Commissioners' sittings in Glasgow, the Lord Advocate of the time, the first law officer of the Crown in Scotland (the late Sir William Rae, Bart.), thought proper to make some rather severe reflections against the Magistrates of Glasgow for not having taken more energetic measures to put down the incipient rebellion. This was heard by the Magistrates with equal surprise and regret. No reply was made by the Magistrates, probably under the impression that to make any such reply might be deemed uncourteous in presence of the Court.

Mr. Ewing, himself in the magistracy, felt at the time the injustice of the Lord Advocate's remarks. But at the moment he was, to speak in legal phraseology, "out of court." It was certainly by no choice of his own, nor was it at all his desire, to have been nominated on the jury, or to have been elected its Chancellor; though neither could he have declined the duty when named, however unwelcome to his feelings the duty might be. He had now performed it. He could not with propriety return to the jury-box and make reply to the Lord Advocate's implied censures. He took the more competent, and the more dignified course. At the first meeting afterwards of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, it is placed on their records: "Mr. Ewing requested to know whether it was the intention of the Magistrates to take any notice of the unfounded aspersions which, at the close of the Commission of Oyer and Terminer lately held here, the Lord Advocate had thrown upon the Magistrates of this county and city. The Lord Provost answered, that the matter was under the consideration of the Magistrates, and that a meeting of the Justices of Peace was called for to-morrow."

The records do not, it appears, bear what was the issue of that meeting; but we cannot doubt that somewhat must have emanated from it suited for the Lord Advocate's study. But the stand which Mr. Ewing took on the occasion is testimony to his personal independence of spirit, and that he was

altogether above submitting to any unwarrantable impeachment, from whatever quarter.

In the year 1820 we find Mr. Ewing presented with the invitation of being raised to the highest civic honour in the city of Glasgow, as Lord Provost. In those times burgh and city politics not unfrequently ran high; and it must be confessed that asperities, on occasion, were not altogether unknown. But at this period we have not met with any single personal exception having been taken by any individual in the whole community of Glasgow to Mr. Ewing's being elevated to the Civic Chair. Rather was he universally allowed to have most fairly and honourably, and by eminent and zealous public usefulness, become fully entitled to that honour. But he anticipated all movement on the subject, by transmitting to the electors his respectful but decided declination of the offer and the honour.

But were we to make detailed comment upon this period of his life, we should find him perseveringly and generously pursuing his disinterested and useful career, in improving the public institutions of the city of Glasgow. The institution of Bridewell, the Prison, the Town's Hospital, the City Infirmary, all shared in the many benefits arising from his benevolent, persevering, humane, and charitable efforts.

The subject of Prison Discipline is of such importance and breadth that it belongs rather to national history than to the compass of any such individual sketch as this, to touch at all

upon it. None will deny but its difficulties in detail are almost equal to its magnitude in general bulk. But the more true this is, the more of claim has the subject of our narrative to have his name associated with the reform and improvements which, without offence to any other of his contemporaries, he was chiefly instrumental in accomplishing in Glasgow, in its Criminal and Reformatory Institutions. His views and his efforts alike on this subject were both enlightened, humane, and generous. A cotemporary of Mr. Ewing's thus writes in 1854,—“In no tone of flattery—for flattery of the dead is here altogether out of place—we have ventured to call Mr. Ewing ‘the Howard of Glasgow.’ We have good grounds for so doing, because we can trace his footsteps thirty years ago, again and again, from the Prison of Glasgow to the Town’s Hospital; and from the Town’s Hospital to the City Infirmary, all of them exciting his best and most unwearied attention. Horrible scenes were enacted in the Prison of Glasgow thirty or forty years ago. The first Bridewell—a very small building—was erected in Duke Street, in 1799, where the present capacious buildings now stand. From want of sufficient accommodation, it not unfrequently happened that as many as six, eight, and ten individuals were chained together in the same cell, eight feet by seven, ill-ventilated, and horribly arranged. The old and the young were mixed together—the hardened with the most pliable.” This is more than sufficient to attest what the state of matters must have been throughout.

The Magistrates considered this subject from time to time. A Committee was named by them on this business in 1819, and continued till 1822, of which Mr. Ewing was Convener. From a report submitted to the Magistrates in 1822, we give the following extract, evidently written by himself, showing how warmly he entered into the subject, and how successfully he followed it out:—

“ Mr. Ewing produced and read (at a meeting of the City Magistrates and Council) the following report on the County and City Bridewell:—‘It is now two years since this subject was formally brought before the Magistrates and Council. On 7th September, 1819, a detailed report was presented; but, as many gentlemen have since that time become members, it may be proper to recapitulate its substance. It was stated that the present Bridewell had become altogether inadequate; that it was erected in 1799, since which period the state of society had undergone a material alteration, both as to the increase of population and crime; that there were only 105 cells for the reception of a daily average of 210 prisoners; that solitary confinement had thus become impracticable, and the great object of a penitentiary had been rendered abortive; that, with all the attention bestowed by the superintendent, as to classification, it was impossible to prevent the association of early vice with hardened depravity; that the institution, instead of being a school of reform, had thus been too often converted into a seminary of corruption; that the wretches who once entered its walls came out only to return to criminal habits, or to receive a final, awful, and ignominious doom; that the want of sufficient accommodation had frequently been the subject of complaint from the Justiciary Bench at the Circuits; that, under such circumstances, various schemes of improvement had been suggested, but from the defects of the original plan, no partial remedy had been found to meet the disease; that in consequence of the melancholy growth of juvenile delinquency, and the reform which had been made in the construction of Bridewells, a new establishment appeared to be the only effectual antidote; that thus every chance would be afforded of amendment, and by attention to industry,

instruction, and morals, the victims of error might be reclaimed from the paths of ruin; that the expense of such a building, however, presented a formidable, if not an insurmountable obstacle; that, in this situation, an important event had occurred, as from the increase of crime in the country, their attention had been directed to the means of its suppression; that the system of Bridewells having been adopted as the most rational expedient, it had been agreed by the county (Lanark) to form a junction with this city in the erection of one great establishment in Glasgow, where the management could be conducted on a more beneficial plan, where work could be more easily procured, and where more efficient means could be exercised for the punishment and the amelioration of delinquents; and that it accordingly has been agreed to apply to Parliament for an assessment of £30,000, according to the ratio of population, producing £20,500 for the County, and £9,500 for the Royalty of Glasgow.’”

Such is an abstract of the report which was unanimously approved by the Magistrates and Council, and it was resolved cordially to co-operate with the County in the prosecution of the plan. A bill was accordingly brought into Parliament for the purpose, but it met with strong and unexpected opposition from some of the County gentlemen. They strenuously opposed the amount of assessment proposed to be laid upon them. Mr. Ewing had to make not a few journeys to London on this business, and to other places, to combat that opposition; and in July, 1822, he had the happiness to find his labours thus appreciated and acknowledged, as will be seen by the following extract from the minutes of the Magistrates and Council of the city of Glasgow:—

“On the motion of the Lord Provost, in allusion to Mr. Ewing’s return (from London) the Magistrates and Council unanimously vote their warm-

est thanks to that gentleman for the very zealous, able, and judicious assistance which he afforded in London, in carrying through Parliament the County and City Bridewell Bill; in arranging, in a satisfactory manner, the matter in dispute between the Inchbelly Road Trustees and their opponents; and the conference held with the Lord Advocate on the surrender of the bills relative to the Royal Burghs of Scotland, now depending in Parliament."

We might easily find and produce, but that it would unnecessarily enlarge the bounds of this memoir, similar proofs, and grateful record of his unwearied exertions in behalf of improving the several Institutions of the city of Glasgow. A philanthropist he was assuredly in heart and in character. His own personal benefactions to the deserving poor, the unfortunate, and the needy, were both liberal and habitual; while the evils of public mendicity were one of the objects which at the same time he strenuously sought to overcome and put down. We fully believe that his private benefactions in cases of sudden losses and reverses, to individuals and to families in real distress, were even on a scale of generosity and amount which would excite both surprise and wonder were they fully made known; while any publishing of them, even to his most intimate friends, was altogether contrary to his disposition and principles: and at dates remote from such acts, many a family in the city of Glasgow has been known, in grateful acknowledgments, avowing their obligations to the well-timed generosity on his part which enabled them to bear up against the imminency of present crushing difficulties, and ascribing to him the recovery of their comforts, and, in cases

not a few, their subsequent prosperity in life. He did appear to have inherited, in connection with many such circumstances and individual cases of hard trial, much of the practical soundness of judgment and benevolence which had so eminently characterized his humane and excellent father. And in the rapid progress of the city, the rapid increase of its population, and the nature of the many avocations and forms of industry now going forward there, as matters of course, more frequent occasions continually occurred to call forth the exercise of such dispositions.

Mr. Ewing's enlightened, conscientious, and sound views on the intricate subject of Pauperism, in not a few phases of its existence, and of its pressure on the rapidly extending community of Glasgow, so admirably set forth in the following paragraph of a report presented to the Magistrates from a Committee of their number, of which Mr. Ewing was Chairman, portray so happy a combination of his high and firm-nerved understanding, and his feeling, sympathizing heart, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of placing it on the record of our biographical sketch. We feel, by withholding or overlooking it, we should be but depriving every kindred mind of much sound gratification. Mr. Ewing writes as follows—the object in view being the amelioration of the Town's Hospital, where many of the destitute and helpless, who had seen better days, were wont to have found an asylum and refuge :—

“Your Committee, in entering upon the important business committed to their charge, must solicit much of your indulgence. They are equally sensible of the arduous nature of their duty, and of their own inadequacy to its proper performance. They are fully aware that no subject is more delicate in its nature, or more difficult in its practice, than the best mode of providing for the poor. That the miserable ought to be relieved and the destitute supported; that those who are debilitated by age, disabled by disease, or reduced by misfortune, should be assisted or sustained, is inculcated at once by religion, humanity, and expedience. But to aid indigence and suffering, without encouraging indolence and vice; to consult the sentiments of benevolence without encroaching on the dictates of policy; to maintain the unemployed population without interfering with industry, and conferring a bounty on redundant increase; and by discriminating between the causes of poverty, to administer the remedy, not only to the extent, but to the sources of the disease,—it is the most perplexing problem that can occur in civil or political institutions. It is easier to prescribe principles than to regulate their application. Much must be left to the judgment and attention of those who dispense public charity, as the cases actually occur; and the best safeguard against abuse is the wise and faithful exercise of discretion.”

It is pleasing labour, and remunerative to the heart, to put on record such manifestations of humane character as here find such sincere and wise utterance. Nor can we have, scarcely less pleasure, nor do better, than place beside what we have here recorded, the generous and manly comment upon the extract we have now given, as the testimony of a political and honourable opponent, to whom we are largely indebted in framing this narrative. He thus speaks, and greatly to his honour:—

“Truly our hearts warm almost at every stage, as we go on with this hasty and unpremeditated sketch of Mr. Ewing. The language, the very

beautiful sentiments expressed by him, in the extract we have just given, not only redound to his honour as a Glasgow merchant, but would have graced the pen of a philosopher and a statesman. In such aspects we delight to view him. The fitful fever of politics can no longer warp our judgment, nor hinder us from paying this just tribute to a man who has done so much for Glasgow."

We are called upon here to look back upon a passage in Mr. Ewing's history, of which we are reminded, in connection with his personal efforts, as we have seen, in reducing to a more liberal and systematic arrangement the management of pauperism in the city of Glasgow. The bulk and dimensions to which this misery had swollen, as may be supposed, in such a city, and its advancement in the swelling numbers of its population, so rapidly accumulating, was now becoming formidable; and as we have seen, it had already become no ordinary perplexity. At that period the whole of Glasgow, with respect to its dealings with pauperism, was legally constituted into one parish; and the oversight of the poor was by one general kirk-session, made up of representatives from the membership of each kirk-session within the boundary of the city proper. This increasing mass of pauperism was unwieldy in amount; and it was at this stage clamant in its necessities, by the pressure of the times; much the same in character as what has recently been seen in the cotton-spinning districts of Lancashire. The civic and parochial authorities were at "their wits' end" upon the perplexing and burdensome subject.

It was at this period that the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, from a rural parish in Fifeshire, was selected by the Magistrates and Council of the city to become minister of the parochial charge of the Tron Church. His fame as a preacher in the Church of Scotland had already begun to be spread. But in his transference to the city of Glasgow he now found ample scope for the exercise of his distinguished gifts in pulpit duties, and for the resources of his genius in the much-needed labours of his constitutional and Christian philanthropy. While crowds thronged his church increasingly by the week, and the highest grades of the educated community resorted to his weekly ministrations, Dr. Chalmers threw himself, in the full force of his genius, and of his Christian gigantic vigour, truly to "consider the poor." His penetrating perspicacity and his powerful intellect soon enabled him to analyze this huge mass of human suffering, while his equally sound, sagacious common sense, took the measurement of remedies which he considered to be practicable; and his moral courage taught him to brave all the prejudices that had been accumulated around this important and pressing subject. Toil-worn, in endeavouring to turn the current of these combined prejudices, and to re-model the whole system of pauper management, he craved to have his own individual parish set apart from the others; and with a phalanx of eldership and of deaconship which his personal attractiveness of bearing, as well as his demonstrative eloquence,

had drawn around him as hearers—combining the labours of those enlightened minds with his own personal labours, while many of this auxiliary staff were from among the most highly educated and intelligent—this moral cumulative force was put in motion around him, and went forth, we may say, from day to day, in the exercise of true Christian aspirations for the temporal and spiritual elevation of the labouring and poorest classes, and seeking no extraneous aid beyond the ordinary resources contributed to that object in their own individual congregation. And the period was amazingly short when the pauperism of their own section of the city was brought into system and order, and within full compass of thorough management. The whole wants of the real pauperism among them came almost immediately to be better and more amply supplied than to those continuing under the old system, and at a cost not to be compared with the amount more promiscuously bestowed, *per capita*, upon the larger multitudes. In Dr. Chalmers's own parish pauperism was seen now to be actually at *thaw*, or melting away, under the sway of his genius, and the true sagacity of his vivid apprehension of moral causes and effects in the humble histories of individual human beings. And the lists of his own parish paupers were seen to be steadily and progressively diminishing—not by casting down or by neglecting any one of the poor, but by the constant and faithful endeavours of rescuing and elevating the bulk of them from the moral

degradation and misery into which too many had sunk; while the virtuous and truly helpless poor were still more tenderly cared for, and more liberally supported than ever they had been in previous times. No doubt, among the civic authorities—notwithstanding the practical demonstration thus brought before them of “a more excellent way”—still “some doubted;” Dr. Chalmers, “like the strong man” coming forth “rejoicing to run his race,” carried on his scheme, which continued to prosper. And on this episode of our narrative we shall only meanwhile seek to commemorate the fact, that from this source arose the embodiment of Dr. Chalmers’s Christian and philosophic views on Pauperism into his work entitled *The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*—a work which has yet need to receive its proper place in the estimation of all bearing rule in civic places of trust, or in modelling even our national laws on the subject of pauperism. Nor have we ever yet for a moment doubted that as enlightened intelligence spreads throughout our privileged land, but Dr. Chalmers’s system of “Christian and civic economy” will at last assume its due place of *Text Book* in our legislative councils, and in the practical furtherance of applying the best remedies to this gangrene malady in the social system of both our landward districts and in the more crowded centres of our labouring population. Great is the truth, and prevail it shall. And the reviving dews of a moral and social prosperity shall be

found to proceed from those fountains of wisdom which the Divine Author of our being has opened in the enlarged minds of Christian genius, such undoubtedly as was the mind of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, whose highest fame, we believe, shall yet rest on the immoveable pedestal of his Christian wisdom, appearing in this invaluable work. The world is tardy in responsive gratitude to its own highest benefactors. But, in the words of a national bard, we shall never let go the hope, for our nation's sake, and for the sake of our race, that—“*It's coming yet for a' that!*”

We should have little felt to have warrant sufficient for this *detour* from the onward tenor of our interesting narrative, had it not been that there was no individual man who more cordially, or perhaps with so comprehensive and ready a perception, did hail Dr. Chalmers's advent to that place—the glowing outpourings of his massive and brilliant convincing Christian eloquence, and scarcely less the demonstrative wisdom of his views on pauperism—than did the subject of our memoir. We may almost say that Mr. Ewing's enlightened and perspicacious views on the subject of pauperism, of which we have given but a *sample*, anticipated those of Dr. Chalmers himself; though on practical matters of detail there were points on which they did not fully agree. There were ripeness and maturity in Mr. Ewing's views on this subject rarely, if in any place at that time, to be found; and as Dr. Chalmers unfolded his views,

and was seen to put them into practice, though yet but on a limited width, it was no wonder that Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Ewing should find themselves to be of congenial spirit in the main, and that their mutual attachment personally should become strong; and we well know that so indeed it was.

And at this period it was that Mr. Ewing, though by no means deserting those principles in which he was reared and educated, and which he inherited from his too much oppressed forefathers within both the English and the Scottish Establishments,—betook himself to the ministry of Dr. Chalmers. Several years after, he joined the Church of Scotland under the ministry of Dr. Thomas Brown, Dr. Chalmers's successor, in St. John's, a man every way worthy of that esteem and warm regard in which Mr. Ewing held him. He loved his ministry and his attractive meekness and high Christian worth.

We have now brought down our narrative to the date of 1827, passing over many interesting testimonies to Mr. Ewing's continuance and onward progress in works of public usefulness and beneficence. A subject which never ceased to occupy his mind was the advancement of his native city. We have already seen this extensively exemplified. How he cared for its moral improvement has been shown by his zeal and efforts in reforming and in benefiting, for the public good, its benevolent as well as its corrective institutions. His own culti-

vated taste, no less in its place, prompted him to seek its architectural advancement, combining that object on every occasion with public utility. It might easily be shown that he took the lead in originating the Royal Exchange—an erection, at the time, which the growth and expansion of the rapidly increasing commerce and business of the city demanded; and which, when finished, stood forth as one of the best, indeed, the highest, among the adornments of the city. We find Mr. Ewing, from among the influential members of the mercantile community, we believe the largest subscriber to the cost of that edifice, selected to the honour of laying its foundation-stone. From his address on that occasion to the assembled multitude,—for the occasion was a great one,—we quote the following sentence, as another specimen of his terse, clear, and epigrammatic style:—

“Mr. Monteith” (then Lord Provost of Glasgow),—“Mr. Monteith and Gentlemen,—Allow me now to congratulate you on the auspicious commencement of this important undertaking. The storm of yesterday has passed away, and in the serene calm of the present moment I hope we may receive a sign of universal harmony. I do not hesitate to predict that the time is approaching when the work which we have just commenced will be held as an era in the annals of our community, and will be pronounced a credit to the projectors, a benefit to the public, and an ornament to the city. . . . An Exchange on an enlarged and extensive scale has for many years been wanting in this city; and when I consider the accommodation which many towns (trifling in importance when compared with my native city) enjoy, I am truly glad that we shall soon have what will be worthy of such a great commercial and manufacturing town as this is; and I have no doubt but the advantages which many smaller towns than this derive from an Exchange

will be felt in a superior degree here, when these buildings are erected. Here ornament will be combined with simplicity, splendour with convenience, and utility with taste."

Not only did Mr. Ewing take the prominent part in founding and erecting the Royal Exchange, where now the busy hives of honourable merchants congregate, but he may be said to have chiselled out, about the same period—a project upon which his mind had long been intent,—the "Fir Park" (the name it long bore) as the spot which naturally showed itself, in every circumstance and feature, to have been intended as the most appropriate place to form the last resting abode of the citizens and merchants of Glasgow and their descendants. That "Fir Park," belonging to the Merchants' House of Glasgow, is beautifully situated near to Glasgow's ancient splendid Cathedral, and associated with many historical recollections, is now designated the "Glasgow Necropolis," and may be said to be as hallowed a place as any on earth. It has been watered with many tears; but it has now especially come to be associated with many religious hopeful anticipations in Christian minds. It is altogether a very solemn, lovely, and striking spot.

There are preserved many interesting minutes of meetings regarding it in the Records of the Merchants' House. The first of those meetings was called at Mr. Ewing's request. The proposal almost immediately took effect, and was not only willingly agreed to, but by very many of the

citizens it was most gladly embraced. The proper time had manifestly arrived. The burial-ground or church-yard attached to the Cathedral had been for generations inconveniently, and even disagreeably crowded. Not a few families, it is believed—many of whose forefathers and nearest relatives had been committed to kindred dust in that now crowded space—gladly accepted the prospect of being able to find a spot, and such a spot as this was, where they could with more satisfaction commit the mortal remains of their kindred to their native earth. It was a place affording the highest capabilities of being laid out so as to give both relief and satisfaction to the eye; and where the heart would be comforted in knowing that there the dust of their beloved ones should be laid, and their resting-place, in all time coming, easily recognized. There was much grateful feeling abroad upon the subject. The considerate and sympathizing views of Mr. Ewing were duly appreciated; and while it could not be otherwise among the bulk of his fellow-citizens, this was, after all, but one of the many public acts of his characteristic beneficent activity in promoting their interests. Yet this act of his prompting could not but excite their deepest emotions. And the Glasgow Necropolis now stands a lasting memorial of both his sympathy with sorrowing survivors of many families around him; and equally in its place, it is a lasting testimony to

his generous public spirit, and to his accomplished taste. That he was the originator of this beautiful and romantic burying-ground is attested by the Records of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, whose property the Fir Park was. Competent judges have often stated it as their opinion, that in every respect, of situation and arrangement, it has no superior in any other city in Europe. The tastes of men vary; they are as different as are men's minds; and to some men's tastes it may appear, no doubt, that the ornamenting of this spot, and an extensive spot it is, might have been more appropriate. But the scene itself is in its natural features alike so interesting, and at the same time so commanding with respect to the city, that certainly to preserve its original identity would appear to be its best ornament. But we think it may still be said that its gravity and solemnity are studiously preserved, while the whole presents, as now laid out, a scene of agreeable amenity and of solemn stillness and repose. A suitable bridge across a rivulet passing between the Cathedral and the elevated ground now forming the Necropolis, forms the entrance to it, and brings the approach to an agreeable smoothness and level. At one end of the bridge the passenger into the Necropolis is met by an inscription, which, as we have reason to believe emanated from the subject of our memoir, we have been induced to record:—

THIS BRIDGE
 WAS ERECTED BY
 THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE OF GLASGOW,
 TO AFFORD A PROPER ENTRANCE TO THEIR NEW CEMETERY,
 COMBINING CONVENIENT ACCESS TO THE GROUNDS
 WITH SUITABLE DECORATION TO THE VENERABLE CATHEDRAL
 AND THE SURROUNDING SCENERY :
 TO UNITE
 THE TOMBS OF MANY GENERATIONS WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE
 WITH
 THE RESTING-PLACES DESTINED FOR GENERATIONS YET UNBORN,
 WHERE THE ASHES OF ALL SHALL REPOSE
 UNTIL
 THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST :
 WHEN THAT WHICH IS SOWN A NATURAL BODY
 SHALL BE RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY,
 WHEN THIS CORRUPTIBLE MUST PUT ON INCORRUPTION,
 WHEN THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY,
 WHEN DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.

A. D. MDCCCXXXIII.

BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO TRUSTETH IN GOD, AND WHOSE HOPE
 THE LORD IS.

The citizens of Glasgow have pride in their Necropolis, and we excuse them. We believe that with all due ornament conferred upon it, its ancient Scottish fir trees form, as it were, its peculiar charm to many a Scotch mind—several of them have been left undisturbed—and they, combined with other special features, render the whole a place of deep interest and romantic beauty.

The stranger visiting it cannot fail to observe, crowning the summit of the grounds, a Doric column resting upon a massive pedestal, the column itself being fifty-eight

feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of the great Scottish Reformer, John Knox, draped in the Geneva gown, and appropriately holding in his right hand, the arm half extended, the Bible. The statue is allowed by competent judges to represent to accuracy the figure and appearance of the Reformer, according to existing original portraits, one at least of which is considered authentic. It is not, perhaps, to Scotland's honour, nor now to be withheld as honour due to the city of Glasgow, that it has erected the first monument to the memory of Knox which Scotland shows. The idea was first suggested by the late Rev. Dr. Stevenson MacGill, Professor of Theology in the University of Glasgow. That gentleman's character and labours will long be held in honoured remembrance, both with respect to his professional work, and in connection with not a few other public designs of Christian and philanthropic benevolence which embalm his memory. Into the design of erecting such a monument to Scotland's great Reformer Mr. Ewing threw himself with all his wonted energy. The whole city appeared soon to have adopted the design even to enthusiasm. The day of laying the foundation-stone, 22d September, 1825, will long be remembered in Glasgow. Public preparations on an adequate scale were made for the occasion. The foundation-stone was to be laid with all appropriate solemnity by Dr. MacGill. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers was requested to preach a sermon on the occasion. Upwards

of three hundred of the subscribers met in the 'Trades' Hall, and walked in procession, headed by Dr. MacGill, and followed by a great number of town and country clergymen of all denominations, to St. George's Church, which was crowded to excess. Dr. Chalmers's sermon there is characterized by a hearer, a well-known author in Scotland, the late William MacGavin, Esq., as "brilliant, nervous, and powerful,—learned in historical research, elegant in style,—and delivered with all the impressiveness of impassioned eloquence." At conclusion of this service the procession again moved along several of the most public streets toward the site of the monument.

"The interest shown in this ceremonial, was," says the same author, "of no ordinary nature;—the streets through which the procession passed were so crowded that it was with difficulty the subscribers could move along;—every window was filled with spectators, and the house-tops were in full requisition. When the procession had reached the Necropolis grounds, and commenced its progress to the summit through the winding walks skirted with young planting, the scene was truly magnificent. In looking down to the churchyard fronting the Cathedral, the eye beheld probably ten thousand persons, whose continued shouts of approbation rent the air. To the most uninformed spectator the sight must have been interesting; but to him who could bring into recollection the many important transactions which had taken place in that venerable edifice, previous to the Reformation, and since that ever-memorable period, the scene was grand beyond description."

How fully the subject of our memoir entered into the spirit of this occasion, and how fully he sustained it in

the addresses which he delivered, the addresses themselves will best show; and in recording them for their own sake, we think we are but doing justice to his memory, as he himself does so lucidly to the great Reformers, and to their cause. It having fallen to Mr. Ewing, in the first instance, that day, to address the Committee of Management in reply to an address from Dr. MacGill which we regret to omit, and afterward, as croupier at the social meeting which concluded the labours of the day, we give both, refraining from comment, which we consider would be superfluous, but to remark how they portray the fulness and clearness of his mind upon the subject of these addresses, and the depth of his interest in them.

In addressing the Committee of Subscribers, in reply to Dr. MacGill, he says,—

“SIR,—The mind that can be insensible to the blessings which the country has derived from that magnificent event in our history, must be either blinded by ignorance or perverted by prejudice. It was at the Reformation that light dawned on the human intellect, and dispelled the shades of bigotry and superstition. It was the Reformation, accompanied by the discovery of printing and the revival of letters, which unlocked the boundless stores of science and philosophy. It is to the Reformation we owe that system of popular education which has contributed so much to the intelligence, the industry, and the morals of Scotland. It is to the Reformation we are indebted for the right of private judgment, and that free and happy constitution which is the best birthright, the noblest inheritance of Britons. It is the Reformation we have to thank for the wealth of the nation, which had previously been drained by the rapacity of a foreign priesthood. It is to the Reformation we must trace

the sources of our commercial prosperity; for it was in Britain the arts found an asylum when expelled from other lands by the horrors of persecution.

“In place of convents, we now behold manufactories; in place of dissolute and ignorant monks, we behold a virtuous and enlightened clergy; in place of idle mendicants, dependent on monasteries, we behold industrious artizans who would scorn subsistence but from their own labour. And shall we not hold dear the memory of the man who was the instrument, under Providence, of achieving such a victory for Scotland? Shall we wreath the laurel and raise the trophy to the military hero, and shall we neglect him who fought against the powers of darkness? Shall we forget him who despised every fear, braved every danger, stormed the stronghold of papal tyranny, and levelled its bulwarks in the dust? Forbid it, gratitude! Forbid it, justice! Sir, I am aware that the character of such a man requires no memorial from us. It needs not the classic column to record its excellence; it needs not the graceful statue to recall the form in which it dwelt: it lives on the page of history; nay, it is registered in the hearts of posterity. Still, it is a debt which we justly, though tardily, pay;—it is a tribute due from the city where our forefathers were among the first to suffer in the cause,—and the moral influence of such a monument, in such a scene, and in such a community as this, may be felt by generations yet unborn.

“You have alluded, sir, to the charges which have been brought against the authors of the Reformation as to encouraging the dilapidation of religious edifices. Permit me to go a little further than you have done,—and deprecating, as I must do, all such acts of vandalism,—to say, that the original order in 1560 was simply to pull down the images and altars, but to be particular in doing no further injury; so that the mischief done must be traced to the ebullitions of popular tumult. It has even been alleged that the cathedral, which now stands before us in all the beauty of youth, amidst all the venerableness of age, was devoted to destruction by the preaching of Knox, and saved by the public spirit of our craftsmen. But it is sufficient to state, in refutation, that the event alluded to did not occur till seven years after Knox’s death.

“To yourself (Rev. Dr. MacGill), in the first place, I have to express the obligations which we must all feel as the original projector and the ardent

promoter of this undertaking. Of the resistless eloquence which has this day been displayed, as usual, by Dr. Chalmers, in the cause, anything which I could say would only enfeeble the force. To Mr. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, who volunteered his professional skill, we are indebted, not only for the architectural design, but for much valuable and gratuitous advice; nor can we omit the less prominent but not less useful co-operation of Mr. Herbertson, architect, of this city. Another gentleman, Mr. Warren, who holds a family claim to distinction in the arts, has afforded us the benefit of his taste in drawing. The self-taught and retiring genius of Mr. Forrest, who is executing the statue, only requires opportunity for development; and the generosity of Mr. May, who is to defray the expenses, stands in no need of encomium. Of the committee it would not become me to speak; but it is impossible not to particularize two gentlemen,—Mr. MacGavin, the treasurer, of whom it is sufficient to say that he bears the title of “The Protestant,” and Mr. Cleland—whose services have been invaluable, and whose names stand associated, not only with the history, but the improvements of the city. To the subscribers, who all came forward with an alacrity that conferred additional credit on their liberality, I am sure I may add, that they will long feel a satisfaction in the good work which they have enabled us to accomplish.”

At the dinner, Mr. Ewing, as croupier, in proposing “The memory of Martin Luther,” spoke as follows:—

“Before I proceed to propose the toast which has been assigned to my charge, permit me to congratulate you, sir, on the highly respectable appearance of this numerous and interesting meeting. I see around me clergy and laity of the established and dissenting interests, men of all ranks, politics, and persuasions, assembled to do honour to a common cause—the great cause of the Reformation. It is refreshing, sir, amidst the little turmoils and collisions of life, thus to join in harmony, animated by the same spirit, maintaining the same principles, and pursuing the same object. I may surely be allowed to add that there never was a standard round which we may unite and rally with more safety, honour, loyalty, and patriotism.

“The characters of two great men, sir, have this day been depicted in colours* which any touch from my pencil, I fear, can only tend to injure. One of these is the apostle of the Scottish Reformation, in celebration of whose deeds we are now assembled, and to whose memory honour has already been done from the chair. It becomes my duty to draw your attention to the other, a name still more distinguished in the records of history, a star which rose at an earlier period, which moved in a wider orbit, and which set with a still more extended and brilliant effulgence. Need I say that I allude to Martin Luther—a man who was raised from the humblest origin to be the instrument of the mightiest revolution; who had the acuteness to detect the errors, and the boldness to attack the authority of papal assumption in all the plenitude of its power; who tore the vail which covered the established prejudices of the time, and exposed them to public gaze in all their naked deformity.

“In the character of these two eminent Reformers there were many striking points of resemblance. They both received an academical education, and soon entered into priests' orders; both discovered a great precocity of intellect; they were both endowed with an ardent, penetrating, and independent mind; both soon perceived the subtleties of scholastic theology, and left the polluted stream for the pure fountain of truth; both were possessed of a popular, impressive, and powerful eloquence; both were animated by zeal amounting to enthusiasm, and by vehemence allied with acrimony; and both were distinguished by a courage which no fear could appal, and no danger could daunt. Who does not recollect the boldness with which Luther inveighed against the prevailing vices of the clergy, in the great church of Wurtemberg? Who does not recollect the scorn with which Luther rejected the demand for recantation by the Legate; the fearless appeal which he made from the Pope's bull in favour of indulgences to a general council; the severity with which he attacked the treatise of Henry VIII., thence styled “Defender of the Faith,” and whom it was so much his interest to conciliate; and the heroism with which he publicly burnt the bull that excommunicated him as an obstinate heretic, and delivered him over to the stake? Above all, who does not recollect the fortitude with which Luther resisted the dissuasions of his friends from attending the diet

* Referring to Dr. Chalmers's sermon on the forenoon of the same day.

at Worms, reminding him of the fate of Huss, and the reply which he made, that he was called to appear in the name of the Lord, and thither he would go though there were as many devils combined against him as there were tiles on the houses? In this feature of character Luther was no doubt surpassed by Knox, for whose personal courage there was more call, and at whose grave it was said by Morton, 'There lies he who never feared the face of man.'

"I am fully aware, sir, that long prior to the era of these great men the doctrines of the reformed faith were promulgated. In the twelfth century, Waldus; in the fourteenth, Wickliffe; in the fifteenth, Huss and Jerome; all denied the papal supremacy, and inveighed against the existing heresies; but the proselytes of these excellent men were few, and their success was fleeting; their light was fleeting and evanescent, and it was soon quenched in blood. A mightier than they arose, in the person of Luther, and under happier auspices; preceded by the revival of learning and the discovery of printing; accompanied with popular preparation, and aided by political support. The sale of indulgences was the original object of attack, but the doctrines of Popery, as my worthy friend "The Protestant" can much better explain, are so firmly and closely united, every error is so completely amalgamated with and dove-tailed into another, that, if one stone be removed, the edifice is shaken to the base. It was thus that Luther proceeded from one step to another, till he arrived at an eminence from which he himself would have trembled to look down, and till he saw the proud pontificate humbled at his feet. It was thus, by his single and at first unassisted arm, it pleased Providence to achieve the conquest, and by a stone from the sling of a simple priest, to lay the great Goliath of Europe rolling in the dust. It was thus that the minds of men, which had been so long spell-bound by the charm of a potent superstition, were emancipated from their fetters, and that the touch of truth from the mighty wand of Luther dissolved the enchantment and set the people free."

On the demise of His Majesty, George IV., in June, 1830, a dissolution of Parliament took place, and the political clang of adverse parties, with personal and local interests, filled the land; and, as might be expected, the City of Glasgow,

with its multiplied thousands of inhabitants, shared in the general excitement. The long-continued demand throughout the kingdom for Parliamentary Reform, and the popular agitation upon the subject, about this period—with the expectation of that change being soon effected—having now come to be considered within reach, had raised political excitement to an unwonted height. Numerous personal and party applications, we have reason to know, were at that time made to Mr. Ewing, requesting him to stand for the City and the other Royal Burghs which at that time went to constitute the electorate, of which Glasgow formed but a part. To be chosen a member of the House of Commons was at that period considered the highest honour that any commoner could enjoy, outside of particular professions, such as that of the law, and of arms, where higher honours still, no doubt, were open to the march of ambition. And it was certainly more common, during many generations then past, for gentlemen of extensive landed possessions and hereditary position in society to come in for this honour, than for those bearing even the highest civic offices. And this fact, undoubtedly, caused the contest between the two classes, at this time, to be the more keen and earnest.

From the causes assigned, as may be easily supposed, at the period of this general election, there was more than ordinary stir among the several constituencies. It has since been repeatedly acknowledged that had Mr. Ewing

stood for the Glasgow electorate, he would most probably have come in at the head of the poll; though the constituency, numerically, at that time was but very limited, consisting of the Magistrates of Glasgow itself, and of the three neighbouring Burghs of Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton. The time had not yet arrived for candidates to appear on the hustings; but it was drawing on, and nigh at hand. Mr. Ewing had received such assurances of support that he did, undoubtedly, resolve to stand. In his present position of Lord Provost, it was but almost *natural* that he should do so; and if it was a high honour to occupy that position, it was still a higher one to represent in Parliament his native city: a more honourable and fair ambition could not be, in the circumstances. Kirkman Finlay, Esq., of Castle Toward, also a citizen, and highly eminent as a merchant; who, also, had already occupied the civic chair, and had been Member for the Glasgow Burghs in the Parliament which sat from the close of 1812 to 1819, and when Mr. Ewing was his supporter, with all his influence, now also came forward. He had been importuned to come forward by many friends, and had now resolved again to start for the representation of his native city. The contest would have been equally honourable on both sides, and to either, success in the contest would have been a fair prize. Mr. Finlay and Mr. Ewing had been much engaged, for years past, shoulder to shoulder, in urging forward legislative measures favourable to the com-

mercial interests of their native city, and to the interests of British commerce at large. And there was one bulky and most important topic of this character, to which we have already referred, on which they were altogether at one, and in which they had taken the lead and guidance together in Glasgow, and not only there, but we believe over all Scotland, guiding public opinion, and enlightening the public mind, and leading public action in connection with that object. We are now again alluding to the Honourable East India Company's Charter, and its privileges, which last had fallen to be considered as too exclusive and too restrictive, and, in the opinion of many at least, prejudicial to national interests in general, in every aspect of national commercial advancement. When we consider the interests wrapped up in this Honourable Company's continuance, with all its chartered immunities, how deeply and extensively it had struck its roots into the British soil,—the rule, and the honours, and the patronage it wielded, till it had come to be almost considered as if forming an essential portion of the British Constitution, and holding itself to be what, in point of fact, it had really become, *imperium in imperio*,—we can now but *suppose*, for we can scarcely at all realize, the dire phalanx of opposition which those who first had to “open their trenches” before it, had to encounter; and in that campaign, both Mr. Ewing and Mr. Finlay did assuredly take a lead. The exertions made by them, the perseverance they showed, the force of their written argu-

ments bearing upon the merits of the great question, cannot be well exaggerated. These productions had shown them both to be men of might. And if the many benefits to this country, not to speak of the numerous millions of the population of India, which have resulted from the changes effected, be considered, we believe that those benefits are in some good measure to be traced to these two eminent individuals who led the campaign in our native land. It is of Mr. Ewing we now speak, while all honour to his eminent compeer; and Mr. Ewing's written productions upon the subject, should they even now be produced, would abundantly testify to the extensive resources which his mind had at command.

From the special circumstances of the time—and now time pressed, when the new Parliament was summoned,—it so happened that the two friends had had no opportunity of personal conference for sometime previous to the general election now pending. But no sooner had Mr. Ewing learned that Mr. Finlay really intended to stand,—while the prize was thought to be already virtually in his own grasp—than, at *once*, he resolved to withdraw in favour of his honourable friend; and he made intimation accordingly, and to make over all the influence he could lend to his friend's success! The generosity and self-denial which this act of Mr. Ewing's manifested can scarcely, at this period of our altered political privileges and ideas, be understood, as it could not *but be* understood at that

period. Two more generous rivals never stood before a British constituency. It was an illustrious moral spectacle. The act on Mr. Ewing's part was generous and noble; and the acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Finlay was equally graceful. It was much applauded at the time in every political circle, and well it might; while Glasgow might well be proud of the spectacle, as connected with the din of politics and of party which at that time rang in every ear. "Nobly," says a personal hearer, "did Kirkman Finlay speak of James Ewing on that memorable occasion." Referring to an accusation made by the friends of Mr. Campbell of Blythswood, another opposing candidate, of some *paction* between Mr. Ewing and Mr. Finlay, Mr. Finlay, emphatically, and with much emotion, declared,—

"I did not leave London till 29th May, and remaining only one day in Glasgow, went directly home. I remained in the country from the 3d of June till the very day when the intelligence of the lamented death of his late Majesty reached this city. By the purest accident, and on business no way connected with Parliamentary representation, I came to Glasgow on the evening of that day. Next morning I left Glasgow very early, and did not return from the country till half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, when I found some friends waiting for me, and was informed by one of them that Mr. Ewing had acquainted him that he intended to offer himself for the Burghs, if I did not; but that if I did, he would not only resign all his pretensions, *but cordially support me with all his interest.* I was at the same time assured that in the city of Glasgow there was a fair chance of success for me; *but the certainty of success for Mr. Ewing;* this assurance naturally excited corresponding feelings in my mind,—feelings caused by a conduct so full of magnanimity and generosity. I saw and felt the full value of the sacrifices Mr. Ewing

was willing to make, and lost no time, accompanied by Mr. Oswald, in waiting upon him, to return my best thanks for his truly noble proceeding. On my way to Mr. Ewing's house, it was pointed out to me that it was necessary to come to an immediate decision, since, if I did not stand, Mr. Ewing was resolved immediately to declare himself. After expressing to Mr. Ewing my best acknowledgments, and attempting to convey to him some faint representation of the feelings which his handsome behaviour had excited, I said that I availed myself of his frank and friendly offer, and agreed to become a candidate. I authorized the immediate communication of this resolution."

Such was this episode in the career of Mr. Ewing. But it did but bring to the surface, when the time came—and such occasions do show of what stuff a man is made!—the true generosity and promptitude of his mind and character; not, indeed, for the first time, on that occasion, was it so; but this was one occasion, when now, if on any one, he would have stood justified in the eyes of all,—and neither would he have been accused of any narrowness, or at all of any unfairness, had it been his resolve to join issue in this honourable contest with his friendly rival.

Such facts speak for themselves, and need no eulogy to brighten their lustre. A respectable and thoroughly well-informed eye-witness, though writing of a period somewhat later, a picture drawn by him with much accuracy and truth, refers with almost equal correctness to that at which we have already arrived. He says, "Keen, keen was the edge of politics in Glasgow at that period. There was a complete line of demarcation between Whigs and Tories—Reformers and Anti-

reformers. They growled at each other like tigers! some of them could have almost worried each other to death!" and heartily do we unite with him, in his congratulations of a better condition of such matters arriving, when he says—"But better sense, and calmer judgment, and more refined manners, in many respects, we hope now prevail."

The election was ultimately lost by Mr. Finlay, by a decision of a Committee of the House of Commons. None more than Mr. Ewing regretted it. Years afterward it was our lot to hear this regret expressed by Mr. Ewing himself in terms sufficiently expressive. Those constituencies in which the elections were then vested were mutable in their membership; and perhaps at the time now referred to scarcely a member of the whole of them who held office at the date of Mr. Finlay's former election in 1812, now held a place in them. But at the same time it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Finlay's public services and claims were well known throughout his native country at large. This was the last general election that took place in Scotland under the old *regime*.

It was but a brief period subsequently to this general election when, as we have already said, the subject of parliamentary Reform, so often and so loudly sought by its persevering advocates, both in and out of parliament, began to occupy the whole national mind. It was then that both general and local political feeling assumed again unwonted

earnestness in Scotland. We speak not to the merits. The Reform Bill became the law of the land in 1832. The Municipal Reform Bill was still but on the anvil; and in Glasgow at least, and no doubt in many places besides, the anvil itself was heated. Previously to the General Election which followed, the election of the City Magistrates fell due. We have already recorded Mr. Ewing's declinature of that office and honour on a former occasion.

From all that we have already been throwing into our narrative, so as justly to bring out the portraiture of Mr. Ewing, and the claims which his beneficent and patriotic services had founded upon the high respect and gratitude of his fellow-citizens, we cannot wonder that now, in the year 1832, he was again unanimously called to occupy the highest position and honour which his fellow-citizens could bestow—to be Lord Provost. Nor did he now feel warranted to decline the call. When we consider the multitude of cares and avocations that already lay upon him,—were these none else than the grown up amount of his own personal business affairs,—and how much he desired partial relaxation from toil, retirement, and enjoyment of what he had never ceased to seek, and in some measure to pursue, rural retirement, with literary and classical study,—we may somewhat wonder that the additional occupancy which this high civic position could not fail to entail upon him should cause him to shrink from it. But he possessed a wonderful elasticity of

moral fibre, that gave him moral courage, enabling him to face difficulties with determination and hope; and all who knew and could appreciate his character—the powers and affections of his mind—such cannot possibly doubt, while the office to which he was now raised was an object of legitimate ambition, but the prospect of its affording him further opportunities of public usefulness formed no small portion of the grounds of his willingness to undertake its multifarious duties. Nor could any one citizen of Glasgow at that period, we have full reason to believe, take possession of that dignity more with the hearty unanimous concurrence of the whole population than did Mr. Ewing. We must here remember how high party politics ran; yet we find, notwithstanding, that they were but still waters personally to Mr. Ewing. And we may be permitted to bear this testimony, though already, indeed, we have done so, that, whatever side on any occasion he might view conscientiously as his duty to take, he was never seen nor known to be ruffled in temper by any opposition which in itself might be calculated to disturb him. His tenure of this civic honour was rendered no sinecure in his hands. We believe that to his mind, and habits, and tastes, to hold any sinecure office would be to him practically but a doing of penance. He held on his activities as chief magistrate, devising liberal things in connection with the city's many interests, and with its moral and social, and even its architectural improvements.

But now came the tug of war! By the provisions of the Parliamentary Reform Act Glasgow alone, now severed from its electoral minor allies, became entitled to return two representatives to Parliament. No fewer than *six* candidates for that honour appeared upon the field. How accurate the picture already given of the state of party feeling was, may be judged from the following relative extract. We quote it, not that it gives us pleasure to do so—the retrospect is painful, even at this distance of time—and, while it has its own species of interest, we quote simply for the purpose of bringing it into contrast with what the same intelligent authority states—“Better sense and calmer judgment, and more refined manners, in many respects, we hope, now prevail, warranting us in appropriating the couplet—

‘ Whig and Tory now agree
To make a cheerful quorum.’”

“COUNCIL CHAMBERS,
GLASGOW, 30th November, 1832.

“There were laid before the Council minutes of the proceedings of meetings held this week of the Magistrates of Glasgow, the Magistrates of the Barony of Gorbals, the Magistrates of the Burgh of Calton, the Magistrates of the Burgh of Anderston, and of a Committee of the Commissioners of Police of Glasgow, for the purpose of providing an adequate force to preserve the peace at the approaching election of Members of Parliament for the city and town, from which it appeared that, besides swearing in a large number of special constables in the different wards of the city and adjacent districts, and calling out a strong body of Pensioners, it was deemed necessary to employ, for two, three, or four days, as may be found requisite, *one thousand men*, at from two shillings to two shillings

and sixpence per day, to act as police officers at the twelve different polling places in the city and suburbs, and also to form a disposable civil force under the direction of the Master of Police."

This extract may suffice to exhibit the degree to which the popular mind had been stirred throughout the whole city and neighbourhood at that time. A great change had taken place undoubtedly in the country's constitution, and it had long been desired and waited for by many thousands of the population. There had been much agitation regarding it, and excitement among those who had expected, as if it were to be restoration to their own natural and social rights. The contentings for it had been earnest; and, now that the day had been won, it was perhaps but natural and matter of course there should be gratification upon the subject manifested; and so there was: but the danger of this jubilation running to excess was not inconsiderable; and, if this should once arise and have free course, it were difficult to tell to what extravagances it might not extend. The oppositions that had been shown to this constitutional change had been strong and persevering. And this had left in the popular mind, apparently, a sediment of disaffected feeling, which might very suddenly assume the shape of violent reprisals against such as had so long withstood what the people considered to be their natural and social rights. And we must confess, it was but wisdom on the part of the public authorities to make the provisions and to exercise the precautions that the extract we have given indicates. It was now indeed, specially, that

the “tiger growlings” might be said to be, as Sir Walter Scott said of his kittens, “*at their very best!*” The first popular election of representatives to Parliament, under the Reform Act, was a novel spectacle in Glasgow. It was to be a grand jubilation, and was looked forward to with tip-toe expectancy. With such a number of candidates on the field, and exciting addresses made by them and their respective supporters, there was much public sensation. Mr. Ewing came forward, we do not learn, with any show of sensational procedure—he knew his own strength; and undoubtedly many of the most influential members of the city were not slow to avow themselves as his supporters; and at the close of that keen and memorable contest he came in triumphantly at the head of the poll. No man could be more averse to public display than he was; but on that occasion such display could not easily be restrained. We must take the testimony of a contemporary and witness to describe what it was; leaving it as “*stat nominis umbra*” of a time not likely, and perhaps not generally desirable, to be again either witnessed or experienced.

“At the close of the poll, which lasted for two days, the result was declared as follows:—

“ For James Ewing,	3,214
„ James Oswald,	2,838
„ Sir D. K. Sandford,	2,168
„ John Crawford,	1,850
„ John Douglas,	1,340
„ Joseph Dixon,	995

“Bands of music, with splendid banners, paraded the streets for each and all of these candidates from morning till noon, and from noon till night. The eager voters, for the first time exercising the franchise, neglected their ordinary business, and were heels over head in politics. Many of them “rushed to the poll” as early as four in the morning—not a few were on the steps of the polling booths all night; but it would be difficult now-a-days to raise such enthusiasm at any election; and the comfort is, that it is not really required. We could report many laughable scenes, and depict many grimful visages, during the course of these and many subsequent elections; but our purpose is only to deal with Mr. Ewing.”

And at a period of such excitement, while we must remember that Mr. Ewing had never in any way signalized himself as a partizan of any party or government, the large majority which had placed him so triumphantly at the head of the poll shows more clearly than any other test at that period could have done, the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens of every class and position. He was now both Lord Provost and Representative in Parliament of his native city, and in the full tide of his popularity. And it will immediately be seen that the interests of Glasgow had not lost their hold of his mind or activities. While the Municipal Reform Bill was finding its way through both Houses of Parliament, it appeared that certain of its purposed provisions threatened to operate unfavourably upon certain organic parts of the now ancient constitution of the Royalty of Glasgow. Each of the two institutions, the Merchants' House and the Trades' House, had their respective representatives in the Magistracy and Council of the city. The Dean of Guild,

ex officio, represented the former in the Magistracy or Council, and the Deacon Convener of the Trades of Glasgow, in the same manner, as representative of the Trades' House. We have already intimated that the duties and functions of the Dean of Guild were of very high consequence and responsibility in almost all civic matters, and to maintain its wonted connection with the Magistracy was deemed to be of the highest importance for many reasons unnecessary to be recorded here. In a secondary degree, such was also the interest of the city with respect to the Trades' House, and to cut off either or both from their wonted connection with, and place in, the Magistracy, might lead to much confusion and loss. It threatened to be, to a certain extent, a lowering of the Magistracy of the city. But the spirit of reform was now in the ascendant even within the walls of both Houses of Parliament, and these two offices were threatened with actual annihilation. "Deputation after deputation," we are told, "proceeded to London, to beseech the House of Commons to spare these ancient Magistracies; but the House was inexorable, and doomed them to destruction."

The Scottish spirit of the Magistracy of Glasgow seems to have been aroused on the occasion; and, while thus defeated in the Lower House, they immediately resolved to make trial of the Upper House, expecting to find there, haply, a more conciliatory spirit; and the following letter from Mr. Ewing, who still held the office of Lord Provost, shows both his con-

tinued attachment to the interests of the city; and the perseverance exhibited by him in pleading for its interests, as well as the personal influence which his judgment and opinion carried. The letter we now quote forms a portion of the records of the Magistracy of the city, and was addressed by Mr. Ewing to the senior Magistrate, acting in Council during the Lord Provost's necessary absence from town:—

“DOWNING STREET, August 17, 1833.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I was a great part of last evening in the House of Lords. The Committee on the Burgh Reform Bill did not commence business till 9 o'clock. The House was extremely thin; and the whole business was conducted by the Lord Chancellor on one side, and the Lords Rosslyn and Haldington on the other. Before the discussion commenced, I had communication with the Lord Advocate, who told me that the Chancellor was disposed to view favourably our proposal—that the Dean of Guild and Deacon Convener should, *ex officio*, be members of the Council; but that he himself was as much opposed to it as ever. I reasoned with him, and entreated him to withdraw opposition. To this he replied, that he would leave it in the hands of the Chancellor, whose act it must be understood to be, and not his, as he was decidedly adverse. Lord Rosslyn moved that one of three propositions be adopted—that in all the burghs where Deans of Guild and Conveners existed they should, *ex officio*, be councillors; or, that this should be the case in the *seven* largest burghs; or, that, at all events, it should be adopted in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Chancellor conceded the principle that, wherever these office-bearers were freely elected by a fair constituency, they should be admitted as the representatives of the property destined for the use of the burghesses. He added, that this would only apply to the *five* largest burghs; and that to these he would agree to grant this privilege. Thus we have obtained the most important of the objects for which we struggled in the House of Commons. The two other points, you know, were that the electors should be burghesses, and that nomination and polling should be adopted in the great burghs in place of election by wards. Both

of these questions were fully argued, opposed by the Chancellor, and rejected without a division. The Bill will be passed on Monday evening. In the course of the discussion a clause was proposed by Lord Haddington to extend the municipal constituency and jurisdiction to such suburban parts of the different burghs as had no separate magistracy of their own. This, at least, was my understanding of the overture, which the Chancellor said was well worthy of consideration, and that he would give an answer on Monday. The effect of this would be to include Blythswood grounds in the *municipal* district of Glasgow. I had a conversation with the Lord Advocate on this subject after the Lords adjourned, and stated my views, that the fair and simple plan would be the extension of the royalty to such districts, on the principle of equal privileges and burthens. He and Mr. Oswald were of the same opinion. I do not know whether the Lord Advocate will communicate with the Chancellor. I called this morning on the Convener and Bailie Paul, and offered, if they thought it would be proper, to state the point to the Lord Chancellor; they were of opinion that it was a general question, not confined to Glasgow, and that it would not be expedient I should interfere.—Yours, &c.

“(Signed) JA. EWING.”

“To JAMES MARTIN, Esq.”

We feel it to be but doing justice to Mr. Ewing's good name to have given this additional evidence of his indefatigable zeal for the interests of his native city. The subject was felt to be one of high importance to the interests of Glasgow; and while we desire not by any means to derogate from the merits of others serving in the same cause, this passage in the history of his own personal activity and perseverance, and of his position in matters of such deliberation, is well worthy of record. Thus, the Dean of Guild and Convener of Glasgow were spared in the House of Lords. Thanks were voted to the deputations. Thanks were also voted to the Duke of

Wellington and other Peers. It may be not uninteresting to place upon our own humble record also the communication from the illustrious Duke in return to the Lord Provost's transmission of this vote of thanks to his Grace, it being entered upon their records by the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow.

“LONDON, *October 23, 1833.*”

“SIR,—I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 18th inst., and I beg of you to be so kind as to express my acknowledgments to the Magistrates and Council of the City of Glasgow for the honour which they have done me by the expression of their approbation of any part of my conduct in Parliament.

“I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient, &c.,

“WELLINGTON.

“To JAMES EWING, Esq., Lord Provost, Glasgow.”

We have now followed the career of Mr. Ewing down to the close of his occupancy of the civic chair of his native city, and we have the pleasure to transcribe the expression of his brother Magistrates' sentiments, communicated to him, regarding the manner in which he had fulfilled the functions of that honourable office, at a meeting of the Magistrates and Council of the city on the 4th day of November, 1833:—

“The Magistrates and Council, by acclamation, returned their warmest thanks to the Lord Provost, accompanied with the strong expression of their great respect for his talents, and for his independent and enlightened conduct as their Chief Magistrate and representative in Parliament of this city.”

The tribute had been indeed fairly and honourably won; and it is pleasing to find it so heartily and strongly acknow-

ledged. His period of holding the office was a deeply interesting and, in some respects, a very anxious one to the Magistracy. He was ably supported, as he himself fully expresses; and while there was no small public excitement during that period, there was happily no breach whatever of the public peace in the city of Glasgow, to excite regret. The Magistracy, elected under the new Act and regime, now entered upon their honours and functions. It became the duty of Mr. Ewing, as Lord Provost, to make his bow to the old Council. In a short and appropriate speech he expressed the grateful sense he entertained of the support with which he had been honoured by the other Magistrates and Members of Council, and his high estimation of the fidelity, zeal, and ability with which they had managed the public business. His Lordship also returned his thanks to the Town-clerks for the zealous aid he had received from them. "He descended from his seat," says his cotemporary, present at the time, "and never, we believe, entered those chambers again."

There is but one event more of Mr. Ewing's public life, in connection with the public history of Glasgow, to be referred to in this sketch of his career. Nor is it, indeed, altogether such as might have been anticipated. Far be it from us to deal in censure, where especially we have neither the knowledge nor the right to judge. The first session of Parliament under the Reform Act was not of long continuance. The Administration formed under its operation at first did not

long hold the full confidence even of its own supporters. The Whig Government was generally considered, by the Reforming interests which had placed it in power, to have proved somewhat vacillating; and the court interest was somehow apparently withdrawn from the Government leaders. In 1834 the minister, Lord Melbourne, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and Parliament was dissolved. His Majesty, William IV., summoned His Grace the Duke of Wellington to the task of forming a ministry. It was publicly known, and openly stated by the Duke himself, that the arrangements then made by him were to be but temporary. But the Duke was well known to be no Reformer; and in the hey-day of Reform triumphancy, buoyant in its so recently acquired privilege, the "Iron Duke's" supremacy was not to be tolerated. "Tiger growlings" were no longer confined to the popular constituency of Glasgow. From Land's End to John o' Groat's the cry was up; and in the great metropolis itself popular demonstrations were enacted not altogether of a becoming nature. The Duke of Wellington was roughly treated on the streets of London—a fact sufficiently strong to indicate the strength of the excitement that had come to prevail. A general election came on early in 1835. And the strength of the outcry against the Duke became clear indeed, when the test and pledge demanded from candidates for seats in Parliament came to be, "Down with Wellington! He must be, as a *sine quâ non*, driven from the

seat of power!" We need scarcely say that Mr. Ewing, who again now came forward as one of the candidates for the representation of Glasgow, at once and *decidedly* repudiated such a pledge; as we believe he would have treated any pledge. He always considered such pledges as unconstitutional and derogatory to candidates, not so much in their being put, as in their being accepted. On this point it is quite certain that others, perhaps not very few, saw their way sufficiently clear to accept certain pledges, or, according to the style of the day, to "*swallow*" them. We remember the remark made upon an individual at the time, not, assuredly, the subject of our narrative. "Here comes ——— swallow-ing pledges like an *ostrich!*" The Reformers of Glasgow seemed resolved to oust Mr. Ewing from its representation; and they appear to have accomplished a well-formed union among themselves for this purpose. The popular favourite of 1832 found that now, in 1835, there was almost "none so poor as to do him reverence!" Literally and virtually, this was very far from being matter of fact with respect to him personally; but he lost his election. It was no wonder he should feel disappointed in this result. And while it may be said that after that event he separated himself very much both from public business and the din of politics in Glasgow, it is altogether a misapprehension of his character to suppose that his disappointment on this occasion caused his comparative retirement from business or from Glasgow.

Any reader of the preceding part of our narrative will not be much surprised to know, that for several years Mr. Ewing had been cherishing the desire, and did long for retirement from business. His mind and spirit were of quite a different tone and cast; they were cast in a different mould than that any disappointment of the kind which had now come to him, should in any measure whatever either crush or wound him. Well does the writer of these pages remember the same day on which the result of the Glasgow election became known, Mr. Ewing honouring him by a kind visit, and being indeed the first to announce his own defeat in Glasgow; and the evidence was much more striking and clear than could well be described in set phraseology,—that he made but light of the whole matter; and he conversed as familiarly and fully on minor matters as if he had never been engaged in any such contest or business at all. Two or three friends had accompanied him from Glasgow, as they frequently had done on former occasions; and in every respect any stranger joining them would at once decide that Mr. Ewing was the most cheerful and buoyant in spirit of the whole party. His elasticity of mind and temper was peculiar to himself at any and every time. His acquaintance with mankind was too extensive and too intelligent to permit such a change of the popular mind to take him by surprise.

Several years before, in the year 1822, he had already determined on partial retirement; and in pursuance of that

purpose he had fixed on Dunoon, now a conspicuous spot on the Frith of Clyde, as the place of his residence. The progress of steam communication all along the Frith had begun to make Dunoon quite accessible to Glasgow. He purchased there, on perpetual feu, a most attractive spot, and altogether of adequate extent for erecting upon it a marine villa, which he speedily did. Not only is that place still conspicuous for its interesting features, which his superior taste soon turned into attractive amenities; but the villa itself continues to be one of the most attractive residences on the whole Frith of Clyde, modestly enjoying its own rural seclusion on the ridge of what is still called the Castle Hill of Dunoon, having the mound on which that ancient hold once stood, and associated, as it still is, with many deeply interesting ancient remembrances, almost abutting upon the modern villa, which appears as if claiming the ancient castle's protection. On the other hand is the parish church, at a few hundred yards' distance, beautifully and strikingly placed, with its group of veteran trees, with the front of the villa looking full upon the expanded Frith in the direction of Glasgow, and commanding an extensive prospect; while, in the opposite direction, the view of the Frith of Clyde outwards as far as Ailsa Craig, lies open, with a partial view of the islands of Bute, Arran, and the Cumbraes, with an extensive portion of the sea-coast of the Counties of Renfrew and Ayr. Few, if any spots upon the whole Frith of Clyde

can boast of so extensive and interesting a view. The zeal with which Mr. Ewing set himself to reclaim this place from its native roughness, and to turn that roughness into ornament and amenity, was but quite characteristic of his taste and his habitual activity; and, to the planting of a single shrub, everything prospered vigorously under his hand. This handsome villa, naturally enough styled the "Castle House," formed a welcome retreat and weekly repose to Mr. Ewing; and a very frequent cheerful scene of hospitality; and of enjoyment to his many friends, as well as to himself, and to a beloved sister, of kindred spirit and tastes. We need scarcely inform Tourists or Travellers frequenting the Frith of Clyde that Dunoon has since grown up to be now a very extensive and populous place indeed, having grown beyond the dimensions of a mere village, and worthy in size of bearing a higher name—a favourite resort of summer visitors; and whatever extension it has already arrived at, or whatever may yet be its extent or size, it is all undoubtedly traceable to Mr. Ewing's good taste and discernment, in his having selected it as his summer residence. He may well be styled the founder of Dunoon. The visitors whom he drew to the place soon began to follow the example he had set them; and villa after villa, and house after house began to rise. At the time of his first setting his mind upon the spot he had selected, there was scarcely a house to greet the eye in the locality, except the two or three common to Highland *Clachans*. At this

present date (1865) that same village of Dunoon extends from near the head of the Holy Loch, including its more juvenile ally Inellan, to Toward Point, a length of nearly ten miles; and, thanks to the genius of James Watt, it has become virtually a suburb or amenity of Glasgow, bringing the benefits of a summer country residence to the doors of its citizens. Highland peculiarities, not always to be considered *amenities*, have entirely disappeared, replaced by cheerful villas lining the sea-coast, and indicating opulence, taste, and comfort, in a bracing and free atmosphere, and an almost exhilarating climate, when compared with the city atmosphere of Glasgow. It may be interesting to observe that so far back as the time of the voluminous historian and writer, Robert Wodrow, minister of Eastwood, himself born in 1676, we find the distant Argyleshire Highland *Clachan* of Dunoon referred to as a spot on the sea-coast resorted to by invalid persons for the benefit "of drinking goats' milk"—the journeying and the *voyage* to that place being both a hazardous and expensive adventure in those times. At a much more recent period we find the following notice in the last *Statistical Account of Scotland, Parish of Dunoon and Kilmun*, showing the changes that steam conveyance on the Frith of Clyde has accomplished:—"A gentleman resident in Glasgow in 1811 has mentioned that, desiring to convey his family for summer residence to the village of Gourock, three miles beyond Greenock, on the Clyde, they set out from Glasgow in the

morning, in one of the passage boats at that time plying on the river, and denominated, not very appropriately, 'Flies.' The whole of that day was spent in making good their way the length of Bowling Bay, not half-way from Glasgow to Greenock, and there they came to anchor for the night. Weighing next morning, and proceeding to *sea*, the wind being contrary, after spending the whole day in buffeting the waves of the Clyde, they were forced to put back, returning the second night to Bowling Bay. The third day they made the next attempt, and succeeded in making Port-Glasgow in the afternoon, where their passengers took post horses, leaving the *fly* in disgust; and, having seen his family housed in Gourock, the gentleman returned by land on the *fourth* day to Glasgow, weary, sick, and exhausted; the *voyage* and journey, he added, costing him £7, 14s. At present (1843), any ordinary steamer makes the passage from Glasgow to Gourock in a quarter more *than two hours*, in any weather not absolutely tempestuous; and the expense is not more than *one shilling* per head;" and now (1865) both time and charge have been very considerably, the former shortened, and the latter diminished.


On Mr. Ewing becoming the proprietor of a landed estate in another county, to which reference has already been made, the Castle House of Dunoon became the property of the late William Campbell, Esq. of Tillichewan, who, after some years' summer residence there, followed Mr. Ewing's example in

becoming a landward proprietor, by purchasing the Estate and Castle of Tillichewan, also in the County of Dumbarton; when the "Castle House" of Dunoon again changed its owner, and is now possessed by Robert Eglinton, Esq., formerly of Calcutta. But the "Castle House" of Dunoon will always continue to be associated with Mr. Ewing's name, as its first successful projector. The present excellent and worthy proprietor and his family are no unworthy successors of those who preceded them.

The University of Glasgow about this period évinced their respect and esteem for Mr. Ewing by their conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws—a distinction seldom bestowed upon laymen, and never upon any, it may be said, more worthy of the honour. His classical and literary acquirements, independently of his eminence as a citizen of Glasgow, well fitted him to be a recipient of such an honour. And as an *alumnus* of that seat of learning, its Professors and Guardians undoubtedly had gratification in the distinguished career which he pursued with such honour to himself, and to the conferring of so many benefits upon his native city.

Mr. Ewing, in the year 1835, acquired by purchase from its former possessor, or his heirs, Lord Stonefield, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, the estate of Levenside, in the Vale of Leven and County of Dumbarton, an estate of very considerable extent and value, to which subsequently

he made considerable additions by purchase. The mansion-house of the estate is almost of ancient date, but possesses the solidity and accommodations and comforts, as a family residence, sometimes found to have been studied in mansions of such date, considerably more than in many of more recent erection, where such advantages are too frequently sacrificed to external appearance. The ample well-wooded domain attached to the mansion-house presents many attractive amenities of situation and taste. The mansion-house had been for some considerable time occupied by temporary residents having no personal interest in upholding or improving its grounds, and the usual result in such cases followed. It did not stand undoubtedly in need of its own Reform Bill. Nor was it long waiting till that relief really came to its doors; and it was a sweeping one! The capabilities of such reform were indeed there; and it was now that the strength of Mr. Ewing's predilections and longings for rural occupations and retirement came into full view. And it was interesting to see the activity and zeal of the new proprietor in determining upon the alterations and improvements necessary to be made, and in carrying them forward. Had he been brought up from his youth to rural occupations and habits alone, he could not with more practical skill have instructed and conducted personally the changes needed, nor could they have been more speedily effected. Nor is it necessary to say that they were all carried forward with



adequate taste and judgment. His paternal residence—the beautiful estate and mansion-house of Cathkin—had no doubt habituated him to such pursuits and their benefits. And even into the details of practical farming he now entered with great buoyant activity and zeal. We well remember the pleasure given us in meeting a few years afterwards with Mr. Ewing as one of a large party in Edinburgh, called together on his account, at a friend's residence. The Anti-Corn Law League was at that time a frequent subject of social discussion; and it happened to become a subject of conversation and remark on this occasion. “We *poor* farmers,” said the Laird of Levenside, on his being called upon for a toast, created no small amount of amusement, all present well knowing that their guest of the day was one of the wealthiest commoners in the West of Scotland! With all gravity he pursued the thread of his discourse, and in his wonted terse, classical style of delivery on all such social occasions; understanding well the while what it was that excited the expressive smile going round, and evidently enjoying it. His mansion of Levenside, to which and the estate he afterwards gave the more appropriate and expressive title of Strathleven, became speedily the welcome, and hospitable, and most cheerful resort of many friends; and evidences of his liberality were not confined to in-door hospitalities merely, but were rising around him in his neighbourhood.

Mr. Ewing was, in the year 1836, married to Miss

Jane Crawford, a young lady of highly respectable parentage and connections. And the generosity of his affections is revealed in the liberal arrangements made by him on her behalf, and which she still enjoys. In the autumn of 1844, Mr. Ewing, with his lady, set out on a tour to the Continent, which was prolonged to nearly thirteen months. During this tour he continued to correspond, from time to time, with his partner in Glasgow, William Mathieson, Esq. The spirit and tone of this correspondence, which it is intended to add to this brief memoir, will practically, perhaps, depict the powers of his mind, his highly cultivated and classical taste, together with his extensive reading and knowledge, far more clearly than all that we have hitherto recorded. These letters, we feel assured, will fully reward a careful perusal. The independent energy of his mind and character will be exhibited even in the routes he pursued on that journey, and in the leading objects to which he bent his consideration and inspection; as well as the original, judicious, and well-informed views which each place and each object visited is found to suggest to him. Mr. Ewing did not submit to follow the well-trodden paths followed by British tourists in general. His own extensive reading, both classical and in modern works of travel, together with his exceedingly retentive memory, served him better than any "handbook." Nothing of ancient name or repute escaped his observant eye, nor passed without pertinent observations

made upon it. His mind and spirit became easily — we perceive in the style and spirit of those communications, written off-hand, and almost always on the spot—imbued with the realizing of past histories and times gone by. All the more recent stirring events in the history of Europe had been imbedded in his memory; and while there is such a gentleness and modesty in his observations, that leave untouched and unruffled all prejudices and predilections of others, his remarks are at the same time freely and unre-servedly made. He had never previously travelled much on the continent of Europe, and yet most of the objects described by him seem as if they had been familiar to his view. And there is a cheerful buoyancy of spirit pervading those specimens of his epistolary correspondence, giving them an interest and a charm not often attained to by professed travellers in their writings. The period of this tour seems to have been one of intense enjoyment to him; and so appropriate are his descriptions and his vivid impressions, that any reader cannot, especially such as had the privilege of his personal acquaintance at home, but enjoy his enjoyments. These letters were written avowedly with no view or idea whatever of their being afterwards published. They were but familiar, and approaching to home intercourse in their style, addressed, as they were, to an esteemed sharer in his mercantile habits and pursuits. His natural and habitual activity of mind is clearly disclosed in

these letters. No object worthy of regard seems to have been passed by him without having been looked upon and carefully considered. And his wonted terseness and unadorned speech and writing will powerfully recall to the minds of his friends the manner and style of his composed and social conversation, as well as of his more public appearances. It would not be doing justice to Mr. Ewing, as the author of those epistolary communications, to look upon them as efforts of literary composition, or as studiously descriptive. Their being unstudied and unpremeditated effusions, and written in the frequently unavoidable haste of journeying from one place to another, give them, in our view, and to his nearest surviving relatives, an enhancement of value.

After his return from his interesting continental sojourn, Mr. Ewing continued to reside at his country residence of Strathleven, in the liberal style which had ever characterized him since his becoming a citizen of Glasgow. While attending to his own rural affairs, and not a mere observer of whatever was going forward around him, he was constantly found the willing, liberal, and judicious promoter of the moral and religious benefits of his whole neighbourhood. He had now virtually ceased to be a citizen of Glasgow, in so far, at least, as residence and personal superintendence of his mercantile interests were concerned, though he occasionally resided for a time in the city. Its civic affairs had passed

into other hands; while he continued on terms of intimate acquaintance and friendship with his surviving and former associates. Nor was it seldom, we believe, that his judgment and counsel were still sought; and never, we have reason to think, refused to be given. But *Strathleven* was his home; and his interest in its progress and onward improvement, both as a residence and a landward estate, continued unabated. He had now arrived at advancement in years, though their burden did not yet appear any way heavily to press upon him. For his years, his liveliness and activity were remarkable, while all his mental resources, and his native buoyancy of temperament were, it may be said, altogether unimpaired after he had passed more than the average bound of life. His interest in the affairs of public life, and in all that was passing of national moment, made him carefully to study them, and there were very few more competent judges. Not now sharing personally in the bustle of commercial or political life, he exemplified the *beau ideal* of the poet,—

“To crown a youth of labour
With an age of ease.”

Mr. Ewing had never assumed the place either of controversialist or partisanship in matters of religious faith; nor were his personal religious professions either loud or dogmatic; while he never hesitated to avow, when duty demanded, the decisions of his firm belief; and we have ample reason to

know that in no individual presence, by meek and gentle decision, could any tendency to lightness or irreverence on sacred subjects be more readily put down, by silent and decided rebuke. We would be slow, and unwilling indeed, to awaken in these reminiscences of his person and character either discussion or controversy, which he himself personally and consistently eschewed. Nor were there many men more extensively acquainted with the constitution and history of the Presbyterian Church of his native land. But it would be far from his own wishes the fact should be withheld, that his judgment and his heart went in favour of evangelical religion and doctrine; and no man could more clearly or more readily draw the line of demarcation between those views and their opposites. So far may we surely go, without giving offence to any one possessing the liberality of spirit which uniformly he himself showed in charity and kindness personally towards those who differed from his own views:—ever courteous, ever showing kindness to all, altogether irrespectively of their particular views on such subjects as these. In the stirring period that latterly overtook our national Church, on which there were strong opinions and judgments formed on either side, and which ever ought to meet with mutual forbearance, we believe that the respected subject of our memoir took no public discussional part whatever. But when the public event arrived into which those ecclesiastical differences issued, he took practically and per-

sonally his decided stand. To this, surely, no fair and unbiassed judgment can justly object. And we believe there was no event or occasion connected with the severance between parties which ultimately took effect, connected with which can any word or deed of Mr. Ewing's be traced, in which animosity or ill-will was shown by him toward any one individual of the number with whose views and opinions he decidedly differed in his own convictions of mind; and would that it had been so with all! It is a weighty utterance of an excellent dignitary of a sister church, not remote in history, who, in meeting with a decided nonconformist engaged in practical religious duties, said, "My dear friend, let us *think* doctrines, and let our *works* do the speaking."

Mr. Ewing's lamented decease took place at his town residence in Glasgow. That his death caused deep and wide-spread regret and sorrow, we need scarcely say. He had occupied a wide space in the public view. In his leaving his native city there were multitudes of regrets and blessings that followed him to his comparative rural retirement. And there, though his residence did not extend over a great number of years, he had already filled the space that there surrounded him with lively and high appreciations of his personal character; and his departure was shown to be felt as a great blank now created among all classes around. His "latter end was peace."

In reviewing the character of the lamented subject of our

memoir, we cannot but feel our having to do with a high subject, regarding which, it is no affectation to say, that we fear it may but suffer in our hands.

James Ewing was a highly remarkable man; and would have shown himself to be so in any position of life, and at any stage of our Nation's history. Though not placed by profession on any platform of national conspicuous position with respect to office, or wielding authority in public national counsels; yet none who could appreciate his mind's native resources could hesitate the judgment of his being one of those who are *men of their generation*, destined to eminence, and who could fill any place to the honour of the place, as well as to his own honour.

Tracing him from his birth and boyhood,—no doubt born and trained with signal advantages on his side,—we find him distinguished even then by his amiable dispositions, by strong filial affections, with an unusual combination of mental capabilities, and uniting docility with decision and youthful moral courage. What would have *frayed* ordinary boyhood of ordinary temperament was nothing hard for him to undertake and fulfil. Playfulness, gentleness, with unusual fixedness of purpose, distinguished him early under the parental roof.

His schoolboy days showed but an expansive and quick rise of the same native and constitutional elements of future character and distinction. His progress in the elementary

departments of knowledge and acquirements was both rapid and solid: and this he carried with him, and continued to show in his higher departments of study throughout his University education. Whatever he set his face to learn, it must be thoroughly learned,—a feature of character that distinguished him to his end; and whatever he did, it must be thoroughly done; nor could any interruption or difficulty master his perseverance,—a most important lesson and example to early youth. He appeared even then to have wisdom which anticipated a favourite maxim of an eminent professor of a sister University of Scotland, who habitually sought to impress it upon his youthful tribe of students, that “The labour of seeking to conceal ignorance is tenfold more painful, be assured, than the labour of acquiring knowledge.” And besides carrying with him, from his years of study, when yet but a mere youth, the full honours won by youths of promise, by that persevering application that all studies demand so as to insure success, he carried with him a well and richly stored mind, and a formation of habits and tastes, preparing him for practical life, both in the temperance of his enjoyments and in the persevering habit of duties.

We find Mr. Ewing next, as a young gentleman with moral courage and purpose remarkable at his age, entering single-handed upon important business demanding immediate activities and strainings both upon mental and bodily vigour. He was not one of those who wait for patronage and special

opportunities. He could create both (so to speak) to himself; and he speedily found himself amply supplied with both. His was not merely a speculative imagination or mind,—too frequently and too intimately connected with rashness, and followed by defeat. He stood imbued with thoroughly well-founded moral principles and accordant habits. He had already acquired competent and extensive knowledge, with unwonted quickness of perception how and when to apply it to objects within the reach of competent pursuit. Persevering pursuit, with well-balanced apprehension, was necessary, even at that period of slower movement than that of the days upon which we have latterly fallen. A quickness of apprehension almost peculiar to himself seemed to be one of his distinguishing features of mind and character. Frequently, in pleasing intercourse with him, long afterwards, this quality of his mind has struck us as being comparable to the difference that strikes observers as existing between mental arithmetic and the ordinary processes, more operose, of the common modes of that useful art. This, when tempered and balanced with clear and well-disciplined judgment, forms a species of mental wealth—a species of moral *mine*—whence treasures may be extracted. With all these, and with what is still more rare in average character, combined happily together in his case, and compactly enclosed, to change the figure, in the casket of sound, real, and pure moral and religious principles, can seldom or never fail, humanly speaking, to conduct the individual to in-

ward peace and quietude, and to outward success, and even to the highest honours. And such we do fully believe to have been the invaluable preparations with which Mr. James Ewing entered upon the business of active life. And in full accordance with such preparations and endowments of mind, we can, with grateful satisfaction, follow him in his onward course.

His filial affections and duty were, in the most liberal and devoted manner, early shown in the preparations made,—we cannot say for his revered mother's mere comfort, when the period of her widowhood had arrived, for that had been already most amply provided for,—but for the upholding of the family tie, and their mutual intercourse, which to them both would be the most desirable arrangement, in his affectionate judgment of the case. His affections desired to do her honour. And while Providence had decreed that it should be otherwise—his surviving parent having been so soon removed from this world—her devoted son's affectionate purposes are neither to be overlooked nor forgotten. They mark a trait of filial disposition and character forming one of the best adornments of youth; nor have they often failed of their promised reward in this life.

As a youthful merchant citizen of his native city, we know that his onward progress was bright, prosperous, and eminent. Business flowed in upon him. His quickness of perception, accuracy and sobriety of judgment, and his imperturbable self-possession, guided him in his onward path. That mere

selfishness guided him in the management of business, is most fully contradicted in every page of the history of his actual life. We have full evidence to believe that, with respect to personal business habits, quickness of decision, combined with singular regularity and order in all his business affairs,—indeed, in whatever he undertook,—were eminently portrayed by him. By mere surface observers such habits may be frequently mistaken for selfish and narrow views; and no doubt combinations somewhat of that kind will occasionally present themselves; but any such combination was eminently separate from the practical character of the subject of our present remarks. We find his aspirations connected with objects which were all for the advancement of the public good; and observation of his public spirit and untiring benevolence we find, at an early period of his career, drawing forth confidence towards him. Elected at a comparatively early age to the responsible office of Lord Dean of Guild of his native city, is one such instance of the space he had made for himself in the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. And on his becoming Head or Master of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, an Institution which he found standing in need of many improvements, and which he saw might be raised to a condition of more extensive usefulness, there is perhaps no single fact connected with his personal history more practically demonstrative of the confidence and esteem in which he was held, than the number of gentlemen

citizens and merchants of Glasgow, influenced by his counsel, that was drawn by him to enroll themselves as members of that now influential and useful Corporation. Their names may now be almost unknown to those who have since arisen; but they were gentlemen at that time whom the bulk of all their fellow-citizens looked up to as having meritoriously risen to leading eminency in their respective pursuits. "It is remarkable," a cotemporary narrates, "that all the matriculated members of the Merchants' House, from the earliest period of its history extant, till Mr. Ewing became Dean of Guild, amounted only to six hundred and one members altogether, living or dead. But in the very first year of his tenure of office there, he brought into this House not fewer than two hundred and twelve matriculated members; and at a subsequent period he brought into it one hundred and fifty members more,—forming more than one half the entire number of members that had ever joined it" (from 1604). "Was he not, then," as his cotemporary may well ask,— "Was he not, then, a most active, a truly noble Lord Dean of Guild, without speaking of those magnificent gifts which he more recently left it?" And to heighten the value of such testimony, let us remember that it is from the pen of a very decided political opponent, who has done great honour to himself, as well as to Mr. Ewing, in the noble testimony which he bears to him, both on this and on many other occasions.

We shall have occasion in the sequel to place upon our record the magnificent gifts here spoken of. But we are now considering the personal and moral portraiture of character which the life of the subject of our memoir holds up to public observation and remembrance, and as a bright example to the more youthful.

That the poor and the needy formed special objects of his wise and considerate attention, is most conspicuously shown. Nor do we know a more interesting feature of character in active and useful life. It is a feature that has special attractiveness in it to every well-conditioned and generous mind. The rapid rise and extension of his native city could not but increase the number of that class of human beings. But there are minds, to be acknowledged and honoured, that arise to breast such emergencies, and that are able to cope with the difficulties and the involvements which they frequently embrace, presenting a burdensome, and even a very unwelcome aspect: and such a mind was Mr. Ewing's. And even the most wretched and fallen, even the profligate and the ruined, we may see in the preceding pages of this memoir, were objects of his humane and philanthropic attention. From the Town's Hospital to the Bridewell and Prisons of Glasgow, its Penitentiaries, and the Asylum for the Insane; those were objects with him which shared habitually in the benefits which his counsels and efforts helped, to say the least, to bestow upon them, and to

the amelioration of their sad condition. Nor was all this by fitful moods, but forming a part continuously of his active and true philanthropic character. It may be justly said of him,—“*Nihil humanum alienum putabat.*”

His enlightened, vigorous intellect, and his correspondent activity, grasped many outstanding points of the interests of his native city with an equally warm and firm purpose, seeking its advancement, its progress, and its adornment. Two public objects may be named in this summary view of the remembrance due to his memory,—the Royal Exchange of Glasgow, and its ample and splendid Necropolis. With respect to the former of these—the Royal Exchange—it may be invidious to designate Mr. Ewing as its author or founder. But that its contemplation, and the idea of what it ought to be, and what it now stands, had long been with him a very special object of desire and effort, is abundantly testified by the records of the city’s civic institutions, but especially of its Merchants’ House and its Magistrates’ Council. That he possessed cultivated taste and power of correct estimate in realizing the value and the place due to those objects, none who knew him will desire to deny. His fellow-citizens made full acknowledgment of this in unani- mously placing him foremost at the commencement of that undertaking, as his own ready liberality did in his contribu- tion toward its accomplishment. The Royal Exchange now stands as the most useful and ornamental portion of Glasgow’s

architectural adornments, and graced, in its own noble form, by the Equestrian statue of the great warrior of his day, placed in its front—the illustrious Wellington.

And while mentioning the Royal Exchange of Glasgow, combining “ornament with use,” there is another Institution still,—humble, indeed, in its external appearance, if it can be architecturally discerned at all in Glasgow’s busy streets,—that has perhaps comforted and gladdened a greater number of humble hearts than even the Royal Exchange itself has done the hearts of its merchant princes. We allude to the institution of the National Security Savings’ Bank. That this idea first originated with Mr. Ewing, while not a few other generous minds stood side by side with him in its sponsorship and establishment, we have no reason to doubt. The records of that institution deal with “humbler joys” and “destinies” more “obscure” than commercial and mercantile records tell; but that it has been a blessed means of introducing peace, comfort, and advancement into many thousands of humble dwellings, is a fact morally valuable in itself to vast multitudes of the humbler classes of our meritorious and industrious population,—a fact, with all its enlarged and still progressive results, on which all generous minds can dwell with pleasure and with pure satisfaction, as they can on the increased and increasing opulence which may be seen in our peaceful and prosperous times rearing its own elegant structures, and adorning the streets of our cities, and

beautifying the aspect of almost every district of our land. And thus earnestly did the enlarged mind of the subject of our memoir love to contemplate the advancing progress, not of one grade, but of every grade alike, of his country's united and harmonious population.

It is also well worthy of remark, and indicating the unbiassed and liberal views which he uniformly cherished and acted upon, that in the meetings of the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, and of the Merchants' House, Mr. Ewing was the first who moved for the admission of the Reporters of the press; and he continued to urge the object until it was ultimately carried. It was a subject, some thirty or forty years ago, on which no doubt opposite opinions and judgments might be entertained with equal sincerity and good purpose; but it is believed that Mr. Ewing's view of the matter came to be judged eventually by all parties as the more conducive to the public weal.

Not more truly was it said by a stern and bold Lord Chancellor of England, in the face of his assembled compeers, in withering reply to taunts unworthy of the grade,—“I sought not the Peerage, but the Peerage sought *me!*”—than it might be said of the subject of our memoir, though he would have been the last to make the boast himself, that his native city's honours and highest trusts sought *him*, and not he the offices nor the honours. We find him declining these when solicited to accept them. We find him generously surrender-

ing—in favour of another whom he considered to have won still higher claims—those claims which a leading number and class of his fellow-citizens had already accorded to himself, as the fittest person to represent his native city in Parliament; and at a period, too, when such a distinction and trust formed special object of honourable ambition.

At another period we find him selected by the Government of the day, in a time of perplexity and fear to the minds of many of his fellow-citizens—a severe commercial crisis—to be one of three or four administrators of certain funds granted by the Government of the day to help through their severe struggles several honourable merchants of the city of Glasgow—an acknowledgment of the place he held in public esteem for his practical judgment and the impartial generosity of his dispositions and counsel.

Again, at a time of very unwonted political excitement, when somewhat of similitude to a reign of terror was threatened, and when the authority of law came to be vindicated, we find Mr. Ewing selected amidst and by a certain number of his fellow-citizens to be placed at their head, as a select jury, to try the most difficult criminal case that ever demanded their highest attention and care; and that time, as chancellor of that jury, showing his own independent action in the face of much popular discontent and threatenings.

And we soon find him next prevailed upon, by the

unanimous desire of his brethren of the city Magistracy to take upon him the duties of the Civic Chair, and ultimately to be the representative of his native city in the British House of Commons.

And ultimately we find him, while still a member of the House of Commons, zealously and successfully employed, in connection with a chosen few of his fellow-citizens, entrusted with the preservation of their city's best interests, demonstrating, to the highest of our country's advisers, Glasgow's rights to have her Magistracy left untouched, when sweeping reform was the temper of the day, and obtaining from them the concessions which he sought as matter of right to his native city. He had all these interests generously and deeply at heart. He never once spared his personal labours to advance them, nor yet his personal interests. There is presented in all this a portraiture of combinations of moral and public excellencies of character which we trust it will not be deemed partiality on our part to uphold, even as being comparatively rare; and, at the least, we hope we shall stand justified in saying, that it is an example set before the hopeful youth of our own day, every way worthy of their careful imitation.

The firm stedfastness of Mr. Ewing's independent course, when political party spirit rose high, and where, perhaps, hastiness of temperament or the suggestions of individual interest might dictate, at surface view, the profession and

avowal of party counsels and spirit, exhibits a practical character every way to be commended and followed, though causing, for a time, perhaps, sacrifices both of friendship and self-interest. Nor was there a feature of his character more worthy of being held forth to the view of those called upon to tread the same platform of public action than the quietude and equanimity of mind which was at all times and, however beset, habitually maintained by him; his mind never once receiving the slightest tincture of bitterness or severity; while we have also seen that he well knew both the privileges of his place and the public respect which was due to it.

With all this, as the sequel of our narrative will show still more impressively than any commendations of ours, we find him, in many an instance which it falls not to this record publicly to detail, distinguished by his abounding kindness, in times of hardships and strugglings, toward many others less fortunate than himself. This remembrance of him is deeply and gratefully lodged in many a heart in his native city. It is not, assuredly, too much to say, that Mr. Ewing's private beneficence was habitual and unreserved.

His was not the temperament that would lead him to be what is commonly called *engrossed* with either the details or the burden of his own actual daily business. Punctual and correct, even to exactitude, in business, and, it might be said

by some, perhaps strict, even rigid, he could, from day to day, cast off all this carefulness, as if it had never once entered into his mind or spirit at all. His undeviating cheerfulness, none who knew him in his leisure hours could but admire, together with the quietude and even the playfulness of his dispositions and tastes. His mind's resources were large, and his tastes and predilections were literary and classical: his reading, both in classical, historical, and modern literature, was easily seen to be very extensive and thoughtful. Gifted with strong memory, with sound judgment, and cultivated taste, it was never in vain, or to little purpose, that he read and studied. Specimens of his written style we have already recorded; and they are but very few, from among very many that might have been selected. And in his spoken, as well as in his written style, whenever called upon to address meetings, whether popular, or on subjects of administrative business, or on social occasions, his appearances uniformly exhibited a richly stored mind, and thoroughly disciplined; and they embodied an accuracy, with an almost sententious clearness, both of thought, statement, and diction, that showed a clear and a remarkably apposite use even of terms, unburdened by any extraneous incumbrance, and never by repetition of ideas or show of ornament in expression. He never failed to win attention and produce respect. We have heard it frequently remarked, by gentlemen of high literary acquirements, that they were always gladdened when,

in the midst perhaps of dry discussion or repetitive dullness, Mr. Ewing was called upon to speak. He placed the subject always in aspects of clearness, which enabled others to carry the matter in their own mind. It was not his gift, neither was it his effort, to rise to what is now-a-days called *sensational* speaking; but there was ever solidity, clearness, terseness, and pointedness of apposite expression, that, if it aroused not feeling, was sure to carry the judgment of those whom he addressed.

His indefatigable perseverance is a trait of Mr. Ewing's practical character well worthy of record, and equally of imitation. It amounts with us to objects both of admiration and surprise, when we consider the amount of real business detail which his own personal interests must have involved, in addition to the amount of perseverance and labour which he bestowed upon objects of civic and public benefit. His research in his history of the Merchants' House, a volume of much interest; and his Report on the Town's Hospital of Glasgow, and his Report upon the Management of the City Poor, are both treatises of great value; not more clearly developing the importance of these institutions respectively, than they truly do the generous feelings which actuated him in these important objects to which he devoted so much of his time, and of the exercise of his remarkable talent for patient investigation. They well merit, what no doubt they have gratefully received, a place in the archives of

his native city. We may very safely say, that no citizen of Glasgow ever more devotedly distinguished himself, by having that city's interests habitually at heart as an object of earnest study, and enlightened attention, and of liberal desire.

Those objects did not lose their hold of his mind and affections after the period of his retirement from business. No one had more relish for quiet rural enjoyments; none possessed better judgment for rural improvements, or felt more interest in their progress, or had better taste for their embellishment. To such objects his leisure was devoted; while his country residence was the hospitable resort of his many friends. But the claims of his native city continued to be present to his generous mind, and this came in due time to be impressively seen in the bequeathments made by him to so many of its benevolent, charitable, and religious institutions.

These benefactions it will be our grateful privilege to record. His princely donations to the Merchants' House of Glasgow we cannot permit to pass over without special remark. Mr. Ewing had seen, in the course of his active and useful life in his native city, many of the "ups and downs of life." While he rejoiced in the former, his feeling and generous spirit sympathized with the latter, and to the depths of that generous sympathy he has given large testimony indeed; and of him it may well be said, that "his works follow him."

He has erected to himself, not the lofty and splendid Mausoleum, which, attracting attention and admiration from taste, has but lifelessness after all, and stony coldness in its structure. But there is *life*, beneficent life, in such structures of generous and liberal charity as these,—life surviving the founder's, and continuing to relieve distress, to comfort and to uphold the downcast, on whom the weight of this world's misfortunes has fallen. There is enduring life in the lives of such eminent benefactors,—a life that blesses many families in their time, and may not merely cheer and comfort, but raise them up, in many an instance, in time to come. Nor can we but dwell, as an object of our admiration, on the liberal benefaction made by him for the purpose of helping forward the education of meritorious youth. His own lot in youth was a highly favoured one, much more so than usually falls to the lot of others. His sympathies were with those who had elements of worth, and principles of virtue, and yet who were restrained by hard necessity from attaining to means of liberal education; and for such cases he made generous provision.

“The primary object of the Merchants' House” (we quote from Mr. Ewing's own History of the Institution), “was charity to its reduced members and their families.” From time to time, over a period now of at least two hundred and fifty years, though the Institution is of still older date, legacies had been left to the funds of the Merchants' House,

or, as they were wont to be called, in phrase of Scottish Law, "Mortifications," restricted to the objects specially contemplated by the testators. "It appears that the objects for which the annual rent of these mortifications was destined," Mr. Ewing states, "divide themselves into three classes;—*first*, for support of the poor of different descriptions; *secondly*, for the payment of apprentice fees to destitute boys; and *thirdly*, for the education of young men at the University." To this last object, among others, it will appear that Mr. Ewing was not inattentive.

It is but just to remark, though not in any invidious spirit, that in looking over his History of the Institution, containing a list of the benefactions made to it, those bequeathed by Mr. Ewing stand forth as far exceeding in amount any individual bequeathments made to it at any former period. The whole amount of his, it will be seen, is £30,000—a noble example, which it is to be hoped, besides the benefits immediately arising, will stimulate others to be followers in the same walk of generous beneficence. And long may many such benefactors continue to arise among the merchant princes of the city of Glasgow.

The following bequeathments toward public objects were found recorded by the subject of our memoir in his testamentary settlement, which, to the honour of his memory, it is due to be mentioned, was dated as far back as the year 1844.

To the Dean of Guild and Directors of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, for behoof of that Incorporation,	£1,000	0	0
To the Dean of Guild and Directors of the said Merchants' House, to be invested, &c., and annual proceeds to be applied in pensions or allowances to decayed Glasgow merchants,	10,000	0	0
To the said Dean of Guild, Directors, &c., to be applied to the purpose of educating, training, and settling in business the sons of decayed Glasgow merchants,	10,000	0	0
To the said Dean of Guild and Directors, &c., to be applied in pensions and allowances to widows and daughters of decayed Glasgow merchants,	10,000	0	0
To the Trades' House of Glasgow,	500	0	0
To the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow,	10,000	0	0
To the Glasgow Asylum for the Blind,	1,000	0	0
To the Glasgow Deaf and Dumb Institution,	1,000	0	0
To the Glasgow Asylum for Lunatics, for support of Paupers who have no legal claim for admission into that Institution,	2,000	0	0
To the House of Refuge in Glasgow,	2,000	0	0
To the Glasgow Eye Infirmary,	200	0	0
To the Glasgow Bible Society,	500	0	0
To the Glasgow Auxiliary Bible Society,	500	0	0
To the Glasgow City Mission,	500	0	0
To the Glasgow Missionary Society,	500	0	0
To the Glasgow Night Asylum for the Houseless,	300	0	0
To the Glasgow Lying-in Hospital and Dispensary,	300	0	0
To the Glasgow Old Women's Society,	200	0	0
To the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, to be applied to the educating and training of young men for the ministry of the Free Church,	5,000	0	0
Carry forward,	£55,500	0	0

Brought forward, . . .	£55,500	0	0
To the Erection of the Free Church College in Edinburgh,	2,000	0	0
To the Free Church College to be erected in Glasgow,	5,000	0	0
To the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church of Scotland, <i>per annum</i> ,	1,000	0	0
For the Building of Churches in connection with the said Free Church of Scotland, . . .	1,000	0	0
For Building of Manses for the Ministers of said Free Church,	1,000	0	0
To each of the Five Schemes of the said Free Church, viz.—Foreign Missions, Jewish Mis- sions, Colonial Churches, Home Missions, and Education, <i>in all</i> ,	2,500	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£68,000	0	0

LOCAL BENEFACTIONS—

To the Minister and Kirk Session of St. John's Free Church, Glas- gow, for behoof of the Poor of that congregation, <i>per annum</i> ,	£10	0	0
To the Minister and Kirk Session of Free Church, Dumbarton, .	500	0	0
To the Ministers and Members of the Free Church Presbytery of Dumbarton, for Building and maintaining a Free Church in village of Bonhill,	500	0	0
To do., do., for do. in Parish of Kilmarnock,	500	0	0
To Minister and Kirk Session of Free Church, Dumbarton, to be applied for purchase of Coals for the Poor, <i>per annum</i> ,	10	0	0
Carry forward,	£1,520	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£68,000	0	0

Brought forward,	£1,520	0	0	£68,000	0	0
To Minister and Kirk Session of Free Church, Dumbarton, for Clothing to Poor, <i>per annum</i> ,	10	0	0			
				1,530	0	0
To the Magistrates and Town Council of Dum- barton, towards building an Infirmary and Fever Hospital in Dumbarton,				500	0	0
For the support of said Infirmary and Fever Hospital, Dumbarton, . . . <i>per annum</i> ,				20	0	0
To the Society in Dumbarton for Relief of In- digent Old Men and Women, <i>per annum</i> ,				20	0	0
				<u>£70,070</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

The above summation is, of course, not a full statement of Mr. Ewing's bequests, when annual payments are taken into view. But standing as it does, the amount, it is believed, as destined to public and local objects, is the largest amount on record of benefactions made by any one citizen of Glasgow, hitherto, to similar objects. These benefactions, whether their objects or their amount be considered, lay a distinguished *imprimatur* upon an honoured name. And perhaps the highest praise we are capable of recording is, what we feel to be the truth,—that had those benefactions been made public in his own lifetime, laudations because of them would have been many and loud, while to his own generous spirit they would have been but a burden and an object of distaste, rather than any gratification.

The letters which follow this brief memoir were written

by Mr. Ewing during a tour of nearly thirteen months on the continent of Europe by himself and Mrs. Ewing. They are considered by several of his friends who have perused them as a fit adjunct to the preceding sketch of his life. They exhibit his mind more fully, perhaps, than any other description could do. They bring out his comprehensiveness of thought, his quickness of perception, the readiness with which his classical remembrances and associations were called forth as occasions arose, and the readiness with which he could mingle these ideas with the entertaining and the practically useful. His moral and his political intelligence come prominently into view; nor are his religious impressions withheld. These letters were written in a perfectly familiar style, and undoubtedly with no view whatever toward ultimate publication. But while he himself left no restraint upon the parties who have the best title to judge, and especially his only surviving sister, whom he most affectionately regarded and loved, with respect to their publication — the letters have been appended with her entire concurrence; and to not a few of his surviving friends and acquaintances we have no doubt they will be found to possess much interest, even as being his. They were addressed to his partner in business at home, who was highly esteemed by him; and with the request of their being communicated to his nearest relatives. There will be found scattered throughout them incidents not a few, that will be found

interesting, and many subjects of intelligent remark that appear to have escaped the observation of many other travellers. A mind habitually active, and a discerning judgment, with accomplished taste, will be found highly to characterize them. Our antiquarian friends of Glasgow may be somewhat startled at meeting with one very singular discovery which his quickness of observation hit upon, to set their ingenuity and lore at work,—the inscription over the seat of judgment in the *Prætoria* of *Pistoia*. How it can have come to be a plagiarism in the city of Glasgow on a place of judgment there, we must leave in the hands of literary and antiquarian justice in Glasgow to adjust, and to bring to public acknowledgment! That Glasgow's classic repute is concerned in the matter, or how far it may be so, it is not for us to decide. We can scarcely venture to affirm, we suspect, that *Pistoia* has borrowed the inscription from Glasgow! Mr. Ewing himself was no stranger to antiquarian research. It was with him indeed a favourite pursuit. He was a member of the Maitland Club, and made to it a very valuable and large contribution,—*The Chartulary of the See of Glasgow*, in two quarto volumes. His residences, both at Dunoon, and latterly the mansion-house of Strathleven, attest his diligence and success in this interesting pursuit.

Mr. Ewing was in personal appearance of middle stature, of remarkably compact and well-knit frame; his expression strikingly showing specialties not very frequently combined,

quickness of eye with winning blandness and suavity of expression; his bearing gentle and mild, but with perfect self-possession, and indicating firmness of purpose; courteous to persons of every class that approached him; considerate and clear in all his utterances. His health, though uniformly good to his last year, was never robust. In his earlier days, when volunteering was as earnest and general even as it is in our own day, he joined a cavalry corps connected with Glasgow; but threatened with hæmorrhage from the lungs, he was reluctantly compelled to lay aside his military engagements. He was at the same time capable of enduring much bodily fatigue, frequently undertaking lengthened pedestrian excursions to the rougher parts of the country, till there were few of our more conspicuous Highland mountains that he had not ascended. Ever alive to the progress of science, his quickly accumulative powers of apprehension and memory kept him steadily abreast of the discoveries making progress around him. But time makes progress too. It has been said that all men are immortal till their work be done. The subject of our memoir saw more than the average duration of humanity's brief period. He had seen many a change, and much progress, in his own day. He was no idle spectator on the field of passing events. Not a few of them occupied his earnest attention. Not a few of the progressive events in his native city did he stimulate and guide; and we believe the verdict would be unanimous, that none did he guide, or

take his part in guiding, but was on the side of public benefit; and none of them but contributed to the public good.

We may be thought by some, in the foregoing pages, to have given to the subject of our memoir more than his own due meed of praise. We have not consciously done so. We feel, indeed, that on many matters and points of detail our information may have been imperfect; and it must always necessarily be so to all personally placed beyond the limits of close and continuous inspection. But we have been careful in consulting the best authorities accessible to us; and we trust we may meet with indulgence if unwittingly we may have deprived any individual whatever of his own share of credit in connection with the events we have had to record. And if, unhappily, we have given offence to any one individual, in this or in any other respect, we would most sincerely assure them of the unwittingness of our error, and respectfully beg their forgiveness. Of one truth we are fully persuaded, that none would more speedily correct such errors, if they have occurred, than he himself, to whom none will deny the praise of the highest integrity and honour.

To hold forth his example we claim to be a public service, unless, indeed, the too imperfect structure of our narrative may have caused it in some measure to miss its aim. None, we feel assured, will grudge to Mr. Ewing's respected and attached relatives the satisfaction of seeing any legitimate memorial of his eminent public usefulness, his inflexible

purpose of doing good, and his generosity in conducting measures for the public weal. The history of his native city, long after events now but fresh in memory, shall have become more literally the history of events and of generations that have passed away, cannot but stand connected with the name of Mr. Ewing. His friends may well cherish the assurance that his name shall rise, and not fall, in the progress even of his country's history. The motto, "Let Glasgow Flourish," seemed ever to hold a high place in his heart's desires. It is by individuals of the same mind, and of his steady and generous career, arising, that cities, and wider fields of action even than cities, shall flourish and prosper. And long may the scene of his career be blest with families and generations in succession to emulate his example and to reap his reward.

His end was peace. He died in Glasgow on the 29th November, 1853. He lies interred in the Necropolis, that valued spot, one of the special objects of his own attention and care, and which is now to Glasgow what he himself was in his own day,—an ornament and a public good. He rests from his earthly labours, his memory shall long be honoured, and his works shall continue to follow him.

LETTERS.



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LETTERS.

LUCERNE, SUISSE, *Saturday, 5th October, 1844.*

DEAR SIR,

I wrote you a few lines from Coblenz on the 25th ult., and on the other side have acknowledged your business letter of same date. We have reached this place only one day later than I calculated, having forgotten to include the resting days for Sundays, when we do not travel, and accordingly remain here all to-morrow, as we understand that it would not be quite prudent to stop at the next posting place, which is esteemed rather unhealthy.

From Coblenz we proceeded to Mentz (or Mayence), along the banks of the Rhine, on the 25th; and the beauty of the day corresponded with the splendour of the scenery—comprehending the essence of all that is worth visiting along the banks of this celebrated river. From Mentz, on the 26th, we drove on to Worms, which I was anxious to see, from the memorable appearance of Luther there before the Diet of the empire; but not a stone remains to record the place where he fought the battle of Protestantism, which is now occupied by the large Lutheran Church, after being destroyed by the French. I called on Mr. Valkinberg, but his *beau-frère*, as he styled himself, told me he was in England. We pushed on to Mannheim, and at a late hour reached Heidelberg. Part of the 27th was devoted to the examination of the distinguished ruins, and we proceeded to Carlsruhe, the palace of the Duke of Baden, which we obtained a special permission to inspect, and slept at the elegant hotel. Finding that a new railway was established from Mannheim to Strasburg, and anxious now to get on, as the road was not interesting, we took the train on the 28th, and arrived to a late dinner. From Strasburg there is another railway to Paris in forty-eight hours, and

the country is getting fast intersected everywhere. On the 29th, being Sabbath, we remained at Strasburg, where there is Lutheran service in French. On the 30th we proceeded by another railway to Basle, which we examined. Next day, October 1, we drove toward Schaffhausen, after which we visited the Falls of the Rhine on the 2d, and arrived very late at Zurich. Mrs. Ewing being a little fatigued, we stopped there all the 3d, and left it yesterday morning, along the lake and through part of the Albis Alps—a most enchanting route—and got here in the evening. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this place—the lovely lake and the sublime mountains. It is seldom the weather is very favourable, but at present there is scarcely a speck in the sky, and it is very warm. On Monday morning we proceed by a steamboat to the head of the lake, *en route* to Mont St. Gotthard, which we expect to reach in two days, and then pass over the mountain, about 6,000 feet high, into Italy on the other side. Three days ago we were a little afraid of snow along the pass, as part of the chain in this direction was white at the summit; but all symptoms have again disappeared, and the opinion here is that the access will not at all be impeded.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JA. EWING.

MILAN, *Saturday, 19th October, 1844.*

DEAR SIR,

I wrote you on the 5th instant from Lucerne, and promised to continue my communication after arriving at this city, which we only reached late on the evening of the 17th.

Lucerne itself is a stupid place, with a long, narrow, dirty street; but the cathedral is good, the environs enchanting, and the covered bridges very curious, filled with old grotesque paintings. The sunset on the 5th was the most brilliant I almost ever beheld—tipping the Alps with gold, and shedding an effulgent lustre over the blue-green lake. Next day was Sunday, when we attended the English chapel, and heard the concluding service of the season, which lasted nearly three hours.

The day was rendered rather remarkable by a convocation of the whole qualified members of the Canton, to decide whether the Jesuits should be allowed to interfere with the education of the people; when it was decided in the negative by a majority of above 500. It was still more strange, that in perhaps the most bigoted State in Switzerland this meeting should have been held in the Jesuits' own church, and the men standing uncovered in a place which no good Roman Catholics desecrate by even passing without lifting their hat. The acclamations at the victory were loud during the evening. Monday, the 8th, exhibited a total change in the weather; a slight frost had "ta'en the lift," and the rain came down with such a deluge as is quite unknown in more northern latitudes. It is generally observed that, at this time of the year, rain below becomes snow above; and accordingly we noticed several of the Alps next morning clothed in white. On the 9th, at dawn of day, we pursued our progress towards these gigantic eminences, in the only practicable way, by taking the steamboat to the head of the lake, for there are no roads; and as the weather had now cleared, we passed through a panorama exhibiting the mighty mountains of the four Cantons of Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne,—all deathless to fame by the stirring scenes of "Tell's Country." Every child can lisp, and every man recite with enthusiasm, the story of Tell's exploits; and the various places where these were performed were joyfully pointed out as we passed along the shores of this large lake. On arriving at Fluelen, the town at the end, we heard reports of something like malaria, which induced us, after unshipping the carriage and horses, to drive on to Altdorf, another place at no great distance, and distinguished only by two ancient monuments to William Tell. Here we slept as well as the accommodations of the country would permit—something like what our Highland inns used to be when I first became a traveller. Here, too, is considered to commence the ascent to the mighty St. Gotthard; but this is a mistake, as for several miles beyond this village the road is perfectly flat. On the morning of the 9th we rose before daylight, and with some anxiety as to the weather with which we were to *mount*. For some time the surrounding country was enveloped in mist, and it was quite uncertain how the day might turn out. At last the tips of the highest hills began to appear, irradiated by the sun—then more and more showed their

summits, like a sea studded with islands—then the whole vapour cleared off, and the day gradually became beautiful. At a picturesque village, called Armsteg, the ascent really began, and five horses were then employed; but the scenery was so exquisite, and the road so good, that we all preferred walking occasionally. In a few hours, however, the grass began to assume a brown tinge, and the trees to dwindle down to shrubs. Then the mountain became so steep that the continuance of the passage in the same sweep along the rise became impossible; and then commenced the wonderful work of *zig-zags*, as it is called, taking a long bend to the right, then a long bend to the left, and thus absolutely *creeping up*. I was so desirous to survey this splendid piece of engineering, with the numerous granite bridges across the yawning gulfs and roaring cataracts, that I walked a considerable part of the way. At length the *zig-zags* ended, and the steep part was cut through, when we passed along the gallery, as they call it (or, as we should say, through the tunnel), till we came to a level plain of verdant pasture, at the end of which was a fair hotel, “the Hospice,” where we arrived to a late dinner, and rested for the night. 10th. We had still much to do, and again started very early. As the worst part of the ascent was still to come, we had to take six horses; but the two we got at the hospice, in addition to our own four, were so bad, that we at last stuck for half an hour at the edge of a precipice, till we sent back for an exchange of the worst horses. The wind had now changed, and the rain fell in torrents; the road became steeper, and we rounded by many *zig-zags*, till, at one o’clock, we came to a small lake, surrounded by bare rock, without a single particle of vegetation. Here, at last, was *the summit*, and here is an excellent house of refuge, kept by two monks for the sake of charity. Here also we left the two bad horses, and began to descend toward Italy. The slope on this side is much steeper than on the other—consequently, the *zig-zags* are much more frequent and tortuous. At the uppermost appears on a rock the inscription in large letters, “SUWARROW VICTOR,”—where, in this fearful solitude, that aged General of the Russians, at the commencement of the century, drove the French army from their post. The height has been found by measurement to be 6,808 feet from the level of the sea; and our courier was informed by the two priests of the hospice (whom he found drinking and playing cards with the

people in the kitchen), that the altitude of that place was 5,463; so that, in five hours, and with six horses, we had only risen 1,345 feet. The gully at the summit is called Val Tremola, or Trembling Valley, from its nervous aspect, and from the snowy mountains around. At an elevation of about 10,000 feet spring the sources of the mighty rivers, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Ticino—two of which giants we saw in their very cradles. At this eminence the snow was in many places deep, but still the road itself was clear.* The voiturier now trotted down at such a rapid pace that we were obliged to check him, as at one of the sharp turns the wheel was within an inch of the precipice. The road itself seems perfectly safe; most admirably constructed; and, except at the seasons when the snow accumulates, and avalanches fall, we were told that accidents are at present unknown; but it appeared quite unaccountable that, although granite posts, or pall-stones, are fixed along the whole line, about fifteen feet from each other; and although wood is so plentiful that it is rotting on the ground, few or no *rails* have been formed; so that between the interstices a carriage may easily fall over the tremendous precipices. I have dwelt much too long on this subject, and shall conclude by saying that we got safe down to dinner at Airolo, and proceeded through a romantic country, with overhanging rocks and interesting ruins, to Faido, on the river Ticino, where we slept. On the 11th we drove through the Levantine Valley, along the banks of the river—scenery perfectly captivating, with mulberries, chestnuts, walnuts, mountains pouring with cascades, castles, churches, and convents, to the curious and beautiful walled tower of Belinzona. On the 12th the road went up a mountain commanding a most extensive view, and through a forest of old chestnuts, to Como. 13th was Sunday. 14th. Chiefly devoted to the beauties of this far-famed lake, which we surveyed in a gondola with rowers; and among the numerous villas we particularly attended to the D'Este, which belonged to Queen Caroline, and De Pasta, where we saw that celebrated singer, now retired, and in good health. 15th. Through a country which I have no space to describe, we proceeded to the equally celebrated Lake of Maggiore, where, on the 16th, we spent several hours on the Isola Madre and Isola Bella—two most remarkable islands, with rising terraces, like

* We hear the pass is now deep with snow.

the Tower of Babel, filled with orange, lemon, citron, pomegranate, and myrtle trees; sugar canes and coffee plants; aloes and cactuses; one bay laurel sixty feet high, one camphor tree twenty feet, and many others, all growing in the open air. But I must now stop, by adding that we reached the fine city of Milan, with its magnificent marble cathedral and interesting antiquities, paintings, and palaces, on the evening of the 17th. Here there are so many objects that we cannot leave it in less than a week from arriving. From hence we mean to visit Turin, and the land of the Waldenses and Albigenses. Letters sent ten days before will find us at Genoa, 28th inst.; Cremona, 16th Nov.; and Venice, 29th Nov. We are quite well, and with best wishes to all friends, believe me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. A. EWING.

GENOA, 5th November, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

The last report I made of our progress was from Milan, where we had just arrived on the 19th ultimo. We stopped there till the 28th—much longer than we intended, having been detained at first by the diversity of sights and the beauty of the weather, and then by a thunder-storm, accompanied by rain for three days, which came down in torrents.

Milan, the capital of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and the seat of government for the empire under Napoleon, is a very interesting town, and contains, so far as I could collect, above 45,000 inhabitants. The streets are laid with small pebbles, but with paved ways in the centre; and sometimes pavements (very narrow) at the sides. It is very ancient, having been a colony of the Romans; but all the remains are obliterated, except here and there a pillar, and one entire colonnade. Nothing is more to be deplored, in passing through Italy, so far as I have yet observed, than the attempt to modernize, by splashing up every place with

white plaster. The streets all radiate from the centre to the gates, which are all crowned with beautiful *portas* or triumphal arches of white stone, equally classical in design as elegant in execution. The Boulevards round the city afford a splendid drive of ten to twelve miles, with a number of recesses and seats for the enjoyment of the pedestrian citizens; and the trees on each side furnish a cool shade from the heat of the climate. The females are remarked for their handsomeness;—they wear no bonnets, but appear with as elegant a black veil as their circumstances will permit, fixed to their own hair by an ornament in the centre of the head. There are a most remarkable number of *dwarfs*, both sexes. I never could have conceived such an assemblage of human beings not exceeding three to four feet in height. I heard various causes assigned.

The Austrian Government have numerous garrisons, and a great collection of military, all round and through the city. The establishment must be most expensive, and should seem to a stranger to indicate *fear*. It should not be so, for the few taxes imposed on the people, and the immense sum laid out for their institutions, their comfort, and their charities, might inspire their confidence and conciliate their affections. The emperor has a comfortable, I cannot say, after a full inspection, splendid palace, but it has one dancing hall with 4,000 lights; and adjoining to it is another palace, with a similar *skipping* room, but not so many chandeliers, for his viceroy. This is all very well; but what he has done for the Arts and Paintings is wonderful. The *Palazzo delli scienze e delli arti* (everything is a palace, but it is the Academy of Arts and Sciences) is beyond exception the finest of the kind I have yet seen, containing ten rooms full of the best original pictures, chiefly of the Milanese school, besides a collection of very beautiful statuary. It is an old establishment at Milan, but the emperor has done much to improve it; and to him Milan owes much more than to the French, who preceded, and who had erected an amphitheatre for mock fights, both by sea and land, capable of holding 30,000 spectators. All I have yet said, however, is absolutely nothing compared with the splendid, the magnificent, the almost incomparable cathedral, commenced at an early period of the Christian era, three times destroyed, and rebuilt in 1386. It would be the height of presumption to attempt any description of this stupendous structure of white marble, with about 3,000 statues

of exquisite workmanship on the walls, and towers, and pinnacles on the outside; and the richest, most curious, and most costly decorations in the inside. Many travellers say it even exceeds St. Peter's in Rome; but of that I can *yet* say nothing. The last thing I did, very early in the morning, was to take a parting view of this wonder of the world. Nothing could be more striking than the tall towers of pure white, opposed to a bright blue sky.

Of the numerous churches which I visited, venerable for extreme antiquity, and rich for their superb ornaments, and their gold and silver images and plate, I will say nothing, but deplore the prevailing and almost universal idolatry. Yet let me be just,—the devotion of the people day and night, the sacrifice of their money as well as their time, and the obvious sincerity which many of them show in their lamentable superstition, present a sad contrast to the listless worship of many of us Presbyterians in Scotland. I had no English or French Reformed Church to attend on Sunday—so, after reading at home, I will at once confess I availed myself of the offer of a very excellent seat in the cathedral, where I heard a sermon on the duty of forgiveness. It was a collection for the benefit of poor debtors of the city, whose families paraded in melancholy procession. About four thousand people listened attentively, and contributed their mites. I do not pretend yet to understand Italian; but I could make out enough to satisfy me of the forcible appeal, both from Scripture and moral feeling, in favour of the sufferers in confinement.

I had the pleasure of seeing at the hotel Cardinal Mais, a man who has eminently “the gift of tongues,” and, it is said, understands thirty-two languages. But I must stop with Milan, of which I have much more to say, and of which I *heard* enough, as the bells never ceased, day nor night. It was the *fête de morts*—prayers for the souls of the dead—for which nine days are consecrated, and a skull was placed in the large silver plates! Before I quit the place, I must mention the great number of palaces—splendid residences of all the nobility in Lombardy, who here spend their money. Dinners are never given; it is all evening parties for music and conversation.

From Milan I had made all my preparations for proceeding to Turin, and thence to the “Protestant Valleys,” distinguished for the noble fight for faith and liberty by the Waldenses and Albigenses. This plan I was

reluctantly obliged to postpone, from the lateness of the season, and the snow, which had already covered these Alpine regions. It was therefore resolved to go on to Genoa, and thence to Cremona and Venice. On the 28th (Monday) we accordingly started early, and posted through a flat, fertile, uninteresting country, where we first saw the cultivation of rice on a large scale, for which purpose canals were cut through the fields to inundate them with water. I thought I was in some part of *Holland*. The roads were lined with trees high and thick, so that it was a perfect swamp. We drove to the celebrated Convent of Cirtosa (pronounced *Chirtosa*) or Chartreuse, where we stopped two hours in admiring astonishment at a structure built of all varieties of fine marble, adorned with the most exquisite sculptures, and enriched with every kind of precious stones. It is an establishment for twenty-four Carthusian monks, and of whom there are at present only fifteen. We saw two of them, dressed in coarse white woollen garments, and ropes round their waists—with bare heads, which must be shaved twice every month—and they are allowed to speak only three hours weekly to strangers, or one and a half hours among themselves, during meals, daily. They are not encouraged by the emperor, and they are much disliked by the people (as we are told) for their irregular conduct.

From thence we proceeded to Pavia, renowned for the battle between Charles V. of Germany and Francis I. of France, where we surveyed the ancient university, at which we were informed 1,050 students attended last season. We next went to the cathedral, and saw the bones of Boethius, and the exquisitely finished tomb of St. Augustine; then inspected the curious old brick churches, and the house of Petrarch; and concluded with the extensive castle, once the residence of the Lombard kings. The city still bears the marks of Napoleon's cruelty, who gave up the buildings to demolition, and the inhabitants to massacre. Like St. Andrew's, in Scotland, it exhibits a learned look of gloominess and solitude in its streets. It is still more remarkable for dwarfs than Milan, in proportion to the population, which is ascribed by the citizens to the unhealthy quality of the water. Next morning we crossed the beautiful river Ticino by a wide covered bridge, and proceeded, through swamps of rice fields, to the barrier, where the Austrian territory ends and the Sardinian begins. There we were stopped for what was called a

“piccolo visita” (a trifling search); but, for the first time, it turned out to be rather an annoying detention; and having received an honourable acquittal from the suspicion of smuggling, we drove on, till all at once the waters of the mighty Po burst on our view. It flowed through a flat country, full and slow, with a solemn and majestic movement, and its banks fringed with poplars and willows. We crossed it by a bridge of boats, of which we counted sixty-five, and an interstice of twenty feet between each made 1,240 feet broad. Though then so smooth and placid, the Po had some time shortly before made awful ravages, of which we saw sufficient vestiges. A little distance further on exhibited the first glance of the Apennines, which appeared in the shape of low, swelling mountains, ridged with wood and capped with towers. Added to the charms of scenery, we had now all the associations of antiquity. It was in this country that Hannibal fought the Romans; and we walked some distance to see the “Fontana d’Hannibale,” or Hannibal’s well—still an entire brick arch, covering a most plentiful spring, of which Bonaparte and his troops used to drink; and we were conducted to the spot by one of his soldiers. We then came to the beautiful village of Monte Bello, where, in 1800, General Lannes withstood the desperate attack of the Austrian army till Bonaparte came to his aid, and decided the fate of Italy. Passing many other interesting scenes, we slept at a stupid new plastered town called Novi.

On the 30th we breakfasted almost by break of day, knowing the bad road we had to travel before reaching Genoa; but, to our mortification, His Majesty of Sardinia, who is the grand postmaster, and keeps all the horses, had but seven postillions, and they were all out, so that we had to kick our heels till one of them returned in about two hours. We hurried past a Roman amphitheatre, and a convent of Trappists, on whom an obligation of perpetual silence is imposed, *females* excluded, and came to the great operations now in progress by the King of Sardinia for the improvement of the road, formerly very steep and dangerous, across the Apennine mountains, which we now approached, of great magnitude, with very deep valleys, and with rapid rivers, or rather torrents, pouring through the ravines. Compared with the Mont St. Gotthard, the pass of the Apennines is certainly on a minor scale considerably; but still, to weak nerves, it is far from being comfortable,

often passing high precipices, with little or no protection along the sides of the road, which is now undergoing a great change. I think I am considerably within mark when I say that above 400 workmen are now employed in altering, forming, and metalling it with limestone, which is the only material at hand. Our journey along, or rather through, this mass of new broken stuff was most tedious; and we were twice stopped altogether by carts before us which were completely stuck, and which there was no room to pass, one of which required eight horses and mules to extricate. There is an immense intercourse along this road, from the sea at Genoa and Leghorn, into the interior of Italy, all of which is carried on by carts; and it is not a little remarkable that though horses are used for strength, they are never trusted for *wisdom*; and that the leadership of the string is generally confided to mules, nay, often to *asses*, along the perilous paths. At last, by slow degrees and with four horses, we reached the summit, when we had a Pisgah view of the Mediterranean Sea and of the Vale of Genoa, which fully repaid all our troubles. But we were at a very great altitude, and we had now to descend a mountain which, though not nearly so high, was much steeper than St. Gotthard in proportion, and this object was accomplished by zig-zags still longer in stretch and greater in number. I did not count, but I am pretty sure that large and small, they were more than fifty, before we got to the straight road. At last we reached Genoa, in time to dine before eight o'clock, at the Hotel de Londres (called here Albergo de Londra), a most splendid hotel, built of white marble, once a ducal palace, and where we have enjoyed every comfort, and many more luxuries than I care for, at charges far from being very extravagant. There are about eight hotels of a somewhat similar character, all near each other, and looking to the sea. Nothing interrupts the view but an elegant arcade, on walking to surmount which we have to climb up flights of marble stairs, when we have the ocean before us, except for the vessels which cover a part, and of which there are at present quite a forest of masts belonging to all nations. Every variety of rig appears; but the sizes are small, and there are few ships. There are at present, so far as I could calculate, seven steamboats belonging to, or touching at, the harbour; and lying, as they are obliged to do, a good way out, constant employment is afforded to shoals of small boats.

We have now been here since the 31st, and during that time the weather has been too warm—much more resembling the midst of summer with *us*. The consequence has been two nights of lightning and thunder, of a much more brilliant description than I ever witnessed in Scotland, and followed by two days of wet weather, which is reckoned in this climate quite a phenomenon. Genoa is at present very flourishing, and the population is approaching to 120,000. The trade has been rapidly increasing; and I am only sorry to observe that so small a proportion appears to be enjoyed by the British; some allege from the management of the consular department, which is *certainly* deficient in tact and civility. The city was once called “La Superba,” and many monuments remain of the magnificence of “The Merchant Dukes” who governed the proud republic, and of which the very hotels are standing memorials. The present custom-house, a large and spacious building, was once the bank—and the *earliest* bank ever established in Europe—having been founded with a great capital before the middle of the fourteenth century, and transacted business, both as merchants and bankers, over the then known world. The old hall contains statues of those mercantile potentates, whose names are recorded in history, and whose descendants are still in many cases the high aristocracy of the place. There are a great number of nobility—princes, dukes, and marquises—whose palaces are scattered over the town, but chiefly confined to two streets, which contain almost nothing else. These are, with few exceptions, thrown open to the public, on payment of a small gratuity, and form the great attraction to strangers, as they are not only specimens of ancient baronial architecture, but as the rooms are adorned with the finest and most undoubted works of the great painters who lived in this part of Italy, and which bring such high prices when they can be obtained in England. Into such details, however, I will not attempt to enter in this letter, nor into the statuary and other remains of Roman art which decorate the noble halls. Nor shall I enter much on the subject of the numerous—I might almost say innumerable—churches belonging to the various orders of clergy. In point of gaudiness and glitter, some of them certainly exceed the erections at Milan, but are far inferior in point of taste and interest. The cathedral here is a very curious, but not a very pleasing building, of the Moresque style, with alternate strips of black and white marble—something like the vulgar

gown of a country woman in half-mourning. The Cathedral of Milan is worth all the churches here put together ten times over. The Palais de Justice, or Courts of Law, is a splendid marble structure, and the internal arrangement is worthy, perhaps, of adoption in large cities;—the town is divided into four quarters, and separate Judges preside over each. The streets are very remarkable, there being only two leading ones for carriages, beautifully paved with flags dovetailed into each other,—all the rest are for foot passengers alone; and some of them being steep, they have a path in the middle, of brick tiles planted edgeways, which makes the footing quite firm; and the whole streets are narrow, the houses overlapping at the roof, so that the intense rays of the sun in summer are completely excluded, and comfortable walking in this hot climate is secured. The women are remarkable for their graceful costume, as well as their elegant figure. They wear a loose robe of pure white muslin, thrown over their heads like a veil, and over their shoulders like a nun, spreading in folds, as their taste or inclination may lead, over their persons.

The State belongs to Sardinia; but the absolute power of the king is modified by the Great Council, composed of twenty nobles and twenty merchants, who elect their own members and the magistrates. The king has a very good palace, but inferior in value to the dwellings of some nobles in the same street. He divides his time between Turin and Genoa, devoting the winter half-year to the latter. He arrived this day at four o'clock, and I missed seeing him by being in one of the palaces at the time. I did not regret it, as he is one of the most bigoted adherents of the Pope, and a fierce foe to education and all improvement. The streets were crowded with clergy and monks waiting his arrival. There have never been almost any Protestants here. On inquiry, I am told there are at present a few English, and still fewer Germans, perhaps in all under five hundred. I attended the English Church last Sabbath in a respectable room. The minister is a Scotchman of the name of Irving; and I can say little more for him. He has £100 a year from our Government, I am told, and about as much more from collections. There were a good many travellers present, among whom we were delighted to find our friends Mr. Thomas Erskine and Mrs. Charles Stirling, his sister. They have since been much with us, but have to-day left for Rome.

We have been advised, and after due consideration of the lateness of the season, we have agreed, to change our plans as to Cremona and Venice at present, and to proceed to Florence, and thence to Rome. We accordingly leave this on Monday, the 11th (D. V.), for Florence, where our stay *may* be about three weeks, and in Rome it may be in the *first* instance four weeks. All letters, therefore, may *now* be directed to *Rome*, and we will write to the postmasters at Cremona and Venice to forward any letters for these places to us at Florence. I am now tired of this place, and would have been off, but yield to authority, in stopping a few days longer. The weather is now quite CHARMING. With best wishes to all friends,

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J.A. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

FLORENCE, 27th November, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

My last letter was written from Genoa on the 6th instant. I then mentioned that we had been induced to alter our projected route for Cremona and Venice, and to proceed for Pisa, Florence, and Rome. We remained at Genoa till the 12th, during which time I purchased a mosaic painting, some china pieces of the fourteenth century, and an ancient cabinet, with the armorial bearings of the celebrated Admiral Doria, which had some years ago been sold with the furniture of the splendid palace presented to him by the republic in 1528. I wrote Messrs. Henderson as to the shipment of these articles, and requested them to send you a copy of my letter. We at last left Genoa on the morning of the 12th; and when we looked back from Lord Byron's Villa, on an eminence about two miles out of the city, and saw, on the one hand, the wide amphitheatre of hills clothed with evergreens, and studded with white convents, churches, and palaces; and, on the other, the fortifications, harbours, and light-houses, with the boundless prospect of the Mediterranean, and the picturesque shapes of foreign sails gliding

along its surface, it was a panorama fit for the pencil of Claude Lorraine. The sky was without a cloud, after a thunder-storm on the day before, which raged with awful violence at Florence, and to the effects of which I shall afterwards allude.

We proceeded along the shore of the Mediterranean for a long way, with bold rocks and charming bays on the one side, and ancient Roman villages on the other, in the midst of orange and lemon trees bending with fruit, which requires two years to ripen; so that on the same branches you see the green and the yellow, and on others you observe the flowers,—thus exhibiting on one stem every stage of vegetation. But what strikes the eye most of a stranger from the North, when travelling along the enchanting Riviera di Lovagno, or “Coast of the Levant,” is the luxuriant variety of plants growing everywhere naturally, but which in less favoured climes are only to be found in hot-houses. The *Cactus Opuntia*, the prickly pear—the *Phoenix Dactylifera*, the noble palm of the East—and the *Agave Americana*, the American aloe,—all flourish in splendid profusion even on the arid sands of the sea-shore. Only think of the aloe, in particular, springing out of the rift of a rock, and “born to blush unseen,” yet rising to the height of twenty feet, with the finest array of flowers; and then on the higher grounds, besides chestnuts and walnuts, the stone pines spread in every fantastic form; while the arbutus and the myrtle, even on the mountains, mingle with a variety of heaths from four to six feet in height. In short, the scenery along the coast appeared to me quite oriental, the sight delighted by beauty and the smell with fragrance.

But we had now to leave the shore, and again to climb the Apennines, which project into the sea along an immense stretch. It was one of the mighty contemplations in the mind of Napoleon to construct a level line all along the Mediterranean; and he had commenced the magnificent undertaking, which will never *now* be completed. The ascent we had to make on the first day was not very great—at no time above 1,000 feet—and the occasional bursts of view from the eminences, combining rocks, pines, and convents in the foreground, and the blue tints of the sea melting into air in the distance, were very gratifying. We reached Chiavari, the capital of the province, after a long day’s journey; and fortunately for us dinner had been prepared for another party who did not arrive, so that we were enabled to dine immediately, about 7 o’clock,

with sufficient appetites. This place is most beautifully situated in a small sheltered bay, and is much resorted to by English and others for summer bathing. But it was not a little tantalizing that we merely descended into this marine retreat for the purpose of quitting it very early next morning, and remounting the Apennines to a height, and along a road, which once more reminded us of Mont St. Gotthard. It took us, even with the aid of an additional horse, six hours to reach the summit. A long way up we amused ourselves with pulling twigs of myrtle, some with white flowers and others with black berries; while the splendid variety of elegant heaths was quite a novelty; and the red fruit of the arbutus, which sometimes grew almost in forests, formed a very pleasing variety. As we approached the top of the pass, however, the charm was dissolved,—all was nakedness, barrenness, and desolation—no vegetation, but here and there a patch of *Scotch* heather. We conjectured the altitude to be about 4,000 feet; and from this point I took a sketch of the numberless mountains which stretched their heads to the north; while the view of the ocean to the south, with the sun painting on its face every diversity of colour, and mixing with the sky in the imperceptible horizon, was quite new to my observation. Not very far from the summit was a steep eminence of 600 or 700 feet, crowned with a chapel. I thought only goats could have reached it, but I was told that a Monk performs mass in it once every week during the whole year. And here I may just notice by the way, that, of the innumerable monasteries and convents in Italy, by far the greatest part are perched on the tops of hillocks, and many on the very verge of precipices,—all with churches and towers attached, and generally with vineyards and olive trees around, which forms so pleasing a feature in the composition of an Italian landscape.

But I am yet on the summit of the Apennines,—so I shall descend as fast as I can. These passes *were* very dangerous, not so much from the state of the roads—for, though unprotected by parapets, they are pretty safe—as from the number of desperadoes who at one time infested them; in consequence of which there is still a regular establishment kept up by the king, called *Reale Caribiniere*, or Royal Carabineers—an armed rural police, well mounted, who parade along the line, but whose number is now much reduced from the diminution—I might say

disappearance—of all risk. Like all the mountain roads in Switzerland and Italy, those of the Apennines are admirably engineered; but the zig-zags are so uncomfortable that the passage is extremely tedious. I will not stop to remark anything in our descent but the splendid appearance of the glow-worms, as we approached the low ground;—they welcomed our way by lighting us with their faint but fine lanterns. I never saw them before but once, in South Wales, and I hailed their re-advent with peculiar pleasure. There is another insect in this country still more luminous—the fire-fly; but its appearance is confined to the heat of summer. To think, however, of the glow-worm, which is rare in England even during the warmth of the solstice, being seen here in winter, is a tolerable proof of the difference of climate; but I may here notice another and very tantalizing evidence,—the number of musquitoes which began to plague us during the night ever after we left Genoa, and which did not cease till we arrived at Florence. All the beds, in consequence, have a thin muslin netting close round; but even this seldom proves a sufficient protection; for these animals, having a strong liking for female blood, on account, it is presumed, of its superior sweetness, first blistered the brows of Mrs. Ewing, and then attacked the pretty face of her maid so unmercifully that she was in the horrors. But I am again deviating,—so I must conclude this day's procedure with merely adding that we got to Spezzia in time to dine at half-past 7 o'clock.

We were thus once more down at the sea, and at a very interesting place, both from its Roman origin and from its historical connection with Lord Byron, who lived long in its neighbourhood, and who had lost his intimate friend, Shelley, the poet, drowned by the oversetting of a boat, from not having an Italian sailor with him acquainted with the squally winds of the country. In the whole world there is not an enclosure of the sea more remarkable for its safety, its extent, and its beauty, than the Gulf of Spezzia. It was here where Napoleon, rejoicing in his strength, intended to concentrate the naval power of France; and he had actually begun to expend twenty millions of francs in its fortifications, five millions in laying the foundations of a new city, and one million in preparation for the docks. We hired a boat, and sailed along the whole shore, for the purpose of surveying these and many other objects on this charming coast. We then proceeded to a most remarkable place, called the Porto

Venere, from its having been the site of the Temple of Venus. It is a fine black marble rock, standing out in a jutting promontory, fortified by the Genoese nearly 800 years ago; with the ruins of a curious church, and one narrow street rising abruptly, about twelve feet wide, and houses, down to the sea, of six or seven storeys, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, isolated from the whole world, and speaking a different language from all the vicinity. Very near to this place is a small island, called Palmaria, with only one house upon it, in which dwelt for six years the consul at Genoa, whom I have had occasion to mention, before his appointment, during which time he lived a perfect hermit, and which may account for his present *cultivated* manner. We intended to sail over to the other side of the gulf, and visit Lord Byron's former residence, where he composed much of his poetry; but we heard that the river Magra, which had swollen so much that many parties were detained, was now passable, and we were anxious not to lose the opportunity of getting across. We therefore returned to Spezzia, and set out with all expedition. On reaching the river we found that it had overspread miles of country, and that, though much abated, it was still bad enough; but what with a boat, what with horses, and what with men's backs, we all got safe to the other side, and dined in the evening at Savanza, the capital of Levante, and distinguished for its antiquity, its cathedral, its castle, and its fortifications. The dress of the females is very ridiculous—a fantastic short gown, and on the top of the head a liliputian straw hat with ribbons, about four inches in diameter, like a doll's ornament.

Early next morning, the 15th, we posted for the celebrated marble quarries of Carrara, which on many accounts I was anxious to inspect. The road was very beautiful—rich with vines, figs, and olives, and picturesque with villages on the summits of little hills. Carrara is a small principality, with scarcely one furlong of level ground—all ups and downs; and the city (for the petty town has a cathedral, and a very curious one it is, with a large font for the holy water, blessed *once a year*) stands on a narrow vale in the midst of five mountains. Its whole occupation is in marble; and its whole houses are devoted to preparation for its statues and ornaments. There are about forty to fifty studios, as they are called, or shops for sculptors from many quarters, some from England, but chiefly belonging to Italy.

A few of these we visited, and some of the work we admired; but they were chiefly on order, and the prices we thought higher than in the sale market. We then resolved to inspect the quarries themselves—rather an expensive business, for we had not only to pay five francs for the guide, and five for a wretched car, but also fare for our four post horses during the time of detention, nearly three hours. The car we found altogether useless, or rather an incumbrance, so we went on foot. The way was at the first pretty easy, along a mountain stream of powerful rapidity, which drives the machinery for sawing and polishing the slabs. We next came to the rude village, which accommodates the miners and mechanics, with their families. Then we began the steep ascent to the quarries, and an arduous affair it was, the path being filled with the debris; and we had to step from one rough block to another all the way from where the cart road terminated. We at last came high up to a sort of basin or punch-bowl, formed by the encircling bases of five black mountains, without a particle of vegetation—all calcareous or lime rocks—in which the strata or veins of the precious marble are found, blasted with powder, and hurled to the bottom for the purpose of being carried away. Two or three shots were fired when we were there, and the reverberating echo was fearfully grand amidst the silent majesty of the mountains. There are forty-two working quarries, besides many abandoned and in progress of trial; but there are only eight which furnish the statuary marble. The price is therefore enormously high,—1 louis per *palma*, or span of the hand, which is a heavy drawback to this great and rising art; but in the adjoining country of Picha Santa, new quarries are opening at Monte Mare, and if the quality turn out good (as *yet* it is hard and veined), it will be a valuable discovery for Europe; but even with all chances, 300,000 francs are at present asked by the proprietor for the privilege of working. Mr. M'Bean, the Consul at Leghorn, told me he had made the contract at Carrara for the block to form the statue at the Edinburgh Scott Monument: he said it was very dear, but he did not seem disposed to name the sum. The number of hands at present employed at Carrara, is 2,400,—and it will increase with the demand. There are several proprietors of the quarries, some of whom have splendid residences in the vicinity. I have dwelt long on this interesting subject, which is so little known (at least, so far as I have heard) in Britain. The

day was hot, and I felt considerably fatigued when I returned from the Carrara quarries. Mrs. Ewing stood the fatigue better.

We then drove on through a flat country, wooded by olive trees, some of them two feet in diameter, and we passed the magnificent ruins of the castle of Montpasco, to a town called Pietra Santa, where we dined, and stopped for the night. It is an outskirt of the Tuscan States; so we had to pass muster as to search, but it was done with polite facility. Pietra Santa is a perfect picture of the old Italian towns, and of which so few vestiges now remain. It is enclosed with high walls, and stands as if it had been kept in a box for inspection—the same as it was during the wars of the Guelphs and Gibbelines. It is built in the exact form of a Greek cross. In the central part is an assemblage of the most interesting ecclesiastical structures (churches and convents), composed of marble—and the *campanile*, or bell-tower (corresponding with our spires or towers, but in Italy generally standing *detached* from the church itself), is built of small bricks, like Roman work.

Leaving this gem of antiquity, we proceeded on the 16th for Pisa, and soon entered a *new* independent territory, the Duchy, or, rather, as it should be called, the Principality of Massa; for the sovereign is styled Prince, though his territory is not equal to many a single estate in England. His palace is a plain building, but its accompaniments are exquisite,—a romantic castle in ruins, extending along the brow of a bold rocky ridge; a sweet stream flowing below; old vines trained along trellises; and oranges, and lemons, and pomegranates, gaily sparkling among the green foliage. During the French sway, Bonaparte gave this dominion, along with Carrara, Lucca, and Tuscany, to his sister, the Princess Elise, who selected Massa for her residence; and to enlarge the grounds in front, ordered the splendid old cathedral to be pulled down. In a few weeks the fatal command was obeyed, and orange trees now occupy the site. But the vandal appetite of this wretched woman was not yet satiated;—she removed to Lucca, and finding *there* also a religious remembrance in front of the palace, she swept away the marble church of the Madonna, which had long been admired for its Doric architecture; and now nothing remains but a desolate space.

Pursuing the route to Pisa, the road first passed through a thick forest of old olive trees and vines, and then once more a ridge of the Apennines

interposed; when, entering *another* sovereignty, the Duchy of Lucca, we were commanded to pay tribute to this Cæsar, and also to clap *five* horses to the carriage; for these petty kings are themselves the owners of all the posting establishments, and thus bring as much grist as they can to their own mill. Ascending and descending the gentle eminences along which we now travelled in rapid succession—turning and winding at every short distance—first enclosed in the bosom of rocks, from which there appeared no retreat, then expanding over swelling hills, wooded to the tops, covered with houses, and interspersed with ruins,—then stretching to the wide plains of Lucca and Pisa, with the sea in the far distance, I feel myself altogether unable to do justice to the description of such fairy land. But I cannot omit the mere mention of the magnificent ruins of the castle of Montignoso, proudly placed on a majestic rock, and once well known in the records of chivalry and romance as the Castello d'Aghinolfè, and perhaps the prototype of Mrs. Rattliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, which in my young days made every pulse to quiver. We again descended into a wide flat plain, bounded on each side by mountains, with a fine river running smoothly along, and cultivated with assiduous industry, when we entered into a *new* independent state, the Duchy of Tuscany (*three kingdoms in one day*), and passed through the richest country for production, but the poorest for picturesque, till we arrived at Pisa. The ground is so flat that we did not see the famous cathedral, and the still more famous "falling," or rather *leaning* Tower, till we were just upon them, and with our five horses, which we were still compelled to take, we hurried quickly past to Peverado's Hotel. The name of this man, who unites the professions of banker and publican, is so well known over the Continent, and his hotel in such high estimation, that we could scarcely have obtained admission but for the previous acquaintance of our friend and companion, Mr. John Ewing, who had spent a season in this neighbourhood, and knew the first families. The windows of the house were just over the Arno, and here we first saw the river so famed in classic song; but I never was more disappointed in poetic anticipation. At all times, in this neighbourhood, it flows over a muddy clay bed, and the water of course participates in the same colour; but at this period it was much swollen by the floods from Florence, and it actually looked worse than the Clyde in a *spate*. It considerably resembles that river at Glasgow, being much

of the same breadth, and enclosed with stone walls. Along the Arno, and looking to the south, is the street so much prized for invalids, the warmest and most sheltered in Italy, and of course the dearest in point of rent for lodgings, or of charges for hotels. This year the resort of English families is uncommonly great, and every house in the *Lung Arno* (as the street, or rather row, is called, which means "along the Arno"), is already taken, partly for gaiety, but chiefly for health. Here also are the residences of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who is the sovereign, and of many of the nobility. Here also poor Byron shifted his quarters, and—a sad conjunction!—here, likewise, or rather near it, is the English Chapel, which was quite crowded with fashion, and where the new clergyman preached most fearlessly against the follies of Protestants and the errors of Roman Catholics. His name is Woodcock: he is a very pleasant man, and his wife, who is an excellent economist, says that, as to the price of provisions, she finds a *crown* here goes as far as a *pound* in England; as to which I shall be able to judge, having been at the trouble of ascertaining the rates of all articles in the public market, which is one of the best I ever saw. After the forenoon service Mr. Woodcock dilated on the propriety and duty of what is now creating a dispute among Episcopalians—the *Offertory*; and then two English gentlemen, one of whom is heir to a Peerage, went through the congregation with silver plates, while the minister read texts of Scripture as to charity and benevolence; and as a great many strangers were present on their way to Rome, a large sum was collected.

Pisa is one of the most ancient towns in Italy. Mrs. Hamilton Gray, in her book on the *Etruscan Remains* pronounces it to be prior to the Roman Empire; but all my searches for such remote antiquity were unsuccessful; nor can even the works of the Romans themselves be discovered, except in the collections, or in the walls of the cathedral, which was commenced, as an inscription tells us, in 1064. It was in vain, also, that I looked for the *Sorre del fame*, or Tower of Famine, where the Italian poet Dante has immortalized the sufferings of Count Ugolino, so graphically painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds—

The "cell of hunger" call'd, from my sad fate,
And where some other yet is doom'd to dwell.

That celebrated dungeon of torture is now gone, and I was indebted to the politeness of a Pisan gentleman on the street for letting me know where it once stood. But there still remain at Pisa, in the most perfect preservation, three of the most interesting monuments of the middle ages—the *cathedral*, with its wonderfully worked bronze doors, its splendid Parian marble columns, its gigantic figures of rich mosaic, its life-like statues and frescoes, its rich altars, its valuable paintings, and its stained-glass windows of unrivalled brilliancy;—the *campanile*, or bell-tower of the cathedral, commonly called the *leaning tower*, but which should be styled the *twisted*; for the fact is, that the foundation having at first taken what we call in Scotland a *sit*, it then became quite firm, and the architects endeavoured to rectify the superstructure by a slight corresponding curvature;—and the *Campo Santo*, or holy field, founded as a cemetery for an archbishop in 1188, when he returned from the Holy Land, and brought with him fifty vessels laden with the sanctified soil; with the delicate tracery of which structure no cloisters in the world can compare; and which is filled with a collection of Greek, Roman, and Mediæval remains, which it would take a week to examine and a year to illustrate; but I was disgusted with the narrow-minded prohibition to make use either of a pen or a pencil during the survey. I had almost forgotten the *Baptistery*, cotemporary with, and in the near vicinity of, the cathedral—a circular structure of very curious Gothic, of the most elegant fabric; and the font, which was for ages used as a pool for *immersion* of the infants, of large capacity, and the marble ornamented outside and inside with all kinds of precious stones. But I have neither time nor space to dwell longer on Pisa, where we stopped above four days. One of these we devoted to Leghorn, and went down by the railway, a distance of about twelve miles, and paid only 1s. 3d. (in our money) each for most comfortable coaches. The road from Pisa is a melancholy object—one continued swamp, or rather I should say, from previous rains, *lake*; and for several days the railway was stopped altogether by inundation. I was delighted with Leghorn,—not for its buildings, for they are poor; not for its streets, for they are dirty; but for the busy, active, commercial appearance to which I have for a good while now been a stranger. I inquired as to the population, which I was told is rapidly increasing, and now exceeds 80,000:—by the way, I also

ascertained that Pisa is now above 23,000. Mr. M'Bean, the Consul, is an old acquaintance of Mr. John Ewing, and I accompanied him in calling, as I wanted his assistance as to some marble statues which he promised. He mentioned that the regular trade to Scotland was six or eight vessels for Leith, and with few transient. The most agreeable thing was the inspection of the harbours, which, as the day was delightful, we made in a nice boat. The quays are excellent, and some of them with fortifications of the days of the Republic. But to me by far the most charming part was the extensive prospects which the clearness of the weather opened up in the Mediterranean; and for the first time I had as distinct a view as the distances would permit of the Islands of Gorgona, Elba, and Corsica. We then drove to the English burying-ground—a place hallowed by many names, some of which I knew, and others I respected. I took slight sketches of the tombs of Smollett and Horner, and I remarked the place for Miss Campbell of Stonefield. There is no Protestant interment allowed at Pisa, where so many English consumptive patients breathe their last; so their remains are all transferred to Leghorn. The monuments are all of white marble, some in fine taste; and the numerous evergreens of all kinds interspersed give a new feature to the Pere-la-Chaise. The place is now full, so that a new one has been opened in a much less appropriate situation.

In Leghorn we were as much teased with beggars as in most parts of Italy, and almost as much as you *now* are in Glasgow. I expressed my surprise in a bookseller's shop where I was making a purchase; and he told me that the impolicy of public mendicity is so much felt that measures are now in progress for properly remedying the evil. I have more to say of Leghorn, but I must close with it here.

Of Pisa, to which we returned, I should add that we particularly inspected the university, which last year had 651 students, and no less than forty-seven professors, two or three of whom we heard lecturing to rather small classes; but the success of the college is rather on the increase, not only from the number of young priests, but from education having become a sort of fashion among the nobility. I will just give a sketch of the juvenile life of the Italian nobility, as *reported to me*, but I am sure it cannot apply to *all*, viz.—six years with an indulgent nurse; six years with a *parocci* (a cant word for “a sort of” priest), who will not be *too* attentive

to duty; then the young sprig gets a horse, and is allowed to become his own master; and lastly, he attends, or as the Oxonians say, eats his terms at the university, after which he gets an honorary degree, and comes out—a noble-man. This is no doubt a little caricatured; but one of the inaugural lectures in Latin was sent to Mr. John Ewing, by his friend the professor, which gave me no very high idea of the academical tuition. But I *must* cut short with Pisa also; so, on the afternoon of the 20th, we posted, with *only* four horses, to Lucca.

Nothing can be richer than the country along the road; as a proof of which it is stated that one acre of this land actually supports 470 individuals. The cultivation is all carried on by spade, with a very long shaft, resembling the old Scotch *slaughter-spade*; and the peasantry are cheerful, contented, and happy. The fronts of the houses were all covered with the maize, or Guinea corn, strung up to dry. Approaching Lucca, the villas are numerous, and the ruins of three old castles on the rising grounds give an interest of another character,—one of which, Ripafraths, is magnificent. Lucca is a very curious old place, of Roman construction, but of which no vestiges remain, except an immense oval amphitheatre, only discoverable at the backs of houses, which I had difficulty in tracing. It is the capital of the Duchy; and we were honoured with a written permission to inspect the palace, which has perhaps the finest marble entrance in Europe, and a few very *good enough* rooms, in one of which is a vase of Sevres China, presented by Bonaparte to his sister, the *Sel-kirk* lady, which cost 27,000 crowns, and a table of mosaic, which the Duke of Lucca bought at Florence for 5,000 louis. His pictures—of which there was an excellent collection—are all *gone* but one Guido, and another of less note: they were sold in London to pay the debts he had contracted while in that city. He is a well-intentioned and liberal-minded man—a Protestant at heart, but weak and fluctuating. Mr. Roberts, the English clergyman here (Florence), mentioned that the duke, who was often with him, is a good scholar, and had commenced a translation of the New Testament into beautiful Italian, which he was in the habit of showing to him (Mr. Roberts), when all at once he would start up and exclaim—“I must now go to the house of Rimmon,” when he would rush to the gaming-table.

Lucca is crammed with churches, some of which are very interesting for antiquity, and others—the cathedral in particular—splendid for ornaments,

and valuable for paintings. All these we minutely inspected; but I have *bored* you too much with such subjects, so I shall quit this ancient high-walled town, with its narrow flagged streets, at every step of which one must guard against being driven over by a cart or a carriage. We remained in it till we got leave to *quit* it, which took nearly an hour, and it took us also some time to get leave to *enter* it—so absurd are the fiscal regulations of these petty States, and all in a period of profound peace; but we had to *pay* in proportion.

At mid-day of the 22d we set out again with our four horses, and finding we could not possibly reach Florence, we resolved to stop at the old Etruscan city of Pistoia. We accordingly proceeded through one continued avenue of poplars, twisted round with old vines, for six miles or rather more, when the sovereignty of Lucca ended, and the dominion of Tuscany re-commenced; and here began a very unexpected adventure. On leaving Lucca we paid for a toll-ticket, which was to last for two hours, at the end of which we were to pay again. At the *barriere* (or toll-bar) of Tuscany, the *Doganiere*, or officer, was both the collector of tolls for the road and of taxes for the Government. He demanded the toll for the *road*, which our courier refused, as the two hours had not expired, when a contest arose, and the courier got into a foolish rage, and threatened to represent the *Doganiere's* conduct to his superiors. The *Doganiere* became equally irritated, and in revenge exercised his powers as collector for the public *taxes*, brought out a soldier, and ordered our whole luggage to be searched with the strictest severity. It was now too late to offer him the small *douceur* which, as I formerly mentioned, every prudent traveller pays as the price of peace. We were formally arrested, every package was opened, and the whole road was covered with the contents. Conscious of innocence, I only felt my pride a little hurt and my patience a little ruffled; but the faces of our females began to betray some amusing anxiety. Mrs. Ewing had bought some velvet at Genoa for scarfs during the cold weather, and her maid had received a small bit as a present; and though *cut up* to be sewed at Rome, so that they could not possibly be sold to defraud the revenue, they were seized with a sardonic smile, and the *bola* or lead stamp was affixed to the small package. But this was not all. Mrs. Ewing had also purchased at Pisa some pretty alabaster representations of the cathedral, &c., and the rough hands of the

Doganieri were instantly applied to the boxes, which were opened, when the hard-hearted gentry in the office could not suppress their admiration; but although Pisa belongs to the Tuscan Government, within which we now were, and which was bound to encourage its own productions, yet merely because *we passed through* Lucca, the *bola* was also attached to these boxes. The representative of His Tuscan Majesty had now glutted his vindictive feelings, at our cost, against our poor courier, who was weighed down with vexation; but all we did was to give him this lesson (a very useful one in the world), “never to indulge *temper* at the expense of *comfort*.” The duties at Florence came to an absolute trifle, when the articles were re-delivered; but we were detained more than an hour on the high road, which threw us into the dark in passing a beautiful part of the country which I was anxious to see. I may just add that, as an instance of *impartiality*, a Russian princess with whom we met at Milan was allowed to pass without *any* examination. We at last got to Pistoia late, for as good a dinner as a country inn could produce, about eight o'clock; and next morning, on the 22d, we rose early, for the purpose of viewing the city (for *it* also has a cathedral), and arriving in good time at Florence.

Pistoia is a place of deep interest to the lover of antiquity. Like other cities to which I have alluded, it is surmounted with walls; but here they are much more high, and the ramparts much more formidable. It is a finely preserved specimen of the early Italian period, historical, literary, and artistic—old without decay, and tranquil without dulness. It is here where *pistols* were first manufactured, and whence they derive their name; but we in vain attempted to trace these implements *now*—the very word *pistola* appeared to be lost; but a much more useful branch of iron work has been substituted, and the *filiara di ferro*, or production of iron wire and bars, belonging to the Government, is the first in Northern Italy. I shall again abstain from any description of the numerous and ancient churches; but I cannot refrain from simply mentioning the celebrated silver altar in the cathedral, with pictorial illustrations of Scripture history, which took a century to finish. There are two other remarkable structures—an ancient hospital, bearing the date of 1277, with a unique, and I may safely say unequalled, frieze of coloured porcelain, representing in the most brilliant colours, and with wonderful art, the seven works of mercy; and the great municipal institutions, called the

Palazzo del Communita and the *Palazzo Pretoria*. The first of these is for the accommodation of the civic authorities, whose halls and robes I was politely permitted to inspect, who still maintain all the dignity of official pomp and procession, and whose chief magistrate still retains the ancient appellation of *Gonfaloniere*, or Bannerman, and has been elected annually from 1329 to the present year; the latter (*Pretoria*) for the administration of justice, a noble hall of the olden time, ornamented with ancient cressets and the arms of the prætors, and with the following verses over the seat of judgment:—

“Hic locus odit, armat, punit, conservat, honorat,
Nequitiam, leges, crimina, jura, probos.”

Now, I perfectly remember this couplet, word for word, except “domus” for “locus,” on the front of the old Jail at the Cross of Glasgow. It is quoted by M^rUre in his history of the city, and has been equally marked for its quaintness and admired for its sententiousness; but never till now was I aware that it was a plagiarism, much less that it was stolen from *Italy*; and the question is, Who in Glasgow could be the literary or municipal thief? Perhaps Mr. John Strang, who combines the qualities of traveller, antiquarian, and chamberlain, may be able from research to solve the mystery.

Having satisfied our curiosity with Pistoia (and we were partly indebted to the civility of a bare-headed, bare-footed, but most gentlemanly monk), we drove on for Florence; and having to change horses at Prato, I was so much struck with this veteran but pleasing *borgo* that I could not help stopping to examine its little treasures. And the first was, as usual, the *Duomo*, which does not always, though it generally does, mean cathedral, but the chief, the ascendant, the *dominant* church; and hence, even at Zurich, the head-quarters of Presbyterianism in Switzerland, they do not hesitate to call the *Gros Munster*, where Ziviggli officiated, the *Dom-kirche*. This is rather a long parenthesis. In the Italian Gothic of this church there are some very rare details; but I will only allude to the splendid silver altar within, and to the celebrated circular marble pulpit without, for addressing the multitude, where the sacred girdle of the Virgin is on some high occasions exhibited to their gaze.

There are two other distinguished churches, and a campanile, surpassed

by few in Italy, besides a palazzo pretoria, for justice, of characteristic Gothic—once the residence of the Guelphs, with which our Royal family is connected. Pursuing our journey, and passing over Campi, another curious but small burgh, with a town-hall emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the magistrates, we were now approaching the far-famed city of Florence. The hills on the one side of the road, which had been high and wooded, now became low and barren; but far as the eye could reach they were studded with white houses encircled with gardens; then appeared an eminence crowned with churches and convents, which was the town of Fiesoli, the ancient part of Firenze, as it is called here by the people, and Florence, as it was styled by the French and adopted by the English; then, proceeding along the dead flat of the Val d'Arno, which was unfortunately still groaning under the water, up rose to the eye the dome of the cathedral, the campanile, and the spires; then came crowds of common carts and gentlemen's carriages, which were only able to go on at a walking pace; and lastly, we entered the city, with its high unadorned houses and narrow dirty streets—nothing to please the eye or gratify the smell. On we drove past gloomy, turreted, castle-looking buildings, which we were told were palaces, but which, in my simplicity, I should have designated prisons, till at last we stopped at one of the largest, formerly the Palazzo Ferari, now the fashionable Hotel d'Europe. Very curiously, an old acquaintance, Mr. M'Kirrell, who married a sister of Mrs. M'Hussey, was passing at the moment, and he told us there would be no chance of getting accommodation, as every nook in Florence was crammed; but we succeeded in getting elegant apartments, at what rate it will be prudent to keep a *calm sough*. Never was Florence so full, and sorry I am to add (though for a short time a partner myself), the crowd is *English*. Every third lady or gentleman—I might almost say every second—is *English*. Walking is quite unfashionable: and, indeed, from the state of the streets, neither pleasant nor safe; and I am pretty sure that four-fifths of the carriages, several with coronets, and many very splendid, are *English*. Even the signs on the shops are very frequently *English*.

At the *English* Church, where we heard a most evangelical sermon, and a most unsparing attack on fashionable frivolity (and in the afternoon the sermon was little inferior), I think there must have been considerably above 200 carriages; and on Monday evening, when a party was given

by a countess, I only calculated from the disturbance of sleep till toward three o'clock in the morning that the number of all kinds of carriages must have been greatly more than five hundred. Amidst all this gaiety, the contrast of the situation of the tradesmen and labourers, from the effects of the floods, is most melancholy. On the 3d November the inundation rose to its height, from the swell of the Arno, and laid a great part of the town under water. The marks on the walls are still quite fresh, rising from five to eight and ten feet, and of course deluging not only the shops but the cellars below, which contained the goods. The destruction and loss have consequently been immense, of which I have heard several painful details. A subscription has been raised, to which I rejoice to observe many of the English have contributed liberally, and the list yesterday in all amounted to within a fraction of 200,000 *lira* (equal to 3d. each of our money), exclusive of the Grand Duke's donation, of which I have heard *different* accounts. The loss of lives, cattle, and corn, in the country along the banks of the river, has also been considerable. A course of religious observances has been ordered by the church and the Government, for forty days, to deplore the sins which produced this calamity; but I was surprised to see by the advertisement on the walls that it was not to commence till Thursday last, the 24th—three weeks after the disaster.

Till we came near Florence, the weather was so clear and warm at Pisa, I am sure the thermometer must have stood at 75°; now it is totally changed, drizzly, rainy, and *very* cold, with snow on the adjacent hills, and we are obliged to have flannels, furs, blankets, and fires. Call it who may "Firenze Labella" (Florence the fine), I for one cannot *yet* join in the compliment. It has certainly peculiar attractions for the *arts*; and its galleries of paintings and statuary, free to the whole world, throw Great Britain far into the shade. To the amateur they are delightful; to the connoisseur, ecstatic; to the scholar, inestimable. The ecclesiastical edifices are also good—some of them fine—the duomo, baptistery, and campanile admirable. But for personal comfort or pleasure, except for the vortex of gaiety, into which we have not yet whirled, I cannot yet like Florence. Perhaps the weather and the streets have made me anything but *Florentine*; but three weeks at the most will be *quant. suf.* for the fine arts. Mr. John Ewing, my friend, is of a very different mind, from

his general acquaintance here. He tells me that he has just heard of his Warwickshire friend, Mr. Berty Mathews, with £10,000 a year, being killed at Rome while hunting—his two sisters left penniless. *Report* here says the Pope is very ill; he is now seventy-nine. He has been often *kilt*. Believe me to remain, with sincere regard,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JA. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

ROME, 9th January, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

I have already mentioned in a private letter my incessant occupations here, and the consequent difficulty of sitting down to continue the report of our progress. My last journal was dated from Florence, after having been there six days; and we remained above a fortnight longer, so as to form our own judgment on the high reputation it has attained. Mr. Rogers, in his pretty poem on Italy, says that

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence.”

But in such extravagant eulogy we felt ourselves altogether unable to join. The country around is indeed enchanting. Of the few favourable days we enjoyed, we snatched two or three to make excursions into the environs; and on one of these we ascended the hill of Fiesoli, standing high above the city, crowned with a little convent, and surrounded with the remains of an Etruscan town, antecedent to the Roman commonwealth. From this eminence we looked down on Florence, with its dome, its towers, and its spires; surrounded with villas, castles, and palaces; embowered amidst vines, olives, mulberries, and orange trees; the vale of the Arno spreading far beyond, and the whole view terminated by the forests of Valambrosa, the pine-clad Apennines, and the snowy maritime Alps. When to the charms of nature, on a bright sunny day, were added the interests of

association with the eventful periods of history which had passed within that scene; when the strongholds and palaces of the Medicis recalled the struggles for liberty, the pursuits of commerce, and the encouragement of the arts; and when the tower of Galileo—where he often conversed with Milton—together with other scientific structures, brought to mind the revival of letters, the discoveries of astronomy, and all that was valuable, except recovery from superstition—there was a still finer halo thrown around the prospect of a country where, as well described by Byron,

“ Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.”

In returning from this excursion I passed the sweet villa of Madame Catalani; and having in early days met at dinner with that splendid singer, I could not resist making inquiries for her health, when I was gratified to find that she was perfectly well, spending the evening of life in elegant retirement, enlivened by occasional intercourse with society in the city. Her husband is still alive, but her son takes the management of her property.

So much for the *vicinity* of Florence; and if I cannot at all respond to the compliments which have been lavished on the *town*, it may perhaps be partly owing to the miserable weather which lasted the greater part of our stay. We never spent three weeks of more comfortless sensation. Within doors we were lodged in what was once among the finest palaces, but with all the coldness as well as the splendour of marble, and which all the faggots we could heap on the fire could with difficulty warm. In the open air, out of twenty-two days we had only six which were fine; the rest were rainy, snowy, or piercingly cold; and as the streets are laid with flag-stones, many of which had been broken by the recent inundation, and almost all covered with clay, mixed with the oil which had been pumped out of the cellars, it was so difficult to walk without slipping, and so dangerous, from the reckless driving of carriages and carts along the narrow passages, that the only refuge in going from one place to another was to *coach it*. And even during the night, when repose is so needful to refresh one from the fatigues of the day, sleep was very often disturbed from the incessant rattling of carriages to and from parties, concerts, and theatres, as the pro-

jecting roofs on each side of the street confine the sound over the hard flags, and re-echo it like the rumbling roar in a tunnel.

From what we observed (and if we had chosen, might in part have experienced), Florence is quite a place for gaiety and pleasure. There is almost no such thing there, nor indeed generally in Italy, as *dinner parties*. The style is evening entertainments, commencing among the more sober and sedate at eight o'clock, but with the fashionable and high class never sooner than ten; and I knew of one party (and an English one too) which, to conform with a Roman Catholic fast, did not begin till after midnight. The great proportion of the dash and dissipation is among the natives of Britain and Ireland, among whom, of course, there are many diversified grades; but from what I could perceive or learn, with the exception of a few titled and several really genteel families, the bulk may be said to consist of aspirants to style, which their station or fortune prevent them indulging at home. The next class of English society is composed of those who come from economy, and whom their poverty, and not their will, compels to emigrate; but this is a very small number in Florence, where the price of everything is so much higher than in most other places. The last order of our countrymen are those who resort to this climate for health; of whom I met with some who said they were giving it a trial; but if I could form any opinion of its efficacy from observation, I should think that the keen, cold, bracing air at this season is ill-fitted for the tremulous frame of a pulmonary patient. I used the freedom of once saying so to Dr. Hardinge, Physician to the Grand Duke, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making. He smiled, and only repeated an adage of the country, that "Florence is a place where no one can live in winter, or die in summer."

Of all places in Italy, and perhaps in the world, the best winter residence for consumptive cases is Pisa, which is screened from the north, and open to the genial gales of the Mediterranean from the south; while Florence is surrounded on all sides by the Apennines, and exposed to all the vicissitudes engendered by such lofty eminences. After the month of March, however, and often earlier, I was told by everybody that Florence is delightful. Independently of the general beauty of the country, there are two attractions in the immediate vicinity, thrown open to the public by the munificence of the Grand Duke, who is equally admired for his government and beloved for his dispositions. The first is the famous

Boboli Gardens, occupying a large extent of ground, diversified with hill and dale, affording fine views of the city and country; formed on the ancient plan, with long embowered walks, circles, and terraces; decked out with grottos, cascades, and statues; and filled with magnificent cypresses, laurels, yuccas, and ornamental shrubs. The second is the *Cascine*, which may be called the Hyde Park of Florence, with spacious carriage-drives, amidst large oaks and stone-pines, and the intermediate spaces devoted to pasture for the Duke's farm, who keeps a large dairy establishment for the supply of the town; but which (after being politely permitted to examine all the details) I did not think conducted on the best principles, as, with all the expensive feeding, his forty-two cows do not produce above 200 lbs. butter per week, and that not of rich quality. To this place all the carriages regularly drive out from two o'clock till dusk; and the company generally come out to promenade a little on the banks of the Arno before returning home to dinner.

I never doubted that the far-famed *galleries* would have formed a brilliant attraction for fashion, particularly when the weather was unfavourable; but so far as I could perceive, the resort to these celebrated collections was chiefly confined to strangers, artists, and the middle class of society. It would be worse than folly to attempt at present any description of the inestimable treasures of art which they contain. They are deposited in two great *palaces* belonging to the sovereign; but although they belong to himself, they may to all intents and purposes be considered public property; and the admission is free as air to the whole world—no gratuity whatever being allowed to be given to any of the keepers. The first of these royal buildings is called the *Palazzo Vecchio*, or old palace, constructed in the form of a long parallelogram, the two first storeys of which are appropriated to courts of law, and the third or upper floor is entirely occupied by the *Galeria Imperiale*, or Royal Gallery. The length of each *side* compartment is so great that an object at the far end appears quite insignificant. The roofs are richly decorated with frescoes, emblematical of the history of Florence, and other devices, and the sides are completely engrossed by statues, busts, paintings, and antiquities—all arranged in chronological order, and thus illustrating the progress of art or the succession of events. From these long corridors there are entries to other apartments. One of them is called the *Tribune*, in which are concentrated the *chef-d'œuvres*, or

what were deemed the *cream* of the collection. Here all eyes are at once turned to the Venus de Medicis; but it would have been much better taste if, in place of mixing it with other sculpture, an isolated room had been assigned to the great work of Phidias—"the statue that enchants the world"—in the same way as has been done with the Apollo Belvidere at the Vatican. There are here some other exquisite pieces of statuary, but they are all thrown into the shade by the comparison. If any moral encomium could be passed on this wonderful performance, it would be the admiration expressed by ladies who are patterns to their sex for every virtue and delicacy. In this room also are the finest works of the most distinguished painters—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Guido, Leonardo de Vinci, &c., which are quite invaluable as studies for young artists; and I was delighted to find that nearly one half of the numerous copiers in the gallery belonged to Great Britain. Other rooms were appropriated to the best masters of the Florentine School (I will not trouble you with their names), and the collection is of course very rich; but I consider the two rooms of the Dutch School poor, and the single room of the French School miserable. But there are three rooms containing the *autograph* portraits of painters—or, more correctly, portraits executed by themselves—which are deemed the chief ornament and great curiosity of the whole collection. Two rooms next attract attention, but requiring special permission, from the too great facility of pilfering: these contain, first, the ancient, and, secondly, the modern bronzes, some of which are of great beauty and value. Still more strictly guarded is the Cabinet of Gems. It is a small apartment, supported by eight columns of alabaster and verd-antique, and enclosing the expensive labour of three hundred years in accumulating cameos, vases, and other specimens of ancient art, in the most precious stones. Similar precautions are found requisite for inspecting the very rare and valuable series of coins and medals;—indeed, they cannot be seen without the intervention of the British Minister, for which I did not think of applying. Lastly, there are apartments for Greek and Etruscan vases and terra cottas; and others for Egyptian antiquities; but in both these subjects the British Museum is far superior. Such is a very brief notice of this celebrated gallery, which is entirely the offspring of the spirit, the taste, and the magnificence of the Medici family. It was founded by Cosmo I., and greatly enlarged by his successors. Every year additions are made, and I

saw a considerable number of boxes arrive when I was there. The French made large spoliations during the time of their usurpation; and such was the panic of the Grand Duke, Ferdinand III. that he absolutely offered the whole collection to the British Government for the sum of £100,000. But Mr. Pitt, who never hesitated as to millions for the prosecution of the war, refused that small amount for the advancement of the arts. It was not his personal fault, perhaps, but the total want of taste in the nation, and which only in later years has redeemed its character from barbarism. Since that time £8,000 was voted by Parliament for two pictures alone, while a million would not now be accepted for this part of the Florence gallery, if it were for sale. But besides this collection, there is another, not so extensive, but still more select, in the *Pitti Palace*, which is the present residence of the Grand Duke, and equally accessible to the public. It was erected by Luca Pitti, the formidable opponent of the Medicis, but forfeited on his overthrow. It was commenced about 1450, and possesses all the strength of a fortress, but all the severity of a prison. In the interior, however, the stairs are magnificent marble-work, and the apartments are lofty, capacious, and beautifully painted on the ceiling with emblematic designs. They consist of twelve halls, called after names in the heathen mythology, and contain the principal compositions of Salvator Rosa, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, the Carraccis, Carlo Dolce, and many fine works by masters of less repute, above five hundred in all. There is a small cabinet with specimens of very valuable carvings in the precious metals, which is quite open to public inspection under glass cases, and a larger collection of rarities still more valuable, which we saw on special permission. There are comparatively few statues, but the Venus by Canova has an apartment of her own. It is esteemed his master-piece, but compared with the Medicean, must hide its diminished head. It wants the grace, the finish, and above all, the modesty of its great predecessor. The library does not contain above 10,000 volumes, but, as a useful assemblage of books, it is thought the best in Italy. Adjoining the palace is the Botanic Garden, laid out in Italian style, with formal compartments, intersected by gravel walks; and close to it is the museum of Natural History, with an immense collection, well arranged, and rich in specimens of the country, but an absolute nothing after the British Museum. I must except, however, the splendid Temple in honour of Galileo, which contains all the philosophical and astronomical

apparatus that belonged to that eminent discoverer, and which is now perhaps the most interesting room in Europe. The whole talent of Italy has been exerted for its tasteful adornment, and it has already cost about £40,000. The finger of Galileo has been preserved in a glass case, pointing to the heavens, and much criticism has been passed on this object; but what struck me most was the adoration, after death, of a man who during life was persecuted as a heretic.

Shortly as I have touched on the galleries of Florence, so much famed over the civilized world, I fear I have encroached too much on the bounds of this letter, and therefore I shall be as brief as possible in alluding to the many other interesting subjects of curiosity. The gallery of the Academy for the Fine Arts has the most valuable collection, and the most distinguished preceptors for teaching painting, sculpture, mechanics, and music. Of the public libraries I shall specify only two—*First*, The *Laurentian*, designed by Michael Angelo, and amassed by the Medici family, boasting of no fewer than nine thousand rare manuscripts, some of them unequalled in value, such as the whole works of Virgil, so early as the year of our Lord 404; the Histories of Tacitus, in the sixth century; the Epistles of Cicero, copied by Petrarch; the First Promulgation of Justinian on the Civil Law, which has regulated all the legal institutions of civilized Europe; Hebrew and Syriac collections of Scripture, most brilliantly illuminated; and a vast variety of others. *Second*, The *Magliabukian*, where a copy of every book published in the Tuscan States is deposited, and which, besides twelve thousand manuscripts on local subjects, contains a hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes for general information. There are also excellent subscription libraries, with the daily journals of England, France, Germany, &c., which are found very useful. Schools of all kinds, on the system of cheap instruction, abound in the city. There are two hospitals for the poor on an extensive scale—one of them with beds for 1,000 patients—and both, I understood, admirably managed. Florence forms, as I before mentioned, a solitary but splendid exception in Italy to the nuisance of public mendicancy. Among other charitable institutions there was one which to me had the charm of novelty—the “*Societa di San Giovanni*,” for the purpose of endowing poor maidens; and I learned that the sum annually distributed for the provision of marriage portions is about £4,000. In a population of little more than 100,000, and

many of them far from affluent, nothing can be more creditable to their good feeling.

A wide field yet lies before me in the description of the numerous—I might almost say innumerable—churches for which Florence is so much distinguished, almost all of which I examined; but as I have wished to avoid the pedantry of details on the paintings and sculptures, I think it best to pursue the same plan as to the architecture of the ecclesiastical structures. I shall therefore briefly allude to those churches which are the most admired, and of these the *prima donna* is certainly the Duomo or *Cathedral*. It is the first object to which all strangers direct their steps, and from the height of the cupola it forms the most imposing feature in the aspect of the city. The dome, indeed, is the largest in the world, being of greater altitude than St. Peter's in Rome, and is constructed of pure scientific masonry, (while St. Paul's in London is merely a roof of timber, shielded with lead), and the wonder is that it has no flying buttresses or other contrivances to give it support. The style of the church itself is quite original—combining the wildness of the Saracenic with the richness of the Gothic, and the walls exhibiting the finest mosaic designs, glittering with blue and red precious stones inlaid on a gold ground. But when we entered into the inside we were totally disappointed. It is dark, solemn, and severe, corresponding with the stern character of the Tuscan order in the city; and even the brilliant tints of the glowing stained glass only tended to lighten up the gloom, and render the darkness more visible. Four immense arches, on Herculean columns, support the whole fabric, which at once enhance the size and the plainness of the interior, which contains some interesting monuments and tolerable paintings. We attended on a week-day, the first of Advent, when there was a grand procession, headed by the cardinal bishop, and all the treasures of the church were exhibited around the golden image of the infant Saviour; but the whole ceremonial was but gorgeous mummery. The campanile or bell-tower, as usual in this country, stands alone; and combines simplicity with ornament. The order to the architect, in the fourteenth century, was to spare no expense, but to produce an edifice which in height and richness would surpass any structure of the Greeks or Romans. Of the numerous statues, one is said to be almost unrivalled—the famous Baldpate by Donatello. “*Speak*,” he exclaimed to it himself, as he gave it the last stroke of the chisel. Every *braccia* (2 feet) of this tower

cost £100, now equal to five times the value. But the baptistery, for its statuary, its frescoes, and its gates, exceeds description, after the praises of Dante the poet; and the two bronze gates, which in the thirteenth century cost £1,300, were declared by Michael Angelo to be worthy of being the gates of Paradise. What an idea, however, of the mixture of military pride with religious humility is conveyed by the massive chains and collars hung over the doors of these edifices as emblems of victory over their fallen foes! Another strange incongruity attaches, not only to part of the cathedral, but to most of the other churches in Florence—bare, ugly, rubble walls outside contrasting most oddly with the splendid finish of the insides. I observed something of the same kind in other parts of Italy, and was told as the reason that it was intentional; as whenever a church is *quite* completed it is made subject to contribution by the Pope.

Of the other churches I will confine myself to the principal—the *San Michele*, with the finest old marble statues, and a mosaic chapel which is universally admired; *Santa Croco*, of very curious antiquity, and from containing the monuments of the most distinguished statesmen, philosophers, and poets, called “The Westminster Abbey;” *Santa Maria Novella*, an immense structure of very pleasing proportions, and richly adorned with paintings, frescoes, and mosaics, but above all, provided with an extensive dispensary, where the best medicines, compounded by the friars, may be easily obtained; *San Loungo*, the most storehouse-looking building in the exterior, but distinguished for the diversified tombs of the race of Medici, in bronze and marbles, some of which are the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, and for the far-famed chapel attached, the walls of which are entirely composed of the richest jasper, chalcedony, agate, lapis lazuli, &c., formed into the most exquisite mosaic designs. The history of this chapel is curious. In the year 1603 there arrived in Florence a very mysterious personage, arrayed in the robes of a priest, from the Holy Land, and with the white flowing beard and other appendages of his venerable profession. After some time he announced himself under the name of Fauardine, Emir of the Druses: he declared that he was the descendant of the pious Geoffry, the great leader of the Crusades; and as such he avowed the most mortal and hereditary hatred against the Turks. Introduced to Ferdinand, the Grand Duke, he then disclosed his scheme for gratifying his enmity, which was no less than to carry off the Holy Sepulchre from Jerusalem, and to

deposit in Florence the most revered and inestimable relic in the world. The heart of the Florentine sovereign leaped with joy at the prospect of such a possession; and entertaining no doubt of success, he prepared a mausoleum of adequate grandeur for the reception of so invaluable a treasure. A fleet was equipped under the command of the captain-general, and despatched to the coast of Syria. Fauardine returned to Jerusalem for the prosecution of the plan; he lost no time in commencing his operations; he marshalled a faithful band of his friends, and with these confederates he actually found means to enter the church which encloses the Sepulchre, and began to detach it from the rock. But the adherents of the Greek faith having discovered the attempt, and entertaining the strongest hostility to the removal of this great object of their veneration, instantly gave the alarm. Fauardine, with his followers, saved themselves by flight from the vengeance of the Turks; the fleet returned without the valuable freight; and the chapel at Florence was converted into a cemetery for the Grand Ducal family.

Next to the churches (or before them, in the estimation of many) are the political and municipal buildings concentrated in the *Piazza del Gran' Duca*, which embody the whole history of the State. The overshadowing mass here is the Palazzo Vichis, or old Palace, erected in 1298 for the residence of the Priori, or President of the Republic, and the Gonfalonere, or chief magistrate of the city. These officers are elected only for the period of two months, during which period they were not permitted to leave the house, but were boarded along with their councils at a common mess, and at the expense of the community. The building itself is of an imposing character, with enormous battlements, and a bold, elevated, and romantic tower, which bulges out in the centre, and stands as a feudal, or rather baronial landmark for the whole city, in scenic magnificence. The old apartments are exceedingly interesting, and the Grand Hall where the community assembled is about 200 feet long by 70 in breadth, with a splendid roof, walls painted with representations of the Florentine victories, and statues of the Medici family after they had revolutionized the democracy. I was allowed to examine the municipal rooms, which are curious remnants of antiquity; but the power of the magistrates is now much circumscribed. In the open air is a large old shabby square, in which stands the celebrated fountain of Neptune; the colossal marble statue of Hercules; and the famed figure of

David, by Michael Angelo. On one side of the square is the "*Loggia de Lunzi*," and in an arcade in front are placed a variety of marble and bronze statues, which command universal admiration. On another side is the post office, called the "*Tetto di Pesani*," or house of the Pisans, from the captives of that city, after their defeat in war, having been compelled to labour as artizans, having been carried in carts, tied together in bundles, obliged to pay toll as beasts, and forced to kiss the stone lion of Florence on the seat of honour—a fine illustration of republican magnanimity. This square is the great resort for traffic; and here also are the offices of the bankers, whose business is chiefly confined to one establishment, Fenzi & Co., for whose polite attentions I cannot be too grateful. I think I have now nearly exhausted a rapid sketch of the public objects in this celebrated city—the history, antiquities, and institutions of which, and of the Tuscan Government, afford a field of illustration which yet remains much uncultivated. Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo de Medicis*, has so far opened the taste of England to the subject; but from the little I learned in the best quarters, I regret to find that he is both deficient and inaccurate.

I ought to say a word or two on the *private buildings* of Florence, to which the critical attention of travellers has been much directed. The style of Italy is totally different from that of Britain. Instead of the aristocracy congregating in one or two great cities, such as London and Edinburgh, with wide streets and in fashionable clusters, they are dispersed over various towns; in narrow lanes, to exclude the sun, and magnificent mansions scattered among wretched hovels. From this practice Genoa forms the only exception, where there are two streets of almost continued palaces. The domestic architecture of the nobility, too, is quite of an opposite character to ours. In place of a splendid house, with all the principal rooms looking to the street, the residences in Italy are generally composed of an inner court, entering by a wide gateway with a shut door, and round the interior square are disposed the various accommodations for elegance or comfort, while the back leads to gardens and shrubberies, decorated with fountains and statuary. By this plan—which from all I have seen I am now inclined to prefer, if we could afford the space, and which has been adopted in a very few great establishments in London—there is all the independence, quiet, and comfort of life. But I am deviating from Florence, where the same style of architecture is pursued; but instead of the splendour of Genoa,

the cheerfulness of Milan, the luxury of Venice, or the *classicality* (if I may coin an expression) of Rome, the aspect of all the *palazzos* is dark, frowning, and prison-like. Originally they were all fortified for defence, and they still retain the castellated character, without its variety and beauty. The lower storey is one immense mass of coarse, unhewn, rustic stones; and the house rises to a great height, surmounted by a projecting cornice, and the heavy gates have large rings and chains hanging over them, exhibiting all the ensigns of incarceration. This is called the *Tuscan style*; and three hundred years ago it might have been very imposing. The *bridges* of Florence have been much lauded. There are four of them, but nothing remarkable, except the old one built in 1080, covered with goldsmith's shops, twice carried away by the floods, and lately it was very near to a similar fate. The effects of the inundation have, indeed, been most fatal; and from all the accounts I could collect, the loss has not been under £200,000. To the poorer classes this has been rather a gain, as they have received comforts from the subscription which they never possessed before; but to the industrious tradesmen whose stocks have been spoiled the calamity has been most serious. The great branches of manufacture are statuary, mosaics, and painting; and the injury done to all these productions of art was in many cases found irretrievable. Before I quit Florence, I may allude to a very remarkable institution, called the "*Misericordia*." In cases of distress—when persons are sick and dying—six or eight men resort to the house, headed by a priest, for the purpose of administering relief and consolation. Who they are nobody knows; they are shrouded with white cloaks; a hood over the head conceals the face, and nothing is seen but the eyes, for which two holes are opened in the veil. Yet the first men in the city officiate on such occasions, and the Grand Duke himself is a member of the body, and, as I was told, has sometimes assisted *incognito*. Nor is their unseen benevolence confined to life—they often extend their aid to the last duties of mortality, and conduct the funerals of the deceased. The practice is not limited to Florence. I saw it in other places, where the *Misericordia-men* were cloaked in black, and, from their eyes peeping through the covering, they had a still more unearthly show. So far as I have ever observed, the relatives have nothing whatever to do in this country with *interments*. When the final pangs appear to be approaching, extreme unction is generally administered. For this purpose the priest repairs to the church, where

a certain number of wafers are consecrated every day, and kept in a separate receptacle, one of which, after prayers and ceremonies, is taken out for the occasion. This is the *Host*, or body of our Lord, by their doctrine of transubstantiation, and is guarded by soldiers, attended by a number of people, to the house of the dying man, while every Roman Catholic who passes on the street is obliged to stop and to fall down on his knees, uncovered, in adoration. The sacrament is administered, death follows, and the body is then consigned to the care of the Church for burial in the nearest Campo Santo or holy ground. None but the officials attend the procession; priests with lighted tapers, varying in number according to the rank or wealth of the deceased, compose the train, along with the Misericordias; prayers for the soul are mumbled by all the ecclesiastics as they proceed to the church for the funeral service; while the body is deposited in a coffin, richly ornamented with a gold cloth, and close behind is carried a plain wooden chest, into which the corpse is removed before it is laid in its last resting-place on earth.

I have more to say of Florence; but I have perhaps said by far too much for a letter, and would not have dwelt on the subject so long but from its high reputation at home. There being no symptoms of improvement in the weather, and having already exhausted every object of attention, we resolved to start as soon as possible. Accordingly, on the 14th (December) we breakfasted before daylight, and proceeded for the city of Siena. We had not moved far before we were beset by the flower girl. This is a ceremony peculiar to Florence. Immediately on arrival, the traveller is waited on by a pretty young woman, who presents him with a beautiful bouquet, and every good wish during his sojourn—occasionally she calls to repeat her kindness—but at departure she is *sure* to be in the way, and offer a thousand compliments for a *bon voyage*, when she uniformly expects a dollar—so that it turns out to be a very *flourishing* profession; and there are of course more than one young lady in the trade. Rain continued to pour all the morning, but we had not long lost sight of *Florence* when the weather totally changed, and in place of cold and wet we were cheered with warmth and brightness. We were prepared to anticipate on the road to Rome the most savage and desolate scenery—painted in no pleasing colours by the ancients, and the object of terror among modern writers. For the first day, however, we were most agreeably disappointed. The land was well cultivated with the

usual plants of olives, mulberries, and vines; occasionally natural woods of oak, with old castles interspersed, varied the outline; while decayed towns and thriving convents gave an interest to the picture. We passed the distinguished Carthusian convent of *Certosa*—more like a village than a monastery—proudly placed on a lovely hill—containing the tombs of celebrated men—but of recent times better known as the retreat of Pope Pius VI. during the French Revolution, and where he was arrested within the walls, and carried prisoner to France. We next saw the church of *Sta. Maria dell' Impruneta*, whose miraculous image is carried to all parts of Tuscany in the time of public peril, but unfortunately failed in its duty at the late floods in Florence. We then came not far from the tomb of Boccaccio, the well-known author of the *Decamerone*, which long attracted travellers, but was afterwards cast down, and his ashes exhumed. Omitting other objects which received our notice, we arrived to a very late dinner at Siena, where we remained till Monday, the 16th. Siena is only known in England from the fine yellow marble which bears its name, but which comes from a quarry fourteen miles distant. It is a town of great antiquity and interest; and although the population is not now above 18,000, it had at one time thirty-nine gates, and above 100,000 men of war were within the walls. It stands on a high romantic hill, looking down from one side on the *garden* of Italy toward Florence, and from the other on its *desert* toward Rome. The streets are very narrow, paved with tile, as they were before the Christian era, and so steep that the houses sometimes communicate with each other by bridges. There are a great number of mansions called palaces; and in no city is the distinction of ranks *still* maintained with more hereditary tenacity. There is a considerable love of the arts, and the school of painting at one time stood high all over Italy. The State was long a powerful republic, but at last fell under the superior strength of the Medicis. There are two very striking features in the town. The first is the *Palazzo Pubblico*, with a lofty tower forming a landmark to the distance of perhaps twenty miles, with large halls for the council of the people in the time of the republic, and with a wide amphitheatre for the deliberative meetings of the whole mass. The second is the *cathedral*, which has been pronounced by competent judges to be the most characteristic example existing of the Italian style, and certainly, in point of elaborate detail and rich execution, exceeds anything I ever saw; but I never can be reconciled

to the many coloured bands of marble which diversify the exteriors of Genoa, Florence, and Siena, and which present a sort of Merry-Andrew coat, quite inconsistent with the purity of ecclesiastical architecture. The interior is quite splendid: the roof is blue, studded with silver stars; the floor is mosaic, with scriptural illustrations; the paintings are of first-rate character; but perhaps the most curious part is the series of heads of all the Popes, among which at one time ranked the bust of Pope Joan, with the inscription of "*Johannes VIII., femina de Anglia,*" which clearly disproves the assertion of the Roman Catholics that no *woman* ever attained the Papal dignity. There are nineteen other fine churches, and many beautiful oratories, on which I cannot dwell; a university, now much fallen in repute; a library, with about 50,000 volumes and 6,000 MSS., among which are the Greek Gospels of the eighth century, and the autograph letters of Faustus and Socinus, who were both natives of the town, and the library is now admitted to be the oldest in Europe; and various hospitals, of which one, the Santa Maria della Scala (St. Mary of the Stair), was founded in 832, and therefore believed also to be entitled to the same claim of antiquity. I was much pleased with this curious old town; but was struck, during my examination along the streets, with the staring of the inhabitants; and I understood that English travellers seldom pay it any attention except as a posting-stage to Rome. It has of late, I hear, been brought into more repute in England, by the recommendation of Sir James Clarke, as a summer residence, free from mosquitoes, and of dry, healthy atmosphere.

We were now, on leaving Siena, to tread the wilderness which all encounter in their access to Rome. We were quite aware, from the descriptions we had received, of the cold and dreary regions we were to pass, and we had made corresponding preparations in clothing. For a stage or two, however, we thought the representations of waste and desolation had been much exaggerated. The soil was good, with occasional patches of cultivation; and as the weather was beautiful, we felt in no way incommoded, and remembered many a moor in Scotland of a much drearier aspect. We passed along a fine stream, the Arbia, and crossed another, the Orbone, which enlivened the scenery till we reached the town, or rather village, of Buonconvento—the "*good* convent;" but how far the castle by which it was protected, and which is still one of the strongest in Tuscany, was entitled to that praise, may be known from the following anecdote,

taken from Sismondi's valuable work on the Italian States, recently published:—The emperor, Henry VII., in 1313, resolved to march for Rome, and meet in battle Robert of Naples, who had gained the ascendance at the head of the Guelph faction. On the 24th August he stopped at Buonconvento to celebrate the feast of St. Bartholomew. The monks repaired to the castle for the purpose of administering the sacrament; and the officiating priest seized the opportunity of infusing poison into the consecrated cup. Henry partook of the fatal draught, and soon after expired. The name of the monk, who belonged to the Dominican order, was Poletian, of Montepulciano. Whether the report was correct or not, the universal credit with which it was received at the time is a sufficient proof of the popular estimation as to the depraved morals of the clergy.

Now, however, after leaving this place, commenced the real slough of despond. All around became dreary and barren, and we had to encounter an almost continued ascent, which required us by the regulations to take six horses, but they *walked* the whole way till we reached Torrineri. Proceeding in the same way up a road no less steep, we came to the great rapid river of the Corsa, which we had been told we were to cross three times, and each time to be *drowned*; but we found to our comfort that we did not experience that fate even *once*, as the Government have lately erected an excellent bridge. Wild as the country is, there are at this place mineral springs which attract many invalids, and no fewer than three most romantic old castles at no great distance. But on leaving this stage was to commence the tug of war. We had to ascend to the next stage of Radicofani, no less than 2,470 feet above the sea-level—and such a road, in such a country, and in such air, I almost never experienced. All around was the image of terror and desolation—not a tree, not a house, not a human creature to dissipate the gloom. The earth seemed on every side to have been torn by convulsions; and the deep ravines, the precipitous elevations, the hollowed cones, and the scattered fragments of black basalt and red tufa, all indicated that we were in the midst of extinguished volcanoes. This was rendered quite clear as we proceeded. On we crept with our six horses up the mountains, till, in the dusk of the evening, we were all at once faced by an immense mass of rock, in some points like Dumbarton Castle, with the ruins of a fortified stronghold on the summit, with an old quaint-looking village and two antique churches at the bottom, and with the deep crater

of an extinct volcano at the back. This was the place which is so deeply engraved on the recollection of timid travellers under the fearful name of *Radicefani*. The castle was the residence of Ghino di Tacco, the robber-knight, who reigned supreme in his *high* dominions, and laid all passengers under contribution with a much more resistless sway than ever did Rob Roy. His exploits are celebrated in the tales of Boccaccio, and particularly his seizure of the Abbot of Clugny, who was on his way to the mineral waters I mentioned, for the cure of complaints arising from luxurious living. The knight treated him hospitably, and prescribed a more palatable regimen for his ailments, in the shape of good wine, by which he was perfectly restored to health. In later times the castle was garrisoned by the Tuscan Government; but the powder-magazine having blown up, and the country having become quiet, it has never been restored. The former Grand Dukes, however, erected in its stead a vast hunting palace, now converted into an inn; and the late Mr. Beckford described it, from its numerous range of apartments almost all unoccupied, with black raftered roofs, and the wind howling through the immense long passages, to be "a fitting scene for a Sabbath of witches." I went out in the morning to survey the country. The view is almost boundless, stretching from Siena on the north to a hill above Rome on the south, a space of above 100 miles, and nothing near meets the eye but dreariness and desolation. I inquired into the state of the population in the village, and the reply was "*molto povero*"—very poor—of which we had very good proof from the old and infirm who came down to solicit charity, and from the crowd of girls and boys who accompanied the carriage for miles, and from the trifles we gave them called it a "festa," and treated us with mountain songs. The appearance of the few inhabitants was the very picture of wretchedness—some with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness; yet there was the buoyancy of spirit and the quickness of perception which distinguishes all the lower classes in Italy.

We had now to descend a bad road along the ridge of hills, shelving down on each side, till we reached the rapid river of Rigo, which sometimes swells so large as to detain the passengers for days; but we got across without much difficulty, and arrived at the Ponte Centina ("wooden bridge") which is the barrier of the Papal States. At the Dogana or custom-house here, there is the most rigorous examination of every article; but we had

been previously favoured by the Government with a "lascia passare," or "leave to pass" through the whole country, without any search whatever, for which we were indebted to a friend at Rome. The way now became much more interesting, till approaching up hill the town of Aqua-pendente, "falling water," it was perfectly beautiful. The cascade of the river, amidst bold rocks, surrounded with oaks and evergreens, and crowned with the ruins and churches above, was a scene for the pencil of Poussin. About two hundred years ago the seat of the Episcopal See was removed to this place from Castro, which was razed to the ground as a punishment for the murder of the bishop. It is still more distinguished as the birthplace of Fabricius, the medical professor at Padua who found out the valves of the veins; and under whom Harvey studied, and derived from his demonstrations in anatomy the path to the immortal discovery of the circulation of the blood.

Passing on, the aspect of the land becomes rich and verdant, the soil being altogether volcanic, and formed of decomposed tufa, which yields almost spontaneously the finest vegetation. The hills along the road are filled with grottos, which are used as habitations by the lower peasantry.

We next came to San Lorenzo, a village built like a formal curve by Pope Pius VI. on an eminence, as a refuge to the inhabitants of the old town in the valley below, which was afflicted with *malaria*, arising from its contiguity to the great Lake of Bolsena. We were now fast approaching the seat of this dreadful and insidious distemper, which spreads its ravages in summer and autumn, but totally disappears in winter and spring. It is a fever which is described by Cicero and Horace, but has been much increased by the depopulation of the country. It is now ascertained to be exactly of the same type and character as the fever in the fens of Lincolnshire or the swamps of Holland, but augmenting in malignity with the temperature of the climate. One very exciting cause is exposure either to currents of cold air or hot sunshine; another is improper diet; and a third, probably the most general, is the vicinity to still lakes, or damp grounds, or crowded nuisances. I may take occasion to say something more on this important subject (of which I have heard a great deal) in reference to Rome and its neighbourhood; in the meantime, I only allude to it as connected with the country through which I was passing, and to which it has proved an awful scourge—many of the people being yellow in their visage and haggard in their form.

I approached the Lake of Bolsena with some of that indescribable apprehension which I should have felt if I ventured near the Dead Sea; yet I have seldom seen a sheet of water more lovely. Its circumference is about twenty-seven miles; it is skirted in many places by magnificent oaks; it has two pretty islands, one of them memorable for the imprisonment and murder of a queen, the other decorated with villas built by the Popes; it is diversified by volcanic rocks; and as the day was fine, it presented altogether the most perfect aspect of tranquillity, repose, and beauty. But it was the beauty of a syren, wooing with her treacherous smiles to the arms of death. There malaria lurks in its most fatal forms, and in consequence not a sail is seen upon its waters, nor an implement to cultivate its shores. On its margin, however, stands the ancient town of Bolsena—still older than the Roman empire, and once the Etruscan city of Volsinium; but the population has dwindled down to below 2,000. It is inaccessible for a carriage; but its ruins were so interesting that I walked through to survey them, and took pencil sketches. When captured by the Romans, about 250 years before the Christian era, it is stated by Pliny that there were no less than 2,000 statues within the walls, some of which now adorn the galleries in Italy, besides splendid specimens of vases and sarcophagi, and fragments of columns, capitals, and altars scattered near the gate. In later times the town has been immortalized in the annals of superstition by the miracle of the wafer, when, in the thirteenth century, a Bohemian priest, who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was convinced by blood flowing from the Host; and hence originated the great festival of *Corpus Domini*. The story forms the subject of the finest picture Raphael ever painted—now in the Vatican. Leaving Bolsena, and along the shore of the lake, I observed some magnificent clusters of the bended and curved basaltic columns, similar to and almost as distinct as those at Staffa; and several Etruscan tombs hollowed out of the volcanic rock, with inscriptions, and finely varied with hanging evergreens. We next arrived at the romantic city of Montefiascone, occupying the site of a high basaltic *upheaval*, and the elevated cathedral forming a commanding object over the country; but better known, or at least more esteemed, for its charming sparkling wine called "*Est*." One of the bishops, who was no great friend of the temperance society, in the course of his visitations used to send on his servant beforehand to taste whether the wines were good, who wrote on the walls, if it was so, "*est*"—*it is good*.

At Montefiascone he was so exceedingly pleased with the quality that he repeated the word three times—*est, est, est*; and I saw this inscribed over the door of the hotel, in consequence of which I ordered two bottles (it should have been *three*) into the carriage. The prelate, however, paid the piper; for he was so much delighted with the beverage that he could not leave the town, and drank himself to death. On his tomb is still visible the inscription, "*Est, Est, Est, Mortuus est.*"

We proceeded through a flat country, with little cultivation, close to a portion of the great Roman road called the *Via Cassea*, till we arrived late at Viterbo, where we remained the forenoon of the following day to inspect the curiosities. It is an episcopal city of much consideration in the Papal calendar, the residence once of the Princess Matilda, who bequeathed her extensive dominion to the Pope, now called "the patrimony of St. Peter," and adorned with an interesting cathedral, at the high altar of which Prince Henry of England was murdered, in the thirteenth century, by Guy de Montfort, in revenge for the death of his father, the Earl of Leicester, on returning from the crusades. It was at this cathedral also that Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore the triple crown, compelled the emperor to humble himself by holding his stirrup. There are many other objects which we visited; but I have only space to mention the Palazzo San Martino, with a noble staircase, by which a *carriage* may ascend to the upper storeys. Viterbo is called the town of handsome fountains and beautiful women; but in spite of this praise, we thought the town appeared very dirty and the ladies very plain.

We now approached the Great, or, as it is absurdly called, the Eternal City, which we could have reached late on the night of the 18th (December); but as we wished to survey every step in the interesting progress, and to look out for the best hotel, we resolved to sleep at another stage on the road. We proceeded near to the scene of a memorable battle in the thirteenth century, between the citizens of Rome and their own Pontiff, who, to secure a victory, formed an alliance with the emperor, his hereditary enemy, and by the generalship of our English prelate, the Bishop of Winchester, defeated the Romans with great loss, who have continued *good boys* to the Holy See almost ever since. We then ascended the steep volcanic hill of Monte Cimino, the well-known *Ciminus* in classical history, the thick forests of which long sheltered the Etruscans in their battles with the Romans, till at

last they were defeated by the memorable march of Fabius. From the summit the eye reaches as far back as Radicofani, and the postmaster said that on a clear day we might look forward the whole distance to Rome. The hills in its vicinity, particularly Soracte, are clearly discernible, and even the Mediterranean in the distance. At the bottom, the Lago di Vico, a beautiful basin of three miles, appears—formerly the crater of a volcano in which the city of Succinium was swallowed up. In the afternoon we came to the town of Ronciglione, where we dined and slept. It was once a castellated, and still is a picturesque place, with a large establishment for the manufacture of iron from the ore of Elba; but of all the disgusting towns in Italy from want of cleanliness, this seemed to be the worst. I was recommended by a priest to visit the Campo Santo, or burying ground, as an interesting object. We were taken through the Infirmary, filled with the sick and the dying; a door was opened from it into an immense bone-house, staring all the patients in the face. I turned back with horror from the hospital, where, in place of a receptacle for cure, it seemed to be one, in the words of Johnson, “where misery finds a place to die.” Soon after leaving Ronciglione we entered on the celebrated plain so well known as the *Campagna* (or “flat country”) of Rome—an immense waste, stretching from the hills of Etruria to the Circaean promontory, bounded by the mountains on the east and the Mediterranean on the west—estimated to be nearly ninety miles in length, and in some parts thirty in breadth. It has long been a political puzzle how such an extent of land, in close contiguity with such a city, should in every period of its government, from the commonwealth to the present time, have been allowed to remain in a savage state. By some it has been imputed to national indolence, to the enervating effects of climate, to the dispiriting influence of despotism, to the debasing influence of superstition, and to different other causes; but I was struck to observe lately that the very same question was agitated in the time of Livy, who says that the *Campagna* is barren, not because it is uncultivated, but because it is not worth cultivating; and that it would be absurd for the people, when they can find more profitable employment, to waste their strength on such an ungrateful soil—“*militando fessos, in pestilenti atque arido circa urbem solo*” (lib. 7, c. 38). We may remember when Hounslow and Bagshot heaths were allowed to remain close to London—and Blackheath and Epping Forest are still in existence. Still, I cannot agree with Livy as to the soil

of the Campagna, which in many parts is excellent; and its improvement would be a mighty object for removal of the malaria.

Proceeding along this boundless plain, we came to the next stage of Monte Roso, on the *Via Flaminia*, where the ancient causeway leads all the way to the capital. Next, we changed horses at Bacano, where once stood a temple of Bacchus; and from a hill a little farther on we had the first glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's. The last stage was La Storta. Here, as at other places, we saw extinct craters, and in one situation the smoke from a manufacture of sulphur from the crystals in the volcanic strata. Approximating yet nearer to Rome, there is *still* no object to indicate its vicinity—no villages or country seats to mark the approach to a great metropolis—no ruins or monuments to tell the scenes which were enacted round the mistress of the world;—only some brick towers of the Middle Ages, a few miserable farm-houses, and here and there some shepherds' huts break the dull and dreary monotony. At last one, and only one, marble sarcophagus stands near the road: it is a fine one, and is *called* the Tomb of Nero. But a splendid sight of the hills of Trascati and Albano, of the Sabine range and Sarecto, with the Apennines beyond, and still farther the mountains clad with snow near the Adriatic now greeted the eye. And now the pine-covered summit of Monte Mario showed itself; and then we began to count the seven hills so famed in ancient story; and we burst out with the exclamation, "Ecce Tiber!" and now stood forth St. Peter's in all its majesty; and now we crossed the Ponte Mole over the Tiber, once the *Pons Melvius*, celebrated for Cicero's arrest of the Catiline conspirators, and still later for the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, and the establishment of the Christian faith; and now, after passing a long way between high whitened walls, we came to the Porta del Popolo, where, by the virtue of our *lascia passare* from the Pope's secretary, we were at once relieved from the annoyance which torments less fortunate travellers in every way; and *now* we passed the gate, and entered ROME.

The day had been fine till we came in sight of the city. Then all at once, as the harbinger to announce the mighty change which had come over the conqueror of the world, a fearful storm of thunder and lightning arose, the rain fell in floods, the reports reverberated like cannon, and the forked flashes seemed to alight near the ancient Capitol, or rather where it *stood*; for on entering Rome from Florence there is no view whatever of the

celebrated ruins. We first drove to the Hotel of the Europa, but finding it quite full, we were obliged to return in midst of the rain, and try Melonis', when we were so fortunate as to find apartments which had been just empty, and which (though very dear) we now know to be the first in Rome, and still superior to the Europa. It is situate in the *Piazza*—which means in Italian, not a covered way, but what the French call a *place*, or open space—the *Piazza del Popolo*, surrounded by planting, and statuary, and fountains; with the famed Egyptian obelisk taken from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, in the centre; and with the Pincian Hill, the finest and most fashionable promenade and drive within a few feet from the door, to which I regularly resort every morning on foot, and sometimes before dinner in the carriage, to see the company. Here, as in Florence, few gentlemen and no ladies *walk* the streets; for although they are much wider than at Florence, they are very dirty, and have scarcely any pavements. We therefore hired a very nice landau by the month, with a most intelligent coachman, who knows every place worth visiting in town and country; and if we happen (which is very seldom) to go out to dinner, he brings a close carriage. Every day at eleven o'clock we have gone a sight-seeing, and do not return till five o'clock, so that we have already done a great deal. With the immense number of objects before us, the question came to be, how we should proceed? Some people take Rome *topographically*, exhausting everything, churches, antiquities, shops, and shows of all kinds in one street before they go to another. We thought this a very confused, jumbling mode of going to work; and therefore resolved to proceed *systematically*, discussing every order and series of objects separately and by classes. Considering the knowledge of ancient Rome as by far the most important, we have already devoted more than a fortnight to that point alone; and we have now completed very nearly our investigations. We have of course been much interrupted, however, by the grand festivals in St. Peter's and other churches, especially when the Pope was present, which it was quite indispensable to witness; and we have succeeded to the utmost of our wishes—so much so, that we are now almost tired of ecclesiastical exhibitions. I must defer any notice of *all* such matters till another opportunity—both of Rome as it *was* and as it *is*—and may merely add, for the information of my good friends at home, that at present the Pope is in very tolerable health.

We regularly attend the English Episcopalian meeting, which is in our immediate vicinity, and is so crowded that we require to go half an hour before service. Mr. Hutchinson is an excellent man and evangelical preacher, but too abstruse and metaphysical. There is a very different system pursued from that at Florence, where no person was allowed to enter without a ticket, which cost 1*s.* 8*d.* Here there is no charge, and no collection—all is supported by those who choose to send in their names, and I have therefore felt it my duty to contribute liberally. In all other places a prayer for the reigning sovereign of the country is introduced in the litany—here there is *none*, because he is the *Pope*.

I mentioned in my sketch of Florence the prevalence of show, gaiety, and fashion, particularly among the English. Here there is not, perhaps, the same pretension, because there is more reality—not the same show, because there is more substance. Still there is a regular, though not an incessant, round of parties and amusements; and as the Carnival comes nearer (the 21st), they grow more numerous. The society is not nearly so select, I hear, as it was three years ago. There are many Irish and Americans; and I am sorry to say, there are at least *two* English ladies who lead the *ton*, and who are not *received at home*. One *is* a countess who is separated from her husband—the other *was* a countess, but divorced, *and* was married again, but now a widow, and is (*horresco referens*) our next neighbour in this hotel. The former (Lady C.) has sent five invitations at once for five balls, and I am astonished to hear of some of my friends here, particularly ladies, who *accept*. We have had invitations from other quarters, but as yet have not gone out. We have two, however, from the Princess Torlonia, which I rather wish Mrs. Ewing would attend.

The weather has been *quite delightful*, thermometer 50° to 60°; but this day is wet. We shall probably remain at Rome till the end of this month, and then proceed to Naples.

With every good wish of the season to all our friends,

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. A. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

ROME, various dates to 15th February, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

We are now seriously beginning to talk of leaving the celebrated city. In my last letter I made a short and cursory allusion to what we saw; but I am aware that a more detailed description will be expected; and much as we are still occupied from morning to night, I must sit down to dash off a hurried sketch of the impressions. To attempt anything like a finished picture is neither consistent with my own capacity nor with the limits of a letter.

The grand characteristic distinction which must strike every stranger at the very first, is the difference between ancient and modern Rome. Between these two parts there exists no affinity, connection, or analogy. The one is the melancholy memorial of the past, the other is the dull exhibition of the present: the one is a sepulchral scene, embalming the ashes of the mighty dead, recording the history of the greatest events, and recalling the memory of the most illustrious characters; the other is merely the head-quarters of a living superstition, the source of a spiritual agency, the centre of an extended, active, and powerful domination over the minds of men: the one is the resort of the scholar, the painter, the antiquary, or the philosopher; the other is crowded with priests, monks, and nuns; with artists, labourers, and mendicants; with foreigners from all nations; and with the gay, the fashionable, and the wealthy, rolling in the finest carriages, and showing the most splendid dresses. Judging from external aspect, the separation between the two divisions is equally wide. The modern town (and when I use the expression, I must do it merely in comparison, for many parts of it are coeval with centuries gone by) is anything but interesting. Abstracted from the churches, the fountains, and the monuments erected by the Papal sovereigns, the palaces reared by princes and the aristocracy, and the solitary fragments of antiquity which have been allowed to stand, scattered few and far between, it exhibits little to please the eye or to gratify the taste. The Piazza del Popolo, where we reside, forms perhaps one of the exceptions. We enter the city, as I mentioned in my last, by the *Porta* or gate through which all passengers from England, France, and the northern parts of Europe arrive,—conferring

no great honour on the genius of Michael Angelo, but contrasting well, by its gloomy grandeur, with the dazzling white marble statuary and fountains of more recent construction which surround the *place*, and some of which bear obvious marks of French gaudiness. The whole space, however, is gay and exhilarating, more especially when filled with the dense crowd of fine equipages which pass, every day before dinner, up to the healthful eminence of the Pincian hill, or along to the wooded retreats of the Borghese gardens. On the opposite side of the Porta are two beautiful little churches, of twin form and extraction, built by Cardinal Gastaldi in the seventeenth century, from which radiate the three great streets—the *Corso*, so called from the race-course and races held in it during the Carnival, which is the centre line; the *Ripetta*, from passing along the bank of the river, which goes to the right; and the *Babuino*, from an ancient decayed figure in it of a baboon, which proceeds to the left. Of these, the great artery of the city is the *Corso*, from which a number of veins lead off on both sides; but the same applies in a less degree to the other two streets, and the whole of the lower city may be described as a triangle, the apex of which is the Porta del Popolo. There are other squares in the town, if the term can be applied to mere open spaces, but of no regularity or importance, except the *Piazza de Spagna*, which is esteemed the most desirable part of the whole town—largest in size, freest from malaria, best exposed to the sun, which is held of primary importance, both for health and comfort, in winter; and of course most frequented by visitors for private lodgings, from which it is called the English colony. With regard to the town in general, and without at present descending into further details, it is far from being captivating. The streets are narrow, indifferently paved, with one exception, devoid of footpaths, and ill-swept, but under-drained by an excellent sewerage connected with the ancient *cloacæ*. The architecture is plain, commonplace, and, unless where varied by the churches or palaces, without tasteful ornament or picturesque effect. The houses are in general white plastered, but often sullied in colour; high, divided into flats, with steep stairs, and not well deafened. Little attention is paid to cleanliness, and the nuisances are often offensive. Yet the vistas are very fine, terminated by some striking object, such as an obelisk, an arch, or a spire; and although the first feeling is certainly one of disappointment, yet, whether it be from the delightful breath of the air, the stirring excitement of the sights, the pleasing variety

of works of art, the abundance of agreeable society, or the undefined charm which attaches to the very name of *Rome*, there can be no doubt that in a short while it steals on the senses and grows on the heart.

The city is divided by the *Tiber*, which runs for three miles from north to south. This river, so well known in history, poetry, and song, rises from Monte Caranaro, on the Tuscan frontier, runs a course of 250 miles before it falls into the Mediterranean, near Ostia, and during its passage receives about forty tributary streams. Like the Rhine, the Rhone, and most other great rivers, it is rapid, clear, and precipitous in the upper stretch of its progress, but slow, turbid, and tame below. Virgil accordingly describes it as distinguished for "vorticibus rapidis" in the one case, and "fluvio amaeno" in the other. I cannot, for one, coincide with the praise of its *amenity* in the vicinity of Rome. The colour, derived from the nature of the soil, is that of common clay,—and hence it has been styled "the yellow Tiber;" and the banks are heaps of mud, with little grass and almost no shrubbery. The school-boy ideas of its size, too, will be found very delusive. At the Ponte Molle, to which I alluded in my last letter in approaching Rome, it is only 212 feet broad, and as it flows on about two miles further to the city, it is considerably narrower, from the forced confinement of its water-way. I should say it is then much about the size of the Clyde at Glasgow; and it must have been to its breadth within the walls that Horace alluded, when he recommended swimming three times across it as an ordinary prescription for sleep. Yet, like the Arno at Florence, smooth and lamb-like as it is in its every-day shape, it rages like a lion in its inundations, and spreads devastation over the city;—to such a height, indeed, it is recorded to have risen, as to have left nothing but the summits of the hills uncovered.

The number of *Bridges* was once eight, now reduced to four,—viz, the *Ponte Molle*, anciently the Pons Milvius, on the line of the Flaminian and Cassian Way from the north; the *Ponte San Angelo*, formerly the Pons Aelius, leading to St. Peter's, and erected by Adrian as the viaduct to his own mausoleum, which was afterwards converted into the Castle of San Angelo, now the State prison; the *Ponte Sisto*, built by Pope Sixtus IV., in the fifteenth century, on the ruins of the Pons Janiculensis, connecting the Transtiberine (called Transteverene) part of the town; and the *Ponte di quadro capi*, so denominated from a four-headed statue of Janus upon it,

once the Pons Fabricius, built before the Christian era, passing over to the island of the Tiber. Connected with this bridge is the *Ponte San Bartolommeo*—a mere continuation of a single arch to the same object, and anciently the Pons Cestius. Of these structures, the only ones of any pretension to elegance are the Ponte Molle, to which I referred in my last letter, and the Ponte San Angelo, both of which are exactly the same as when erected by the ancient Romans, but decorated with Christian ornaments. On the parapets of the San Angelo are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which are as far above mediocrity as the other figures of the ten angels are below it; and every man of taste, with any bump of destructiveness, has a temptation, as he goes to St. Peter's, to tumble them into the Tiber. Like the old bridge at Florence, the San Angelo was at one time covered with shops; but at a jubilee in 1450, the pressure was so great that two hundred persons were suffocated, in consequence of which the booths were all removed. The remains of three other bridges,—the *Triumphalis*, built by Nero; the *Sablicius*, erected by Ancus Martius, upon which Horatius Coeles stemmed the full force of Porsenna's army, till the Romans broke it down and saved the city; and the *Rotto*, completed by Scipio Africanus, and said to have been the first stone bridge ever erected—are all still visible; indeed three large and two small arches of the *Rotto* (or *broken* bridge) are still standing as a monument to the masonic skill of the Romans 142 years before the Christian era, and form a very picturesque object in the surrounding scenery.

Of the seven *Hills*, so well known in the features of ancient Rome, and which vary in height from 120 to 160 feet above the level of the river, three only are included in the present city—viz, the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Capitoline—which lie on the left bank of the Tiber, and enclose the plain of the old Campus Martius. The other four hills—viz, the Palatine, the Aventine, the Esquiline and the Coelian—lie to the west and south, and compose the site of ancient Rome; but which, though once comprehending the famous structures of that mighty city, and so densely peopled that there was not room for the extension of the Palace of the Cæsars, is now occupied by market gardens; and Mr. John Ewing informs me that when he was here four years ago, it was a wild desert on which he hunted foxes, to which the rank grass and the ancient ruins yielded a good cover. But besides that part of the modern town which lies on the *left* bank of the river, stretching

along the three streets I have mentioned, and then diverging into two other long accesses in the higher district, with a numerous population,—the *right* bank also contains many inhabitants in the Transteverene quarter, which embraces the Vatican and St. Peter's, the government buildings and hospitals, and a race of families who, though low in circumstances and mean in appearance, are animated by all the proud spirit of the ancient Romans, of whom they maintain *they* are the lineal descendants, and refuse to intermarry in general with the rest. The whole town is divided into fourteen districts, or *Rioni*, twelve of which are on the left bank and three on the right. This was an arrangement for the government and defence of the place, commenced about the sixteenth century, when the towns in Europe first exercised municipal privileges, and each of the *Rioni* had their captain, council, and trained band; but the distinction is now merely nominal,* as the whole civic administration has since been merged in the ecclesiastical authority.

The *Walls* of the city, which were originally erected by the Romans, have been so much altered and repaired in the course of 1,400 years, that it is not easy to trace the primitive structure, although to the antiquarian eye some places appear to be clearly discernible. Altogether, including both sides of the river, the circuit has been estimated at 15 miles in length; the height of the walls is very various, according to the exposure of the place to attack, or more generally depending on the accumulation of soil at the foundation; but so far as I have been able to observe, the lowest altitude is about 25 feet, and the highest about 50. They seem all to have been at first well built, of brick, which even at this day is executed here in a style far superior to our workmanship, much thinner in form, much better bedded, and much more durable; but the failures in many instances have been supplied with stone. There never appear to have been any ditches, as in other fortified towns; but there are numerous towers, amounting as is said to three hundred—of how little avail in the event of a siege by disciplined troops, experience has shown at no remote period. The *Portas* or gates at present are sixteen in number, almost all originally

* Since writing the above as to the *Rioni*, I am informed by a Roman gentleman that they are *still* in active administration for the decision of petty cases, such as in the Police Courts of Scotland.

Roman erections for triumphal entries, for military passages, for mercantile purposes, to supply the people with wine, salt, and provisions, and for facilitating, by a connection with the aqueducts, the introduction of water into the city; but the alterations have been so great in the course of time that little or none of the primitive workmanship is now discernible, and with two or three exceptions, there is not much to admire in the existing forms and constructions of the *entrances* into Rome.

The *Fountains* form one of the most pleasing and attractive objects. No town in the world is better supplied with pure water, brought from great distances, and at an immense expense; but for which also the people are so far indebted to the labours of their celebrated predecessors by means of such of the aqueducts as have been preserved. The fountains have chiefly been contributed by the Popes at different periods, and bear inscriptions commemorative of the presentations. Omitting the numerous public wells which are dispersed in all quarters, there are above a dozen of splendid structures, many of them costly in fabric and imposing in appearance; and if not all in the purest taste, certainly of very striking effect, from the variety of forms, the play of the jets, and the rush of the cascades. I may merely allude to two or three of the principal. The *Navona* is a circular basin of above 70 feet in diameter, with a huge rock in the centre, to which are chained four river-gods, and the rock perforated with grottoes, containing a sea-horse and a lion, besides representations of tritons holding dolphins by the tail, and other fabulous fancies;—the *Aqua Felice*, though also ridiculed by many, always appears to me most imposing, from the splendid colossal statue of Moses striking the rock, and the fine figures of Aaron and Gideon;—the *Tritone*, on the other hand, which is often admired, seems to me quite grotesque, from four dolphins with their heads down and their tails up, supporting a triton sitting on a shell, who blows the water high into the air;—the *Bareaccia*, though beautifully executed, appears equally absurd, being a large boat ejecting the water from stem and stern;—the St. Peter's are two chaste and magnificent vases, throwing up jets above 60 feet, and returning in masses of spray radiated by the sun into all the hues of the rainbow;—the *Campidoglio* is composed of two celebrated antique colossal figures of the Nile and the Tiber;—the *Cavallo* is a beautiful granite basin found in the Forum, about 30 feet in diameter, with a single but splendid spout;—the *Paulina* is an astonishing flow, like that of a rapid river, from the lake

of Bracivana, by a long aqueduct; and gushing out (not in the best taste) from two dragons, in the front of a building resembling the gable of a church, into a large pond;—and last, though not least, the *Trevi*, by far the most picturesque and unique in Rome, if not in the world. Laying aside the question of consistency as to mixing up the mythology of the ancients with the institutions of the moderns—sea-gods with land-nymphs, sea-horses with land-magistrates, and all other incongruities of a classical though not correct imagination—all such criticisms are quite silenced by the wonderful effect of an immense body of water in the midst of grand rock-work, spouting in jets and falling in cascades, and all on a gigantic scale, in the very midst of the city.* I conclude this short reference to the supply of water with one remark, that no town in Europe has less apology for being dirty.

One of the most distinguishing features of the modern city is the *Obelisks*. One wonders for some time where he is: he comes to view the remains of Rome, and he finds the trophies of Egypt. To me it was anything but pleasing, not being able to decipher the hieroglyphics, in the first place; and in the next place, conceiving that it would have been much more gratifying and appropriate to accumulate the monuments of *Roman* grandeur in these public situations, than to allow them to be transferred to private palaces. These very elegant granite columns were the fruits of ancient prowess, and were brought to Rome by the Emperors as signals of their triumphs; but after the sixteenth century, when the attention of the Popes was directed to the decoration of the town, they were carried to different localities, for the purpose of giving effect to the views of the streets and buildings, and for this object their position is in general very judicious. The number of these monuments is twelve: the Vatican is above 80 feet high, imported by Caligula, and took 600 men, 140 horses, and 50 cranes to erect; Maria Maggiore is the same height, brought by Claudius; St. John Lateran is 150 feet, by Constantine the Great; Piazza del Popolo is about 80 feet, by

* I yesterday was able to judge more correctly of this fountain of Trevi, by a visit to Mr. Waterton, the celebrated traveller (commonly called “the crocodile”), from whose house it issues. Mr. Waterton attends mass every morning at three o'clock; we have often seen his sisters-in-law, the two Misses Edmonstone, who live with him. We met their father confessor there, Dr. Glover, a Jesuit, to which order they all three belong. Lady Walpole also was there, and other distinguished persons.

Augustus; the Piazza Novona is a little above 50 feet, and now believed to have been Roman workmanship; the St. Maria Minerva, a beautiful little thing of about 20 feet, origin unknown, and most grotesquely standing on the back of a black marble elephant; Pantheon, exactly similar, and with little more taste placed in the middle of the fountain; Monte Cavallo, brought by Claudius, about 50 feet, and forming the centre of the famous equestrian group of Greek sculpture imputed to Phidias and Praxiteles, which well deserved to stand alone, without such an incongruous neighbour "nigh their throne;" Trinata de Monti, from the garden of Sallust, but doubtful as to authorship, about 45 feet; Pincian Hill, from Gerusalemme, about 30 feet; and Villa Mattei, a nameless and worthless fragment. The whole of these, like all other heathen monuments in Rome, are *converted to Christianity*, by crosses and symbols on the summits. The one now in my eye, in the Piazza del Popolo, bears the following inscription, and stands in the midst of four marble lions spouting water from their mouths—IMP. CAES. DIVI. AUGAUSTUS. PONTIFEX. MAXIMUS. IMP. XII. COS. XI. TRIB. POT. XIV. AEGYPTO. IN. POTESTATEM. POPULI. ROMANI. REDACTA. SOLI. DONUM. DEDIT. The only remarkable point in this quotation is that the Emperor Augustus, who had reduced Egypt into the power of the Roman people, and carried off this obelisk as a testimony of his victory, dedicated it to the *Sun*—the same object of divine worship to which it was originally devoted at Heliopolis (the city of the Sun); and those who can "read what is written" in the hieroglyphic characters, inform us that it was put up there by a king of Egypt who was cotemporary with *Moses*. This obelisk was placed by Augustus in the Circus Maximus, and two of the others were erected at the entrance to his own magnificent tomb, now used as a low-priced theatre. What would this far-famed Emperor have said could he have glanced into the vista of futurity, and seen the following advertisement which caught my eye on the wall of a shabby street—"Tombola dentro la Mausoleo del Augusto"—"*Tumbling* exhibited within the Mausoleum of Augustus." What a lesson to man! And this reflection leads me to the present state of grandeur displayed by the nobility of Rome, or rather of Italy, in the *palaces*. Gibbon has long since remarked in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Empire*, that many of them were built by the *nephews* (the term is understood to mean rather a *nearer* relative) of the popes; and that all the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been drawn into the

service, and all that taste or vanity could prompt has been exercised in the decoration of their galleries and gardens with the most precious works of antiquity. The remark is most just. In the first place, look at the finest palaces, or the most elegant equipages—they are in little estimation if they be not emblazoned with the papal mitre or the cardinal hat over the door of the house or on the arms of the carriage. In the next place, the noblesse must be entitled to add the civil crown to the ecclesiastical dignity; to display the Roman shield; and to inscribe under the coronet, S. P. Q. R. (*Senatus Populusque Romanus*) as a badge of their ancient descent, but which I have understood can be purchased in various ways, particularly by the acquisition of certain territorial properties which carry the seignorage or title to the possessor. It is no easy matter to *get in* to the society of these nobles, who are generally princes here, and who are much more aristocratical and exclusive than our peers. Some of them are men of great wealth and income from estates in different parts of Italy; and till I received a list from a particular quarter, I had no conception of their affluence. Some of them, on the other hand, are on the wane, and obliged to sell; but there is a particular and paternal oversight exercised by the church powers over their conduct and expenditure; and if they be found greatly overstepping the line of prudence, they receive a gentle hint as to the necessity of a *nurse*. This is perhaps rather a long introduction to the subject of their palaces, of which the highest class have generally two connected with Rome—one in the town, called the *palazzo*, and another in the vicinity, called the *villa*, their family name being uniformly attached to each, such as the *palazzo Borghese*, and the *villa Borghese*, &c., &c., beside mansion-houses on their estates in the country. In the Guide Book by Vasi, no fewer than seventy-five palaces are enumerated in Rome—a mere pretence to the name, without the “local habitation” of superior station. Certain, however, it is that, compared with London, Paris, or any capital in Europe, Rome is out of sight a city of palaces. They have indeed been described as “mere fronts with furniture and pictures behind,” and some have gone so far as to leave out even the furniture as a part of the possession. Having had the honour on one or two occasions of being admitted over the whole interiors, I can safely contradict this charge. The truth is, that every princely residence in Rome, Florence, Genoa, &c., &c., consists of two suits of apartments—one for show of pictures and sculpture, &c., in which, of course, there is little furniture,

except on state occasions; and the other for domestic accommodation, which are as well provided as can be desired. I think Murray, Forsyth, and many others, are severe in their criticisms, from want of sufficient opportunities to survey what the nobles do not choose indiscriminately to exhibit; but I quite join with them in reprobating two practices—viz, barred windows below, and letting the lower part of the house for shops. I observed also in some of the most exalted rank something quite new. You ascend a magnificent staircase, all of white marble; you ring the bell, and are admitted into a *parleur* or speaking-place by the porter; and you are then ushered into a large outer saloon, with a grand throne or canopy, emblazoned with the armorial bearings in gold, on which the host sat to receive his guests, or the chief to judge his vassals; but none except princes and four marquesses are entitled to the privilege of “the canopy.” As in most other Italian cities, a number of the palaces are let—chiefly to the English. I may just add to this general sketch, that all over Italy the greatest attention is paid to the decoration of the roofs of rooms; and that, particularly in Roman palaces, the pencils of the greatest masters were employed to paint on fixed plaster what would bring immense sums if they had been executed on moveable canvass, while one is obliged almost to break his neck if he wish critically to examine the works. I must of course allude to two or three of the principal palaces, but I shall try to be very short:—the *Colonna*, robbed of many pictures by the French, but still possessed of a number of first class, and containing the finest hall in Rome for size, statuary, and ornament; but what struck me more were fragments of pillars in the gardens, of such size that no architect can now conceive the dimensions of the structure which they once supported, and a stone pine still in life, which was planted to commemorate the death of the “liberator di Roma,” Rienzi, in 1347;—the *Borghese*, an immense building, with porticos sustained by nearly one hundred granite columns, plain rooms, and bad lights to show off seven hundred pictures, many of them by the first masters;—the *Barberina*, distinguished for the two *chef d'œuvres* of Guido, the Aurora, and the portrait of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci, taken the night before her barbarous execution;—the *Rinucini*, valued for the finest zoological collection in Italy, formed by the Prince of Canino, or Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who piques himself on his resemblance to his great relative, but from what I saw of him at a party, I think it is by no means strong;—the *Corsini*, a beautiful

residence, but in a bad situation, with a small but very select collection, and a very recherché library with manuscripts ;—the *Doria*, in my opinion the pride of Rome for external elegance, and several very fine paintings, amidst a quantity of trash ; one of the pictures, I was told yesterday (the *Molina*, or mill, by Claude), is a *copy* by a clever draughtsman of the original in this very palace, which he contrived to substitute in place of the genuine one, and which last is now in the British Museum ;—the *Farnese* and *Farnesina*, both belonging to the King of Naples, dull and dreary, but known over the world for the ceilings painted by Raphael, and as having been the residence of the rich banker Chigi, who in the sixteenth century entertained Pope Leo X. and the cardinals, paid two hundred and fifty crowns for three fish, and displayed a splendid service of plate, which was then cast into the Tiber ;—the *Falconiere*, chiefly known as the residence of Cardinal Fesche (Bonaparte's uncle), whose prodigious but little-worth collection of paintings is to be sold here next month, and more deservedly distinguished as the place where Cardinal Mezzofante now lives—a man who has really a gift of tongues, speaking no fewer than forty *languages* with perfect facility, and on whom my worthy and religious friend, Mr. Thomas Erskine, called the other day, without any introduction, saying that he merely wished to talk with such a phenomenon, and was most graciously entertained for above two hours ;—the *Guirard*, in the Transteverene, near St. Peter's, which has two great claims on the English,—first, as having been a royal residence of their King before the Reformation, and subsequently of their ambassadors, particularly of Cardinal Wolsey during his last and memorable visit to Rome ; and secondly, as having of late years become the property of the bankers Torlonia, among many other of their acquisitions, who manage to fleece so many young English, and please them with a plum, by invitations to the balls given at this house ;—the *Sciarra*, highly esteemed for containing nothing but the purest and rarest pictures ;—the *Spada*, celebrated for its collection of statuary, and above all for the noble figure of Pompey, at whose foot “great Cæsar fell,” “folding his robes in dying dignity ;”—and (for I will count no more) the *Pontifico*, or Pope's summer palace, on the Monte Cavalla, to which he removes to avoid risk of malaria, and which I would call, in Scotch, merely a *bein* comfortable house, with a few tolerable pictures, and excellent suit of narrow reception rooms, hung with beautiful old tapestry ; his own apartment, where he always dines *alone*, being a very

small one; and the chief saloon, being the chapel where the cardinals meet to elect a new Pope, which they must do before they leave the house, and the result of which is communicated to the public by a flambeau passed through a small square hole in the wall.

Next to the palazzos of the nobility in the town, are their *villas* in the vicinity. These we have felt a peculiar pleasure in often visiting, as they make a nice short drive on a good day, and as the grounds and gardens, though stiff and formal, have admirable dry walks furnished with a profusion of valuable evergreens, refreshed by fountains and adorned with statuary. One of the chief characteristics in the scenery is the splendid stone pines, many of them much above 100 feet high, destitute of branch foliage, but with a rounded top of dark and most picturesque green. These were the trees which Claude and Poussin studied from the Pincian Hill, and which they loved to introduce into their landscapes. I am not sure, if they had seen some of our very old Scotch firs shooting their arms athwart, and wildly feathered down the stem, but they would have thought them almost as fine subjects for the pencil; and I have been using the freedom of recommending a mixture of the two. The great charm of these rural residences is the perfect freedom of access to strangers—nay, the pride and the pleasure with which they are received and permitted to roam where they are inclined, “*Itō quo volēs, petito quae cupis, abito quando volēs*”—“Go where you please, ask what you wish, go when you choose,” is the inscription at the Borghese Gardens, and the injunction is freely obeyed, for it is crowded with all classes of walkers, riders, *carriagers* (if I may coin a phrase), from morning to night. The grounds are indeed delightful, and not five minutes’ walk from where I now write. They are three miles round, and abound in every variety of park scenery—hill and dale, wood and water, temples and statues. I should say that many of the evergreen oaks (*Ilex*), stone pines, and cypresses, are above 500 years old, with the stems knotted, gnarled, and holed, yet with a perfect profusion of growing foliage. The house is still adorned with valuable marbles and antique sculpture, though robbed by the French of much treasure. In its near neighbourhood is the *Villa Ludovisi*, which we understood contained, among few other objects of interest, the celebrated *Aurora* by Guercino. This place, however, which belongs to the *Buono compagno* family (literally the “good companions”) has certainly made a mistake as to the name of its masters; for it is the sole

instance in the whole country of exclusion; and the reason assigned is, that the finger of a statue was broken off by an Englishman. I was offered admission if I brought a note from Torlonia, but I indignantly refused. The *Villa Madama*, on the Monte Mario, has the finest avenues of evergreens, and the most extended prospects of the country, of all the princely retreats; but it belongs to the King of Naples, and I was sorry to see it hastening to ruin. Another charming villa in ancient Rome is the property of the King of Spain, and subject to the same fate. The *Villa Palatina*, commonly called the *Villa Mills*, belongs to a countryman of our own, who some years ago purchased a great part of the Palatine Hill, the seat of the great Cæsars; and is most classically situate in the midst of the ruins. Mr. Mills was the great companion of Sir William Hamilton (the friend of Lord Nelson, and the husband of *Lady Hamilton*), but for some reason unknown is not now *received*. By the way, talking of Hamilton, whom should I meet the other day, dressed out in all the finery of priesthood, but the son of the old Doctor in Edinburgh, so well known as the Professor of Midwifery, who left this youth almost his whole fortune, to the prejudice of his other children? I inquired at a Roman Catholic acquaintance into his history, and was informed that his clerical ambition is boundless; that he left Scotland for Italy, where he was admitted into orders; that by dint of money he is likely soon to be created a Monsignore, a high station with the title of my Lord; that he has just purchased part of a splendid palace for entertainments; that he sets up to be the successor of Cardinal York, in representing the Roman Catholic Stuarts in Rome; and, in short, that he *dreams* of a cardinal's hat, and perhaps next and last of the Papal crown. But I must now be done both with him and the villas, of which I can enumerate no more, although I have a great desire to enlarge on one of them, the *Pamphili-Doria*, the loveliest place I almost ever saw, and called by the Romans *Belrespiro*, from its delightful atmosphere; also on another, the *Villa Albani*, the richest residence in Italy for treasures of antiquity, which would require a volume to describe it.

I have studiously avoided any pedantic description of the numerous and splendid *paintings* in the collections, or of the equally valuable and curious accumulation of statuary and other classes of sculpture, besides the costly gems of art in the *museums*, most of which we have visited, both public and private. But it is impossible to omit some reference to the two

wonders of the world, the Vatican and the Capitol. The Vatican, to be sure, in every sense of the word, is a palace—larger in extent and richer in treasures than any other royal or imperial residence in existence; and as such it has the ordinary rooms for the accommodation of the Pope and his retinue, besides a suit of reception rooms for audiences, of which I can say nothing, as I had no appetite, like some of my countrymen here, for the honour of *presentation* to “his Holiness,” to which I was urged by my acquaintance. But in point of fact, and by the public at large, the place is now generally known by the name of the Vatican *Museum*, as it is chiefly devoted to the library and works of art. It is a most immense building, or rather heap of buildings; the labour of four to five centuries; additions by every Pontiff, and in every form; without plan, without effect, and without taste. Its dimensions are stated to be 1,150 feet long and 770 broad, and the apartments are said to be about 4,500 in number. Of these, ninety-nine out of a hundred are almost unknown to fame; but the public are freely admitted to what is really worth seeing, with the exception of the Sistine, or Pope’s own chapel, where the only introduction requisite is full dress, both for ladies and gentlemen, at the great ceremonies, which are chiefly performed in this place. It is a very old chapel, about 150 feet long, with decayed paintings of no eminence, representing the life of Moses on the one side, and the life of our Saviour on the other (*viz.*, the Law confronted by the Gospel), and at the end, where the altar stands, is the great fresco painting of the “Last Judgment” by Michael Angelo. There is another chapel, the Paulina, which is now never opened; and a saloon, called the Ducale, which is only used for the Pope’s annually washing the feet of the pilgrims. The Loggia, or triple portico of the Vatican, contain the famous Scripture histories of the Old and New Testaments, done in fresco by Raphael; and adjoining the Loggia are the Stanze or four celebrated chambers, with the works of the same great master, *viz.*—1st. The chamber of the School of Athens; and on each of the four walls are emblematical representations of Divinity, Philosophy, Poetry, and Law; 2d. The chamber of the triumphs of the Church, representing the victory over her enemies, and the miracles by which it was accomplished; 3d. A continuation of the same subject at later periods of history; 4th. The chamber of Constantine, illustrative of the supreme sovereignty of the Church during the life of that Emperor; ending with his conversion, baptism, and the gift of Rome to the

Pope. Next to these well-known rooms is another with the tapestries of Raphael, called the *Arazzi*, from having been executed in worsted at Arras, in Flanders. They were all drawn originally on a composition of paper (or carta), and hence they were called *cartone*, changed in English into cartoons, which were eleven in number, and of these our own country possesses seven at Hampton Court, leaving four at Rome; but to these were subsequently added thirteen, chiefly finished by other masters, as Raphael, who, dying at the early age of thirty-seven, did not live to complete them. These exquisite tapestries were barbarously plundered by the French, carried to Paris, and sold to the Jews; but after receiving injury, they were again purchased by the Pope. There is one other small chapel called the *St. Lorenzo*, with some frescoes by Beato Angelica; and there is nothing else of which I am aware in the Palace of the Vatican than what I have now described, except the celebrated *Museum*, which really constitutes its great charm. Now the Museum contains—I. The *Gallery of Pictures*, in four rooms, with the masterpiece of Raphael, the *Transfiguration*, and three others by him of small size and less fame; the *Communion of St. Jerome*, by Dominichino, almost equally admired; and several paintings by Titian, Guido, Guercino, and other names of note; but every person is disappointed with the paucity of the collection—II. The *Museum*, properly so called, consisting, 1st. Of the long *Gallery*, about 1,000 feet in length, called the *Lapidaria*, filled with above 3,000 specimens of the finest sepulchral monuments and sculptures in the world, the one side devoted to the Pagan, and the other to the early Christian, with the most interesting inscriptions; 2d. Of the *Chiarumonti*, a suit of rooms, with the most perfect, beautiful, and instructive remains of ancient marbles and statuary; 3d. Of the *Nuovo Braccio*, a hall of 230 feet, supported by old columns, lighted from the ceiling, and containing the most valuable statues and busts of antiquity; 4th. The *Tor de Venti*, or *Belvedere*, with five rooms devoted to Roman works, one to Greek, and one to Egyptian; 5th. The *Pio Clemintini*, with the invaluable collections made by five Popes of that name; 6th. The *Cortile de Belvedere*, with four porticos and four cabinets of the rarest marble treasures, and in particular the statue of the *Laocoon*, declared by Pliny to be a work superior to all others; and the *Apollo Belvedere*, which, with the *Venus de Medicis* at Florence, divide the praises of the world—both were found at and near Rome. Here also is the *Hall of Animals*, with antique repre-

sentations in Grecian sculpture, so like nature that it has been called a menagerie of art. Here also is the Hall of Busts, appropriated in five compartments to that part of the body, recognized in some cases as to the individuals, but in very many quite unknown; 7th. The *Cabinet of the Masks*, with grotesque figures and splendid mosaic pavement; 8th. *Hall of the Muses*, with Greek statues of the nine Nymphs, of the most distinguished poets and orators, and of the seven wise men; 9th. The *Circular Hall*, with magnificent works in porphyry, &c.; 10th. *Hall of the Greek Cross*, with colossal statues in granite, the largest sarcophagi in porphyry ever known, and many other objects; 11th. *Hall of the Biga*, or chariot, from the ancient white marble representation of that conveyance and its horses, which occupies the centre of the apartment. This finishes the mere dry list of rooms in the most celebrated Museum of Art ever known in the world, which would take months to examine and years to describe. But there yet remains another collection of *Etruscan* antiquities, which has been entirely formed by the present Pope, Gregory XVI., and which, from his name, is denominated the *Museo Gregoriana*. To this interesting object, now exciting so much attention in Europe, he has devoted his time, his talents, and his income; and no doubt seems to be entertained that he will bequeath this most valuable treasure to the public—in other words, that he will make it part and parcel of the Vatican Museum. Most men, and many clergymen, have their *hobbies*—well it would have been for the world had those of all *his* predecessors been equally innocent and laudable. I will not venture to describe the Etruscan collection, for I do not yet understand the history and the arts of that curious people. My friend, Mr. John Ewing, is now a master of the subject, and is forming a collection of remains, such as he can procure. Then comes the great *Library* of the Vatican, commenced in the fifteenth century, and now comprising nearly 24,000 Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Coptic, Arabic, and other Oriental Manuscripts, besides the printed books, not so numerous in proportion, but of very early and rare editions. It would be impossible for me to enumerate any of these literary treasures. I shall just mention a Bible of the sixth century, with the oldest version of the Septuagint and the first Greek version of the New Testament; an illuminated Hebrew Bible, for which the Jews offered its weight in gold; a Terence of the fourth, and a Virgil of the fifth century, &c., &c.

The other great national Museum is the *Capitol*. Passing by the

antique statuary on the outside of this place, so well known to every scholar, I at once proceed to the inside, where there is, 1st. The *Protomoteca*, a suit of eight rooms, with the busts of all the eminent Italian modern poets, painters, and philosophers; 2d. *Halls of the Conservatori*, with eight rooms also, containing the Roman History in fresco, the *Fasti Consulares*, or ancient marbles of all the public officers from Romulus down to Augustus; the famous Bronze Wolf, "Mother of the mighty heart, which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat;" and tapestries from the designs of Rubens; 3rd. *Gallery of Pictures*, of little value and no interest, with a very few exceptions. The *Museum*, strictly so called, would have been considered *recherché*, if the Vatican did not quench its fame. It consists, 1st. Of the *Chamber of Canopus*, from the Egyptian statues in it, all copies, however, in the time of Hadrian; 2d. The *Hall of Inscriptions*, from Tiberius to Theodosius, a period of little historical interest; 3d. The *Hall of the Sarcophagus*, containing, among other marble coffins, one, the finest perhaps in existence, tracing the life of Achilles, and the more interesting to England from the famous Portland Vase, now in the British Museum, having been found among the ashes; 4th. *Gallery*, with many antique busts, some of them rare; 5th. *Hall of the Vase*, from the noble white marble vase found near the city. It contains also some very scarce treasures, such as the *Hiac* table with the fall of Troy; the well-known mosaic of Pliny's Doves, and the Diana of Ephesus; 6th. The *Hall of the Emperors*, with seventy-six busts in chronological order, commencing with Julius Cæsar, and ending with Julian the Apostate; 7th. The *Hall of the Philosophers*, with seventy-nine busts of philosophers, poets, and historians, all ancient; 8th. The *Saloon*, with a miscellaneous assemblage of beautiful and interesting antiques found in the vicinity of Rome; 9th. The *Hall of the Fawn*, from the rare statue in rosso antique (*red* stone, not now to be procured naturally), discovered at Hadrian's villa, which has been quite a quarry for statuary; and here also is the celebrated bronze Table, inscribed with the *Lex Regis*; 10th. The *Hall of the Dying Gladiator*, from the famous statue, described by John Bell, the surgeon, as the perfection of anatomy,—“his manly brow—consents to death, but conquers agony;” and here also is the scarcely less famed figure of Antinous, and some other works of distinction.

The *Private Museums* of Rome are not at all numerous, except in the palaces, but they are all readily laid open. The best is that of Cavaliere

Campagna, which is rich both in Roman remains and Etruscan antiquities.

The *Artists' Studios* are places of great and pleasing resort, and the utmost attention is paid to all strangers. Canova and Thorwaldsen, whose sculptures brought such high sums, and whose galleries drew such crowds to see and admire, are both gone; but a multitude of men fast rising to fame, and I wish I could add, to fortune, are now at Rome. These are from all nations; but I am happy to think that the English—Gibson, Macdonald, Wyatt, Theed, Cardwell, &c., are almost at the head of the profession, with the exception of Tenerani and Bienannnie, the Italians. Imhoff, the Swede; Wolf, the Russian; and Power, the American, stand very high. I happened yesterday to step into Gibson's studio, and to my surprise saw the portrait of my old friend Kirkman Finlay. I immediately concluded that the statue for the Merchants' House had been committed to Gibson; but he was not at home; and his assistant, finding that I had known Mr. Finlay, asked me several questions, which I was easily able to answer, as to the features. He showed me a wretched cast of a bust in plaster of Paris which had been sent along with the portrait.

had never seen it before, but I warned him against making it at all a copy. I am sorry to hear that the number both of sculptors and painters is now so great at Rome that they find (I mean many of the young ones) some difficulty in procuring subsistence. Of painters there are above a dozen in great practice, and some of the rest are almost starving. I was sorry I could only give some little employment to two. Rome, however, is the very best place for knowledge of art.

Of *Colleges* there are three—1st. The *Sapienza*, or University, founded in the thirteenth century, and taking its name from the inscription over the gate—"Initium *Sapientiae* timor Domini,"—"the beginning of *wisdom* is the fear of the Lord." It is governed by a cardinal as chancellor, a rector chosen from the advocates, and forty-two professors, some of them of high literary distinction, who are paid by the government, and no fee charged to the students, who amount to 1,100 or 1,200; 2d. The *Romano*, a Jesuit institution; and, so far as I could observe (for they were very chary of giving any information), their tuition is chiefly elementary, for languages and divinity; 3d. The *Propaganda Fide*, founded in the seventeenth century by Pope Gregory, for the express purpose of training young men from

Protestant and heathen countries as missionaries, to spread on returning home the knowledge of the Roman Catholic faith, and produce converts. The building is a splendid one, in the Piazza de Spagna; and their printing press appears to be the first in Italy for beauty of type and extent of execution. I was politely favoured with a ticket of admission to their great Esercizio Academica (college exercise) at the Epiphany, January 13. The subject was a poem, to be read or recited by each student in *his own* language, on the great advent of the Saviour into the world. The number was no less than fifty-nine—larger than any one could have imagined of the living languages; and the scene reminded me of the confusion of Babel. The young men seemed all ardent to excite admiration, and some of them got great applause. I attended particularly to the *English*, for which William Elder was selected from Baltimore in *America!!*—a most bombastic rhapsody on the Star of Bethlehem. But what was my surprise to read in the list that the next poem was to be in *Scotzese*, or *Scotch*. I opened all my ears when “Signor Giacomo Gordon di Aberdeen” came forward. I could catch but few of his words, but such as I did hear created ineffable disgust. The infant Saviour was styled “the bairn of Israel,” “the feckless wean,” and as coming “stecherin’ ben”—words which he must have picked out of some obsolete glossary, and which fell on my ear as absolute blasphemy, or rather arrant nonsense. Then we had the Cettico from “Signor Colino Macpherson di Inverness,” and the Irlandese from “Signor Patrizio Madden di Westport.” And at the conclusion we had a Dialogo Cinese between three young Chinese, in which they *seemed* to keep up the dialogue with theatrical effect, and finished with a humorous *song*, which drew thunders of applause, and thus closed the academical exhibition by the “Most Holy Fathers” for propagating the faith! 4th. I should next mention the colleges in Rome belonging to *our own country*. I was quite aware, from information communicated to me some years ago by Dr. Gillies, the Roman Catholic bishop in Edinburgh, of the state of the *Scotch* College, over which the learned Abbé Macpherson still presides; but, from his extreme age, the active charge is committed to Dr. Grant. I feel it as a want of due civility on my own part that I have not met with Dr. Grant, as I was offered an introduction; but I was favoured with a reading of a pamphlet he has published here on the Disruption of the Scotch Church, and of which

I sent an abstract to my friend Dr. Brown, of St. John's. It is written in a gentle spirit against *both* parties, called "Dead Branches cut off from the Great Trunk," and he hopes "they will yet return to the bosom of the true church;" but still he is not at all sanguine, "as Presbyterianism has been the bane and antipode of Catholicity." I have been told the number in his college does not at present exceed fifteen. There is also the *English* College, over which I have heard that another Dr. Grant presides, and that the students amount to thirty; and an *Irish* College, with about the same number. I often see them all walking on the Pincian Hill, and I should think those numbers overstated. There are several *Academies* in Rome—St. Luke's, for painting; Lincei, for natural history; Tiberina, for Roman antiquities; Filarmonica, for music; and a quizzical academy of Arcadia, of which all the members, many of the highest rank in all countries, are called shepherds, and read *pastoral* addresses, &c. The government became afraid of their number, about 2,000, and tried to put them down, but they still meet weekly, and publish a literary journal.

I have received a good deal of information as to the state of the poor; the number and income of the hospitals; the statistics of trade, agriculture, and industry; the condition as to crimes, judicial tribunals, and punishments, &c., &c.; but for none of these have I any time or space, and must therefore conclude as to Modern Rome with a short reference to the *churches*. There is no place in the world where these ecclesiastical edifices are so numerous as in Rome. In the first place, we must look at the population, of which I have procured a return—1842, 167,121; 1843, 170,701. Number of families, 55,847. I have not been able to get an exact list of the churches. The publication called *Tesoro Sagro* (Sacred Treasure) enumerates above 300, to which must be added Basilicas and Capellas; so that, judging from appearances, I should be disposed to guess the total not much short of 400, which would be one for every hundred and forty families, or four hundred and twenty-five persons. They are in general very large, independently of St. Peter's, which of itself contains an *immense* multitude. Many of the exteriors are, or rather would be, very handsome, if they were not whitewashed or painted; and they are commonly decorated with well-executed statuary of saints, or the Madonna. I can only venture on specifying a very few—and the first, of

course, is *St. Peter's*, admitted even by the sceptical Gibbon to be "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion;" and Byron addresses it thus—

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true."

Too high a reputation often produces disappointment; and I believe every candid person will confess that the first view of *St. Peter's* is far below expectation as to magnificence. Addison admits the fact, but tries to account for it on the principle that "the proportions are so well observed that nothing appears to distinguish itself above the rest." This is an ingenious fallacy: the real truth is, and it seems *now* to be generally admitted, that the front is barbarous—a mass of Corinthian pillars intermixed with square windows, and overtopped by a meagre attic, which does not look like part of the church at all, and which more than half-hides the sublime dome, which ought to have met the eye at once, in full and unbroken majesty, amidst the blue sky. Then the front is further lessened in size and injured in aspect by a hideous vestry on one side and a clumsy palace on the other. But the semi-circular range of porticos on each side of the approach, with nearly 300 columns, and nearly 300 colossal statues, and with the accompaniment of fountains, is quite beautiful, and tends much to relieve the elevation. I cannot say so much for the Egyptian obelisk in the centre of the amphitheatre in front. It appears to me far from being in Christian keeping, although it is crowned with a cross, and bears the inscription, which of itself is excellent, "Vicit Leo de tribus Judæ—Christus vincit—Christus regnat—Christus ab omni malo plebem suam defendat"—"The Lion of the tribe of Juda has conquered—Christ conquers—Christ reigns—Christ will defend his people from all ill." But if such were the real sentiments of the founders, how could they be reconciled with the dedication of the temple in immense characters on the frieze?—"In honorem Principis Apostolorum"—"In honour of the chief of the Apostles"—not to Christ, but to Peter, who thrice denied Him! Waiving, however, further criticism on the exterior, let us at once enter, and it is always open. Nothing can exceed the delight of the intelligent spectator

at the beauty, the symmetry, and the effect; but here, too, he is struck with the want of magnitude.

“Enter—its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.”

But it has this peculiar property, that *every* time it is revisited it appears *larger*—such is the exquisite adaptation of the proportions compared with St. Paul's. The length *there* is 517 feet in the interior, and at St. Peter's 602; the latter, too, is 60 feet higher to the top of the cross, and 48 feet wider in diameter of the cupola: yet St. Paul's, from standing alone, is to my eye the larger of the two. But I could go back to St. Peter's a hundred times for once I should like to re-enter St. Paul's: the eye is soon filled in the latter case; it is never satiated in the former. Such is the surpassing beauty of the nave; so noble the vista on entering the cathedral; so wonderful the effect of the grand altar, with its spiral columns and rich canopy; so imposing the appearance of the colossal statues of marble, the grand paintings in mosaic, the rich side altars in gold, and the splendid monuments by the first artists in the world, that every time it is seen, new charms are disclosed, and the nearer the details are examined, the greater is the astonishment at their perfect finish. “The cupola,” as Eustace elegantly says, “is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or its decoration; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul.” Every justice, outside and inside, is done to the Apostle Peter. Below the cupola is his *tomb* (?), with one hundred and twelve lamps burning night and day; near it is the famous bronze statue of the Apostle, which was once that of *Jupiter*, with a new head to an old body. All ranks, sexes, and ages kneel and kiss the foot, and one-half of it is worn away with the devotional pressure; and round the front is the inscription—“Tu es Petrus,” &c.—“Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.” I will not—indeed, I cannot—go into any further details on this wonderful “temple built with hands,” and revered by hearts of a misguided zeal:—“Triumphal arches,” as Foster well expresses it, “erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the light of the world and the life of man.” The rest of

the chief churches vary in ornament, style, and structure, according to the wealth of the orders to which they belong; but one general principle regulates the form of all—aisles constructed by arcades, sometimes with recesses, but never galleries; a choir terminating in a curve, decorated with gold and glories—a high altar in the middle of the cross-shape which all assume; the chapels of the Sacraments and of the Virgin in the transepts; the chapels of the saints at the sides, with an architecture according to the taste of the family to whom they belong, and often in dissonance with the general order of construction. *St. John Lateran* is considered the principal, next to St. Peter's, and claims, indeed, the merit of being, as its inscription modestly tells, "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater, et caput*,"—"The mother and the head of all churches, not only in the city, but the world." It is 1,500 years old. Its clergy take precedence of those in St. Peter's; and here the Pope is crowned, and from a balcony here he blesses the people once a year; and here is a Gothic tabernacle, formed to receive the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; and here the baptism of the Jews is performed, for which purpose, at least, one is annually provided in a most magnificent chapel; and here, in the splendid antique porphyry basin, the Emperor Constantine was *immersed* after his conversion; and here are two columns of Pilate's house, and a column which was split when the veil of the temple was rent; and here is the *Scala sancta*, or "Holy stair," consisting of twenty-eight marble steps, which were the same that the Saviour descended from Pilate's judgment-seat; on which I saw multitudes creeping up on their knees, the steps being now covered with wood, as they were three times renewed after having been worn down by the penitents; and here, at the top of the stair, is the *Sancta sanctorum*—a chapel so holy that no *woman* is ever permitted to enter. The church and baptistery are both splendid. *St. Maria Maggiore* was commenced in 352, in consequence of a vision in a fall of snow which covered the exact space to be occupied by the church. The columns were taken from the temple of Juno; and it is universally agreed that, for its class, the interior is the finest in the world. The first gold ever brought from Spain was granted for its decoration; and the mosaics, with Scripture histories, are understood to belong to so early a period as the fifth century. The ceremonies here are imposing, being at least twice a year performed by the Pope, in presence of the cardinals, with the finest music of Italy; and on

Christmas-eve the presepio, or holy cradle, is displayed to immense crowds, under a glass case; but I could not get near enough to discover the precious relic. *Santa Croce* was founded by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, who deposited in it a part of the true cross, and laid for the foundation a quantity of earth from Jerusalem. Independently of these recommendations, and of the immense quantity of religious relics and bones, it is remarkable for the interesting remains of Roman antiquity applied in its construction. *San Paolo* was built in 386, and, next to St. Peter's, was by far the largest and most splendid. The number of ancient columns was great, beside forty Corinthian from Greece, and altogether nearly one hundred and fifty of the finest in the world. The bronzes came from Constantinople; the mosaics were of the richest character; and the monuments were among the most magnificent in Rome. But all these were sunk into insignificance compared with its having been the burial-place of the Apostle Paul, whose body was brought here from the Vatican in 251, and of which no doubt is ever entertained by any good Roman Catholic. It was the church selected by the Kings of England for their special protection before the Reformation. But in 1824 a fire took place in the roof, and it was reduced to a mass of ruins. Twenty-one years have since elapsed, during which time, by an extraordinary effort over all the Catholic States of Europe, it is now restored to a still more magnificent form, but bereft of antiques which no money can repair, and it is now very nearly completed. *San Lorenzo* is another very fine *basilica*. I ought, perhaps, to have applied this term to the preceding churches, including St. Peter's. It is the correct phrase (though now not much used), from a Greek adjective signifying *kingly*, on account of the sovereigns who became Christian having in early ages granted the sites of public *tribunals* for their erection, in an oblong form, with two side aisles, separated from the nave by a simple row of pillars, and lighted by windows above the arches—a square structure being built in front, with a colonnade round each side. This was the original form of Christian churches. But to return to St. Lorenzo, it is a very curious old church, with some strange frescoes, such as weighing the actions of the Saint in a balance, and a struggle among devils for his soul. The ancient columns of marble, granite, and porphyry are of the highest class of art; and the two marble pulpits are supposed to have been the most primitive form of the ecclesiastical rostrum. *San*

Sebastiano is another basilica, equally rich in the odour of sanctity, and as to age is always ascribed to the reign of Constantine. Some Greeks were detected in attempting to remove the bodies of Peter and Paul from the Vatican, which were then (we were told by the priests) deposited here; but its most remarkable possession is the stone containing the impression of the Saviour's feet when he was met by Peter in the Via Appia, near *Rome*, who asked, "Whither goest thou, Lord?" This is a most *invaluable* relic, and worn down by kissing. Attached to San Sebastiano are the wonderful and celebrated catacombs, which have excited much antiquarian controversy. You descend from a door at the church, with lighted wax tapers in your hand, preceded by a priestly conductor, into a shelving passage, about ten feet high, excavated from puzzolana rock, which forms the subsoil all around Rome; and it then branches off into a series of irregular winding passages, arranged in three storeys, and occasionally opening out into wide spaces. On each side of these avenues or rooms are oblong niches, or open presses, which contained the ashes of the dead—sometimes burned and enclosed in urns, but more generally the remnants of decay in the course of time; and in this case the sepulchre was closed in front. These were the refuges of the early Christians, for concealment and worship, during the persecutions of Nero and other emperors; and these were their last abodes when death put an end to their sufferings. Few ornamental accompaniments have been found. These were not the times for display, and these were not the people who could afford it; but on examining the Vatican library, I was surprised to find some interesting exceptions, of ornaments which had been discovered, and even some well-executed frescoes, among which was a rude prototype of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. The fact has turned out to be that, even after the establishment of Christianity, the place was considered holy ground; and no fewer than forty-six of the first Popes (or bishops, as *then* denominated) are recorded to have been interred within its recesses. I was shown the plan by a priest. The extent is quite inconceivable, a circuit of no less than sixty miles having been traced, and much left undiscovered. The burial-places have been enumerated at 174,000. The probable conjecture now is, that the excavations were originally made by the Romans for provision of puzzolana earth, to which some allusion is made in one of Cicero's orations; and that the early Christians availed themselves of the hiding-places as a

shelter from the storm of persecution. There are other catacombs near Rome, but of no comparative consideration whatever.

I have been led away by this interesting subject, and must now conclude my notice of the churches, by just adverting to one or two more—viz., *St. Agnese*, founded by Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, with a curious assemblage of Christian antiquities. *St. Agostino*, with fine paintings and a splendid library, containing 90,000 books and 3,000 MSS. *St. Andrea del Valle*, universally admired for its elegant architecture, and the inimitable frescoes by Dominichino. *St. Antonino*, renowned as the place for blessing the horses, to which I may sometime again refer. *Ara Cœli*, near the Capitol, occupying the site of the Temple of Jupiter—a very old, but a very ugly church, with many antiquities and frescoes, interesting from the picturesque style in which the festival of the advent is got up, attracting crowds from all quarters. *Capuccini*, remarkable for the Aurora of Guido and the St. Francis Dominichino. *St. Cecilia*, with the finest marble statue after death of any work in Italy. *San Clemente*, a most ancient and interesting church, with an enclosure of the *presbytery* in front, and with Bacchanalian emblems, which could not have been expected as symbols among the early Christians. *Gesu*, belonging to the Jesuits, perhaps the most gorgeous church in Rome, and where the fine music attracts most fashionable attendances. *St. Gregori*, to which the present Pope is contributing splendid ornaments, from his having been long the abbot of that monastic order. *St. Maria degle Angeli*, a magnificent building, occupying the hall of the Baths of Dioclesian, designed by Michael Angelo, and with such a significant statue of St. Bruno, that Pope Clement XIV. said, “It would *speak*, if the rules of his order did not command silence.” It has a cloister with 100 pillars, round which Michael Angelo planted the beautiful cypress, now 13 feet in circumference. *St. Maria Supra Minerva*, the only *Gothic* church in Rome, built on the Temple of Minerva, containing some of the most interesting tombs,—among others, that of the celebrated Manutius Aldus, who died in 1574, after having printed the *Scriptures* and the *Fathers*; also that of Cardinal Howard, styled “*Magnæ Britanniae Protector*,” who died in 1694: and this church has the most numerous library in Rome, 120,000 books, and nearly 5,000 MSS. It is well known that the two great printing presses at present in London have taken their names from this church—the Aldine and the Minerva. *St. Maria del Populo*, which I men-

tion chiefly because it is just close to where I write, was founded on the spot where the ashes of Nero are said to have been discovered and scattered; and was built to protect the people from the ghosts and phantoms with which the neighbourhood was pestered. It contains some of the richest chapels in Rome. *St. Maria Trastevere*, a very primitive church, founded in 224, and understood to have been the first ever consecrated. *San Onoffrio*, chiefly known as the burial-place of the great poet Tasso, where I marked the simple but sufficient epitaph, "*Torquati Tassi Ossa*"—"The bones of Torquatus Tassus:" nothing more is necessary for the author of Dante, which everybody in Italy reads who *can* read it. I went to see where once stood the pride of the neighbourhood, *Tasso's Oak*. It was the resort of the scholar and stranger, but was blown down in 1842. I was favoured with two small branches from the convent, which I am getting made into canes for friends here, who will duly value the relics.

But I cannot get through one-half of the churches, which form so interesting a part of every intelligent stranger's examination, for their architecture, their statuary, their paintings, and their antiquities. We have been delighted ourselves; but the dry list I have given of even *some* must be sufficiently tiresome. Neither have I time or space for any reference to the church ceremonies and festivals we have witnessed, and which belong to Italy in general, rather than to this city in particular. So here at last closes my imperfect sketch of *Modern Rome*; and for much of which I must freely acknowledge my obligations to the Italian guide books, and which have been so faithfully followed, without *any* acknowledgment, in many parts, by Murray and other English directors of the stranger in Italy. Murray's Hand-book, however, is excellent in general, though not quite careful and correct in some instances as to Italy.

But what, it will now naturally be said, has now become of *Ancient Rome*? It may appear that Hamlet has been left out of the play by particular desire; and such would be my own opinion, if I were not satisfied that the modern town, its collections, its churches, its manners, and its fashions, now almost engross the attention of visitors. For my own part, you are aware that the antiquities of Rome were the great object of my curiosity; and in pursuance of this design, I devoted the three or four first weeks of our residence almost exclusively to the examination of the celebrated remains.

“Ere yet decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
Go, bend thee o’er th’ illustrious dead.”

So Mrs. Hamilton Gray prettily quotes, as an inducement to explore the excavations of Etruria; and it may be still more aptly applied to the survey of the ruins of Rome. I have seen them all—I have left nothing, so far as I know, in and about the ancient city unexamined—but how to describe them without the aid of views, maps, and plans, is a difficulty which it is not easy to surmount. I read much about them before I came; but till I *saw* them I had no tangible hold of their actual appearance. In place, therefore, of attempting at present anything like a landscape in the mind’s eye, which can convey by mere words no distinct perception of the reality, I shall prefer to give something of a short historical sketch, altered from the labours of the Archæological Academy of Rome, and adopted by English writers. On such a subject, exhausted as it has been by the scrutiny of centuries, it would be mere presumption to aspire to anything like originality, and empty pedantry to quote the passages from classical authors, which must occur to every common scholar on seeing with the *eye* what they have described with the *pen*. Indeed, to say the truth, there is great uncertainty as to the application of their references; and hence ancient Rome has been a battle-field on which every inch of poetical ground, as delineated by Virgil or Horace, or historical, as occupied by Livy or Suetonius, has been fought by recent antiquarians.

“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?”

The remains of ancient Rome may be divided into the three periods of its history—the Kingly, the Republican, and the Imperial. I. The reign of the KINGS commenced in 753 B.C., and ended in 509, a range of 234 years. All the world has attributed the first settlement of the Latins to Romulus; and the old story of the wolf suckling him and Remus may be seen here conveyed in many an emblem, and painted on many a sign. The Latins having selected the Palatine Hill for their residence, expelled the

Arcadians, who were in possession; but as the limits were still too confined, and did not exceed a mile in circumference, they next drove the Sabines from the Capitoline and the Quirinal, and lastly compelled the Etruscans to retire from the Coelian and the Esquiline. The three nations afterward united, then drained the intermediate marshes, and thus laid the foundation of a powerful city; and from the name of the founder it was denominated Rome. Of this early structure the remains are extremely few, and chiefly constructed in the Etruscan style, with massive square blocks of stone, laid on each other without lime or cement; and it is not a little remarkable that these works have survived the operation of time, when the more modern and careful operations of masonry have crumbled into dust or perished in warfare. The first was the Cloaca Maxima, commenced by Tarquinus Priscus, the fifth king, 616 years B.C. It is an immense archway underground, 14 feet high by 14 broad, built over with concentric courses of blocks, some of which are 5 feet long and 3 thick, for the purpose of draining the valley between the Palatine and the Capitoline hills, and the water-way terminating in the Tiber. This work was the first in time, and perhaps the first in greatness. I know nothing in history to compare with so grand a conception in the minds of a people, at so early a period of their civilization. And now, at the distance of 2,461 years, the tunnel still stands unhurt, amidst the convulsions of earthquakes, the swelling of inundations, and the weight of ruins. The next remaining operation of the kings was the Mæmertine prisons, near the Forum, by Ancus Martius, 640 years B.C., consisting of two chambers, the one over the other, with a small hole in the floor of the upper to drop the prisoners into the lower. It also was built in the Etruscan manner, and it also continues entire. It is a horrible place, of small size, without light and without air. Here Jugurtha was starved to death; here Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius, was executed; and here, by the orders of Cicero, the Catiline conspirators were strangled. *Now* it is invested with a Christian interest; and the priest who shows it (for it is connected with a chapel) tells that it was the place where St. Peter was confined by the mandate of Nero; and he points not only to the pillar to which Peter was bound, and which is protected by an iron rail, but to the well which at once sprung up by a miracle to baptize his jailors. The third is the embankment, or quay, at the Tiber, below the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima, part of which is still visible as in its original form; and the fourth

is part of the celebrated *agger* or rampart of Servius Tullius, of which few vestiges exist to show the size of that fortification. This enumeration of the earliest remains, taken from the guide books, is so far correct; but I am inclined, after examination, to assign to the same period of the Kings, in place of the Republic, the celebrated Temple of Esculapius, on the Tiberine Isle, as the remains have the same Etruscan style of heavy blocks at the foundation. Rome was at that time suffering much from the plague; the Sibyls recommended ambassadors to be sent to bring Esculapius from Epidaurus; they returned without the statue; but in its stead they found, on entering the river, a *serpent*, which slipped out of the vessel and hid itself among the reeds of the island. No doubt existed that the divinity of the healing art had assumed the serpentine shape (certainly a more kindly one to the human race than that which appeared to Eve); a temple was immediately erected; and the form of the island was altered into a ship, faced with stone—a form which it still retains; and though the temple is gone, the serpent remains.

II. The period of the REPUBLICAN Government commenced 509, and ended 30 years B.C.—a duration of 479 years; and if regret can be felt or surprise excited by the classical amateur, it will arise from the very few vestiges now extant of times entwined with his juvenile recollections. This deficiency is ascribed to the constant wars of the consuls, for the object of extending their dominions. Certain it is, that to the fall of Corinth and the conquest of Carthage—till new temples were required for new divinities—and till the intercourse with Greece had infused a love of the arts, and inspired a desire of imitation, few structures appeared worthy of the Roman name. It was not till the power was transferred into the single hand of an emperor that Augustus could boast that he found Rome built of brick, and left it made of marble. But still we find the great object of utility steadily pursued by the democracy. The military ways were paved with large stones, which still exist; the Via Appia, an excellent conveyance through the swamps of the Compagna to important parts of the country, was among the first good roads ever formed in Europe, and still is used with little repair; the foundations were laid of the superb aqueducts, which were afterward completed at incalculable expense; and different massive walls were built, such as at the bottom of the Capitol and the elevation of the Forum. Nor is this period entirely destitute of orna-

mental architecture and sculpture. The temples of Jupiter Capitolinus, restored by Sylla at the Capitol; of Fortuna Virilis, near the Ponte Rotto, now the Church of Santa Maria Egiziaca; of Juno Matuta, Hope and Piety, below the walls of San Nicolo in Carcere; and of Hercules Custos, near the cloisters of the Somaschi;—though scarcely discernible vestiges remain of some, were all works of the Republic; besides the theatre of Pompey, the first erected in stone, which was considered by the stern citizens such a corruption of morals, that Pompey was obliged to change it into a temple, dedicated to *Venus Victrix*, and which satisfied their scruples. In the front of the theatre was the famous portico, of 100 columns, where Brutus sat as praetor on the day when

“Even at the base of Pompey’s statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.”

To the Republican period are also to be ascribed the magnificent tombs of the Scipios, the Servilli, and particularly of Cecilia Metella, on the Via Appia, a circular tower of 70 feet diameter, still standing in high preservation, and with beautiful ornaments. *Who* she was, no one now can tell.

“This much alone we know, Metella died—
The wealthiest Roman’s wife—behold his love or pride!”

The sarcophagi and other contents of all the tombs have been transferred to museums.

III. The period of the **EMPIRE** began in the year 30 B.C., and ended A.D. 476—having lasted for 506 years. It was then, when Rome had attained its highest magnificence, that its monuments assumed a corresponding grandeur. The age of Augustus was equally distinguished by opulence, splendour, and literature; and his proudest aim was to extend his city and decorate its appearance. He chose the Palatine Hill as the most beautiful site for his residence, and there commenced the Palace of the Cæsars, which was afterward prodigiously enlarged, and of which the ruins at this day form of one the most striking and storied objects. The Campus Martius, hitherto a mere field for popular assemblies, was covered with temples, theatres, and arcades. The Forum, where “a thousand years of silenced faction sleep,” but whose very name awakes all the enthusiasm of freedom,

and all the recollections of eloquence, was only a space of about 600 feet long and 100 feet broad between the Capitoline and the Palatine. It was enlarged, and temples erected, the ruins of which are now the most remarkable and interesting in Rome. In the first place, three fluted columns of elegant proportions, in the Corinthian style, indicate where stood the Temple of Saturn; in the next place, eight fine granite columns are the remains of the Temple of Fortune; and in the last place, the beautiful single column, of later date, erected by Phocas. Of these the three first, which are so much celebrated, have of late created much controversy, and a prevailing opinion is, that they are a part of the Temple of Minerva, erected by Augustus in connection with the Curia Julia, the magnificent house for the Senate, instead of the old Curia. The Forum ended at the Temple of Antoninus, and there commenced the Via Sacra, passing the Temples of Remus and of Peace, and then through the Arch of Titus to the Colosseum. There were four other forums—1st. Of Julius Cæsar, now obliterated; but the remains of the Forum of Trajan, with its famous column of Nerva and of Augustus, are still distinctly extant. Recurring, however, to the historical part of the sketch,—after the death of Augustus, Agrippa possessed a similar taste, and pursued the same plan of embellishment, commencing the luxurious system of warm baths in the Campus Martius. But his great work was the Pantheon, so distinguished over the world for its architectural excellence, the faultless proportion of its portico—in short, its almost perfect beauty amidst the disadvantages of being changed into a church, and which still stands “a glorious dome—Pantheon! pride of Rome.” The Roman Catholics, indeed, maintain here that it has been owing to the consecration of heathen temples into Christian churches that such works of art have been at all preserved amidst the wreck of time; but they do not think, as I have argued with them, on the injury they have done by their mutilations. The Praetorian Camp and the Temples of Ceres and Proserpine were the erections of the next emperor, Tiberius; while Claudius constructed that most useful and beautiful aqueduct, which still commands such universal admiration. But the emperor who with the darkest deeds of blood mixed the vainest display of ostentation was Nero, who built his great golden house on the Palatine, and to provide a site for such an immense structure, set fire to the Palace of the Cæsars, and displaced the possessions of Mæcenas. He also made a large extent of baths near to the Pantheon; and on the very situation now

occupied by St. Peter's and the Vatican, he completed the Circus of Caligula, where he exhibited as a sport the tortures and the martyrdoms of the early Christians. I have already said that near to where I now write his ashes were scattered in indignation to the winds as soon as they were discovered; and so will always end the reign of persecution and despotism. But of all the ruins which yet stand to tell the tale of ancient Rome—sung by poets, described by travellers, and multiplied in endless paintings, engravings, and models—none can equal the Colosseum. I may say for myself that it is the only structure which not only came up to, but went far beyond my expectations. It was commenced by Vespasian A.D. 72, and finished by Titus in 80, who sent thousands of captive Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, to labour at the hated task. How different from that described by Ezra, when they wrought at the restoration of their own temple! The scenes here displayed of the poor Christians who, "destitute, afflicted, tormented," were exposed to the ravages of beasts, and, worst of all, in *human* shape, are too well known to require any reference; and the gladiatorial combats which so much disgraced the Roman character lasted for nearly four centuries. I cannot go into the details of this well-known building, which covers about six acres of ground. There is an old proverb here, that when the Colosseum falls, Rome shall fall—and when Rome falls, the world shall fall. Two-thirds of the structure have already disappeared, and chiefly by the hands of popes and princes, to form palaces. In this work of dilapidation the great family of the Barbarini have been conspicuous; and accordingly one day there was pasted on the statue of *Pasquin*, which alone is privileged to say whatever it chooses, the pointed *pasquinade*, "Quod non fecerunt *Barbari*, fecere *Barbarini*." The same emperor, Vespasian, also built the Temple of Vesta—still standing entire in simple elegance. Domitian also did much to adorn Rome; but nothing is extant except the beautiful Arch of Titus, on his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Nerva formed the Forum which still bears his name, and Trajan built a temple to his memory, of which three pillars remain to excite admiration. But the triumphal pillar to Trajan's own name, dedicated by the Senate and the people, and delineating all his victories, is the proudest and most unique monument existing in the world. No emperor was more distinguished for expensive taste than Hadrian, who erected the finest villa, the finest bridge, and the finest tomb, and that tomb, now changed, as I men-

tioned, into a papal prison, frowns down "to point a moral and adorn a tale."*

I cannot go further into the details of the many remains we inspected. I have noted the principal antiquities, and more than are generally visited. A few other erections were made in the later times of the emperors, but, like themselves, degenerated both in magnitude and taste. The time was now approaching when all that was elegant in form and imposing in aspect was to mingle with the dust. After the conversion of Constantine and the establishment of Christianity, very many of the temples were mutilated into churches; many more were robbed of their columns and ornaments for churches and palaces; while some, in the new-born zeal of the time, were utterly demolished. Then came down on the land the hordes of barbarians from the North, who swept it with the besom of destruction; while the inhabitants used all the materials they could find as a bulwark of defence. Then, in the seventh century, was a succession of earthquakes, floods, and pestilence, which laid waste the city and the country. Then internal wars and commotions were the result of the disputes as to the papal elections, and the town was for a time left to dilapidation. Then followed the dreadful invasion of the Normans, who razed the Capitol, battered the Colosseum, and demolished many of the monuments. Other wars, earthquakes, and inundations were sent to scourge the devoted city. In lamentable ignorance, too, a number of precious marbles were broken down, and used as materials for lime-kilns, during the Middle Ages. Lastly came the ruthless hand of time: and all these causes co-operated, in the course of centuries, to lay low in the dust the celebrated city, which rose from little to more, till she became the mistress of the world.

* I should have noticed two or three other remains of a later date. Antoninus Pius built the temple whose fine colonnade is now the front of the custom-house. The column to Marcus Aurelius was voted by the Senate, and is only second to that of Trajan. The Baths of Caracalla are magnificent even in their ruins. The Temple of the Sun was erected by Elagabalus, of which one column alone lies on the ground to indicate its immense size. Aurelian signalized his name in a way more durable, by the strong fortifications which served as the foundations of the present walls. The Baths of Diocletian, or rather their ruins, are invested with a peculiar interest, from their having been the labours of the persecuted Christians. This was in the year of our Lord 302; and in five years afterward Constantine himself became a Christian. The fragments of his beautiful basilica now lie scattered in the Forum.

“First an acorn hid in grass,
 Then twig, then sapling; till as century roll'd
 Slow after century, a giant bulk,
 Of girth immense, with prominent wens globose,
 And roots above the soil—till at the last,
 The rottenness which time is charged to inflict
 On other mighty ones, found also thee.”

(Cowper's "Yeardley Oak," quoted from *memory*, and therefore perhaps not quite correct.)

Yet when we consider the fate of other nations once as distinguished; when we reflect on the end of Babylon, of Tyre, of Jerusalem, and other cities, foretold in Scripture, and so literally verified, that in some of them not a stone is left on another to tell where they stood; when we look to the removal of ancient landmarks in our own towns, of comparatively recent origin; and when we reflect on the number of causes which have concurred to effect the dilapidation of Rome, the wonder should rather be, that so many relics should remain of her power, her taste, and her enterprise, after a lapse of time since her origin of nearly three thousand years.

I have thus performed my promise of *attempting* a description of Rome. It is a bold attempt, and I am quite aware of the imperfect manner in which it has been performed; but it may help to give some general conception on this almost boundless and inexhaustible subject. I will not say how much it has encroached on my time, and I fear I have completely tired the patience of any of my friends who may be so good as wade through such a voluminous epistle. All I can say is, that I had neither time nor talent to make it shorter; and having now given a sketch of by far the most interesting portions of our tour on the Continent, I hope to atone for the lengthiness of the past by the brevity of the future. On Monday, the 17th, we propose (God willing) to start for Naples, where, and in the adjoining country, we may be detained three or four weeks. From thence we *must* return to Rome, where we shall not likely remain above ten days or so (I ought to have said there is no other good way back from Naples); and at Rome we shall be better able to say as to our future progress on our *return home*. Any letters after this will of course, therefore, be directed to us *at Rome*. Two proposals have been made—one, that we should visit Sicily and Mount Etna; and another, that we should even wend our way to *Jerusalem*, whither a party is now preparing here. After due consideration, we

have declined both—*certainly* the latter, and *probably* the former, though the steamer for Palermo from Naples takes only a day. We are now all anxious again to be in Scotland, “OUR OWN romantic land.”

I remain, with best wishes to all friends,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JA. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

ROME, 31st March, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

In now performing my promise to write again on our return from Naples, I hope the time which has elapsed since my last, and the brevity which I shall try to study, will make some amends for the length of my previous communications.

We left Rome for the more southern part of Italy on the morning of the 19th February. The weather was cool and cloudless; and the splendid stretch of ruined aqueducts, the frequent recurrence of sepulchral monuments, together with the numerous remains of towers erected for defence during the Middle Ages, gave a charm even to the dreary and barren level of the Campagna. Abstaining from any allusion to the classical antiquities and baronial villas, on approaching the celebrated hills of Albano, it is impossible to omit the magnificent view which then strikes the eye, commanding the boundless plain, full of historical and poetical interest, with the domes, and spires, and obelisks of Rome rising in the centre like an oasis in the desert, and extending on the right to the Sabine and Etruscan mountains, with the coast and ports of the Mediterranean on the left. The Campagna has always been scourged with malaria during the summer months; and Albano was the most favourite refuge of the patricians in ancient times, as it still continues to be with the modern nobility. Pompey and Domitian had here each elegant residences, of which fine vestiges are visible; and the Pope has a plain but finely-placed country house—the only one in his possession. From the town we went up a very steep path to the Lake of Albano (the crater of a very ancient extinguished volcano), described by

Livy, praised by Horace, and stated by Sir. W. Gell to be "one of the most beautiful pieces of water in the world; and, in respect of scenery, beyond comparison the finest of volcanic origin in Italy." Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty and classical interest of the country in the stages from Albano to Ginsano and Velletri. If anything could compensate for the unnecessary tariff of six horses to each carriage, it would be the wild ravines which the road traverses, the bold rocks clothed with every species of evergreen, the magnificent trees and ancient structures on the rising grounds, and the exquisite occasional peeps of the sea through the vistas. Then, on ascending the highest ridge to La Riccia (the old Aricia), we came in the first place to the first stage of Horace's journey to Brundisium from Rome, but where the entertainment was not exactly suited to his epicurean propensities; and in the next place to the Alban Mount, the Ida of Virgil, and disclosing from its summit the scenery of half the Æneid. We were so much enchanted that we stopped for the day at the ancient town of Velletri, and were politely permitted to mount the battlements of the palace, which command a prospect of the Volscian mountains and cities, the immense expanse of the Pontine Marshes, and far beyond the Mediterranean sea and the Circæan promontory. On examining the town, through its narrow lanes, and amidst its host of beggars, in a crowded population of 8,000 inhabitants, I found an inscription on a house which gave it a peculiar interest to Englishmen. It was a school founded by Cardinal York, the last of the unfortunate race of the Stewarts, and who, I then discovered, had been Bishop of this very city.

Next morning we proceeded through rich vineyards, exceedingly well cultivated. The volcanic soil is highly fertile, and produces a wine which is much valued over the whole country. We then came to a desolate part, except for pastures, called Cisterna, or the Cistern, from the quantity of water. This was the supposed site of "the Three Taverns" mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. I think this a mistake. The words in the 28th chapter of the Acts are (v. 14),—"And so went toward Rome. (15.) And from *thence*, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns." Now, the next stage is Treponti (or the three bridges); and on inquiry I found that this was certainly *one* of these two places, not only by the tradition of the country, but by the erection of a church on the spot, in honour of St. Paul. I

asked an intelligent-looking man at Treponti if *that* was the place spoken of as the Three Taverns? His reply was, "Signore, all my education has been by the priests, and on that point they have given me no information." But judging from the consecutive mention of the two places in the progress of the brethren *from* Rome, in which the "*Appii Forum*" is specified *first*, it should seem to be clear that *this* was Cisterna, and that the "Three Taverns" was Treponti. I feel, however, that this is rather a point for commentators; so, passing on, I proceed to state that at Treponti commence the famous, or rather what once were the *infamous*, Pontine Marshes—a tract of swamps, called twenty-five miles in length, but for which we paid twenty-eight, and about ten miles in breadth; a basin formed by surrounding hills, nearly flat, receiving all the streams, but with no adequate fall to carry them off, and thus stagnating in a level marsh. The consequence of the exhalations was disease, pestilence, and death. The wretched peasantry, pale and squalid, did not attempt to sleep in such a poisonous atmosphere. They all clustered, from time immemorial, in Cora, Norma, and other towns, some of them above 3,000 years old, on the brow of the Volscian Hills. Pliny tells a different tale, and says that this plain once contained thirty-three *cities*. The assertion is without proof. Virgil, who lived a considerable time before him, describes it as "*atra palus*"—a black bog; and there are not the slightest remains of any antecedent buildings. How could it be otherwise? How could any towns ever be built on a mere quagmire? The truth is, that no attempts were ever made to drain the Pontine Marshes till Appius Claudius formed the Appia Via, which conferred such a distinguished and still-standing credit on his memory. This was 300 years before the Christian era. Noble, indeed, was the object; but it only succeeded partially. Horace describes it in his time as an "*aqua teterrima*;" and Luca, still later, as "*Udæ paludes*"—terms which are quite sufficient to describe Bunyan's better-known epithet of the "Slough of Despond." But I feel I am again wandering; so I shall omit a great deal of what I could have added, and merely say that at last Pope Pius VI., a truly patriotic pontiff—when all was despair, and desolation, and death, in these miserable regions—roused his energies, resolved to remedy the evil, went down to live on the spot, took new levels, cut new canals, established new houses, and at last succeeded in making this great road not only passable, but comfortable.

Honour to his memory! notwithstanding the numerous criticisms of modern engineers, and accusations of recent historians. The expense must have been enormous; but now for nearly thirty miles we pass safely through a shaded avenue of massive trees (rather long for the *picturesque*), till we arrive on the sea-coast at Terracina. Here we resolved to stop for the night; but having plenty of day-light before dinner, I scrambled up to the ancient town on a high eminence, situate at the foot of the Apennines. One of the first objects which struck me was the old Greek dress of the women, and the firm step with which they mounted and descended the precipitous path, carrying the tall pitchers of classic shape on their heads, without any touch of their hands. In the quaint walls I found the remains of a marble temple to Jupiter; and at the old church a fine mosaic floor, and a granite vessel of large size, in which the early Christians were boiled to death. The view from the eminence of the coast and the sea is quite beautiful; and the shore is studded with splendid specimens of cactuses, aloes, and many other plants known in our hot-houses, but whose names I cannot pretend to specify. Near the sea is a most striking object. The rocks have long since been characterized by Horace for their dazzling whiteness; but it is not an accurate description: they are of a beautiful tinge, diversified with pale pink and yellow, with here and there the vivid green of plants creeping through the chinks, quite a study for the painter. They are composed of excellent lime, which is exported in large quantities; and the convicts condemned at Rome and other places are sent here, among other places, to work the quarries. One rocky pillar, about 150 feet high, stands detached, and, combined with the sea and surrounding scenery, forms a perfect picture. At the back is a high mountain surmounted with the ruins of the Emperor Theodoric's palace. Terracina is the last town in the Papal State; and the frontier barrier with the kingdom of the two Sicilies (commonly called Naples) stands about two miles beyond. A very rigorous search is here made into the luggage of passengers who decline to compromise with the Doganiere; and, recollecting the annoyance we formerly experienced, we settled for two dollars. Between the barriers of the two states is a mile at least of debateable land; and here was the great resort of the banditti who lived in Terracina. The whole road, indeed, from the Pontine Marshes to Naples, and on through Calabria, was at one time dangerous in the extreme; and the rude crosses still stand as a memorial of the murders which were committed. At last the assassinations and

robberies of Englishmen, and particularly of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, a few years ago, brought the governments seriously to interfere; and small parties of soldiers have since been encamped along the line, at stations half a mile apart. The brigands who killed the Hunts were all consigned to public execution; and the predatory excursions became at last so difficult and unprofitable, that the gangs surrendered on the promise of pardon; and all apprehensions have now been removed as to safety. Such, at least, was the result of our experience so far as Poestum, though reports prevail as to the risk in the more distant parts of Calabria, which few or no travellers now visit. But the danger from another source—that of malaria—becomes imminent after the warm season commences, particularly along the fertile vales near Fondi, from the lakes and marshes. Fondi is a very ancient town, with crowds of mendicants, including priests, and with as few attractions now as in the days of Horace, but with imposing towers and battlements, erected by Barbarossa. Here again we were compelled to take six horses, for no other object but to fill the pocket of the King of Naples, who farms his own taxes, and is a perfect scrub. There is no other beauty along the roads than the abundance of myrtles of every species, and on every side, even clothing the brows of the hills, and some rising like trees to the height of twenty feet. There is another curiosity in the perfect condition here of the old Appian way, along which we still travelled. It is indeed wonderful that the first causeway ever known should still exist in complete preservation, while so many recent ones in our own country are constantly going to decay. So far as I have been able to examine, the Via Appia was about twelve feet wide, formed of large blocks in a rhomboidal shape, varying from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 feet in length, flattened at top, and closely fitted to each other without any cement. But it is recorded, and indeed is apparent, that Appius was most particular in the selection of the material, which in general was the same as used for mill-stones, and of course durable in proportion to its hardness. Passing a number of villages, all situate on eminences, each with a church and a castle, we came to Itri, at the head of two diverging streams from the Formian hills, celebrated by the ancients for the wines in the same list with the Falernian.* I never saw so imposing a town at a distance as Itri. It is a volcanic *upheaval* (as the geologists say), similar to

* "Mea nec Falernae

'Temperant vites, neque Formiani

Pocula colles."—Hor., L. I., Od. 20.

Dumbarton Castle, but three times as large; clothed to the summit with houses, churches, and convents, all of the most antique style, and, like all the structures in this part of Italy, with flat roofs, crowned with the ruins of a most magnificent romantic ivy-mantled castle, striking the sky-light with its diversified towers. I spoke of its attraction at a distance—for on trying to scale the streets, I was at once repelled by the filth and the beggars. We now proceeded over the ancient Mount Cæcubus; and I shall never forget the scene which then caught and charmed the eye—a scene certainly not surpassed, I may almost add, not equalled in the world—and which I am quite incompetent to describe. Beneath us lay the Gulf of Gaeta, reflecting in still repose on its deep blue bosom the splendour of an Italian sky without a cloud; around us on the mountain's side were "groves of green myrtle;" down on the coast were plantations of orange and lemon trees; amidst the wood rose the ruins of ancient tombs, and along the shores appeared the remains of Roman villas; beyond, about two miles, juttred out the bold promontory of Gaeta, with its strong fortifications covering the rocks, amidst churches and houses, then rising up to a high eminence, surmounted with the vestiges of an imperial palace, then sweeping round into an extensive bay, crowded with white villas, till it ended at the town of Mola, to which we were approaching. Then on the further side of the sea appeared Ischia, Procida, and other islands of the old Magna Grecia; and in the extreme distance the view was terminated with the Bay of Naples, and Vesuvius smoking on its further shore. One of the peculiarities of this country is the very long reach of vision, owing to the clearness and purity of the atmosphere. It was yet early in the afternoon of the 21st; but we were so much captivated with the luxurious scenery round Mola, that we resolved to remain till next morning. We occupied the time in inspecting the remains of the Roman villas on the shore, which exhibit mere ornament with no comfort, being little better than splendid caverns, without light or convenience, and absolutely entering into the sea, from which the great heat of the weather at that time may be inferred. The most elegant is called Cicero's, for there are many which bear the same name. He was assassinated on this coast; and there are many doubts as to the position of his tomb. The whole of this vicinity is replete with classic interest. It was the fabled seat of the Læstrogons, the depository

of the fame and ashes of Ciueta, the nurse of Æneas, and the scene of the great disasters of Ulysses.

Next morning I rose by daylight to prosecute my researches, and was astonished to find in such a latitude, on the 21st February, hard frost. The ice was nearly an inch thick. In our progress toward Naples we were for a long way close to the foot of the Apennines, which were covered with snow. The ice continued unmelted, and the feeling of cold was so intense that I never remember to have experienced such bitterness in Scotland. I understood from two ladies, who had resided nearly thirty years in Naples, that the water was absolutely frozen in their bed-rooms, and that such a phenomenon was unparalleled in their experience. It may serve to illustrate the unnatural convulsions in the atmosphere during this spring all over Europe, and the long-continued severity of winter in France and Britain. But to proceed,—we left Mola at an early hour in the morning, and in going through the long narrow street we were struck with the picturesque costume of the inhabitants, similar to what marks the figures on the old Greek statues. The men are dressed in a loose robe, and in place of shoes wear a piece of raw hide, little broader than the sole of the foot, tied up round the ankle in the same way as the antique sandal. The women, particularly the young and pretty ones, have their hair gracefully coiled up with a handsome cloth across, and a net enclosing the whole, as in the heads of old statues. It is curious to contrast the never-ceasing changes of fashion in Paris and London with the never-varying costumes in the different provinces of the Continent. The scene is peculiarly oriental when groups of these nymphs are seen washing, in some places standing up to their knees in streams, in others bending over their figures into marble fountains.

The road, soon after leaving Mola, strikes into the interior, and loses all the charm of scenery, save here and there a crow's nest of a town, an old castle, or a remnant of antiquity in classic lore. Of this last character are the interesting ruins of the town of Minturnæ, but of which I have here no books to tell me the history; but I took sketches of its once large amphitheatre and still extensive aqueducts. The whole country to Naples, however, is so rich and luxuriant in grain, wine, fruit, vegetables, and olives, that from time immemorial it has borne the enviable name of Campania Felix: and truly Providence has given it all the materials of

“the happy country;” but never in my life have I seen such appearances of poverty, disease, and misery, as among the population. Along the road we were incessantly assailed with cries for relief; and no sooner would we halt at a stage than crowds of the lame, the blind, the diseased, and the poor, with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, surrounded the carriage. We supplied ourselves with bread and pocket-fulls of copper coins, but what were they among so many? I think it is Dean Swift who described Ireland as the country for which God has done so much, and man so little; but what is Ireland, as to productiveness and poverty, compared with “Campania the Happy?” Happy! Let the wretches who inhabit it smile in agony at the word. I have much to say as to the causes of this strange anomaly; but I have already trespassed so far on my promises of brevity that I shall add no more on the subject. But in talking of trees, I have forgotten three splendid varieties of evergreens—the Laurestinus, now in its native country, and bursting out in milk-white masses; the Carob, a tree somewhat like the Ilex, or evergreen oak, but much larger in size, and more expanded and glossy in leaf; and the Cork, which grows in forests, not only here, but on a part of the Pontine Marshes; and, so far as I could perceive, has been little turned to mercantile account; indeed, beautiful as it is in its foliage, and picturesque in its twisted stem, I am told the cork which it produces is not nearly so tenacious and elastic as the Spanish and Portuguese.

I could say much on the objects on the intervening stages of Garigliano, Paraneze, St. Agata, and Capua, with the latter of which, celebrated as it has been, I was beyond measure disappointed; but I have already loitered too long on a road very interesting to myself, and shall only add that, after travelling a rich but weary level of miles after miles, where—

“The vines
Wed each their elm, and o’er the golden grain
Hang their luxurious clusters”

in autumn, and which were now in the course of pruning, training, and supporting, we arrived, after a long journey, and at a late hour, at

NAPLES.

We had previously been told that the most auspicious entry was in clear moonlight, to survey the bay; and when Vesuvius was emitting

flame, to see the crater in its majesty. We had both these advantages to all their extent ; but after about twelve hours' travelling we were tired and hungry, so we drove as fast as we could to the elegant but expensive hotel of the Victoire, and soon after dinner retired to rest. Altogether, we remained at Naples and the adjacent country thirty-one days—till the 26th March—a much longer period than I anticipated, owing partly to the indisposition of my friend Mr. John Ewing, from which he perfectly recovered, and partly to the interest of the city and the surrounding scenery. Before proceeding to say anything of the place, I may mention that the number of English, though very considerable, was less than usual, in consequence of the holy week at Rome ; but we met crowds of carriages after the ceremonies were over. Our countrymen and their families lived in a much quieter style than at Florence and Rome. There is one Englishwoman, indeed, Lady S., whose history is rather notorious, having been sent to a foundling hospital when a child, accompanied with a provision of £10,000 ; and she herself pretends that her parentage was of the *very* highest rank, but the mystery has never been solved ; and nothing more is known than that, after her marriage, the world was rather busy with her reputation. It is indeed no great recommendation to the fashionable circles of the English on the Continent that those ladies who assume the lead of the *ton*, do not themselves stand the highest as to character in their own country ; at least, I should rather say this is not *always* the case. Lady S. has a splendid mansion, and gives occasionally large parties ; but from the observances of the Church during Easter the usual gaiety was of course suspended. The British Ambassador, too, Mr. Temple (brother of Lord Palmerston), has very elegant accommodations, and *receives* on the birthdays and high occasions ; but he is himself a shy, retiring man, and not fond of company. My old acquaintance, the Hon. C. Murray, was daily expected as an *attaché* to the suite, and I have no doubt will prove as great a favourite as he was with our queen ; but he will be disappointed, I suspect, both with the emoluments of his office and the society of the court. I saw the royal family often, except the king and queen, who had gone to Rome for the purpose of paying their respects to the Pope ; but we met them on our return, at the comfortless inn of St. Agatha. The king's object is privately reported here to have been the persuading of the Pope to allow a great railway to pass through his territory as far as the

Neapolitan frontier at Terracina ; from whence, it is said, the king means to carry it along the coast of Calabria to nearly the extreme point of Italy, at Reggio (the Rhegium to which Paul “fetched a compass” on his voyage), and from which port the crossing to Sicily would be very short. This would be an immense object, not only for opening up and improving the barbarous and unproductive regions of Calabria, but for extending the resources of the beautiful and fertile Island of Sicily, by connecting it with the Continent. I am aware of the digression I am making ; but having had the prospect of visiting Sicily (of which Mrs. Ewing became afterwards afraid), I inquired into the present state of the island, and learned that it is quite wretched. The king imposed a tax of 5 per cent. both on the proprietors and tenants ; but the latter being quite unable to pay, and almost in a state of rebellion, he laid the whole (10 per cent.) on the former, who as noblemen are now reduced to poverty. The soil is of the richest quality for all agricultural products, as well as wine and oil, but is in a great measure neglected ; and from the obstructions interposed in the way of trade, particularly of brimstone, it is a thousand pities that it was given up by our government in 1815. Well, the king arrived at Rome a few days ago, about the railway (I just hear from good authority that he had another object—the Pope’s consent to the marriage of his youngest brother, not quite eighteen, with the young Queen of Spain), and instead of occupying the splendid palace which he has in the Transteverene, he arrived with a small retinue, under the travelling name of Count Something or other ; and having omitted to secure proper accommodation, when the town was so full, he had to go about in search of apartments, and at last got settled in a flat three stairs up. Then he went to St. Peter’s on Easter Friday ; but instead of repairing to the seats provided for all the great men, which would have cost him a present to the officials, he mixed with the crowd in the outer circle. After all this, he waited on the Pope about the railway ; but his holiness, who does not like his people to go on *too fast*, and has hitherto resisted all attempts at such innovations, remained immovable. The king then (as I was told yesterday by a Roman Catholic gentleman) resorted to the Pope’s — *Barber*, now made a Baron, who he understood had great influence, and by a *douceur* of some thousand scudi (4*s.* 6*d.* each) has prevailed on the Pope to consent as to the passage of the railway by Benevento ; but in what way, or to what extent, I could not

learn. I have thus merely given the gossip which I heard on my return here; to which I may add what was reported at St. Agatha, that the king there asked for the exchange of a Roman scudo for a Neapolitan piastre (each 4s. 6d.) to secure a few pence by the higher value at Naples.

There was no Court held at Naples when I was there; nor should I have availed myself of the opportunity for presentation if there had. I have also, for obvious reasons, declined an offer to be introduced to the Pope, though, from all I have learned, I entertain some esteem for his private character. At Naples we of course attended the English Chapel. The clergyman is Mr. Lushington, son of Sir S. Lushington, who was the British Consul. Mr. Lushington has been officiating for eight or ten years, and his doctrine is in general evangelical; but in consequence of some disagreement between his wife, who was extremely young, and a part of his congregation, he is on the eve of returning to England. There is also a French Lutheran minister, whom I have not heard, but of whose discourses the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Free Church minister at Leith, travelling with his lady for health, speaks highly.

And now as to Naples. The first view is exquisite. The bay spreads its magnificent sweep, encircling a blue sea smooth as glass; the Castle del Ovo, on a picturesque promontory, stands out in the centre; the town rises up behind, street above street, in varied white lines of flat roofs, intermixed with evergreens; castles, convents, and palaces crown the heights; on each side stretch out rugged and extensive chains of mountains, clothed at the bottom with towns and villages; Vesuvius pours out its smoke into the sky, and the bold outline of the Isle of Capri closes the landscape. The town is of Greek origin, and was called Neapolis, or the new city, now corrupted into Napoli in the Italian, and Naples in the French and English. The features, the dresses, and the language of the natives still retain resemblances to the Greek; but the country having been conquered by the Romans, then occupied successively by the Lombards, Saracens, and Normans, and at last yielded to the Spaniards, from whom the present dynasty has sprung, the dialect and manners are intermixed with traces of all these nations. The patois, or language of the common people, is therefore not very intelligible to Italians. The beauty of the shores and the charms of the climate attracted immense numbers of the luxurious Romans during the period of the Empire, who established residences all along the coast; but

the volcanic eruptions, the civil wars, and the foreign invasions, have almost obliterated their traces. Baiae, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, however, remain to tell the tale of the past. In the city itself scarcely a monument of ancient days exists. I could discover none in the streets but two pillars, which I learned from an intelligent citizen had been part of the Temple of Castor and Pollux; but numerous remains of columns and sarcophagi are engrafted with the ornaments of the churches within, and still more valuable relics of Greek and Roman sculpture are deposited in the museum. Many people pretend to undervalue and despise Naples in an architectural point of view, particularly as compared with Rome, Florence, and Venice. I cannot speak yet from my own knowledge as to Venice; but I do not hesitate, vulgar as it may appear, to express my preference of Naples as a *town* to either Rome or Florence. It wants, certainly, the imposing structures which stamp such a character on the two others; it wants the taste which graces their architecture in Rome, and the dignity which marks their features in Florence; but where, in either of them, can we find a street so wide, so long, or so elegant as the Toledo?—a *place* so charming for shrubbery and marine views as the houses along the Chiaja?—or prospects so magnificent for mountain, dale, and water, as from the upper part of the city? Where can we find a promenade so perfectly beautiful for all that wood, and fountain, and statuary can form as a Villa Reale along the coast, and so safe for foot passengers by the exclusion of horses? or a carriage drive so exquisite for the lovely, the sublime, and the salubrious, as the Stada Nuova along the hills, interspersed with the finest villas and evergreens, and presenting to the eye, on the one side, the bold outline of the Apennines with Vesuvius; and, on the other, the town, the castles, the bay, the islands of Procida, Nisida, Ischia, and Capri, and the sea stretching out to the two far distant promontories of Misenum and Minerva? But the grand distinction between Naples and all other towns of Italy, and which certainly to many tastes may render it much less agreeable, is the perpetual life, motion, and bustle on its streets—indeed, so much so as to render walking neither an easy nor a safe way of getting on; and all classes that can afford the very cheap fares, even servants and soldiers, sometimes hire one of the innumerable voitures constantly soliciting for fares. I never saw such a dense crowd of human existence as in the leading streets of Naples. “*Le mouvement de la Rue St. Honoré à Paris,*” says a French

writer, "*n'est pas comparable.*" This is nothing; for the St. Honoré in Paris is nothing compared with Cheapside in London, Moseley Street in Manchester, or the Trongate in Glasgow; and all these are nothing compared with the Toledo in the Mole in Naples. In all French or British towns the buying and selling business is chiefly carried on within doors: here a considerable part of the lower traffic is conducted in the open thoroughfares; thrice the value is always asked at first; every bargain is a battle; the parties stand still, blocking up the way; and roar out with the "*bocca Romana,*" the Italian cry, which is perfectly ear-piercing. Then there is no regularity in movement, no order as to right and left in meeting, or as to stopping in knots for conversation;—everybody does just as he likes. Then you are addressed on every hand by beggars, either asking your charity or picking your pocket—a trick which is played in the most dexterous style, and if detected, is defended with the best-humoured address. Then, as there are no pavements except in the Toledo, you are every moment in risk of being run over by the cabs which dash through the crowd with reckless rapidity. Bating these annoyances, which can only be avoided by the use of a carriage, the spectacle of the street, particularly on one of the numerous holidays, with the variety of picturesque costumes, the number of well-dressed people, and the hordes of priests and monks in every form and colour, mixed with the equipages of nobility and the hired conveyances of other classes, is one of the most striking and amusing that any town can exhibit. Then drive down the Mole, and you will see *Punch* in his native element, as the representative of the people, with all his cutting jibes and grotesque gestures; or quacks, in the dress of friars or soldiers, venting their humour to vend their drugs; or actors, in the garb of pilgrims or philosophers, telling the tales of past ages, or spouting the politics of the present. Then look at the *lazzaroni*, with their red caps and bare legs and brown visages, who are the fishermen and porters of the place, and you will see perfect models of strength, with little or no animal food, with every capability of exertion, but with every grimace, flattery, and trick. In short, as Forsyth, a Scotch writer, pointedly remarked, you will find among the native Neapolitans "a strange mixture of noise and nonsense, wit and waggery, fun and foolery." I could obtain no accurate census of the population. My bankers, Cotterell & Co., stated it at 380,000; but I have every impression that this is a very under estimate.

Eustace, who died in Naples in 1820, then computed it at 400,000; and, judging from appearances since, I should think it cannot be very much below half a million, including the contiguous villages. There is very little commerce, owing to the prohibitory duties. Even the transmission from one part of the country to another is subject to additional impost. The principal manufactures are silk, gloves, cords, bronzes, lava ornaments, cork models, and jewellery: there are also a number of excellent painters of the scenery. Nothing can be sent out without the permission of the king, if he choose to exercise his veto; and his power is absolute. An English gentleman lately came with his own horses to Naples; the king took a fancy for them, but the proprietor declined to sell; his majesty had the meanness to refuse leave for them to return; and it was with great difficulty they were at last allowed to go. Smuggling has in consequence become general. Then the agricultural interest is equally oppressed. The land is subjected to a heavy tax, called *fondaria*, and the farmers have to pay an exorbitant duty on admission of their produce into the *town*—for example, a cow is charged 4 ducats, a sucking calf 1½, a pig, 1¼, and so on as to every article, including grain, butter, milk, and vegetables. All inducements to cultivation and improvement are thus stopped. Farm labourers get very little—4*d* to 6*d* per day—or in some cases only macaroni to eat and a shed to lodge in. The landlords seldom reside on their estates—all go to the metropolis, and spend what they can. I have a number of notes as to the information I acquired on the management of the country; but I will pursue the subject no further at present. Nothing can be worse; and my astonishment was how, under such a pitiful despotism, the people could on all hands *appear* so happy. But so it is under the influence of such a climate. The *lazzaroni* sleep in a basket, the peasantry in a shed, and all the object is how to satisfy the cravings of the stomach. The pauperism is tremendous—I have heard the number estimated at 40,000. No enlightened effort is made to meet such an evil by legitimate means to stimulate industry; but an immense establishment has been founded, on the principle of a workhouse, for the whole kingdom, understood as a Foundling Hospital, but converted into a House of Industry, with reception for 7,000 inmates; into which all classes are most unwilling to enter on the condition of labour, and prefer liberty with the outer air, under the chances of living or starving. There are also about sixty hospitals, with two infirmaries

(containing about 4,000 patients), and each of them has a villa in the country, to which the patients are sent on convalescence; and on their recovery they are provided with a sum equivalent to their loss of labour during confinement. This is a new and philanthropic view. The number of deaths in the town is as 1 to 27, but some live to above one hundred years. We went to the Campo Santo—the last scene of human existence. It is in itself a beautiful situation, but an awfully impressive place. There are cemeteries for the rich and depositories for the poor; but *there* they all meet together in one mode of burial. There are 365 graves, or rather great holes, one of which is opened every day in the year, progressively, for the reception of the dead. There they are thrown in, quite naked, mixed with quick lime to consume the carcase, after the last ceremonies of the church are performed; and thus closes the scene of life. The registers of burial are regularly kept; and I expected to have gleaned from them some statistical information; but they were not added up, to enable me to form an estimate.

I obtained a curious return of the ecclesiastical condition of the country. In Naples there are 153 parishes, 303 churches, 25 chapels, 142 confraternities, 689 priests, 41 monasteries and convents, 339 priests and friars, and 431 nuns; in the whole kingdom, 25,912 priests, 11,380 monks,—in all, 46,522. In Naples alone, 1,600 lawyers. This appeared to me a curious political account. As to the religious observances of the people, they are apparently very strict; but there is little sincere devotion among the lower orders, and almost none among the higher. We returned from an excursion on the day before Good Friday, and arrived just in time; for at one o'clock not a single carriage was allowed to appear on the streets, and this continued till Saturday at twelve o'clock. This was the computed period of three days when our Saviour was supposed to be in the tomb. All the churches were in perfect darkness; the image of the Virgin was in deep mourning, with a little light behind. The host, which is the representative of the body of Christ, was locked up; on the eve before Good Friday, and till Sunday of Easter, the Litany and Miserere were beautifully chanted. In several churches sermons were delivered in such a style that the audience were highly excited; the ceremony of washing the pilgrim's feet was performed by the king's uncle in his own absence; the royal family walked in procession; and the streets exhibited the striking contrast of silence and

black dresses. Shortly before mid-day on Saturday the castles fired a tremendous salute; the resurrection of the Redeemer was announced, Lent was ended, the eating of flesh commenced, all was joy and gaiety; in the churches on Sunday there was a splendid illumination; the image of the Saviour appeared above the altars with a flag, as the emblem of victory; the host was restored, mass was performed, crowds came to receive the sacrament, which is imperative once a year under severe penalties; and in the evening the whole theatres were thrown open, to conclude the festivities. But all these ceremonials were nothing compared with the description I received of the *Festas* (or holidays) in honour of the Madonna and St. Januarius, the patron saint, in summer, when the whole army, citizens, and peasants, for twenty miles round, are compelled to turn out; the king and the royal suite join the procession in twenty coaches, each with six horses; the whole clergy appear in the costumes of their respective orders; all, however poor, are obliged to pay *the tribute* to “our Lady;” and on St. Januarius’ day, the blood of the saint is the great object of observation. It is shown to the people in a phial, congealed like ice: men, women, and children, crowded in every corner, utter loud lamentations in the fear of a volcano to overwhelm the city; every eye is turned to the blood, in breathless expectation of its liquefaction; at last the miracle begins to operate, the prayers of the priests are heard, a procession with the sacred lymph in a melted state displays the consummation of the public desires, and the day concludes with feasting and fun.

We at one time almost regretted our absence from Rome during the holy week; but having already witnessed so much of the ecclesiastical exhibitions, and having been advised to avoid the awful pressure which prevails on such an occasion, we preferred remaining at Naples, where quite enough of such observances was displayed. Almost nobody in Rome, we understand, could see among the crowd the washing of feet by the Pope, which was done by the slight application of a sponge; after which the twelve pilgrims got a good dinner. But I am told by Mr. Erskine that he was delighted with two exhibitions—the benediction of the people by the Pope, and the illumination of St. Peter’s, which, like enchantment, appears at one minute in a universal blaze. This is done by hundreds of poor fellows suspended in the air by ropes; and so dangerous is it esteemed, that they previously receive extreme unction. I have heard of no accident; but

whether the confinement had any influence, I am sorry to learn that there were three funerals at the English burying-ground in one day—of a lady, whose name I have not heard, and two clergymen out of the sixty who have been residing here—one of whom put an end to his existence; the other, Mr. Codrington, Rector of Ware, with whom we met in Switzerland, and who was much esteemed.

I have dwelt too long, perhaps, on Naples, though it was counted the third city of Europe at one time. I shall therefore avoid all description of the churches and public buildings, which are more remarkable for glitter and gaudiness than for elegance and taste; indeed, it is a common observation that everything is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches down to the pill of the apothecary. But it is impossible to avoid some reference to the magnificent museum, called the Musco Borbonico, from the Bourbon family, to which the kings belong. It is the pride of the city, the admiration of strangers, and in some respects superior even to either the collections of Rome or Florence. The house was originally a college, and is of immense extent, well adapted to objects of art; but, like the National Museum in London, of plain and unpretending exterior. So far as I can analyze such a diversified assemblage, it consists, 1st. Of *Statuary*, from the Farnese Palace at Rome (which belongs to the king), and from Herculaneum and other parts of the Neapolitan dominions, and which, upon the *whole*, is both finer and better than the sculpture at the Vatican or Florence; 2d. Of *Paintings*, exactly six hundred in number, some of which are extremely good, but the great majority approaching to what is called trash; 3d. *Vases*, of which there is a very rich store, superior in Greek ones to the Vatican, but rather inferior in Etruscan; 4th. *Bronzes* in statuary and other forms, both curious and fine; 5th. *Precious Ornaments* in gold and stones, of great beauty and value; 6th. *Medals and Coins*, which require a special order to inspect, but for which I had no time or inclination; 7th. Particular objects found in the Temple of *Isis*, which show the immoral nature of that worship, for which I was offered a special order, but which I decidedly declined; 8th. The *Library*, containing above 150,000 printed volumes and 3,000 manuscripts, some of them very rare, having been the junction of the famous Farnese and Palatine collection at Rome—also the Papyri from Herculaneum; lastly, and not least, The collection of articles found at the houses and buildings of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, to which I shall allude when I

come to these places. I have been strongly tempted to describe some of the very interesting curiosities in this museum, but I feel that it is quite impossible.*

We now quitted Naples for a time, to survey the celebrated remains of antiquity in the adjacent country, and the other objects which form so great an attraction in the South of Italy. Passing through a continued street to Portici, a large village (where we went through the Royal Palace, preserved in the very same style in which it was left by Murat under Bonaparte), and the continuation of the street to Resina, another large village about four miles from Naples, but actually a part of the city, we observed an advertisement on an old door, "This is the way to Herculaneum"—so miserable is the approach to so celebrated a city, which lies buried under the two villages I have mentioned. Its foundation is ascribed by Strabo to the Phœnician Hercules, sixty years before that of Troy. It fell under the dominion of the Greeks; it was conquered by the Romans, and became a colony; it was filled with splendid villas; and, as the museum shows, it was decorated with the finest statues and ornaments. At last, after a warning from Vesuvius (at the foot of which it lay), in the year of our Lord 63, out came the awful eruption, with the sword of the destroying angel, in 79. The sky was dark with the shower of volcanic ashes, the crater poured forth a river of burning lava, the town was overflown with the torrent like molten lead, and not a vestige remained to tell where it stood.† There it lay, under the stratum of lava to the depth of forty feet. It was forgotten, as if it had never been. Portici and Resina were, after centuries, built over it; and no passage would ever have been made to its subterranean bed if the people of Resina had not dug to a depth of sixty-five feet, in 1689, for the purpose of finding a well, and unexpectedly discovered fragments of marbles; but nobody knew to what place they belonged. After the lapse of nearly a century, the public taste became much directed to the pursuit of antiquities; a general impression prevailed that the long-lost city of Herculaneum might be buried in that grave. Charles III. resumed the excavations; and, after coming to the bottom of the well, proceeded in a horizontal direction, and

* I observe that I have omitted the collection of *Egyptian* mummies and curiosities. With a few exceptions, it is very poor.

† Pliny's *Letters to Tacitus*.

was amply rewarded by the discovery of lapidary inscriptions which set the question at rest ; of bronze and marble statues ; of the great amphitheatre ; and of part of the ancient town, with temples and houses. These operations were made about seventy years ago, since which time, partly from the state of the country, and partly from the indifference of the royal family to works of art, no further progress has been effected : indeed, the expense of cutting such a stratum of superincumbent lava must be ill fitted to the finances of the sovereign. Our visit below ground to the *amphitheatre* was neither agreeable nor satisfactory. We had to go down a long descent, and grope through dark passages, with merely candles in our hands, and could obtain no distinct view of the amphitheatre, which is about 400 feet in circumference, having a fine façade and columns on the stage, and rows of stone seats for the spectators, but a small section only of which were discernible with the partial light. We clearly saw, however, where the stream of lava had intermixed with the building, and dropped the curtain for ever on the scene. The inspection of the excavated part of the *city* was much more gratifying, as it is exposed to open day. The space is about 300 yards square, dug out of the lava, which consequently forms a wall all round, varying in height from 30 to 40 feet. The streets are about 14 feet wide, and paved with the same material that overwhelmed the town itself. There is a rectangular forum, above 200 feet in length, with five arcades, over which stood some of the statues which now adorn the museum ; and a portico communicated with two temples 150 feet each in length, faced with Corinthian columns. There are not very many houses remaining, and all of a single storey, except one ; the apartments extremely small, generally for sleeping (as the practice was to take meals out of doors), and the walls beautifully paneled and painted. When the houses were entered, a variety of articles were found for domestic use in the very same state as when the city was caught with sudden destruction—bottles, goblets, and vases unbroken ; furniture and bronze utensils uninjured ; almonds, figs, corn, bread, and other fruits and provisions, fresh to the eye, but decayed to the taste. From the domestic department we pursued our way to the other parts of the city, down flights of steps which led to cellars and other places. We came to the prison, a dreary abode, the upper part of which was appropriated to state offenders, and the lower to common convicts ; and in the latter, chained to the rock, was found the skeleton of

a poor wretch who thus met his doom. We next came to the chapel for sacrifice, with chairs for the priests and an altar for the victims, where beautiful statues of the deities were discovered, and where the remains of two females lay who had resorted thither for worship. We last came to the excavation where the celebrated papyri or manuscripts were concealed, and which at one time excited so much attention among the learned in Europe. Till I investigated the details, I had no previous conception of a subject which is little understood. It is well known that ancient literature was preserved in rolls of paper made of various substances, or of parchment from the skins of animals. These were deposited in some places which we should now call the library, and such was the case at Herculaneum; but from so many rolls as above 1,400 having appeared in one repository, from none having (so far as could be learned) been seen anywhere else, and from there being no accommodation apparently for them in private houses, it has been reasonably conjectured that this store was accumulated for a public library; others have thought for a circulating one; but we find no allusions to such a trade among the ancients. When the treasures came to light they resembled sticks of charcoal, and for a long time they passed without any notice; but, from the regular order in which they were placed, antiquarian curiosity was at length excited, and a microscopical examination was made, which brought out the forms of Greek and Latin characters, rendered visible by a gloss or relief distinguishing the ink from the tinder. The question now was how to *unroll* the scrolls, which long baffled ingenuity or skill, till the process was invented which I saw carried on at the museum. A small upright frame is placed on the table; the roll is suspended to it across by the ends; a sheet of goldbeater's skin is fixed perpendicularly, spread like muslin to be tamboured by the hand; on this the threads of the papyrus are gummed as they are drawn down, which must be executed with the utmost delicacy and care. The work is of course extremely tedious; and even after it has been performed in the lapse of months much remains to be done. The writing in the MSS. does not run across the volume, but is divided into narrow columns parallel to its sides; at the end of each the sense is interrupted by the damaged state of the edges; many characters of the alphabet are lost; and it is estimated that at least one-fifth of the whole writing requires to be supplied by *conjecture*. I learned that the slowness and labour of the process have greatly damped the energy of the progress

There are now only five tolerable interpreters, and their remuneration is miserable. The keepers of the records receive only 10 ducats per month (each about 4*s.*); the interpreters, 30; the librarian, 40; and they must be men of great literary talent. Several English have tried their hands; but even Sir Humphrey Davy is said to have failed. When the whole operation is finished, the copy of the text is strictly scrutinized, and a facsimile carefully taken. This is printed in black type, and the conjectural interpolations in red. If the MS. is Greek, a Latin translation is added, and hung on the walls for critical examination. None are permitted to appear in modern languages. There remain about 1,300 undeveloped rolls, but so firmly compacted as to render any attempt at extrication apparently hopeless. Great fault has been found in Europe for the supineness of the Neapolitan progress. I am no advocate for the Government, but I have perhaps shown that in this instance they have some apology to offer. But a more important question for general literature remains,—What would be the *gain* if the whole 1,300 were printed and published? I was politely permitted to examine the whole collection of the twelve already brought out; but I am solely indebted to information communicated, not to any research of my own, for a knowledge of the contents. I may premise that the title of the book or name of the author is never prefixed, which occasions a further difficulty; and they are sometimes traced early in the work, but sometimes not till nearly the end. Now, the only two writers whose names appeared thus to have been found out are Epicurus and Philodemus. I do not now remember the subject of the treatise by Epicurus; but it may be easily conjectured. I think all the rest were by Philodemus; and if he be the same person described by Horace, he was one of the most sensual of the Romans, equal to Epicurus himself. One of his dissertations is on domestic economy; and he descants at great length on the benefit of a wife for superintending household concerns; on the best mode of choosing slaves; on the contempt of money, yet on the best mode of taking care of it by a dog at the door; and such like nimby-pamby stuff. Another treatise is on music; in which he enlarges on the enervating influence of sweet sounds, and such-like nonsense. The fair inference therefore is, that the contents would never reward the publication.

I have dwelt perhaps too long on Herculaneum; but to myself the subject was both new and interesting, though it may not be so much so to

others. And now I should proceed to the still more curious and exciting remains of *Pompeii*; but I have not only trespassed a little on my promises of brevity, but on the numerous demands on my time before we leave Rome.

April 5th.—We had fixed Wednesday morning, the *9th*, for our departure to Venice on our route home; but we have still to visit Tivoli and other places in the vicinity, which we deferred till the trees were in leaf; and nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the vegetation *now*. The weather also for some time has been delicious; but it rained a little yesterday, which was the Roman St. Swithin's-day, and the people are fearing the consequent continuance of forty days. The nightingales are now serenading us from the shrubberies, and the air has all the balmy breath of summer.

Before quitting Rome, it occurs to me that I formerly postponed, from want of room, some allusion to the religious ceremonies and the Carnival, before we went to Naples. The first festival after our arrival was Christmas. On the evening before, we went to St. Peter's Church, and witnessed the grand prelude of Christmas Eve, which takes place in the Pope's private chapel, called the Sistine, which was splendidly lighted; and all who were admitted were in full dress, the ladies and gentlemen in separate places. The vespers commenced at eight o'clock; the first singers executed the beautiful music; high mass succeeded; the Pope sat on his throne, surrounded by the cardinals; and the performance continued till midnight. On this occasion the Pope blesses the hat and sword which are presented to some Roman Catholic prince. *25th December* was Christmas day, celebrated in the great church. Service at ten, but we had to go at eight o'clock to secure places for the ladies; the gentlemen in full dress standing behind the Pope's guard, who are composed of noblemen; the Pope carried in state to the pontifical chair, the ambassadors and princes on each side of the throne, the cardinals in the centre; high mass by the Bishop of Rome, the Pope being too old to conduct it in person; the whole ceremonial splendid, and the music exquisite. In the afternoon the Holy Cradle displayed at the beautiful church of St. Maria Maggiore, before the cardinals, and amidst similar accompaniments. This finished what I heard some of the attendants of the Pope call a "butterfly exhibition," and others "humbug." *26th.* To the old church of Ara Coeli, where the Infant Saviour appeared amidst the scenery of Bethlehem. This is called the festa of the "bambino," or child.

Sistine Chapel, mass in honour of St. Stephen. 27th. Similar service in honour of St. John the Evangelist; also Church of St. John Lateran, where penance is performed by climbing up the "scala sancta," or holy stair, on their knees. 31st. Vespers in the Sistine before the Pope, and again in the church before a cardinal; fine music at conclusion of the year. *January 1st.* Sistine, grand festival of New Year, mass by Pope, whole cardinals. 6th. Epiphany, high mass at St. Peter's; most attractive festival in the Greek Church at "blessing the waters;" very curious and imposing ceremony according to the ceremonial of the Eastern Church, the bishop with a gold crown and long beard; Gregorian chants, beautifully simple. 10th. St. Stephen's Church, "blessing the animals," very strange; great crowds of horses, mules, and asses came to be blessed. The Pope had eight carriages and forty-eight horses; the princes and nobility fewer than formerly, when it was the fashion for some princes to keep two hundred horses, now seldom more than thirty to forty. All the animals in gay trappings, and a certificate of the blessing handed on payment of a fee. Same day, grand festival in honour of commemorating the foundation of St. Peter's; mass before the Pope. *February 2nd.* Purification of the Virgin, Candlemass, grand ceremony of "blessing the candles" by the Pope in person, high mass, all the clergy and nobility walk round with the blessed candles lighted. 5th. Ash Wednesday, one of the most solemn and splendid ceremonies of the church: the whole cardinals, officers of state, ambassadors of the Roman Catholic faith, bishops, &c., bend their knee three times before the Pope; some kiss his hand, some his toe, and their heads are then sprinkled with ashes, and crossed on the crown. 10th. Grand mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pope.

These were all the ceremonials I witnessed *here*; and any man of common-sense will say *satis superque*—*more than enough*; but it is the fashion here for crowds of company to see such things in the forenoon, and go to parties in the evening;—anything to fill up time. I could only wish, for the sake of decency, that some of the English would refrain from laughing and talking aloud in the midst of observances which are regarded with so much reverence by the misled worshippers. Then came the Holy Week, which we did not see at Rome. On Palm Sunday, observed in some places with olive branches, and in others, though very few, with palm, where that tree can be procured, in remembrance of

their having been strewed before our Lord, the Pope, after high mass, "blesses the palms," which in Rome are very pretty ornaments, wrought from the wood of the palm tree, and sold at high prices. After being blessed, they are stuck up in rooms as charms. On Wednesday the first "Miserere" is sung—one of the most plaintive and touching compositions of sacred music—in presence of the Pope and cardinals. On Thursday, high mass at nine in the morning; after which the Pope goes up to the balcony of St. Peter's, and pronounces his benediction on the people; then goes down to a hall and washes the feet of twelve aged priests, supposed to be pilgrims; and then, with equal humility, waits upon them as a common servant at table while they are dining. I should mention that before the benediction by the Pope, one of the cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and heretics, by bell, book, and candle; and this puts me in mind of what heralds call a genealogical tree, curiously applied to the Popish family of *mankind*, which I saw in the palace of his Holiness on the Monte Cavallo, to which we obtained admission; and on this tree we poor Protestants of Great Britain were painted as dead branches, cut off from the parent stem and lying rotten, fit for firewood only. On the same day (Thursday) a cardinal gives absolution from all sins which cannot be discharged otherwise. Then the second "Miserere" is sung; then the cross of fire, eighteen feet long, is exhibited; and then the relics are exposed, which closes the scene of this eventful day. The next day is Good Friday, commencing with the adoration of the cross, followed by grand mass, and a solemn procession in the forenoon; then at five in the afternoon the last "Miserere," and again the cross of fire. On Saturday, high mass as before. On Sunday, being Easter, comes the grandest festival of the year; high mass by the Pope at ten; and at twelve the benediction by his Holiness, which I am told was delivered in a clear and impressive voice, heard over the dense mass of spectators below the balcony; at half-past eight in the evening the superb illumination of St. Peter's, all at once flaming out with six thousand *lamps*, as is said, but rather, as I understood, pots of oil; the gigantic building in a minute converted into a firmament of fire, and the effect increased by the multitudes kneeling around; and lastly, the grand "girandola," or display of fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, admitted to be the finest in the world; representing trees, cascades, columns, and every object of fancy, and on which two hundred dollars more than usual

were expended this year, in honour of his august, sacred, and munificent Majesty, the King of Naples! And thus ends the celebration of the Holy Sacrament at Easter! There is only one other occasion to which something like similar honours are paid. It is the eve of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the 28th June, when the Pope and the cardinals also appear as the *dramatis personæ*, and when the subterranean chapel (in which St. Peter is of course interred) is thrown open to the gaze of the multitude; and when St. Peter's is again illuminated, and fireworks again exhibited from St. Angelo; but from its being in the middle of summer, the scene must be much less brilliant. I bought a copy of the Roman Catholic "Diario," which has made me quite *up* to all the "festas" and their dates.*

And now as to the days of *rejoicing* in the shape of the Carnival. This phrase, from *carni vale*, two Latin words, signifies "farewell to flesh." Before the commencement of Easter, both in the Roman Catholic and, I believe, the Episcopal communion, there must be forty days of Lent,—observed in *this* country as a strict abstinence from the use of flesh-meat. In the anticipation of such a period of self-denial, and as a preparation no doubt for its rigorous exercise, the people resolve to have a regular jollification in every shape, of feasting, folly, and fun. Easter being a moveable feast, and taking place this year much earlier than usual, the date of the Carnival was consequently accelerated, and commenced on the 25th January. It has generally been ushered in by a public execution of criminals; and the awful note of preparation was accordingly sounded by the police (a superior mounted force, handsomely dressed and well paid—about three shillings per day), riding through the town with their insignia in crape; and three men and one woman were expected to be *guillotined*, for there is no hanging here; but it is said the Pope remitted the sentence. One execution took place, however, when we were at Naples, of a murderer—much against the Pope's will; but his barber saw the necessity of an example, and gave the order when his Holiness was out of the way; and when I again mention this member of the *Barberini* family, I understand

* I observe that I have omitted *Whitsunday*, when, after high mass, females are permitted to take an annual peep of the subterranean chapel, and when the solemn procession of the *Corpus Domini*, or Most Holy Sacrament, publicly takes place, in which the Pope, cardinals, court, and all the clergy take part. Some English families are waiting for the express purpose of seeing this procession.

that he is *now* not only a noble, but a most respectable man, and absolutely devotes himself to the health and life of the Pope, inspecting and even tasting all his food, in case of poison, which has cut off many of the pontiffs. So, then, the preliminary of a beheading match, for the purpose of a warning to keep the peace, did not this year grace the Carnival; but there was another ceremonial which I saw exhibited in the great hall of the capitol. The poor Jews, as in most other cities, were at one time exposed to every indignity and cruelty, and were forced to run races almost naked during the Carnival, with steel spurs fixed on their backs. This penalty has long been commuted for their providing horses and presenting flags; and accordingly on the first day they appeared before the Governor on his throne, and entreated protection on these conditions, and permission to carry on trade, which was granted in a speech descriptive of the papal clemency. Then began the Carnival, which continued fourteen days; but it was quite understood that the hilarities were altogether confined to the second week, so that it lasts only seven days. Accordingly, on the first day, after twelve o'clock, all business was suspended; the streets were filled with men and women in their gayest dresses; at one o'clock all repaired to the Corso, which was crowded with carriages of the best classes; then began the fun of pelting from the one to the other, as they passed, and from the windows and balconies, pouring down showers of comfits, which were originally sweetmeats dispensed as favours, but now are mere flour balls thrown from diversion; casting also flowers of all colours to those who are liked; and roaring, laughing, and singing in the crowd. Most ladies and gentlemen at first provided themselves with masks, some made of wire, to guard their faces; but this precaution was frequently dispensed with. We all joined in the frolic, and came home covered with powder. At Ave Maria, when the sun set, the races commenced from the Piazza del Popolo, near our hotel, where numerous stands were erected. Twelve horses started without riders, but urged on by balls of metal with sharp spikes suspended from their backs, and they ran to the end of the Corso, where they were stopped by a sheet of canvas across the street. And this was the whole fun of the Carnival for the genteel spectators, who had to pay more than double for their carriages. But it was quite otherwise with the Italian young men and women, who entered into the sport with their whole hearts, appearing in every sort of fancy dresses, and spending the whole evenings

in gaiety and dancing; and I must say that I never in my life saw such an assemblage of beautiful girls as turned out on the occasion. The most exciting days were the three last; and the whole concluded with the Mocoletti, as ridiculous a farce as ever was acted. About half-past five in the evening we all went out in carriages, with lighted wax-tapers in our hands, and masked; and the game was to blow out the lights of our neighbours, and keep in our own. Every artifice was used, and all in the best humour. If the tapers were extinguished of any party, the cry was, "Sanza mocoto—o—o," till their ears were deafened, meaning "without a light." In this trick the Italians fairly beat us. All my lights were at last done, and a gentleman whom I afterward recognized as secretary to an embassy, who had been particularly active, came up to me in a grave tone, and said, "Sir, is it possible that such an enlightened man as *you* can now be in darkness?"

So ended the Carnival, and like the Church ceremonies, all were satisfied that it was *over*. Next day the pinchbelly system commenced. In October, I understand, there is a much more agreeable festival to the natives, when the English and other strangers are mostly gone. The people assemble on the Monte Testaccio, and in the Borghese Gardens, and indulge in every diversion of the country, chiefly dancing and games. This is their greatest festival, on Thursday and Sunday; they repair from all parts of the neighbourhood in ancient dress, and to a painter it is quite a study for costumes.

Before I finally quit the subject of ceremonies, it may be interesting to any of my fair readers to know something about taking the *vail*. I was so fortunate (and regretted much Mrs. Ewing was confined with a cold) as to obtain admission to a conventual church where a young lady, the daughter of Count Borgogna in the Milanese, was to renounce the world. Curiosity had been excited, and the place was crowded with elegant women. After prayers by a priest, a small procession advanced, headed by a cardinal, who conducted the lady into the church. She was what is called over-dressed in white satin, with a superfluity of diamonds, belonging, as supposed, to the family. She was accompanied by her mother and her brother, a boy dressed with wings as a Cupid. All eyes were fixed on her. She appeared about twenty-two years of age, not pretty, but very sweet and pleasing. She sat down quite composed and unembarrassed. The cardinal, with a mitre on his head,

addressed the assembly on the importance, the difficulties, and the duties of the monastic life, and the value of the sacrifice. The lady was then conducted to the altar, when the cardinal put a question as to her acceptance of the vows, and on being answered in the affirmative, placed a crown of pearls on her head. The cardinal then rose, and taking the lady by the hand, walked in procession with her out of the church. She went with the same placid and unmoved countenance. We saw her no more. A long pause ensued; from within prayers were heard—the voices of the whole nuns rose in singing a welcome—and it was expected that the lady would then re-appear with the veil as a Dominican novice; but all were disappointed. The cardinal after some time came back and pronounced a blessing, the military trumpet was sounded for his guard, and the assembly dispersed. Several ladies, however, waited, and I went with them to the convent, where slight refreshments were offered by the Lady Superior, accompanied by her nuns, among whom we recognized the noble novice, in the white habit and veil, stripped of all her finery, but with the crown still on her head. This finished the scene. The crowd of ladies was crushing, and we had difficulty in reaching our carriages.

I think I have now filled up every *gap* in my little narrative, except one—the remainder of our tour beyond Naples, which leaves an indelible impression on my recollection. I had some expectation of filling up this vacancy before leaving Rome, but I now find it impracticable. Mrs. Ewing has been advised, in the prospect of our journey to Venice, *not* to undergo the fatigue of excursions to Tivoli and other places in the country around, so we have been making every preparation for leaving on the 10th instant. *April 8th.* We have been busy purchasing and packing, the whole day. I have bought a few articles and antiques. I have given encouragement to artists by *orders* to the extent of £600 or £700; but I have been totally unable to touch the *picture* market, except in one painting. There are none of good quality in the dealers' hands, and the prices asked are absurd. The great sale of Cardinal Fesch's pictures is still going on, and will occupy altogether thirty days. £80,000 is expected to be produced, and, judging from what I hear, I should not be surprised. The great bulk is absolute trash, not fit even for a stall; and the few good things bring twice the sum they would bring in London. Lord Hertford has given 8,000 dollars for a *Hobimra* (about £2,000), which, in my opinion, would be dear at £800.

Some of our own acquaintance, however, are also purchasing. A single day at the sale satisfied *me*. The Prince of Canino is the proprietor, and will let nothing go, worth keeping, but at high prices.

Rome is now beginning to thin. It is said the number of strangers this season has amounted to 4,000: property has risen considerably, and rents are now high. A number of our countrymen are on the wing for home and other places. Mr. Erskine, Mrs. C. Stirling, Captain Paterson, &c., go to Naples, &c., and winter at Nice; Captain and Mrs. Stirling (Glen-tyan) to Vischy, and then to Nice, I believe; Mr. Spier to Paris, &c.; Mr. Buchanan (Auchintorlie) and his two sisters go to-morrow for Marseilles (having sold the carriage) by sea, home. My old friend, Sir Philip Durham, has just died at Naples.

The weather, spite of St. Swithin, quite beautiful, but too warm. With best regards to all friends,

I remain, in haste,

Dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

J.A. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

BOLOGNA, April 26, 1845.

VENICE, May 5, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

Before proceeding to any other matter, I must endeavour to perform my promise as to some description of our route from Naples to the more southern part of Italy, and of our visits to the classical remains in other quarters. My account, however, must be more imperfect than I had anticipated, and must be partly supplied from memory, as I find Mrs. Ewing has inadvertently sent off some of my materials in a package from Rome.

On the 13th March we proceeded in a light carriage, with three horses abreast, which is the general mode of travelling in the Neapolitan districts. Passing Herculaneum, to which we had previously devoted our attention, we drove through the interesting villages of Torre della Greco and Torre

del Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius, and observed the streets frequently intersected with streams of lava, which in the course of ages had deluged the valleys below. The population in the country is very crowded; and the vineyards, from the luxuriance of the volcanic soil, are highly productive, yielding the richest and raciest qualities of *Lagrime Christo*—a wine much more valued there than in England, and of which the flavour can only be relished on the spot. After a course of twelve miles we reached the far-famed disburied city of Pompeii, where, as has been poetically remarked by some writer whose name I have forgotten, “antiquity was caught alive;” where the progress of time was at once arrested; where the fingers of decay were completely checked; and where, like an insect preserved in amber, all the features of public and private life were at one glance exposed to view in a form as fresh, and firm, and fair, as they were at the distance of 2,000 years. It was the same awful eruption in the year 79, so pathetically told by the younger Pliny, which involved both Herculaneum and Pompeii “in sudden destruction;” when “they knew not till the flood came and took them all away;” but the former was drowned by inundations of lava, while the latter was suffocated by showers of ashes. Long before that memorable and tremendous explosion there had been all the appearances of volcanic agency, to which indistinct allusions are made by ancient authors; but there is no regular record of any previous eruption, and the subterranean fires had slept for so many centuries that no apprehensions whatever were entertained. When the judgment, therefore, came down on the degenerate Romans, as on the inhabitants of the world in the days of Noah and of Lot, it was not unnatural for them to conclude that the end of the universe was approaching.

The first appearance of Pompeii, as of many other places, disappointed me much. I saw long desolate streets with bare ruined walls, forgetting the time which had elapsed since the original excavation, the decay which had unavoidably occurred, and the removal of all the interesting contents of the buildings to the Royal Museum at Naples. It was not therefore till I had attentively surveyed the different structures, and till, in my mind's eye, I had replaced the roofs, repaired the walls, and restored the furniture, that I had any correct conception of what Pompeii *was* when it was first restored to light. And thus, as in the enchanted city of the *Arabian Nights*, you see the most authentic memorials of the lives and occupations

of the inhabitants *then*, so much resembling those of the people *still*. You see before the gate of the city a semicircular stone bench for the news-mongers to watch the coming travellers, and to learn, before the invention of journals, the intelligence of the day; you see, as at present, narrow streets, not exceeding sixteen feet wide, to exclude the sun; but *not* as at present, you see pavements or *trottoirs* for the convenience of foot-passengers; you see the causeways deeply rutted with the wheel-tracks, from which you may infer the number of carriages; you see large stepping-stones across the sloping streets, to render them passable during heavy rains, in the same way as wooden bridges are occasionally thrown across *now*; you see the general plan of domestic accommodation for respectable families; first, the portico or entrance hall; next, the *atrium*, or court, and *impluvium*, or pond of water, for coolness as well as use; then the dining-room, sometimes in the open air, and sometimes with roofs and seats for reposing; adjoining to which are the bed-rooms, generally very small apartments, but all beautifully painted; then the chapel or receptacle for the household gods; and lastly, in some cases, the garden or retreat, for exercise and contemplation; you see the establishment for hot and cold baths common to the whole city, but with extensive accommodations and most elegant ornaments, adapted to the well-known indulgence of the Romans in that luxury; you see, as in many houses at present, the total want of chimneys and hearths, but braziers filled with charcoal in the centre of the room, some of which contain a portion of the wooden embers which were burning when the city was destroyed; you see the small vessels or pans (called *scaldinis*), which are still in common use among the poorer classes, carried about with them to communicate heat in cold weather; you see rows of shops open in front, with folding doors, exactly similar to those in Naples, and furnished with every apparatus for the sale of commodities,—some for wine and oil, some for drugs and medicines, some for the supply of provisions, &c., &c.; you see an inn with “entertainment for men and horses,” and large stabling behind. In short, you see a complete representation of human life as it existed among the Romans in their rural retreats during the first century. One almost regrets that such an unparalleled picture has not been carefully preserved; and that the very curious contents of the houses and shops were not allowed to remain, in place of being transported to the museum at Naples; but perhaps the

danger of depredations may furnish an apology. The rooms in that collection certainly exhibit a wonderful idea of the taste, the ingenuity, and the luxury of Pompeii; and all that is necessary to fill up the *beau idéal* of the deserted city is a stretch of imagination to re-furnish the apartments with their original ornaments. I will describe only one of the villas—one of the finest and most entire as you enter Pompeii. It is the villa of Arrius Diomedes, one of the most opulent men of the day. Like the domestic architecture of the palazzos on the Continent at the present time, it is constructed in the form of a *cortile* or court, with the accommodations and amenities all retired behind the street; but instead of only one court, as customary now, it consists of two, the larger surrounded by a covered gallery. One of these parts was public, and contained the *prothyrium*, or entry; the *cella ostiarii*, or porter's lodge; the *atrium*, or open court for walking or waiting; and the *tablinium*, or hall of audience, where Diomedes received his clients or dependents. The other court was private, and was called the *peristylum*, or inner court. It was surrounded with a range of marble columns, of which the pedestals partly remain. Looking to the court were two classes of bed-chambers, with small platforms raised above the pavement for the beds, one of which—the *cubicula*—were for men, separated from each other; and the other was the *occus gynæceus*, a single but large room for the women. Beyond these were two *tricliniums*, or dining-rooms, one for summer, open to the air and shaded by a vine trellis; the other for winter, and covered with a roof. Farther on was the *sacrarium*, or family chapel, with statues of the *lares* or household gods; then came the *exedra*, or saloon; the *pinacotheca*, or gallery; and the *bibliotheca*, or library. In the centre of the peristylum is still to be seen a large oval reservoir for fish, called the *xystus*, which in other houses was sometimes applied as a flower-plot; but the garden of Diomedes was ample and stood in the background. His *impluvium*, or cistern for rain-water, as in all other cases, was placed in the atrium, or common court. Such was the celebrated villa of this rich Roman, which every visitor does, or should examine with minute attention, as a standing prototype of domestic antiquity. After surveying the surface, we were conducted into a subterranean gallery round the peristylum above. It was called a cellar; but from its elegant formation I took it to be a long cool walk for the heat of summer, such as I had seen in other parts of this coast. I observed a number of large

red earthen wine jars, still standing, as I was told, in the very position where they were first placed, called by the Romans *amphoræ* or *distæ*, and just in the form (as my learned friend and fellow-traveller pointed out) described by Homer in the *Odyssey*—a very curious coincidence.

But now came the awful sequel and catastrophe, as we were informed by our guide. Into this very retreat below ground Diomedes and his family fled when the awful visitation came. It was in vain—there was no way of escape; but, instead of life being at once extinguished by the flaming sword, they suffered the more lingering but more agonizing death of burial alive. Twenty-seven skeletons remained to tell the dreadful tale; and one of them was found with a key in the one hand and a purse of gold in the other. These are both shown at the museum; and we are informed that this unfortunate individual was the master of the house—Diomedes himself; and comments have been made, with all the coolness of philosophy, on his feeling the “ruling passion strong in death”—as if he had really anticipated his final fate, or if he did, that at such a moment he would have grasped so paltry a portion of his wealth; but the story serves “to point a moral and adorn a tale.”

The principal villas were most beautifully decorated by frescoes on the outside, and paintings on the walls within. A few still remain; but by far the best have been cut out of the walls and removed to the museum. The highest praise which can be awarded to the designs is their adoption in the decoration of all the structures in Italy; and nowhere in the world is house-painting so classically as well as cheaply executed. The principal colours are brown, blue, green, and red—but of hues which I have never seen attempted at home, except by Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh. The subjects, too, are very appropriate; the baths being illustrated with Naiads, the bed-chambers with Morpheuses, the kitchens with flesh and fowl, the eating-rooms by sacrifices to Esculapius, &c., &c. Some of the landscapes absolutely reminded me of Claude. As to the rest, we have the taste and the richness of

“Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendour.”

Some of the figures are amusing. In one piece we see an old woman selling Cupids to a young female, and another middle-aged woman in the attitude

of advice; in another design, a shoemaker at his stall, with his neighbours joking and gossiping around him; in a third, the master of a school administering to an unlucky boy salutary discipline on the seat of honour, while he is horsed on the back of one school-fellow, and held by the legs by another, &c. At several doors we find the word *salve*—a beautiful salutation, and absurdly supposed to indicate the entrance to an inn; for the same kind welcome appears in modern houses at Rome; and health and happiness are there wished to all who enter, by the inscription on the principal gate—*FELICI FAUSTOQUE INGRESSVI*. In a capital mosaic, which was placed at the entrance of another house at Pompeii, representing to the life a dog chained up for protection, we find the well-timed caution, “*CAVE CANEM*”—“beware of the dog.” On the walls were observed notices posted; not, of course, in hand-bills, as in modern days, but by advertisements scrawled in red characters. Thus we find Julia Felix announcing a bath and a number of shops to be let for five years; Numicius Pompidius Rufus advertising the exhibition, on the 29th October, of a combat of wild beasts; another, without a name, stating that on the 16th May there was to be a show of gladiators. All these curiosities were taken to the museum; but on the walls of the barracks I noticed the same scribbling propensities by the soldiers which distinguishes the lower classes in our own times, to notify their names, but in very poor writing, such as “*MYSCARUS*,” &c., &c., which, however, proves that some of the common soldiers among the Romans were able to read and write; while so many of our own military are destitute even of elementary education.

But one of the most curious and interesting parts of the Pompeian relics are the articles which were discovered in the houses, and now preserved in the Neapolitan collection. There are to be seen in all their details the domestic utensils, the professional instruments, and the personal ornaments of the Roman men and women—just as they were used the day before the fatal catastrophe, and then hermetically sealed for the inspection of future ages. And yet, what is the result? That, with few exceptions, there is nothing new under the sun. This applies merely as to form; for as to execution, the manufactures of modern times are immeasurably superior. A philosophical French traveller has well observed—“*Voilà presque nos instrumens. La nécessité a dicté à peu près les mêmes arts et les mêmes lois par toute la terre.*”—“Look at our instruments. The

law of necessity has nearly dictated the same construction all over the world." In some arts, such as agriculture, we know this to be incorrect; but this is chiefly owing to recent excitement; for no class of men are more attached to ancient usages than farmers. But look at the surgical instruments, for example, from Pompeii, such as the probe, and you will be astonished to think how little difference there now exists. Then in weights and scales, in steelyards, in locks, keys, scissors, knives, and needles, you perceive the rudest comparative workmanship, but the same style of construction. But some other articles, such as the bronze lamps, are perfectly elegant, and furnish models for modern adoption. The ladies' toilets, too, are not very dissimilar in point of supply from the present, but certainly much inferior in point of comfort—such as in the indispensable article of looking-glasses, which are composed of a very small square of polished steel, held up by the hand. The kitchen utensils exceeded all my expectations, and in point of cleanliness appear to have had the advantage of being constructed of silver and bronze.

But I feel I am getting intolerably particular, and shall therefore confine all I have to add to articles of consumption. And here I was absolutely astonished to see bread, biscuit, honey, and other things for breakfast, &c., preserved entire as to appearance; even a loaf as it came out of the oven, with the baker's name visible, but reduced to charcoal; a basket of eggs, fresh as to form, but of course empty as to heart; a cylindrical package of figs, with a collection of grapes, prunes, nuts, and other fruit, which showed that Pompeii was destroyed in the beginning of autumn; a quantity of olives, which, when soaked in water, gave out their flavour; a mass of soluble material, which was long inexplicable, but afterward turned out, on experiment, to be condensed wine, for the convenience of carriage, such as our portable soup, and of which slices are supposed to be cut off and melted in water when required. But time would fail me to get through this most curious and exciting subject, so I must now stop at once. I will not even *touch* on the eight Temples, the two Theatres, tragic and comic; the Amphitheatre, the Forum, the Pantheon, the Courts of justice, and the other public buildings which were excavated, and furnished such a number of statues and sculptures to the Neapolitan museum. I shall only add that but a small part only of Pompeii has yet been brought to the light of day, and that the meed of praise is chiefly due to Murat,

when king under Napoleon, who kept above one thousand men constantly at work. From the existing lethargic dynasty no further exertion is to be expected. The King of Naples visits Herculaneum and Pompeii once a year, but merely as a matter of form; and I was told that he never looks near the museum. His whole pleasure lies in the formal drills of his troops, whom he will never have the courage, if duty call, to lead on to victory.* In the meanwhile the rescued walls of this celebrated city are left to decay and dilapidation; and ere long nothing but desolate ruins will point out the place where,

“At a step,
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,
Immoveable.”

I have been quite carried away by my subject, and have left little room for many still interesting details.

From Pompeii we proceeded through a valley which will long dwell in my remembrance, as uniting the most fertile soil with the loveliest and most romantic prospects; a dense population mixed with industry and mendicity; the road crowded with carriages of the country, driven by asses and mules; gentle swelling hills covered with convents, villages, castles, and ruins; bold volcanic mountains often crowned with churches; ranges of dilapidated towers, indicating the wars between the Christians and the Saracens; and occasionally splendid peeps of the sea, till we arrived at Nocera de Pagani,—so called from its having been the stronghold of the “Pagans” when the power of the Cross yielded to the arms of the Crescent. It is now a peaceful town, distinguished for its manufacture of silk velvet. The next place was La Cava, a very curious old town, with arcades or porticos on each side of the streets; partly occupied as shops, and partly as screens for foot-passengers. We then went forward for the night to the ancient city of Salerno, to which we made a long and precipitous descent, on the coast of the Mediterranean, forming the great Gulf of Salerno; and the burst of the marine

* His majesty put me in mind of what Lord Fullerton once told me, about the *gash* remark of an old lady in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, as to the qualifications of a neighbouring landed Proprietor appointed an Elder to the General Assembly:—“Hech, man! they maun ha’e been in sair want o’ timmer when they made *you* a stoop o’ the tabernacle.”

landscape, bounded by islands and mountains, with the setting sun of a clear Italian sky, was quite magnificent. Next morning we had arranged for proceeding very early in our progress to the south; but such is the rapid vicissitude of that climate, on which no dependence can be placed for settled weather till the commencement of summer, that we were completely stopped by torrents of rain. Again it cleared up beautifully; but as it was then too late for the southern journey, we devoted the time to visiting the town and convent of Cava Anticha, high up the mountains, and celebrated for the bold and rocky scenery which was the favourite study of Salvator Rosa, and inspired his pencil with the animation of all that is wild and grand. We drove back, therefore, to the town of La Cava, where Mrs. Ewing and her maid were provided with donkeys, and Mr. John Ewing and I walked up the abrupt ascent, under a hot sky, by a path which led to a small town on the summit, which had been fortified by the Lombards as a place of refuge from the Saracens. After having named Salvator as the admirer and copier of the scenery, and merely adding that several young painters had preceded us for the same object, any attempt at description would drop lifeless from my pen. I shall therefore turn to another subject—the Convent. In the early ages of Christianity a holy hermit ycleped Assyrius (I think this was his saintship's name, so far as I could make out the account) ascended to this eminent station, where he dwelt in a cavern, and devoted his life to religion. The fame of his sanctity afterward extended so widely, that the place was selected for devotion in the valley below. A church was erected, enclosing the walls of the grotto, which still remains in its natural form; but such became the crowds of worshippers and the gifts at the altar, that the structure has now assumed the richest and most gorgeous shape, from the splendour of its marble and silver decorations. Then a convent became indispensable, to insure the regular performance of service; and the accommodation for the inmates was provided on a suitable scale—a large building, with all the apparent conveniences and even luxuries of life. And who proved to be those saintly inmates? Twenty-five Franciscan monks, all the sons of noblemen, with an adequate suite of lay attendants, dressed in clerical habits, enjoying the rich revenues of the establishment, and living in the most ample style. They were at dinner when we requested permission to view the church; and we had to wait some time in an antechamber before

one of the twenty-five servants could be spared ; but we saw casks of wine carried in ; and I must do all justice to their hospitality by adding, that a bottle of most excellent quality was sent to soothe our impatience, which was politely presented, and, after our fatigue, gratefully received. We returned by another route down a mountain-track still more dizzy, to survey the whole of this celebrated scenery, and reached Salerno in *time* for dining a little before eight o'clock.

Next morning, the 16th March, we breakfasted at half-past five. The proposed extent of our destination was the far-famed ruins of *Paestum*—the ultimate point in the south of Italy to which the tour of any traveller now extends. Further down, on the coast of Calabria, there are not only few objects of any interest, but there are no horses for carriages, no inns for reception, and no roads that are at all passable with comfort ; to say nothing of the wild character of the people. Some persons, indeed, have disregarded all these disadvantages ; among whom is Mr. Keppell Craven, an English gentleman of great fortune, long domiciled at Naples, who has published an interesting narrative of his researches in the interior of Calabria. The expedition is now counted quite of a Quixotic character. But to leave Naples without seeing Paestum, is to leave Hamlet out of the play ; and as there is no sort of accommodation there but a wretched room in a wretched hovel, strangers are obliged to start at an early hour from Salerno, so as to return late on the same day, the distance being twenty-four miles, and of course the same back, without any change of horses. For six miles along the coast the country is very beautiful—the flat ground luxuriant, rising occasionally into bold rocks hanging with evergreens, and to lofty eminences behind. The road then retires from the shore, and becomes tame, cheerless, and sterile for fourteen miles, when it reaches the river Silaro—the ancient Silarus, noted by Pliny for its petrifying powers, where "*folia lapidescunt*," and from whence it is supposed that the stone for the edifices at Paestum was supplied, which is of a sweet yellowish tinge, porous like cork, but lasting as iron. The Silaro is a sluggish stream on a clay bed ; but, dragging its slow length along over a marshy flat, it had overflowed the country, and for some time had become quite impassable. When we arrived near its banks we found crowds of people waiting for three days to get across, as the flood had now partially receded ; and the priests kindly though partially allowing us the precedence, we embarked

on the rafted conveyance, and were drawn, with ropes round a windlass, to the mud on the opposite shore, through which we made the best of our way, and, after fully an hour, again proceeded on a dry road. Four miles farther along a plain very capable of cultivation, but barbarously managed, with hills on the one side and the sea at some distance on the other, brought us to a most miserable hamlet, the whole inhabitants of which instantly turned out, some with small coins, ornaments of glass, and beads of *terra cotta*, picked out of the ancient tombs, to sell; and others to supplicate charity for the sake of the blessed Virgin. I never saw more pitiable objects—the perfect pictures of destitution and disease, for malaria here rages in its most scourging form. We relieved them all in their own way, as far as our pecuniary aid could go. And *this* was Paestum—the ancient Posidonia—whose origin, even to the Romans, by whom it was subjugated, was lost in the clouds of obscurity; whose extent is still partly traceable by the massive foundations of its streets; whose twice-blowing roses were celebrated by Virgil and Ovid; which submitted with reluctance to a foreign yoke, and to the adoption of the Latin in place of the Greek language; but who, once every year, assembled to vent their grief in their native tongue; and whose temples still stand as the models of every architect, and the admiration of every traveller. And, alas! how changed *now*—

“When from the sight the glorious vision’s fled,
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous;
Where, when the robber spares, a deadlier foe
Strikes at unseen.”—ROGERS.

I took particular sketches of the three great structures, but without any measurements; indeed, they are now so well known that it was only for my own instruction that I devoted to them any attention. The Temple of Ceres is the smallest, with three high steps in front, leading up to six columns, and thirteen on each side; each column above four feet diameter at the base, tapering to three at the top of a shaft about twenty feet in length. The Basilica (as it is called, probably from having no altar) has nine columns in front, and sixteen on each side, with a file of pillars in the middle, parallel to the sides, the columns being smaller in diameter. But the most striking, the most attractive, and the most ancient of these

noble edifices is the Temple of Neptune, consisting of two peristyles separated by a wall; the outer with fourteen columns in a file, nearly seven feet diameter, tapering to five; the inner with two storeys of smaller columns, and an architrave between. To such dry details I will only add that I have since understood the dimensions to be—Ceres, 108 feet by 48; Basilica, 170 by 80; Neptune, 194 by 78—diminutive, indeed, in size, compared with very many modern structures, but I never was so much struck with what is styled *effect*. All around was a bleak solitude, not a tree to vary the aspect, not an animal to enliven the gloom, not a sound but the piteous wail of mendicancy, when all at once rose up to the eye those remnants of by-gone ages, the complete *beau idéal* of the "*simplex munditiis*," "majestic in their own simplicity." Never was a contrast and delight more entire; and, as Shakespeare says of music, it came o'er the sense "like the sweet south, that breathes upon a bank of violets." But enough, and perhaps too much *here*, as to Paestum—only adding what I see has escaped me, that the style is the finest specimen of the Greek Doric—severe, but elegant—and the shafts of the columns most proportionally and pleasingly fluted. We tarried to the last moment on this interesting spot, and hurried back to Salerno for a very late dinner, or rather supper.

Next day was Sunday (16th), on which day we made it an invariable rule never to travel. It was Palm Sunday—a very high *fiesta* in the Church of Rome, when in the Vatican the branches receive the papal benediction, and are presented to the attendant clergy; when the whole dignitaries of the Church and the State, followed by the supreme Pontiff, go in procession to the Sala Regia (or royal hall) adjoining the Sistine Chapel; when, as soon as all have left the chapel, the doors are closed, a solemn pause ensues, a single voice is heard from within, a response is made by the choristers in the hall, the doors are again thrown open, and the whole procession then re-enters. This is all adopted from the Jewish ceremonial, and supposed to be typical of opening the gates in the heavenly Jerusalem. We went to the cathedral, where the archbishop and his clergy officiated in full pomp, with splendid music, at the performance of high mass; but we were too late to see the previous blessing of what are called the *palms*, and which at Salerno were represented by olive branches, of which cart-fuls came in to the city, and every person carried a sprig. The cathedral itself is a very old building, containing the remains of Greek temples, and

diversified in style by mediæval and modern repairs. In the church, during service, we were absolutely annoyed by crowds of beggars; a priest interfered to check them, but they paid no attention, and we were followed by an accumulated train through the streets. The population is a little above 10,000, and the city gives the title of Prince to the king's uncle. It is most beautifully placed on the rising base of a bold mountain, covered with olive trees till toward the summit, when the rocks are surmounted by a magnificent old castle. Higher up this range of the Apennines stood the ancient Salernum, of which the ruins are still visible, and which, according to Livy, became a Roman colony soon after the close of the second Punic war. In the Middle Ages the whole coast was frequently attacked by the Saracens; and the numerous towers along the steeps give an additional *piquancy* to the finest landscapes in nature, where Salvator himself resided. The Gulf of Salerno, stretching from Cape Campanella (the ancient Minerva) to Cape Licosa (the ancient *Leucosia*), commands a sweep double in extent to the Bay of Naples; and though inferior in amenity and cultivation, is superior in point of the romantic and picturesque, including sublime elevations, together with many very ancient towns, such as Victri and Amalfi, which are only approachable by mule paths or sea, and form the great studies of the Neapolitan painters. But Salerno itself, like most old towns in Italy, is only attractive at a distance: enter the place, and the charm at once vanishes. Attempts have recently been made to introduce manufactures, and a considerable cotton mill has been erected; but little encouragement is given to machinery where female labour is so cheap, and where, like all other Grecian countries, everything is done with the rock and the spindle.

We left Salerno early on the 17th, and were obliged to return by the same road till we struck down a by-way to Castel-a-mare—a large shipping port opposite to Naples, remarkable for its sulphur springs, rising even in the sea, and with establishments for baths and manufactures connected with that material. We hurried past till we came along a bold shore with splendid sea-views, but, far as the eye could reach, with scarcely a sail appearing to animate the blue surface, till we reached Vico—a charming watering-place on the face of two steep hills, and a deep glen between, the houses united by an elegant viaduct. Here many families retreat from Naples during the summer heats, and no villas can be more beautiful; but

it was getting late, and we hastened forward to Sorrento. Of this place Mrs. Ewing had received such a flattering report, both as to beauty and comfort, that she had long selected it as a resting-place from the fatigues of travelling, and we accordingly remained from the 16th to the 20th. Nor were we at all disappointed in the high character which had been conferred. Sorrento (the ancient Sirentum) is a curious town, with a population of about 5,000, on the extreme point of the Bay of Naples to the west. It is the seat of a bishopric; but both the cathedral and the palace are small and antiquated, surrounded with Roman remains of local interest, and the fragment of an almost unique Egyptian monument. The sources of subsistence are the making of silk-stockings and ribbons, in the houses; the construction of ornamental wooden articles from the orange, the olive, and several other trees; and the fisheries for the supply of Naples, which are carried on to a great extent, particularly for the tunny, and for which we saw the ingenious preparations to commence in May, when the immigration, like the shoals of herrings, sets in on this part of the coast for the spawning season. But one great advantage to the people is the crowd of genteel families from Naples, Rome, and other cities during the malarious months—no situation being more famed for its beauty and salubrity. The house to which we were recommended is called *Hotel la Sirena*—the hotel of the Sirens (such being the fascinating appellation bestowed by the Romans when they styled it Sirentum); and we were certainly caught, but not deluded by its charms. In point of elegance, I may almost say splendour, united with comfort, I have no hesitation in pronouncing this hotel to be the first in Italy; and it is a great resort of the nobility for excursions, as a proof of which we met with the king's second brother and a party of his friends. The house stands at a short distance from the town, and the approach is by a grove of orange trees. The back looks to the sea, and contains all the principal rooms, right below which is a precipitous rock, at the bottom of which may be seen, covered with water, the ruins of Roman villas. The marine prospect embraces the whole Bay of Naples, from Vesuvius to the promontory of Misenum, with the host of islands, and it is needless to say more. On the next morning, which was calm and fine, we hired a pleasure-boat, and rowed along the shore to survey the ruins of the Temple of Mercury, which we very much admired for their extent and position; but the columns were gone, and the brick-work alone

remained. We were proceeding to inspect the Saracen towers and other structures at a greater distance, when the wind veered to the south, and the boatman becoming afraid of the swell, we had to land and walk across the hills, which we had no reason to regret, as the views were quite magnificent. The gale having subsided during the night, and next morning (the 19th) being universally pronounced to be the precursor of an excellent day, we hired a large boat with sails and six oars, and ventured across to the *Isle of Capri*, about fifteen miles from Sorrento, but about three times that distance from Naples, where it is the first object which strikes the eye, and appears an inaccessible mass of high rocks. The day was delightful, and the sea ought to have been smooth as a mill-pond; but the concurrence of the currents from the Gulfs of Salerno and Gaeta (in the Mediterranean, as everybody knows, there are no *tides*) produced a heaving roll which made all squeamish but myself and the mariners. We passed quite close under the highest precipices, which seemed to the eye from 800 to 1,000 feet; and on the summit of the most elevated we observed the ruins of a splendid palace erected by the Emperor Tiberius, who resorted to this solitude either from caprice or fear, and who ordered all who had incurred his displeasure to be at once hurled from the top of the rocks into the abyss below. I collected a good deal of further information, which has been sent off in the box from Rome; but I remember that the Emperor Augustus also had a marine residence in the island. We landed at a small village of such quaint and Eastern construction as left no doubt of its Greek origin. We procured donkeys, and rode to the highest parts, sometimes on paths bordering on the precipices, till we came to the town of Castiglione—a still more antiquated place; and again up near to the castle, which is much more elevated than the palace of Tiberius. We were followed by the donkey drivers, and other young men and women, who offered to show us the step of the Tarantula, the national dance of Naples, on the very verge of a perpendicular rock; but we ordered them to postpone the gratification till we arrived at a safer place. The views of the sea and the surrounding scenery put me somewhat in mind of what I had seen from the top of the Craig of Ailsa, though, of course, much more magnificent *here*; but what afforded equal pleasure and astonishment was to observe the number of vineyards in every nook and cleft which would admit the growth of the plant. I think I once mentioned that the higher and poorer the volcanic soil appears, the

more racy and delicate is the wine ; and hence the produce of Capri is in such high estimation that every effort is made to increase the quantity ; and to such an extent has this stimulus been carried, that this seemingly barren island actually now contains a population of about 9,000 inhabitants. And here let me just add, in common justice to the Italians, that nothing can be more groundless than the general opinion as to their native indolence. Give them encouragement, give them the hope of gain, give them even the prospect of subsistence for themselves and their numerous children, no people will work better or run greater risks, so far as the climate will permit. This I have myself repeatedly witnessed, and no better proof can be given than in Capri ; but their misfortunes may be traced to other causes, which it may not be quite so prudent at present to develop. We descended cautiously from the height on which the British ensign waved during the French war, and saw the road leading to another village, called Ana Capri : it is almost fearful. After scaling the hill, 530 steps must be still ascended before the inhabitants can reach their houses. There is a famous natural curiosity in Capri, called the *Grottone Azureno*, or Blue Grotto. It can only be entered from the sea ; and the aperture is so low that visitors are obliged to lie down in the boat at entering. The effect is then extraordinary,—a huge cavern expands itself to the eye, the bottom of which is the water, and the colour as azure as that of a vitriol bottle in an apothecary's window, with a candle behind. But the sea must be smooth as glass before this sight can be enjoyed ; and from the numerous paintings I have seen, it must be very fine. I need not add that we were completely precluded by the ground-swell to which I have alluded, and which increased so much on our return from Capri as to produce a smart attack of sea-sickness to all the passengers but myself, and created so much distaste of *voyaging* to Mrs. Ewing, as at once to put an extinguisher on the projected trip to Sicily. A fine breeze having sprung up, we skirted the part of the Neapolitan coast, with its beautiful old towns, which I was most anxious to see, and of which I took sketches ; and we all safely arrived at Sorrento in time for dinner at six o'clock. I cannot leave that charming place without mentioning another attraction which it possesses to all (of whom I am unfortunately *not* one) who can appreciate the beauties of Italian poetry. It was the birthplace of Tasso, whose very name stirs up every feeling in this country, and who gave another fascination to the land of the *Sirens*—him-

self the sweetest. His father had a beautiful villa next to our residence, which is now converted into the "Hotel del Tasso," and which is also well frequented, though much inferior in point of popularity.

On the 20th we left that part of Italy which lies to the *south* of Naples, and which will live in my recollection so long as I live myself. A sirocco had set in, which ended in a continued rain before we had got half-way to the city, where we arrived just in time, as a few minutes afterward the streets were ordered to be cleared of all carriages for the solemnities of Easter. Now that I am again in Naples, let me say, in addition to my imperfect notice of that city, that it is somewhat odd I should have obtained in the place where I now write (Bologna) the information as to the present population. I saw in a window here a chart, entitled "*L'Italiano instrutto della sua patria*"—"the Italian instructed as to his own country;" and containing a historical, political, geographical, and commercial abstract of its existing condition. I bought a copy at five pauls (*2s. 1d.*), and it would be well worth the attention of some of our now very intelligent publishers whether such a statement, if accurately condensed, would not tend much to "the diffusion of useful knowledge" in our own mighty country. The population of Naples is there given as 450,800, which corresponds more with the impression I had formed than the information I received from the gentlemen who reside there themselves.

And now as to some little account of our visits to other objects of interest in the *vicinity* and to the *north* of Naples—which, instead of attempting in order of time, it will be more clear to give in order of place.

I. Proceeding, then, from the south to the north, where I left off at Herculaneum, the first great sight is *Vesuvius*. The height of the mountain is, in round numbers, 3,500 feet from the level of the sea; but nothing can be more easy than the mode in which the ascent is managed. You take a carriage to Resina, which is built over the interred city of Herculaneum; there you go to one of the resident guides, the best of whom is Salvatore, and who supplies you with everything you want, according to your taste and *means*. If you wish to walk, he accompanies you on foot; if you prefer to ride up to the bottom of the cone, he provides you with mules; if you fear the scramble up the cone to the crater to be too much for you, he gets you a chair with poles, on the shoulders of four *porteurs* or bearers, by whom you are carried both up and down; and lastly, to make you quite as com-

fortable as at your own fireside, he acts as your restaurateur, in the furnishing of a good lunch, and as many bottles of the best Lagrima as you choose to put under your belt, and of which a friend of mine with two ladies discussed six bottles—a tolerable proof of their *capacity*. We had made, on one occasion, all the preparations, when unfortunately a sirocco terminated the expedition. On the next good opportunity the weather was everything that could be desired, when I was myself unexpectedly taken rather unwell; but I insisted on Mrs. Ewing and Mr. John Ewing not losing so fine a day, and, with the courier and Helen, they all managed the matter *easily*. There is a long slope up to a house called the Hermitage, used as a resting-place; then the scene of desolation commences, being ploughed up by wide streams of lava, which, however, afford firm footing to the Atrio de Cavalli, or place of horses, when the travellers either ascend on foot, assisted by the leathern girdle of the guide to draw them up, or are carried in chairs, as Mrs. Ewing and her maid were. So much for this part of the matter. I afterwards went up the San Marino, 1,000 feet higher than Vesuvius. But to the point:—The mountain has two summits; *first*, the truncated cone, formed in the course of ages by the ashes falling down its sides, like the sand in an hour-glass; and *secondly*, of a long ridge, called the *Monte Somma*, separated from the cone by a deep ravine, when Vesuvius was supposed to have been split asunder by the awful eruption of 76, which buried the two cities. The cone varies in shape with every new agitation. In 1819 it could be traversed without *much* danger, though streams of liquid lava occasionally flowed, and red-hot stones were occasionally thrown up. In 1822 the bottom of the crater at once sunk about 500 feet, which rendered “investigation” much more perilous. In 1826 the sides of the crater became loose, intermingled with ashes, cinders, and easily detached portions of lava, after which it became almost inaccessible. I am not aware of any chronological account of the eruptions, since the first which is recorded during the reign of Titus, in the year of our Lord 79; but frequent allusions to them have been made; and the various streams may be traced from their source to the sea—narrow at first, but widening as they advance; and appearing on the surface like new ploughed land, but on a closer inspection proving to be masses of what is termed by iron manufacturers *slag*, or very like it. Since the fatal year of 79, God seems to have set his rainbow in the heavens as a sign of comparative rest to the inhabitants of the plains. The land is

extremely fertile; easily wrought with the hoe, which the Italians substitute for our spade; requiring no manure, except, perhaps, the sweepings of the streets; divided into farms of five to six acres each, which support a whole family; sustaining a population of not less than 5,000 to the square league of 5,760 acres, or about one acre to each human being; the leases averaging about nine years, and the rent to the proprietor being about *two-thirds of the gross produce*. Such a statement will show the extreme fecundity of the land and facility of management. It will astonish the Scotch lairds, who, like myself, are too well pleased to receive *one-third* of the produce—leaving one-third to the farmer, and another one-third for seed and labour.

II. The next excursion, proceeding north, is to what is called *Virgil's Tomb*. It is close to Naples, and stands on the summit of the arch termed the Grotto of Posileppo—an immense tunnel or subterranean passage through which the great road passes to the northern districts, half a mile long, wide enough for three carriages abreast, cut through lava and sandstone, and a most astonishing work in times so remote that even the date of its construction was unknown to the Romans. On the surface above this tunnel, situate in a garden, and at an elevation of great height, stands the stone chamber to which the honour of sepulture to this celebrated poet has been generally assigned. Like most other subjects of antiquity, it has been a point of much controversy; but after reading both sides of the question, and studying an old life of Virgil which Mr. John Ewing put into my hands, I am inclined to join the popular belief, that this really was the enclosure of such venerated ashes. The chief ground of the doubt I entertained is the *columbaria* on the walls, or niches for cinerary urns, which generally indicate a family tomb. The inscription is evidently modern; and I wonder that such a perfect classical scholar as Eustace should for a moment have been sceptical. I took a sketch of the place, to study the matter better when I get home.

III. Driving through the Grotto of Posileppo, to which I have just adverted (and which to persons unaccustomed to our modern long and dark railway tunnels, and meeting here a lot of bullocks driving carts, with their horns in face of the horses, is not altogether comfortable), and passing through the valley of *Bagnuoli*, we come to the next Neapolitan lion—the *Grotto del Cano*, or Cave of Dogs—the *Spiracula Ditis* of the ancients. It is situate on the southern bank of a circular sheet of water, amidst a fine

retired valley, and evidently the crater of an extinct volcano; for we both saw the bubbling and felt the smell of the sulphur springs rising from the surface. It is called the *Lago d'Algagno*. It was the chosen seat of an imperial villa; and to any man wishing to escape from the troubles of a throne or the turmoils of business, it might have been a happy retreat, if he could have shaken off the nightmare of malaria during his sleep. But to return to the Grotto, with all deference to the ancients, who could open their mouths to gape at such a place, and with all respect to the moderns, who open their purses to get admittance, it is one of the most complete humbugs I ever witnessed; and I was more than surprised to see such a justly admired moral writer as Addison, after two pages of absolute stuff as to the description of a dog apparently losing animation in the cavern, and recovering it on restoration to the air, concluding with such a sentence as the following:—"Whatever is the substance of the vapour, let it have but one quality, that of being *gluey* or *viscous*, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the Grotto." But chemistry in these days was unknown; and a decomposition of the air has lately shown that it contains forty parts of carbonic acid and fifty of azote per cent., which solves the whole problem. The sum demanded for the sight was so extravagant that I declined it; but my companions being more curious, the old man called his poor dog, which having repeatedly performed his part during the day, refused again to appear on the stage. He was then hauled by the tail into "*the Grotto*," a small recess of ten feet, in a rock, where he was held down till he lay inanimate on the ground; and then he was drawn out again, when he soon recovered by the inspiration of the vital air, and then he jumped up, and was clapped for his exhibition; and then he was rewarded by the proprietor with a morsel of mouldy bread, who pocketed our money and chuckled at his own dexterity. In the vicinity are vapour baths, called the *Stufe di san Germano* (or St. Januarius), and hot wells called the *Pisciarelli*, both strongly impregnated with alum and vitriol, and said to be very efficacious for cutaneous and rheumatic complaints.

IV. Similar in natural source, but more curious in surrounding scenery, is the *Solfaterra*, or land of sulphur, anciently denominated the Forum of Vulcan. We had to walk up a very steep ascent, through narrow lanes, where the native plants were prettily springing into flower, till we came to a wild and savage plain, surrounded with volcanic rocks. The ground was

white and soft, sounding hollow to the tread, and vibrating at a stamp of the foot. Through some crevices the smoke was issuing; and we understood that at night there were bright sparks of fire; and at the far end was a stream of burning sulphur from an aperture at the base of a mountain. This plain is believed to be merely a thin crust which closes the mouth of a crater, and which may yet open to swallow up all on its surface; and nowhere did we see the volcanic agency *still* so progressive; and we were told by the guide that the appearances are always more vivid when eruptions proceed from Vesuvius or Etna, which should seem to indicate a sympathetic communication with some subterranean lake of fire. On the firm ground adjoining the plain is a manufactory of alum, on a very antiquated plan: the earth, mixed with water, is thrown into a large clay vessel, which is immersed in the soil, and the natural heat causing the water soon to boil, it is left to evaporate, when the crystals of alum are found adhering to the sides. On a rising ground above, amidst cypress groves, but quite close to the crater, stands the Convent of St. Januarius, the patron saint being there placed for the protection of a vicinity exposed to apprehended danger; and the vapours teeming from the chapel are said to be so warm as immediately to dry wet linen. Descending from this desolate altitude, we enjoyed a commanding view of the country between the promontories of Minerva and Misenum, and the sea studded with islands, which we had not previously surveyed. But this was not all. Approaching the ancient city of Puteoli, on which we now descended, we passed through vineyards absolutely crowded with remains of the most interesting character, to which I shall merely advert when alluding now to that place.

V. I again feel the want of my materials for a description of *Pozzuoli*. It is well known in classical records, and as the port at which the Apostle Paul landed, under the former name of *Puteli*. At one time, from the extent of the ruins, it must have been much more important; at present the population is stated at 14,300. The main street is wide, and to me the town was altogether very interesting, although it is generally denounced for its dirtiness and disease. It stands on a high rocky ridge over the sea, opening on the west to the charming Bay of *Baiæ*, and promontory of *Misenum* on the opposite side; and the ruins of the Mole still stand on arches, to the end of which the bridge of boats was attached by which Caligula made his triumphal procession across the bay.

But it is the ancient remains *around* Pozzuoli which assert its former station, and attract so much the attention of travellers. *First*, there is a long line of columbaria, or family tombs, which, from their contiguity, would almost justify the conclusion of a regular necropolis. *Second*, there are many ruins of villas, once apparently splendid. *Third*, there is the celebrated Temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, consisting of a four-sided cloister, surrounded by porticos, cells, and baths, with a circular place of worship in the centre, some antiquaries assigning it to the Nymphs, and others to the Egyptian Serapis; but its natural history or geology is equally remarkable; for it appears that this structure was once, like Pompeii, deluged by volcanic ashes, which were removed seventy years ago, when three marble columns were discovered standing above the ashes, and *still* remain, honeycombed by a marine worm to the height of six feet, above which they were untouched; which shows that, adding to these six feet, ten feet for the height of the pavement of the temple above the water at present, and twelve feet for the height of the volcanic ashes above the pavement, as was the fact, twenty-eight feet is the *sum* of measurement for the height of the sea *then* above what it is *now*, or, in other words, above its present level; from which the inference has been drawn, that during a certain period either the sea *rose*, or the earth *sunk*; and this question occupies the consideration of geological theorists. *Fourth*, the *Colosseo*, or amphitheatre, is a most splendid ruin, the length of the oval arena 190 feet, and the width 130, in many parts quite entire, and the dens for the wild beasts distinctly traceable, one of which is believed to have been the retreat of St. Januarius, and accordingly now converted into a chapel. It is, of course, less in size than the Colosseum at Rome, but it is much older; and the local information is that it contained accommodation for 45,000 spectators; and if so, the extent of the ancient population of Puteoli may easily be inferred; indeed, its importance as a naval station then, compared with Neapolis, may perhaps be concluded from its selection as a landing-place for the great apostle's voyage. *Fifth*, the *Villa of Cicero* is shown near to the town, and what is called his *academia*, somewhat in the form of a medical lecture-room, with the seats rising up from the chair, where it is said some of his philosophical disputations or questions were discussed.

VI. Proceeding along the coast, we came to *Port Julia*, the history of which, now only the remnant of a harbour, has escaped my recollection, and

near to which is the celebrated *Lucrine Lake*, well known from the descriptions of the ancient poets, and particularly Virgil, who was quite enamoured with the scenery in this quarter—" *An memorem portus,*" &c.

"Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine Lake?" &c.

This once so distinguished a place, the resort of voluptuous Romans and the scene of Imperial regattas, where all the delights of the sea could be enjoyed without its agitations, and which was supposed by its natural bulwark to be secure from every danger, was in one night reduced to what Addison calls "a mere puddle," or, as Sandys describes it, "a little sedgy plaish." But, in place of any language which I can use, it will be far more pictorial to quote the words of this quaint and entertaining old traveller:—"Who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise (out of the lake partly, and partly out of the sea) in one day, unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin, after that the sea had retired 200 paces from the shore (leaving abundance of fish and springs of water rising in the bottom), this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with a hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such stores of cinders as overwhelmed all the buildings thereabout, and the salubrious baths of *Tripergole*, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts; the fearful inhabitants of Pozzol flying through the dark with their wives and children. Manifold miseries have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which nature hath inflicted." This account of a cotemporary is not more graphic than valuable, giving the very date of this awful volcanic burst, of which I have not found any previous record. Its truth is attested by present appearances; for *Monte Nuovo*, the new mountain to which Sandys refers, and which, again to use his words, "choked up" the Lucrine Lake, is now standing as a regular brother in the ancient fraternity of surrounding mountains. But Sandys is in a mistake when he says that it can contend in altitude with *them*; for this *novice* in the convent is only 300 feet high, whereas some of the old monks stand in their shoes at least five times

higher. One of these gentry, called *Monte Barbaro*, struck me so much by his gray-haired venerable appearance and very tall size (for by my eye he could not be much under 3,000 feet), that I requested him to sit for his portrait. But he told me that the course of time had made a great change in his appearance; that in his youth he was distinguished by Pliny and Staius, under the name of *Gaurus*, as a good producer of wine; that, as years advanced, Juvenal was so rude as to apply to him the epithet "*inanis*;" that now, in his old age, he was quite horrified with the appellation of "*Monte Barbaro*;" and that the very climax of his misery was a character recently given of him by an English writer, as "a volcano, rugged without and empty within."

VII. Very near to the Lucrine Lake, the scene of enjoyment, is the *Lake Avernus*, the scene of horrors—a conjunction not unusual in human life. Dropping metaphor, a narrow path, bordered by poplars and vines, actually and truly leads to this once-dreaded region, which the pencil of Dante, in his "*Inferno*," can picture in more fearful tints than all the colours of the Roman poets. What is it *now*? Like the Lucrine, stript of its charms, Avernus now appears shorn of its terrors. The dense mass of dark wood in which it was once enveloped, and which shrouded from human eyes the enclosed mysteries, has all been cut down, and the axe has laid bare what heathen superstition so long concealed. The lake, once so dreaded for its poisonous vapours, no longer exhales death; its banks, once so famous for its "*facile descensus Averni*," are now only decked with tillage; nothing remains but a so-called Temple of Apollo and a mis-called Sibyl's Cave, to tell the awful tale of former times. But can we blame Homer for leading Ulysses to volcanoes universally believed to be of unfathomable depth; or Virgil, for converting the grotto which yet opens on the lake into the mouth of hell? A poet, "in his fine frenzy rolling," loses all his inspiration unless he can either deck nature with charms or clothe it with horrors.

VIII. We now come to *Cumæ*; and I should have mentioned that sometime ago, at Puzzuoli, we left the *Appian* way and were now on the *Domitian*, across which is thrown the *Arco Felice*, a romantic arch which, with the *Templo del Gigante*, or Giant's Temple, now a shapeless mass of ruin, are all that remain to tell that here once stood a city famed for its magnificence, and sung by Virgil as the abode of the Sibyl. Eustace thinks that the scenery, "sometimes exhibiting the horrors of Tartarus, and at

other times displaying the delights of Elysium," perfectly harmonizes with Warburton's view of the Eleusinian mysteries. Poor Eustace! Little did I think when I read his beautifully classic researches, though not strictly accurate descriptions, before I left home, that I should accidentally discover his own tomb in a small chapel at Naples, erected by his friend Lord Brownlow, with whom he travelled in Italy till he was cut off by one of those fatal fevers which desolate those lovely regions.

IX. The *Baths of Nero*, as they are erroneously called by the guides, but merely an unknown vault with a stone floor overhanging the sea, in the volcanic recesses of the *Stufe de Tritoli*, with streams of sulphureous vapour, are the next adjoining object to which strangers are conducted.

X. Now we reached the far-famed *Baiæ*, where, as Mathews (in his *Diary of an Invalid*, when he came in search of health and wrote his journal, at once like a gentleman and a scholar) says,—“All is fairy ground, and where you may wander about with Horace and Virgil in your hand, and moralize over the changes which time has produced.” It is indeed a stirring scene. Ascending a steep eminence, we came to a large village, occupied by poor fishermen and their ragged families—in appearance, in dress, and (so far as we could catch their phrases) partly in language, the remaining pictures of their Greek ancestors before the invasion of the Romans; but never did I meet with such surrounding crowds of beseeching paupers. The first place to which we were taken was the *Piscina Mirabile* of Cæsar (if I mistake not, *Julius*), erected for the supply of fresh water to the Roman fleets in the bays below. It is well named *mirabile*; for whether that word be used as an expression of wonder or of admiration, it is the most perfect and still entire display of magnificent design and workman-like execution of an immense subterranean reservoir, supported by pillars unequalled for height and solidity. Next, we were conducted to a long vaulted corridor, at the bottom of a rock and decorated with stuccoes, once called *Agrippina's Tomb*, but, as its construction was found quite inconsistent with the “*levis tumulus*” of Tacitus, now denominated a gallery, leading to the theatre connected with the *villa* of that distinguished lady, which has totally disappeared. As to the rest, I ascended a commanding eminence, from whence I had a prospect of interesting objects which I had previously inspected in detail, but which I had only time to enumerate:—*Misenum*, the great naval station of the Roman empire, with a bold promontory still covered

with ruins of once-elegant rural retreats, and its shore still abounding with the remains of others actually projecting *into* the sea; the *Temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana*, as they were without hesitation denominated by our conductor, but by others said to have been remains of public baths or private villas, but in any way most *recherché* antiquities; the *Cento Camerelle*, or hundred apartments, consisting of what are believed to have been the cells of the prison; and, passing over many other places to which the most celebrated names in the page of Roman history were assigned, and to crown the whole, the *Styx*, the *Acheron*, and the *Elysian Fields*. And why not? I am aware of all the cool reasoning of learned travellers in opposition to such day-dreams, as they are called; but the charms of the weather, the scenery, and the associations quite disposed me for an excursion into the field of fancy. There was one other but distant point which I regretted I could not reach for want of time and road—the *Torre di Patria*—the refuge and the sepulchre of Scipio. Even this, however, is doubtful; for Livy informs us that the burial-place of this eminent patriot was a matter of conjecture. All we know is, that the word PATRIA is still discernible on the tower; that from time immemorial it has been called the Torre di *patria*; and that the last exclamation of Scipio was, "*Ingrata patria!*"—"O my ungrateful country!" I had a strong desire to visit the islands of Procita and Ischia, on the opposite side of the bay, and equally remarkable for their volcanic appearances and for the primitive customs of the population; but we were precluded by the long distance we should have had to sail, and the uncertainty of being detained by the wind.

I have now more than performed my promise as to the country beyond and around Naples. When I began this letter I thought a single sheet would have contained all I had to say, but I have been completely led away by the recollections of a coast which the Italians call "*un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra*"—"a piece of heaven fallen on the earth;" or, as Forsyth says, "Once the fairy-land of the poets and the favourite retreat of the great; even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it." This is neither the place nor the time to speak of the moral deformities which are understood to cloud the gay vision. All I can say is, that to a mere passer-by the *exterior* exhibits nothing but correctness—at least, fully as much as in our own country,

though with much more laughing, roaring, and fun, in the midst of rags, want, and disease.

From Naples to Rome there is but one passable road—the same as from Rome to Naples—which I have already tried to describe. I am therefore saved from the necessity of lengthening an epistle already too long; but we made two or three rather pretty *detours* on the way, to one of which only I have time to allude—from Albano to Frascati*—by striking through a country which we were told was only accessible by mules and donkeys, but which the postilions said had been performed by his Holiness himself: so we thought we might venture *our* carcasses, though I should not like to do so again. We were amply repaid by the sight of splendid woods and grounds belonging to the Pope and the Barberini family, of the towns of Gondolfo, Marina, and Rocca di Ripa, all placed on pinnacles, and of the celebrated Lake of Albano. On arriving at Frascati, which is the chosen resort of the Romans for villas and pleasure parties, we instantly provided ourselves with the inferior animals, to scale the hill on which stand the ruins of the renowned *Tusculum*. My donkey, however, having preferred more than once a recumbent position, I liked better a rising one on foot, and got up under the rays of a warm sun to the lip of the ancient crater of *Monte Albano*, occupied by the city of old Latium, whose foundation was ascribed by the poets to the son of Ulysses; which resisted all the power of Hannibal; which then formed an alliance with Rome; became the scene of Cicero's Tusculan *conversaciones*; and was not less distinguished as the birthplace of Cato. In the Middle Ages it was the field and the sacrifice of the Papal wars; and now a few vestiges (of which I took a sketch, but too unimportant to describe) remain to say, Here once stood *Tusculum*. After dining in the superb hotel of Frascati (no palace in the country is its match), and enjoying the still more superb prospect, we wended our way again through the Campagna, and arrived late at Rome. I have little to add to what I wrote you last month from that place. I was very busy; but we accepted one invitation from Mr. Waterton, and met with Roman Catholic persons

* I should have mentioned that the last representative of the Stewart race, Cardinal York, was Bishop of Frascati, where a monument is erected to him as "Carolus Advardus" (Charles Edward,) "son of James III, primus natorum, paterni juris, et Regiæ dignitatis successor et hæres." It is also stated that he died 31st January, 1788, aged 57. I had thought his age more.

of distinction. The more I knew Mr. Waterton, the more I was struck with the simplicity and generosity of his character. He goes to mass every morning at three o'clock; keeps an open table for artists, &c., on particular days; and I heard of one Englishman, now of high repute, who lately said that, except eating roasted chestnuts at a stall, for a long time he had no dinner except what he got at Mr. Waterton's. I again called on Mr. Dennistoun of Dennistoun, who is to be here (Venice) immediately, on his way to Florence, for a part of the summer. He is busily engaged in a work for the press,—a historical account of the Dukes of Urbino and state of the Arts, illustrative of the times of Raphael. I also saw repeatedly my excellent friend Mr. Erskine, and who had, with the most perfect *nâivelé*, volunteered a visit to the well-known and equally unaffected Cardinal Mezzofanti, who speaks forty-two languages; and was most kindly received. I have no room at present to enter into details of this or any other subject connected with Rome, on which I should scarcely ever be done, if I were to allow myself to dwell upon it. I have perhaps said enough, however, to answer the question of the peasant in the first eclogue of Virgil, so far as regards myself—

“*Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?*”

Early on the morning of 11th April we started; and in bidding a LAST ADIEU, my eyes rested on the dome of St. Peter's till it faded from my sight. In proceeding to Venice we selected the most interesting route by Civita Castellana, Terni, Faligno, Maurata, Loretto, Ancona, Rimini, Ravenna, Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua; and if I possibly can, I will give a sketch of our way by these old cities, so rich in historical and artistic associations. The weather was everything we could wish,—clear and transparent, but rather hot. We arrived in Venice on the afternoon of the 3d, by the canal, having been obliged to lay up the carriage at the last post-town, as this city can only be as yet entered by water.* It is a wonderful place; but at this season expensive. We were asked thirty-five francs a day for *rooms*, but have arranged for elegant accommodation elsewhere at twenty. To our astonishment, Mrs. Ewing's cousin, Mrs. Hunter of Hunterston, with her sister and Mr. Hunter, found us out, from the publication of our names, and insisted on an immediate visit at their fine

* Two miles of the railway are yet unfinished, when boats are required for the passengers.

old palace, where they have resided six months, and speak in raptures of the place. I must suspend my own judgment.

Believe me, with best wishes to all friends,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

J. A. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

* * Mrs. Ewing has mentioned to me a report that I mean to *publish* these hurried letters of mine, written on the spur of the moment, and of which I have no copies. It may be sufficient to say that I never had *any* such intention.

VENICE, May, 1845 (*last date 14th*).

DEAR SIR,

I shall now endeavour to perform my promise of shortly describing our route from Rome to Venice—a route full of interest, more for its ancient cities, its historical incidents, and its promotion of the arts, than from the attractions of its natural charms, though in many parts the dull richness of its plains was diversified by much that was grand and more that was beautiful. On the 8th April we took a *last* farewell of Rome and of Southern Italy—

“The last—the last—the *last*—
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd,
Companions of the past!”

For some distance we returned by the same road which brought us to the great city of our search, the prime object of our travels; but the excitement we had felt in every step that formerly neared our approach, like the palpitations of love's young dream, had totally disappeared; and in hurrying back over the monotonous Campagna our sensations were those of parting for ever from a venerable and venerated friend—“The Niobe of nations—lone mother of dead empires.” In leaving the Flaminian and passing along the Cassian way, we were gratified by turning near to Mons Soracte, which

we had so long admired at a distance when at Rome, and now for many miles enjoyed as a close companion. It is full of classical recollections; but independently of this adventitious charm, it possesses the innate attraction of a bold mass of calcareous rock, rising to the height of nearly 2,000 feet in the midst of a dead plain, partly covered with beautiful woods, partly indented with deep fissures, and reaching by a steep ascent to the town of St. Oreste, with 1,000 inhabitants, anxious to escape from the malaria of the Campagna: after which, at an altitude that makes one almost tremble, and on the very summit of the precipice, stands the Convent of San Silvestro, once the Temple of Apollo. The mountain wonderfully changed its aspect as we proceeded. From near Rome it resembled those eminences in Scotland which by their Gaelic names mean "a sow's back," and in the more poetic phrase of Byron "heave like a long-swept wave about to break;" but as we went on it became more and more pointed, till at last it looked like a complete cone. I have often observed this vacillating shape both in the volcanic and limestone formations.

We next came to Nepi, the ancient Nepete, an episcopal city, with about 1,800 people, uniting with the interest of its Etruscan remains the massive ruins of mediæval fortifications; a Roman bridge, with a cascade tumbling down amidst the buildings; a fine old aqueduct, with two tiers of arches; a curious cathedral, with a most ancient crypt; a municipal hall of the earliest date, with corresponding statuary and inscriptions; and above all, a most singular scene of the picturesque, only to be found in volcanic countries, but which I never observed before, of two parallel deep glens of the most fanciful cast, with bold intervening ridges, and a river sweeping, or rather foaming, below the high elevation on which the town stands. We stopped too long to survey this very unexpected scenery; so that we found it impossible to avoid the dreaded evil, in Murray's handbook, of sleeping at Civita Castellana, with "a bad inn and an impertinent landlord." And here I may remark, once for all, that I know no guide-books formed on a better model, more *turn-up-able* in a carriage, or containing more useful information, than Mr. Murray's; but he has been obliged to trust too much to sources of information sometimes which we found from investigation to be *quite incorrect*, and which (in the Travellers' Albums, or books of remarks, presented at *every* hotel in Italy, for entering the names of visitors, with their sentiments as to treatment) I have

occasionally felt it my duty to notice, for correction in a next edition, as Mr. Murray himself requests. In this instance we found the hotel, in place of "bad," to be very good; and the landlord, instead of being "impertinent," to be uncommonly civil and obliging. The approach to Civita Castellana is perfectly charming—passing for a long way through a deep ravine, its sides shagged with timber, its top surmounted with ruined towers, and a most romantic river pouring along its foot, till it comes to the town, when, at the height of 120 feet from the bottom, it is crossed by a stupendous bridge bearing the date of 1712, and conferring the highest credit on the spirit of the Papal Government at that period. The town itself is fortified; its castle used for the confinement of criminals; its population large, but variously stated; its streets dull and dirty; its cathedral a fine early specimen of the pointed style, with the date 1210, ornamented with mosaics within, and supported by lions without, and venerated over the country for the bones of two martyrs who were sacrificed here in the third century. It is not less distinguished among antiquarians as the site of the Etruscan city of Falerium, and of which some massive specimens still exist in the vicinity; indeed, the whole ravine, which we had not time to explore, abounds with sepulchral chambers and ruined gateways. Two fine streams, the Rio Vicano and the Rio Maggiore, flow at the bottom of this ravine, which almost surrounds the town, a little below which is their confluence with the Tiber, still an important river, and of which we got the last look next morning when proceeding forward to a large village called Otricoli, the ancient Oricolum, and the first Umbrian city which yielded to the power of Rome. The vale of the Tiber is here extensive and sweetly pastoral; the river undulates through it with many circuits; and it is well remembered for the gallant fight of Marshal Macdonald in 1798, when he routed the pusillanimous Neapolitans under General Mack, who had three times the number of Macdonald's troops. An old Roman bridge, splendidly repaired (as the inscription says) by Pope Urban VIII., but in reality by his predecessor, Sixtus V. (the Pontiffs stick up their names wherever they can, and are not very particular as to facts), leads across the Tiber; a mass of lava intermixed with leucite goes through the ground; first one high volcanic eminence appears, crowned with the old town of Rocca Anticha; then another, surmounted with the extensive ruins of Castelagio; then two more, with the remains of Borgeria

and Minandola;* then the road leads up to the once-mighty fortress of Borghetto, erected during the Papal contests, and occupied during the wars of Napoleon, when it was dismantled, but still covers three or four acres; then the line of the Flaminian way is characterized by the ancient tombs on the left hand; then the ascent becomes so steep that two oxen are required in addition to the four horses; and then, at an immense height, we at last arrive at Narni. A scene more magnificent I have seldom if ever beheld. The battlemented picturesque houses, the large ancient convent with tall towers, and the quaint churches of the town, formed the foreground; still higher up rose the great castle, yet entire, and used as a prison; far down below flowed the river Nar, with immense rocks on the opposite side, partially covered with evergreens; and then stretched out the view of a fertile but diversified country as far as the Apennines on the one side, and the extensive vale of Terni, bounded by hills, crowned by towns and convents, on the other. It was Saturday, and I wished to have made this our resting-place, from its exciting interest, till Monday; but Mrs. Ewing preferred the next town of Terni, from the superior comfort of the hotel. We therefore hired a light carriage to survey the bridge of Augustus, at some distance, and sent round our travelling voiture to meet us at a safe part of the road. This celebrated bridge is considered by travellers the peculiar object of interest at Narni—forgetting the intrinsic attractions of the town itself, to which I have just adverted; but beyond all doubt the beauty of the structure and the charms of the scenery are wonderful. The bridge was erected by Augustus, as a passage for the Flaminian way across the great gulf between the two sides of the Nar. It was justly eulogized by the Roman poets for the height of its arches. The one still extant on the left bank exceeds sixty feet, and as there were three in all, the centre one was probably higher. At what time, or from what cause, the bridge fell, I have no means of knowing, but it is believed that the foundations of the middle pier gave way first, and shattered the stability of the one to the right. As an object of the picturesque, it is much more pleasing in its ruins. It is of beautiful white marble, with the slight tints of yellow here and there which the painter loves to introduce. There is no appearance of columns or pilasters; all is unadorned and simple elegance, and no cement or cramps seem to have

* I take the names as given by the postillions.

been used for joining the heavy blocks. The accompanying associations are all that the eye can desire : at the sides, old walls and ruined towers ; in the centre, high rocks and verdant shrubs ; and through the still standing arch, the romantic Convent of San Casciano.

Leaving Narni, which contains a poor-looking population of above 3,000, and a see founded in the fourth century, we proceeded, after descending the eminence, along the dull and tame valley of Terni, a flat basin of ten or twelve miles in diameter, surrounded by hills, but of such rich alluvial soil that it is said to be the most productive in all Italy, and the meadows to yield four or five crops in the course of the year, though I do not remember any regular irrigation. A very uninteresting drive brought us in the evening to the town of Terni, where we experienced at the hotel almost all the comforts of an English residence. It is a large place for that country, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, and with this marked peculiarity, that it is quite clean and very thriving, much fewer beggars, the people better dressed, and the houses much more respectable, with occasionally smarter private carriages, than we had seen in any place of similar size. The secret turned out to be the successful introduction of the trade for supplying Rome with articles of iron workmanship ; and, as we *charitably* supposed, the manufacture of *antiquities*. As to *real* antiquities in the town itself, we had heard of remains belonging to the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Hercules, and old Baths ; but after visiting the places, the whole ended in *fumo* ; and we were also sent on a goose chase, in consequence of a Latin inscription over one of the gates, in search of the tombs of the Emperor Titus, and of a much greater man, Tacitus the historian. In short, a more stupid, decent-dull, respectable town we scarcely saw in the country ; but it would be well if there were many more of the same class. The chief interest was in the Hotel del Europa itself, where we not only experienced much civility and cleanliness, but saw in the travellers' book some interesting information relative to the movements of various parties with whom we were acquainted. We saw one announcement entered with "Glasgow, Angleterre, content."* Another incident, rather

* We are obliged to put "Angleterre" or "Inghilterra" on our *letters* for Scotland, because they must all go first to England ; but in the *book* we simply say "Scotland." If we could suppose "Glasgow" alone not to be quite enough, we should not add "England."

striking to our poor ministers in Scotland, occurred on Sunday morning. An English clergyman, who had arrived the evening before (driving *his own* four horses in hand, and a carriage behind himself and his family, with his suite of servants), set off and spent the day in visiting the Falls. Whether that reverend gentleman tried the expedition on *such* a road with his own establishment, I am not aware; but we were informed by our host (the worthy widow of our friend Mr. Erskine's former courier, who on his account could not make enough of us, in the *best* sense of the phrase) that it would be nothing cheaper, and much more hazardous, to take our own carriage, and recommended us at once to comply with the Government regulations, and go to the Director of the Post. What was our astonishment to find that this gentleman occupied the finest palazzo in the town; that he had obtained what was styled a "*Tariff Monopoli*" for the conveyance of all passengers *for ten years*, ending in 1852; and that we must submit to his terms, or not see this curiosity at all! What should we think if *our* Government granted a *monopoly* for ten years to any friend of their own in Scotland, authorizing him to tax with his own conveyances, and at his own terms, all visitors to Lochlomond, the Trossachs, or the Falls at Lanark? However, it was of no use to sit at Rome and fight with the Pope; so we were obliged to set off on Monday morning, with a shabby concern and still shabbier horses, at a *most* extravagant charge, to visit the Falls of Terni, as they are commonly called, or more properly, the Falls of Velino; on which Lord Byron pronounced his opinion, that "either from above or below, they are worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together; the Staubach, Reichenbache, Pisse Vach, Fall of Arpenaz, &c., are *rills* in comparative appearance." I need not say how very superior the Swiss falls are, and therefore how much my curiosity was raised by so humiliating a juxtaposition. Next morning (the 14th April) was very favourable, and we set off early, for the purpose of fully surveying the scenery. After proceeding a considerable way through the low fertile vale, we began the ascent, which became steeper and steeper along the ridge of the mountains, opening up a wide view of the surrounding country, till the horses were unable to go farther, and were sent down to the village of Papigno—a very curious walled place, once of some consequence during the Papal wars. From this eminence a path struck off to the summit, and here donkeys were in waiting for

those who chose to use them, and hosts of young peasants offering their services in any way, evidently in great poverty, and who would on no account quit our train, even after they had obtained a pittance. We went on amidst brushwood and rocks, till the sound indicated our approach to the cascade; and a little farther on we came to a narrow passage leading to a wooden hut, from whence the sublime object at once burst on our view. This rustic seat was placed for the accommodation of Napoleon, and is the easiest attained; but it is subject to the two disadvantages of not affording a complete view, and of being exposed to the spread of the spray, which wets like a drizzle of rain. We scrambled up, therefore, to a higher position, where the river Velino is first seen before it tumbles over, and where the bed is about 50 feet wide, and the stream so rapid in its haste to leap that its course is calculated at seven miles an hour. We saw the *shoot* to every advantage, as a large quantity of rain had deluged the mountain-lands shortly before, and formed a number of new streams, which, uniting with the natural breadth, extended the sheet to somewhere above 100 feet in some places. As to the height of the cataract, it was impossible to make even a guess; for the water, after having been a continuous mass, fell with such fury on the rocks below as created a thick cloud of spray, rising sometimes to the very summit, and completely concealing its downward progress. The whole altitude is calculated by the guides at 1,000 feet, in round numbers; and an Italian engineer of high name has measured it at 1,230; while another, who resides in the vicinity, and paid more minute attention, has reduced the result as follows:—

First fall, at the commencement before the great cascade,.....50 feet.

Second fall, being the perpendicular and great cascade,.....600 feet.

Third fall, being the sheet of foam, to the bottom of the River Nar,.....240 feet.

890 feet.

Wonderful as such a scene was, nothing can be more unsatisfactory than any attempt at description. I shall therefore at once proceed to our journey, for the purpose of surveying the falls from the bottom, which is accounted by far the best point for observation. We had a long way to travel round, in the course of which, high up the mountain, we made a very difficult descent into an immense cavern or grotto, to which there was only one small aperture of an approach, but sufficiently lighted from the roof to open up the strange conglomeration of basaltic rocks. We struck down near to the

town of Papigno, where the whole population turned out to solicit relief; but we informed them that we would attend to their claims on our return, and went down a steep track, which led to a bridge closed by a locked gate, but which opened by a *silver* key, when the Palazzo Graziani, with its garden and pleasure-grounds, were disclosed to our view like enchantment. This we learned was one of the selected and secluded retreats of the unhappy Caroline, Queen of George IV., when she was yet Princess of Wales. One of our guides (for we had now, besides our paid one, a multitude of volunteers) informed us that here first she met with the notorious Bergami; that he belonged to Foligno, a town at no great distance, where he acted in the capacity of a general servant or courier; that he was then poor, but soon afterward it was reported he had found a purse of gold; that after he had ingratiated himself into the service of the queen, it was believed the gold came in sackfulls; that she often walked with him in the evenings, and sometimes much later; that he changed his residence in the course of the same year, when they heard no more of him for a long time; but that he afterward returned on her death, and was appointed by the Government to the Directorship of *three posts*, in which capacity he died a few months ago. The walks along the river Nar (into which the Velino falls at the cascade, and then loses its name, after a glorious exit) are surpassing fine; arbores Ilexes (evergreen oaks) many centuries old, amidst high-pinnacled eminences. This pleasure soon came to an end, when we entered on a wooded wilderness, and a mere mountain-path up slippery rocks, which at last brought us, breathless almost, to a rude twig arbour, from whence we had a complete view of the *Caduta della Marmore* (as it is called in Italy), from the very top to the very bottom. I must again decline the vain attempt to convey any adequate idea of the magnificent prospect. It has often been tried, both with the pen and the pencil, but both have been powerless—for in fact, as I think Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, after visiting the scene, “It is the glory of refracted light, and everlasting sound, and infinity of motion, which make a great waterfall the grandest of earthly objects.”

“The roar of waters! from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
 The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.”—BYRON.

Again we saw the sight with the very best effect; not only did a *new* cascade appear to the right, equal to any I have observed in Switzerland, Wales, or Scotland, but over *the great fall*, scarcely paralleled in the world, was thrown the iridescent colours of a bright rainbow, which spanned the whole hemisphere. It was now getting late, and we hastened back by the town of Papigno to regain the carriage. We walked through it, or rather up it, but we scarcely saw a human being; the whole inhabitants had left it to wait our arrival at the other end: it was the perfect picture of "the Deserted Village." Once a place of strength, still surrounded with high walls, and standing on the pinnacle of an immense rock, amidst most captivating scenery, it was the very object for a painter; but within, it was a whited sepulchre, full of all that can offend the eye or distress the mind; and across the single street by which it was divided were stone barriers, which showed that a cart, or even a wheel-barrow, was unknown to fame. Returning to the carriage, we found the crowd of suppliants so great that selection for relief was impracticable, and we therefore put our contribution into the hands of the parish priest, who was standing by, and who cheerfully undertook the task. He had attracted my attention from the philanthropic aspect of his countenance in the midst of so much apparent misery, and which he said was really great; in short, he personified the short but most emphatic character of a good country minister which I one day saw stuck up on the wall, in memory of one that was *just* gone—"parocco meritissimo, e padre de povere"—"a most deserving parish priest, and a father to the poor." Where, and in what class of life, can we find a higher character? We returned to a late dinner at Terni.

Next morning we rose between five and six, as we had a long and a mountainous road before us; but we had not gone far when we were attacked by storms of thunder and lightning, accompanied by downright deluges of rain. As the proverb says in Scotland, it is literally in Italy—"It never rains but it pours." The first part of the route was very pretty, through groves of the evergreen oaks, in every variety of shape and size, up a steep hill to La Strettura, near which is a large house called "la Casa del Papa" (the house of the Pope), most strangely selected by Leo XII. as the site of a villa, and at which he might well have been styled "his eminence." It was here the tempest commenced, and which continued for five hours with very little intermission. We were fast getting into a still higher

altitude, and so very difficult did the ascent now become, that the post regulations required the addition of two oxen, most useful, patient, never-tiring-in-the-yoke animals, bound together like the Siamese twins by a cross-beam on both their necks, which prevents the poor creatures from ever looking round, or even aside to the right or the left. In this part of the country, and indeed in the whole district, they are very handsome animals, and their colour is almost pure white, while elsewhere in general it is a dingy gray. High as the land now lay, estimated at 3,800 feet, it was not only green and fertile, but the trees (and particularly the oaks) were of very large size; and this is perhaps one of the distinguishing features of Italy, that the altitude makes so small a difference in many places, while in Scotland it inflicts hopeless sterility. Here, too, I observed, for almost the first time, groves of box-wood; but the rain was so heavy that the prospects were very confined. Descending into a valley, we arrived at the very ancient town of Spoletto, containing a population of 8,600, supported by the manufacture of wool, distinguished at a very early period of Roman history, and Christianized (as they say) in the year of our Lord 50, when St. Peter himself was alive. The city has two very imposing structures—the cathedral, standing on a rising ground, and exhibiting a splendid specimen of the early Gothic; and the citadel, a strong mass on a hill, either built or repaired by Belisarius, communicating with an aqueduct about 250 feet high, above a deep vale, which receives the supply from an opposite mountain. I was aware of many interesting antiquities in this place, but the weather was so dreadful that I had no appetite to stop long;—the only other object which I saw being the long portico leading for about half a mile to the celebrated monastery of St. Giuliano, with its magnificent wood of oaks, which have been preserved from time immemorial by the laws of the State, and one of which is said to be above 100 feet in height and 40 in circumference. Hurrying on, therefore, through a rich mulberry flat, we came to the post station of La Vene, about a quarter of a mile from which stands the small building called by the natives the Temple of Diana; said by Pliny to have been a votive offering to the river-god Clitumnus, and now converted into a Madonna chapel. The rain was falling in such torrents that I was prevailed upon not to leave the carriage for examining the interior and forming an opinion on the controversy as to the origin of this very small temple; and we pushed on, past the romantic old town of Trevi, on a pinnacle, till we

arrived for the night at Foligno, with a very miserable hotel; but we remembered the old saying, "Any port in a storm," and soon made ourselves comparatively comfortable. Foligno is also a very ancient city, the Fulginium of the Romans, with a large old cathedral, and a palace for the bishop. It is on the increase, from its reputation in the manufacture of parchment, wax candles, and woollens; and at present the population is estimated at 9,300. It is proud of its municipal privileges, and on the Palazzo Communale, or town hall, are inscribed the aspiring letters "S. P. Q. F." (*Senatus Populusque Fulginus*), indicating the independent control of the council and citizens in the management of their own affairs. I also observed an advertisement on the wall, proceeding from the municipal rulers, who modestly styled themselves "*maestrati splendidissimi di Foligno*"—"the most splendid magistrates of Foligno." But the charm of the city—the wonderful picture by Raphael which decorated one of the churches (the Contesse), and still known over the world as the "Madonna di Foligno"—is gone, having been transported to the Vatican.

Next day (the 16th) was fine, but the mountains around were all white. This is another peculiarity of Italy—rain in the plains is, at this season, almost always snow on the hills. And now we had again to ascend higher than before, to the next post station of Casa Neuve; and, as usual, whenever an apology could occur, we were required by the tariff to take six horses. The steep rise afforded a most extensive view over the rich flats at Foligno and the far distant vale of the Tiber. Again we had to ascend, and again we had to take six horses, the forerunners being at the steepest part exchanged for oxen. I do not remember to have travelled so precipitous a road: in some places it looked at some distance as if it were almost perpendicular, and we all walked except Mrs. Ewing and her maid. Snow-poles, the first I saw in Italy, were a sufficient index of the winter garb; but even here the heat of the sun had dissolved the snow which was visible in the morning. We were informed that, at particular seasons, from the ice, this mountain-pass is not only difficult but hazardous. The summit of the range is called Colforito, which, from what we could collect, we estimated at 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect is wonderful, but not interesting. And here I observed what in Scotland is termed the "water-shed"—the streams running different ways from a particular elevation, and assumed as natural landmarks, not only between properties and parishes, but between

counties. At Colfiorito the course of the rivulets, in place of west, was now east, and showed that at the summit of the Apennines, in place of flowing to the Mediterranean, they were descending to the Adriatic. Even at this immense height there was a beautiful green valley, called "Cinquemila" ("five miles"), for what reason I know not, unless it be that the distance here is about that extent to the Adriatic, with a fine lake, about four or five miles long, celebrated for producing the best leeches in Italy. The road now began to descend by a deep glen, with high hills on each side, and brought us to the post-house of Seravalle (literally the "serrated valley"), with the ruins of a most powerful stronghold, which in the Middle Ages completely commanded the pass and defended the adjoining town. Still downward through the defile we passed various villages picturesquely placed along the mountains, with additional castles for their preservation in days of yore, one of which, belonging to the Duke of Ovano, is still kept up; and, standing as it does on the very peak of a tall conical rock, one should almost think it would require a crane to haul up the visitors. I never saw finer subjects for sketching than this very long, very romantic, and very diversified pass of the Apennines affords; but, though I had taken notes as well as the motion of a carriage would permit, it would be tiresome to introduce here either names or descriptions. We reached, pretty tired, the town of Tolentino, an episcopal place of about 10,000 inhabitants, with a rich cathedral and preserved castle, where poor Pope Pius VI., a great friend of the English and a splendid patron of the arts, was compelled by Bonaparte to yield up his territories and to ransom his museum. Here, caught by Murray's eulogium of the hotel, we intended to sleep; but, finding it quite delusive, we had to go forward, and at a very late hour we arrived at Macerata, where we dined, and went to bed. It is a large town—by my list, with a population of 12,600—most beautifully situate on a hill, with a view of the Apennines on the one side and the Adriatic on the other, and the river Potenza flowing below through a fertile vale; with well-furnished churches and cathedral; a university; a public library of great extent; several handsome palazzos; and, it is said, a well-bred and intellectual society. It has a curious clock, with processions by machinery before striking the hour, and a large building or five's-court for the national game of *ballone*. It is a clean town, with a very good hotel. In its vicinity was fought the battle between the French commanded by Murat, and the Austrians by Bianchi,

in 1815, when, after prodigies of personal valour, Murat was compelled to fall back on Macerata, owing to the cowardice of the Neapolitan troops; and, having led back the skeleton of his army to Naples, he was obliged to fly from that ungrateful place, and in five months afterwards he closed his life on the *scaffold*.

Our route next morning was for the famous Loretto, which I expected would have been all down hill, as it lay on the coast; but we had again to ascend a tremendous hill, up to a town called Reconati, and with six horses, merely to bring grist to the mill, and then—to come down again. It was most teasing, though Reconati was really very curious and interesting. On our way I stopped the carriage to survey the ruins of the amphitheatre of Helvia Ricina (a very ancient Roman settlement), some parts of which are entire, and extremely interesting, indicating also the position of a great city, now entirely obliterated. We met a good number of pilgrims returning from Loretto, whom we previously had seen near Terni, going thither to pay their vows. The great mark of their mission is a long staff in their hands, with a hook to carry a bundle, and cockle-shells on their breast: they pay nothing on the road, being everywhere gladly received. We arrived early at Loretto, and immediately proceeded to the object. The town itself appears small, though the population, which is entirely dependent on the church and the sale of beads, crosses, and other such articles, is stated to be above 6,000. In going along the street you meet with an immense display, and you are everywhere assailed with the invitation of "*bella coronna!*" meaning a fine coronation of beads, and all that will make you acceptable to "our Lady of Loretto." I was favoured with a long account of this miraculous personage, written by an English pilgrim (or rather a Scotch one) some century or two ago; but I cannot enlarge on the curious details, and must condense the wonders in as few words as I can. After the flight out of Egypt, the *Santa Casa*, or Holy House, in which not only our Saviour but the Virgin was born, was the only place of shelter for the Holy Family. It was held in the highest reverence all over Palestine, and after the conversion of Constantine, the Empress Helena built over it a splendid church, which was subsequently demolished by the Saracens. The Holy House, however, itself was preserved, and conveyed by angels to the coast of Dalmatia in 1291. Whether from the want of an adequate reception, or some other cause unrevealed, it did not long remain on that spot, and all at once, in 1294, it

was again removed by celestial hands to a grove of *laurels* near its present situation, which, in consequence, was styled Laureto. Still feeling a little fidgety, it three times shifted its quarters, till, in 1298, it finally fixed its residence in the present situation. Pilgrims flocked from every quarter in Christendom, and the necessity of accommodation created the foundation of the town. When the church, or Chiesa della Santa Casa, which encloses the Holy House, was built, I am uncertain; but the façade, which is very poor, was erected by Pope Sixtus V. about 1585. The bronze doors, which are beautiful, were finished under Paul V. in 1605. Any such details, however, are trifling, as the whole attention, both of worshippers and visitors, is engrossed by three objects—the holy house, its marble casing, and the lady. It is not easy to examine *the house*, as it is enclosed, but the light is sufficient to show a small brick box, with a door and a window, over which is the ancient cross. The floor is gone, having accidentally fallen out during the passage in the clouds from Nazareth, but it is replaced by beautiful marble. Above the fireplace appears the great object—the statue of the Virgin and Child, perfectly *black*, and might be supposed to represent the colour of the country, but it is said to be the cedar of Lebanon, and to have become dark with age. The face and hands are alone discernible, the whole figure being covered with dazzling diamonds and brilliant gems of the most superb and costly kinds. I shall say nothing of the holy relics and valuable treasures which are, besides, deposited in the Santa Casa itself; but shall merely say that the marble casing by which it is enclosed, as a piece of sculpture, is perfectly exquisite. It is a square, with of course four fronts, the first representing the Annunciation; the second the Nativity; the third the arrival of the Holy House at Loretto; and the fourth the nativity of the Virgin. All the artistical talent of the age was contributed—most of it gratuitously—and the actual *outlay* did not exceed £1,500. There is a projection round the bottom, which is *grooved* by the progressive *knees* of the pilgrims travelling around. The naves of the church contain several chapels, filled with fine mosaics, paintings, arabesques, and frescoes. There is a beautiful baptistry in bronze; a well-executed statue of Sixtus V., in the same material; and, adjoining the church, to complete three sides of a square, are magnificent accommodations for the Pope or his delegate, and an apartment of the princes. I have no room to say more of this celebrated sanctuary, and what I have said is in the words of our guide. It would

require a volume to go into all the details. During the French war, the image of the Virgin was carried to Paris, and exhibited, it is said, in the museum as a *mummy*. From whatever cause, the charm seems to be somewhat dissolved, as there were no pilgrims when we were there, and few attendants at the shrine, except the clergy, who treated us with great politeness, and admitted us quite close to the Madonna with all her jewels, as also to the room containing the valuable presents from the crowned heads of Roman Catholic Europe.

Next day, after a renewed visit to the church, and an inspection of other objects, we proceeded to Ancona, which could have been soon reached by a road along the shore of the Adriatic; but, as before, we were carried by the *poste* into the interior, and up to a very high-lying town called Osimo, with a very old and curious cathedral and remains of Etruscan antiquities, which fully compensated the expense and delay. It is a model for cleanliness and handsomeness in the Papal States, and contains 10,000 inhabitants. It has a museum, and among the collection is a number of headless Roman statues, which a bishop had ordered in past times to be decapitated, for the purpose of preventing *idolatry*. In proceeding next stage we drove through what the Italians call the *Marc*, and Englishmen the *March*, of Ancona—a splendid tract of rich land, formerly belonging to the *Marchese* or *Marquesate* of Ancona; and, to my absolute surprise, I saw all the improved system of Scotch farming carrying on, and the ridges as straight as in our best-ploughed fields. In approaching Ancona the views of the Adriatic were extremely fine, not so much from the attractions of the sea itself, for it could bear no comparison with the Mediterranean, as from the bold and pleasing scenery along the vistas, and the commanding situation of the city itself, with its castles, churches, mole, and bay. We arrived in time for an early dinner, and our elegant apartments furnished a splendid marine prospect, with Greek vessels quite close to the eye. As Mrs. Ewing had sustained more fatigue of late than usual, we arranged to remain from Friday afternoon till Monday morning. Ancona, like most of the Italian cities, is extremely old, and its natural advantages as a harbour contributed to its early settlement. Its very name conveys its Greek origin, signifying the *corner*, or angular end of the promontory. It was founded by a Doric colony; was occupied by Cæsar after passing the Rubicon; and was completed by the Emperor

Trajan, who expended a great sum in the formation and security of the projecting harbour; and after his death the grand triumphal arch was erected by his widow, in 112, at the end of the quay, which is composed of Corinthian columns, and an elegant attic of the purest white marble from Greece, which, in point of taste, proportions, and execution, has been universally pronounced to be the most perfect monument in Italy, and the model of which has been adopted, not only in England, at Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace, but in most of the public grounds in Europe. The inscription on the arch records the patriotic character of Trajan, and ascribes his motives, in the erection of the mole, to those of humanity for preserving the lives of the mariners; on which Forsyth justly observes that, in such a case, a pharos would have been much more appropriate and useful than an arch. Imitating the example, however, Pope Clement XII., who in the last century finished a new mole, had a similar structure raised to his own honour, which, in any other situation, would really have been entitled to praise, but, compared with its great prototype, shines like a candle before the sun. There is a number of useful erections on the mole for the accommodation of vessels, which were very few, and at the end is a respectable light-house, recently improved. On the other side of the harbour is an extensive breakwater, which certainly is not in keeping with the amenity of the landscape, but renders the water within smooth and still in all points of the wind. There are two strong forts for defence—one built in the sixteenth century and another in the seventeenth, lately restored by the French, after considerable enlargement. In the interior of the harbour, surrounded by sea, but communicating with land by a drawbridge, is the Lazaretto, now much more commodious since the introduction of steam passage to the Levant, but still susceptible of improvement. The port is by far the best in the Adriatic, and superior to any other in the Papal States. Beside the two forts for the harbour, there are strong garrisons and fortifications on the top of two hills adjoining the city, called Monte Pelago and Monte Cardetto; but as we omitted to apply for an order on the governors before we went up, we could only see the outworks, from whence the views of the town and the vicinity are commanding. The possession of Ancona has undergone many changes, which are narrated in Italian history; but it is sufficient to say that in 1814 it was finally ceded to the Church by

the Congress of Vienna. It is a free port, with an independent municipality, and all the civic commands are issued by the authorities of the *Città franco*. The present population is under 36,000, of whom there are no less than 6,000 Jews. We went to their synagogue, a very gaudy new hall, and were politely shown all the peculiarities. They live, as was once customary in Europe, in a separate place, called the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter; and, though now permitted to mingle with the mass of citizens, they prefer their own locality; and as they are among the richest in the community, they mean to establish a new colony with finer accommodations. The town of Ancona at a distance is most captivating, situate on the slope of an amphitheatre between the promontories of Ciriaco and Comero, studded with churches and convents, crowned with the cathedral and forts, and spreading its harbour far into the sea. On closer acquaintance there is great disappointment; in the low part of the town the streets (or rather street, for there is only one, with small lanes) are dark, dismal, and shabby; while, with one exception, those in the upper part are narrow, crooked passages, and so steep that they terminate with a long flight of steps. There are two new buildings highly creditable—an Institution for Music and Painting, not yet finished, and a Loggia di Mercanti, or exchange, on the most liberal scale for strangers. The churches are numerous, but I can only notice the cathedral—a most imposing structure on the summit of a hill, where once stood the Temple of Venus, forming the *nucleus* or centre of attraction to the original town, exactly in the same way as the cathedral was the origin of Glasgow. The columns of the temple are perhaps the most attractive ornaments of the ancient edifice, but the arch of the rich Gothic gate is magnificent—“*Ante domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon(a)*.” I have re-quoted this line from Forsyth, which he inserted in compliment to the fair sex of Ancona. Our ill-fated but superior countryman, with whom Byron was delighted, was a *detenu* by the infamous order of Bonaparte's government, and was more easily captivated by the charms of the Ancona ladies than visitors can be *now*.

On the 21st we bade adieu to Ancona, and with it, for a long time, to all the beauties of scenery. The shore of the Adriatic, along which we now travelled, was a complete contrast to the coast of the Mediterranean. With shrubless tracts of dry sand on the one hand, and

half-cultivated ground on the other, so barren as scarcely to return seed and labour to the mendicant families, we passed along till we came to the town of Sinigallia (the ancient Sena Gallica, sacked by Pompey), now an episcopal town of 8,000 people, clean but stupid. It has two attractions, however, one as having been the birth place of Madame Catalani, and I noticed the same name over some of the shops; the other for the great annual fair which for six centuries has been the privilege of the place, free from all tax or tribute, which is by far the greatest in Italy, and which lasts for twenty days in summer, congregating people from all parts of Italy, as well as from France, Germany, Switzerland, and the Levant; converting every house into a shop, and every street into a bazaar, and mingling every article of wear and consumption, the coarse woollens of the North with the rich spices of the East. I need not add that many amusing scenes and important incidents in common life are the result of this *gathering*. It is a perfect study for the observer of character or the sketcher of costume, as we were told. Passing still along sand-hills, but now enlivened by peeps of the snow-clad Apennines, bounding a blue and speckless sky, we arrived at Fano, the ancient Fanum Fortunæ, where the statues to that fickle damsel still adorn the public walls, and to which the Rebeccas of the place may naturally resort as to the "Temple of *Fortune*." It is an agreeable town, of above 8,000 inhabitants; full of good churches and tolerable pictures, three or four by the first masters, and two or three more of high value; with a fine triumphal arch across the leading street, composed of white marble, raised in honour of Augustus, and enlarged by Constantine with an attic and columns; with a theatre believed to be the oldest in Italy, and a stage which struck me with surprise from its great depth and the apparently graphic effect of the scenes; with a port, once of commercial estimation, but now fallen into decay; and with a printing press which, under Pope Julius II., was the first in Europe to introduce Arabic characters. We could only stop in the forenoon a short time to survey the town. The country now totally changes its aspect, as it becomes flat, alluvial, and fertile; indeed, for nearly 200 miles it is a perfect garden (with a few slight exceptions) for corn, oil, and wine, with no variety to please the eye, and with scarcely any structures, except in towns, of architectural taste. I must add, in justice to the old towns through which

we were now passing, that they are not only extremely *recherché* for their high family connections and rich historical associations, but that the state of society is become very agreeable as a retreat during the warm summer months, by its genteel and literary character. I should have said so as to Fano, and much more is it the case as to Pesaro, the next place at which we arrived—a very ancient episcopal town, with a population of about 18,000; very imposing for its walls and towers; with a commodious small port for the transport of produce; with clean streets and handsome houses; with a *bibliokia*, or public library, distinguished for poetical treasures in manuscript notes by Tasso and others; and still more celebrated for many well-known Italians to whom it has given birth. I believe my friend Mr. Dennistoun, who means to pay Pesaro a visit this summer, will do it all justice in connection with the court of the Dukes of Rovere, which, in the sixteenth century, shed a lustre over the otherwise dark aspect of the times, and became a retreat and encouragement for the literature, the poetry, and the arts of the age. The distinguished Dukes of Urbino, too, which lies among the hills at a short distance, and which was the birthplace of Raphael, and of his almost no less eminent patrons, Duke Frederigo, Duke Guid'Albo, and the Duchess Elizabeth Montago—a lady who was the Miranda of Shakespeare for beauty, accomplishments, and virtue; I say the great Urbino family had in Pesaro a princely court, and almost a royal residence, now converted into offices for the municipality and a dwelling for the cardinal legate. We visited this suite of buildings, and I remember nothing in England, not even at Windsor or Hampton Court, which can exceed, I had almost said equal, the magnificent feudal character of the great hall. It is a proud period of Italian history, connected with Raphael, Tasso, and Ariosto; and I only hope it may prove of sufficient interest in our own country to give due currency to Mr. Dennistoun's researches. Passing a small town called Catolica, from its having been the refuge of the orthodox bishops in opposition to the supporters of Arian tenets, and still proceeding through a rich but tame country, we came late to Rimini, and dined at eight o'clock. Rimini is a large episcopal city, and I had two accounts of the population, so very different that I cannot trust implicitly to either; but, from appearance, I should be inclined to estimate it at a little short of 15,000. It is extremely ancient, from its vicinity to the Rubicon, having been

patronized by Julius Cæsar, and it still contains splendid evidence of its embellishment by Augustus. Nothing can be more entire or more interesting than the triumphal arch by Augustus by which we entered, spanning the street with its white marble stones, with fluted Corinthian columns, and with medallions containing the heads of four heathen deities; but, though greatly superior in size, it is far inferior both in taste and finish to the arch of Trajan at Ancona. The inscription is partly deleted, but intimates that this was "designated" by the "SENATUS PO."—"the council and people"—for the *CELEBERRYMEIS VEIIS* (not good spelling)—in short, commemorating the gratitude of the people for repairing and improving the *roads*—the first sign of a civilized country, but unfortunately too often impeded. The other Roman monument is of far greater extent and utility. It is the noble, the beautiful, the strong marble bridge of Augustus, commenced by that emperor, and completed by Tiberius, over the river Marecchia, with five arches of accurate proportions, and the three centre ones about 30 feet of span; the piers about 12 feet thick; and, though now 1,800 years old, as firm as the day it was built. This bridge is at the other entry of the town, and combines strength, simplicity, and elegance. The inscriptions are quite gone. During the sway of the Eastern Empire in Italy, five towns were classed together—viz, Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigallia, and Ancona—under the denomination of "the *Pentapolis*," and the lieutenant appointed by the Emperor of Constantinople was called the "Exarch," and resided at Rimini. Here also was held the famous Council in the fourth century, to decide between the Athanasians and the Arians. There is not much interest in the town; it appears respectable, but not genteel. There are several churches, but none, so far as I could judge from slight inspection, worthy of notice, except the cathedral, which is very remarkable, from the circumstance that, in the fifteenth century, Malatesta, the viceroy, entertaining a Gothic hatred of the Gothic style, employed Alberti, an eminent architect, to clap the beautiful old garment over with a classic greatcoat; and, although it is certainly in the first style of modern elegance, nothing can be more ridiculous than the look of the antiquated beau, with his original habiliments sometimes peeping out from below their new exterior; and then go into the church, and you find every part most entirely in the primary dress, leaving only the regret of marked incongruity with the outside clothing.

In the market-place, which is large and commodious, is a stone with an inscription, to say that Cæsar stood on it to address his army after passing the Rubicon—*SUOS HIC IN FORO AR. ADLOCVT.* If so, he had a small space for the exercise of his oratory; but the standing-place appeared to me more modern. Here also, as we are told, St. Anthony preached, and finding his audience deaf, went to the canal and addressed his sermon to the fishes. There is a most splendid tomb in the choir to the Malatesta and his wife; and I was struck with the contrast of the simple tablet on the floor to another great family—"CASA BALDINI," "the House of the Baldwins;" it put me in mind of the inscription at Melrose on the vault belonging to the Pringles of Yair—"Here lyes ye race of ye House of Zair.

The whole of next day was devoted to a most interesting excursion to San Marino, a city on the summit of a rock standing about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the *only Republic* remaining in Italy. I cannot possibly enter on this curious subject at present, not only from want of time, but as I find the materials which I collected have been left in the carriage when embarking in the canal for Venice. The description of the scenery and government, if I am able to give it, may bear very much the air of a romance: to me it was perfectly *unique*.

We proceeded on the morning of the 23d for Ravenna, and I must here correct a mistake I made in saying that the whole of the route now lay through a district monotonously *rich*. I had forgotten this road, a great part of which is along banks of sand, but covered with grass, on the coast of the Adriatic. The line, however, presents four objects of great interest. *1st.* *The Rubicon is passed* a few miles beyond a pretty town called Chisinatico. Of the fact there cannot be a doubt, but the *questio vexata* is, *which* of the numerous streams that here pour themselves into the sea is entitled to the distinction. I read Mr. Murray's account with great attention, but I found the statement of the postillions as to the locality of the small river called "*Il Rubicone*" very much at variance with the opinion in the hand-book, as they decidedly said it was after the junction of two streams called the Rugone and Pisatello. *2d.* After passing the episcopal small town of Cervia, and a long line of *meres* or salt-ponds, which render the country unhealthy, we enter on the far-famed Pineta, or Pine Forest, which was not only the nursery for the navy of ancient Rome, but the supply for the fleets of Venice in the palmy days of the republic, and even now yields a large

revenue from its wood for various purposes, and its cones for the food of the people. It is said to extend along the shore for twenty-five miles, and the forest to be two to three miles in breadth. It is altogether composed of the beautiful stone pine, which is here left to the training of nature, untouched and unpruned, and is therefore much more diversified and romantic in form; but I saw very wide gaps, which showed the ravages produced by storms and thinnings. It is the loved scene of the Italian poets, who delighted to dwell on the

“Sweet hour of twilight—in the solitude
Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna’s immemorial wood.”

3d. The range of the Apennines, which accompany the traveller from Rimini to Ravenna, before taking their last leave of him, and keeping at a due distance, with interesting plains between, are most *piquant* and captivating, as the bounding line of an Italian sky, and often capped with towers, castles, and churches. 4th. The Basilica of “San Apollinare in *Classe*,” on the road to Ravenna, is celebrated as among the purest and yet most ornate specimens of Christian skill in Italy. The town of Classis, in the time of the Romans, was the station of their fleet, and of course adjacent to the sea, now four miles removed. Here stood the Temple of Apollo, which was selected in 534 as the site for a church in honour of Apollinaris, the patron saint, I believe, of Ravenna. We minutely examined the riches and curiosities of this famous sanctuary; but I cannot dwell on their contents further than alluding to the splendid mosaic of the cross, executed in the sixth century, with a Greek inscription, “Jesus Christ, the Saviour, the Son of God,” with “Alpha and Omega” on the arms, and “Salus Mundi” at the foot. Partly in mosaic and partly in painting are complete series of portraits of the Bishops of Ravenna, from St. Apollinaris, who was a martyr in 74, down to the present time. I observed a distinct announcement in the church that it was “*prohibitis ab ingressis mulierum*” (*sic*), but ladies now seem to be freely admitted. The building is undergoing a thorough repair; but it is very frequently overflown, and the fine crypt was immersed deep in water. Late in the evening we arrived to dinner at Ravenna, where we remained for two days. To our astonishment we had to pay the police for the compulsory honour of enrolling our names. The demands at the hotel, too, were exorbitant; but we would not submit. Ravenna

appears to the eye a very large city; but the wide spaces and deserted dwellings tell of days that are long past and gone. Murray states the population at only 10,582; but it is a typographical error, and the real number is 18,502. It is one of the most ancient cities in Italy, built on piles in the midst of a lagoon; once a great Roman port, now at a distance from the sea; the seat of power during the Western Empire; the capital of the Gothic kingdom under Theodoric; conquered by Belisarius for Justinian; ruled by the Exarchs for 200 years; re-conquered by the Lombards, and made their metropolis; and, after a series of changes which are too numerous to specify, at last ceded to the Holy See. Dr. Wiseman justly remarks that it is full of Christian antiquities, and that the meditations are undisturbed by the recurrence of *pagan* remains. The cathedral is very large, and, besides some celebrated Guidos, contains a few curious relics; such as the Paschal calendar in marble, of a very early date; the ivory chair, or rather throne, of St. Maximilian; the symbolical slabs of the ancient pulpit, &c.; but the church itself, like most others in Italy, has been barbarized in the inside by whitewashing. It was built in the fourth century, and to the same date is ascribed the baptistry, much more interesting, and containing unquestionable evidence of the primary practice of *immersion*. I will not attempt even to name the very numerous and curious churches and convents, which are the resort of many persons for the study of early architecture, mosaic, and fresco. The civil antiquities are few. The only *Roman* vestige which I recollect is the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great; the immense marble sarcophagus which contained her body, in imperial robes, sitting in state; but an accidental fire destroyed the spectral dignity. The mausoleum of Theodoric, King of the Goths, is the pride of Ravenna, and a fine walk, with shrubbery around it, is forming for a promenade. It was built by himself, but his ashes, during the Arian controversy, were thrown to the winds as those of a heretic. It is a rotunda, constructed of black marble square blocks, and is quite entire; but I could not re-echo the admiration of the citizens. All that remains of his splendid palace is a high wall, with eight small columns; but indented into this wall is a large porphyry sarcophagus, which some say once rested on the roof of the mausoleum, while others consider it to have been only a bath. When I spoke of this mausoleum as the "pride of Ravenna," I forgot the tomb of Dante, which, in point of taste, is anything but their *pride*, being a shabby

modern square building of 1780, with a round roof and stucco ornaments, or, as Byron calls it, "a little cupola, more neat than solemn;" but it *was* the "pride of Ravenna" to grant to the mortal remains of Dante the last resting-place which was so disgracefully refused by Florence. Lord Byron lived for two years near a spot, to him enchanted ground. I thought his house a very dull one. There are several fine old palazzos in the city; the archbishop's is particularly pleasing, from its elegant rooms, its valuable collection of antiquities, and its curious old chapel of the fifth century. The celebrated library has been much pillaged, and, except for medals, the museum is scarcely worth a visit. The Academia della belle Arte, is, in my opinion, the best institution for painting and sculpture of its age and size in Italy. It was only commenced in 1829, and already, for its collections and its arrangements, it is quite a model. We were also honoured by admission to the Cavaliere Raspini's private palace and grounds, which are full of paintings and antiquities. There are six gates to the city, some of them deserving attention. The famous fortress is now almost all level with the ground; and to wind up the whole, "*fuimus*" may be inscribed on the walls of this once-distinguished city; though a spirit of improvement seems to be *now* rising up, like a Phoenix amidst its ashes. A good canal, five miles in length, connects it with the Adriatic. I fell in with Lord Byron's old servant, who keeps a broker's shop, and bought a good picture of Pope Alexander V. for six scudi—27s.!

On the 25th we proceeded through a most luxuriant plain for Bologna. The land appeared to be altogether cultivated by hoe labour—the spade being quite unknown, and the plough seldom used. Immense fields are divided into spaces of about 50 to 60 feet broad, and of almost indefinite length, by rows of trees, sometimes mulberries for the silk-worms, sometimes willows for baskets, and sometimes hardwood for fires, which are regularly stripped of their branches every year, leaving bare pollards during the winter and spring, but sending forth strong shoots and thick foliage in summer, to screen by their shade the crops from the burning sun. These crops consist of wheat chiefly, but occasionally of lucerne or other green food for the cattle—seldom of potatoes or turnips. The trees serve another purpose, as supports for the vines, which all over Italy, in place of being cut down into bushes, as in France and Germany, are allowed to extend their branches to a great length, which are attached on each side to the trees,

and hang down between them in graceful festoons. Thus the produce of the farm consists of three kinds: cereal crops of the ground, and there are generally three crops in the year; what is produced by the trees, by leaves for silk, olives for oil, fruit for sale, or wood for fire; and what is produced by the vines, the grapes being carefully gathered and made into wine, which is sent in casks to market. Of course, I am speaking only of the *very* rich land which this part of Italy particularly enjoys, and through which we drove to Faenza, a large town of above 20,000 people, distinguished for its manufacture of earthenware, and particularly of vases; of silk, which is both spun and woven in the place; and of paper, which is made of superior quality. It is the ancient Faventia, where Sylla first triumphed. Like all other towns in Italy where industry prevails, it is neat and clean. The cathedral was built in the fourth century, and possesses the celebrated picture by Imola. The public institutions are said to be very ill conducted, but I had no time for examination. The "Palazzo Comunale," or municipal building, was once the house of Manfredi, too well known for the tragedy of his murder by his wife. Passing on through a dead flat, we came to one small town very agreeably diversified by a fine river called the Silaro, and the ruins of an immense and romantic castle of the thirteenth century, called St. Pietro; and again proceeding through a perfect garden for fertility and cultivation, we arrived in the afternoon at Bologna.

It was my full expectation to complete my Diary by a notice of Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, and even to include some imperfect account of Venice. This, I now regret to say, is absolutely impracticable. I do not recollect ever having been more over-head-and-ears than in this city—sometimes not getting to bed till after midnight, and generally up soon after six in the morning. Independently of engagements and of visits to places, I have been very unexpectedly involved in some trouble with the proprietors of a few fine pictures which I was so fortunate as to discover, from old palaces, particularly two Titians and a Giorgone, and to secure at moderate prices; but which, after the certificates I procured from the Academy of their being first-class, the sellers wished to retain. After four days' discussion, I completely succeeded in establishing my right, though they were offered by a Russian Count a very considerable advance. I now close this letter, written amidst *many* interruptions, as we are just on the wing to start for our return to Padua, which is the only route; and to-morrow morning we

intend to proceed without delay for Vicenza, Verona, Roveredo, Trent, Botzen, Brixen, across the Brommer Pass of the Alps to Innsbruck, and from thence to Munich, on our way home.—Believe me to remain, with kind regards to all friends,

Dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

JA. EWING.

May 16.—Being unexpectedly but unavoidably detained another day, I continue my narrative. We arrived at Bologna after a very hot drive, and absolutely like millers with dust, which obliged us immediately to provide ourselves with *blouses*. Bologna is the most important city in Northern Italy, and second only to Rome in the Papal States, with which it has most reluctantly been associated, and from which it has made different unsuccessful efforts for disjunction. I was struck by observing the open declaration on its institutions, by the inscriptions of "*Felicitas Publica—Libertas*"—"The public happiness—liberty." Sismondi gives us its history, from which it appears to have been one of the richest and most powerful republics; but, like all the rest, at last fell under military sway, retaining, however, to the present day many of the privileges and all the spirit of a free government. The population in 1835 is stated by Murray at 67,000; by my List in 1842 at 75,000; and in the present year I was informed that it amounts to 80,000, from which progressive increase we can judge of its prosperity. The striking peculiarity of the city is its porticoes. Every street has an arcade, to protect the passengers from rain, heat, or carriages; in the old town, low and heavy; but in the modern, wide and elegant. The aspect of the houses and buildings was to me particularly pleasing, with so little of recent frippery, and so much of mediæval dignity. Though first an Etruscan city, under the name of Felsina, and then a Roman under that of Bononia, I could perceive scarcely a vestige of remains to indicate either. The chief object of attraction to strangers is the old Forum of the Republic, now called the "*Piazza Maggiore*," or great square, containing in front the splendid Gothic church of San Petronio, which every one takes to be the cathedral. It was founded in the fourteenth century, during the re-

public, and if the plan had been completed, it would have been considerably larger than St. Peter's at Rome. The interior is magnificently simple, and contains sculpture, bronzes, and paintings, on which I cannot pretend to enter. In the front once stood the bronze statue of Pope Julius II., by Michael Angelo, who wished to represent his Holiness with a book in his hand—"A book!" was the reply; "no, let me have a sword—I cannot read;" but this celebrated work was broken by the people and sold for melting into cannon, in the sixteenth century. At the side of the square is the "Palazzo del Publico," commenced in the thirteenth century, originally a pure specimen of Gothic grandeur, but now much injured by repairs, with a beautiful staircase leading to two magnificent halls covered with frescoes, and an ancient chapel. Next to it stands the "Palazzo del Podesta," or Palace of the Magistracy, begun in 1201; and the great hall is still called "Sala del Re Enzo," or hall of King Enzo (the son of the great Emperor Frederick II.), who was captured by the republic, and imprisoned for twenty-three years till his death. On the other side is the "Piazza de Bianchi" (I do not know the meaning—*bianchier* is a banker), which occupies the whole length. Near the middle of the square is the celebrated bronze fountain, constructed in 1564 by John of Bologna, with a figure of Neptune, eight feet high, and four female Tritons pressing their breasts, from which the water flows—the whole, though much praised, in my opinion equally absurd and indelicate. The cathedral disappointed me much. The exterior is painted and commonplace—the interior, of the Corinthian order, very rich and very extensive, but wanting that antique appearance which dignifies San Petronio, and confers on it an archiepiscopal character. Besides these, there are from thirty to forty churches, some of which deserve not inspection only, but *study*, by the admirers of Christian antiquity, of early fresco, and of the Bolognese school of painting, which includes many distinguished names. There are a great number of what are called "private palaces," all containing paintings, most of which I found were *for sale* though said to have been for ages in the families; but I remembered the caution in the mosaic at Pompeii, "*cave canem*"—"beware of the dog;" and though strongly solicited by the so-called nobility, I found they were in fact *dealers*, and left the city without being *bit*. In fact, as to the nobility, I ascertained that though many of them are very ancient, with about half-a-dozen exceptions, they are all much reduced, and not held in

much estimation. The richest was said to have £10,000 a year. Like the Italian nobles elsewhere, they all live in the *city*, and very few have even a house on their domain (if they have one) in the country. In Bologna their number was said to be rather above 100. Among these palaces we saw the Casa Rossini. I met with that great composer of music—a good-looking man, between fifty and sixty. I was told he had been a sausage-maker, and still carried on the trade; but this I was afterwards informed, on better authority, was not correct; that he had made a great deal of money by his works, and that he had turned to be quite a miser; so much so, that he had sold his fine house, and merely rented *in it* two rooms. Among the other interesting buildings, the “Foro de Mercanti,” or Merchants’ Hall, is particular, built in the thirteenth century, and a beautiful specimen of Italian Gothic. But what most strikes the eye of the common run of travellers is the two leaning towers, called the “Torre Asinelli” and the “Torre Garisendi”—the former built in 1109, of 260 feet in height, and with a trifle above three feet out of the perpendicular—the latter in 1110, being 130 feet high, and with an inclination of eight feet. This seemed the whole charm, for I quite agreed with Mr. Mathews that they looked exactly “like the chimneys of a steam-engine” blown a little aside. They are tall, plain, brick stalks, without the least variety or beauty.

The public institutions are highly creditable. The Picture Gallery, though not large, is select, and contains fine specimens of the early masters, of the Caracci, of Dominichino, of Albani, of Guido, of Parmegiano, of Guercino, and of Raphael. The university is very ancient, and had the polite peculiarity of admitting ladies to the professors’ chairs. In the twelfth century it is *said* to have had nearly 10,000 students; at present I understand the number to be 1,116. The library contains 4,000 MSS. and 80,000 volumes. The Cardinal Mezzofanti, who was born in low life at Bologna, began his celebrated career as the librarian. I have already alluded to his distinguished name—“in wit a man, simplicity a child,” and as Lord Byron said, “The only foreign literary character that I wished to see *twice*”—“a prodigy of languages, a walking library.” The Botanic Garden is respectable; and the “Orto Agrario,” or Agricultural Seminary, is highly worthy of *immediate* adoption in our own country. It would have done Peel a thousand times more credit than the Maynooth grant. But I must be done with Bologna, and can only add that we were present at the great annual

procession of the "Madonna di St. Luca." This is a lady almost as distinguished as her namesake at Loretto, being one of the black images painted (as the story is) by St. Luke, and brought to the Church of St. Luke from Constantinople by a hermit in 1160, whence every year she pays a visit of a few days to the cathedral. St. Luke's stands on a very high hill, from whence the view is almost unbounded, from the Adriatic to the Apennines, embracing the rich plains of Lombardy. Up to this church, from the gate of Bologna, is a portico or covered way, about three miles long, very elegant in workmanship, twelve feet broad and fifteen high. It took about sixty years to complete, and the cost was immense; but the whole was raised by voluntary contribution. Up this tremendously steep portico we ascended (not much with my will) in the warmest day I have experienced, as the carriage could not be used, and was left at the foot. The image was at last brought out of the church amidst a dense crowd of spectators, and a long-drawn procession of priests, which was met at the gate of the city by the cardinal bishop, the cardinal legate, the magistracy, the nobility and gentry, the military, the clergy, and the monks of seven or eight different orders. It was the most splendid ceremonial we had yet witnessed, and we saw it from many points to the best advantage. The image was then deposited safely in the cathedral, which for several days was crowded to suffocation with devotees from town and country. I estimated the number *each day* in the cathedral, coming and going from three o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, at fully 100,000. I was admitted to a platform close to the bishop. Mrs. Ewing did not approve, and did not attend. The bishop, Opiconi, is a very mild-looking old man, and was advanced to a hat and a mitre for marrying Bonaparte to Josephine. The cardinal legate, Monticelli, is a younger man, about forty-five. Some years ago he was ordered off from Bologna on account of his political opinions; but the Pope, from his superior talents, and his influence in this most important district, not only allowed him to return, but advanced him, as a sop to Cerberus, to the highest dignity next to the chair itself. Last winter the snow was five feet deep in the streets—quite unprecedented; and the same snow, beaten hard, was now selling, and bought with avidity, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ baichoi per peso, or three halfpence a pound.

Bologna was so important that we could not leave it till after a stay of six days. On the 30th (April) we proceeded through a district—spongy, but

grassy—with numerous farm-steadings, which gave the country quite an English aspect. But the post-horses were not *so* English—most wretched creatures, and one of the poor animals actually dropped down on the road. The post-house was ominously and appropriately called *Malalbergo*—the bad inn. We arrived early in the day at Ferrara, as the distance was short, and went to a hotel where again Murray was at fault. In place of being "dear and dirty," we found the *Tre-mari* to be exceedingly moderate and clean; but there was a new landlord since he wrote. I think I have already mentioned our object—to visit the old, unfrequented, but once important places, and of all these, Ferrara is one of the most remarkable and most neglected. Few English travellers ever approach its gates; and except as connected with "Andrew Ferraras,"—a name once identified with swords of the best steel, and manufactured by Andrea de Ferrara, but now so much forgotten that I could not find *one* in the whole town;—except this, I do believe that the place is almost unknown in Britain. And yet Ferrara *was* a city of great renown; its walls, seven miles in circuit, stand as memorials of its former extent. Its population, now about 30,000, was once above 100,000; its palaces were the resort of the grand and the gay; its court was one of the most brilliant and intellectual in Europe; and its commerce the most extensive in the northern parts of Italy. The house of D'Este, from whom the royal family of England are descended, were the chief dignitaries, first as supreme magistrates, and next as hereditary princes, till it was merged in the ambitious pretensions of the Church in the sixteenth century. Far more, in the estimation of many, Ferrara was the loved abode of poetry; the retreat and the patronage of Ariosto, Tasso, and Guerini; and the school of painting producing several masters who, though little known in Britain, are highly prized in Italy. Higher still in the scale of true excellence was the assistance afforded by Ferrara to the Reformation, by the protection here extended to the friends of the faith, who escaped from different parts of the country, and by the asylum provided to Calvin, Marot, and others who had embraced the new tenets, by the Duchess Renee, wife of Ercole II. But in the sixteenth century the glory of Ferrara departed with the change in its government; and it fell from its high estate into poverty, dulness, and desolation. The cathedral, founded in the early part of the twelfth century, is a most imposing specimen of the early Gothic, with columns at the doors rising

on the backs of red granite lions; and the interior, though sorely disfigured by recent innovations, contains much that is old and curious. I was astonished to observe a tablet inserted in the front by Clement VIII., the very Pope who had deposed the D'Este family and ruined Ferrara, claiming the merit of being the "*princeps optimus, pater patriæ*," who had relieved it from the yoke of the dukes, and accomplished the desired tranquillity of "the Christian Republic" (*optatam Christianæ Reipublicæ pacem peperit*): very remarkable words from a Pope in 1598. There are above a dozen of churches, some of them, San Francisco in particular, worthy of minute examination. The ducal palace, now converted into the castle for the residence of the cardinal legate, for prisons and other public purposes, is the most perfect example of baronial pride I have seen in Italy. It is an immense square structure, flanked with four large towers, and surrounded by a wide moat filled with water and crossed by drawbridges. It was the scene of the awful tragedy related by Gibbon, of the confinement, in the deep dark dungeons, of the Duchess Parisina and her lover, Rangoni, and their subsequent execution; but the strange incident of the small mirror, which I saw, seems to have been unknown both to Gibbon and Byron. The principal object, however, in Ferrara is the "Studio Publico," once renowned and still valued as a school of law and medicine, but more curious to strangers from its contents. *First*, there is the library, with above 70,000 volumes and nearly 1,000 MSS.; and as this city was among the very first in Europe for the introduction of printing, the early editions of many books by Aldus, Guerini, and other eminent typographers who lived here, are almost, to black-letter men, inestimable; but still higher-priced jewels are the manuscript originals of the Greek Palimpsests of Chrysostom, Gregory, and other Fathers; and above all, of the poems of Ariosto and Tasso, the corrections of which by the authors themselves are treasures in the study of the *human mind*; and I marvel that they have never yet been published. *Secondly*, there is a very curious collection of portraits—curious at any rate locally—of all the authors of Ferrara down to a late date. But *thirdly*, here—where no person would ever expect it, and where it certainly seemed to me much out of place, in a *library*—is the tomb of the great Ariosto himself. It was much more appropriate in the Church of St. Benedict, whence it was transported in 1801, and tawdrily decorated by the French, with that disregard of all that is fine in taste or hallowed in antiquity, of which

I have seen so many examples in Italy, and which will long mark their victorious career as worse than that of the Huns and Vandals. The house in which Ariosto lived was patriotically purchased by the Town Council for preservation, bearing an inscription by himself, which begins with the comfortable character—"parva sed, apta mihi"—"small, but suitable for myself." The dwelling-house of Guerini, the well-known author of the "Pastor Fido," is also maintained, with a more flourishing motto. The object of still greater interest to many than all these is the prison of Tasso, whence, as the inscription tells, he was liberated after a confinement of seven years and two months, on the 6th July, 1586. No questions have been more debated than, *first*, whether Tasso was thus imprisoned *at all* in the small cell which is shown, of about thirty by six feet, below ground, and which is denied both by Goethe and Madame de Stael; and, *secondly*, if such was the fact, to what cause it was owing: whether to the presumed insanity of Tasso, to his having been accused of high treason, or to the capricious tyranny of Duke Alphonso, from which he wished to escape. Lord Byron adopts the last view, speaking of Ferrara—

"And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain, and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
And where Alphonso bade his poet dwell!"

The courts of justice are large and commodious. Clement VIII. assumes, by an inscription, the merit of instituting a tribunal of five men—"ad lites *juste ac celeriter dirimendas*"—"for justly and quickly deciding disputes;" and also of having given to the city a free municipality of ten magistrates and one hundred councillors. Let it not be thought that I have dwelt too long on this small old place, so famed in past story, and which once attracted so many English students to its university as to form a distinct nation. It had the first, and is said still to have the finest theatre in Italy. It is the site of an archbishopric, and I saw the cardinal, but thought little of his politeness. We sent our compliments, requesting to see the castle. He consented as to the great hall, but I observed him with his own hands shutting the windows of other apartments. A little money to the servants, however, showed us all. The Campo Santo, or burying-ground, is just completed. Nowhere have I seen a more appropriate, classical, and for the population, extensive Necropolis. The Jews are very numerous—little

short of 10,000—with a good synagogue, and a *ghetto*, or separate quarter, containing many useful and curious articles exposed for sale. On the whole, I was *much* pleased with Ferrara; and there is no town in Italy I should prefer for quiet, comfort, and cheapness. It put me somewhat in mind of St. Andrew's, in our own country, as to the monumental remembrances of literature and decay; but the ruins there fade into a shadow compared with the antiquity and importance of Ferrara. The scenery still lives in my recollection. I read of the dreary plains of the Polesina around the town; I felt nothing of the kind beyond the ancient walls; and as to the town itself, I challenge any author of travels to show me a wider, a longer, or a more delightful street than that of San Benedetto. But I *must* quit Ferrara.

On the 1st May, after a short distance through rather a swampy, but anything but an unpleasing country, as it is represented, we came to the village of Francoline, bordering on the great river, "the wandering Po," as Goldsmith styles it in his pleasing poem of "The Traveller." The flood of the Po is so mighty that immense banks on each side are requisite to prevent the whole land from being deluged round the plains of Ferrara. We had to wait some time for the return of the *pont volant*, the flying bridge, which carried us and a number of other passengers easily over. It is prettily managed by a number of small boats stationed up the current, attached to which were ropes, which swung us round. On the opposite side of the Po we bade farewell to the dominion of the Pope, and entered on the Italian territory of Austria, in Venetian Lombardy, where, to my surprise, we found the Dogana much more particular, and had to pay a handsome *douceur* to prevent the trouble (for we now had nothing contraband) of searching. I was likewise surprised to see that the beggars were much more numerous and teasing than even in the Papal States. We came to a very pretty village called Policetta, with tall spires and undulating fields, on the banks of the Po, after which the road became for a long way one of the most wearisome, along a marshy flat, with pools of water on each side, but with a continuous range of tall poplars mixed with vines; and I remember nothing in Holland half so melancholy and monotonous. We came to Rovigo, a very ancient and pleasing town, with handsome houses, intermixed with numerous churches and ruins. The population is 10,300. The inhabitants were all in holiday dresses—the women with a sort of spencer or half-shirt of white linen, adorned with lace, hanging gracefully; and all the bells

were ringing for service, as it was Ascension Day. There were several palazzos in the town, which gave the title of Duke, if I recollect rightly, to one of Bonaparte's generals. The land around was dry and rich, but soon again became soft and swampy, till we drove up a steep bank to the river Adige, somewhat larger than the Clyde at Glasgow, which we again crossed by a flying bridge. I observed an advertisement stuck up in the boat for insurance "*contra il danno dellagrandine*"—to secure the farmers against damage to their crops from *hail*; which, in the first place, showed the northern position of the country, in the vicinity of the Alps; and in the next place conveyed a favourable opinion of the precaution and intelligence of the agricultural classes; and taught a lesson to those in Scotland who are so averse to pay a small premium for insurance against contingencies. After again proceeding through a marshy tract, with a broad canal at the side of the road, the aspect of the scenery at once underwent the most agreeable change, and became beautifully wooded and varied, with a fine range of pastoral hills called the Euganean, which very much resembled the Malvern Hills near Worcester. On reaching the post station at Monselice, a town with about 6,000 inhabitants, the landscape was perfectly enchanting. On the left were the hills to which I have alluded, and which now assumed a peaked and volcanic shape; at their foot lay a rich plain, diversified with trees and spires, and to the right, immediately adjoining the town, rose an immense rock (resembling, but much higher than, Stirling Castle), beautifully interspersed with wood, and with the curtain-walls and *stepped* battlements of Monselice* Castle, which crowns the summit with a feudal dignity and a commanding magnificence exceeding any fortress I have seen—looking down with sovereign pride even amidst its ruins. It belonged to the great family of Este, now represented by the Dukes of Modena, a small but independent State to which this part of Italy is attached. And now we were near the beloved retreats and the last resting-place of Petrarch; and, having visited the tombs of Tasso at Rome, of Dante at Ravenna, and of Ariosto at Ferrara, we could not resist the opportunity of completing the poetic tour. The house and the tomb of Petrarch are situate at a village called Arqua, high up in the bosom of the Euganean Hills, which it was impossible

* Literally "the stony mount;" Selice means "a stone"—from the Latin "*silex*"—"silicious."

to reach in our carriage, and so we had to make the best bargain we could for a light voiture from the extravagant master of the post. We were delighted with the fresh green of the mountains along which we passed, two of which (Cetsone and Serso) were high-pointed cones; but, on reaching the village on the eminence, the horses could go no farther, and so we had to scramble up on our feet to Petrarch's house. It is enclosed with a high wall, on which you are greeted with an absurd inscription, that if you have any sacred love of your country, "*se ti agita sacro amore di patria*," you will visit the scene of "*la grand anima*," the great soul which inspired the songs of his love for Laura. We obeyed the patriotic injunction—at the usual fee. The house is neat, in the common style, small in size, up an outside stair, and with a little balcony for the view. The rooms which Petrarch chiefly occupied are a dining-room and larder, of very moderate size, and a study, *six by seven feet*, in which he composed. There are paintings in fresco on the walls, but they were done after his death. There is a book for entering the names of visitors, among which I observed "Byron, George." Everything is kept with the best taste, just as Petrarch left it. You see his table, his chair, his inkstand; and in a framed box above the door sits his favourite cat, which you are told always went two miles to meet him on his return. Descending the steep footway, we came down to the old church in the village, and in the yard conspicuously stood the tomb, consisting of a plain but classic sarcophagus, on stone pillars of about four feet high. I do not find in my notes any inscription, but there is a small bronze bust. The monument was placed by his son-in-law, Brassano, a wealthy man who married *one* of his (of course) *illegitimate* children. He was a canon in the Church of Padua, and on inquiry there, I learned that the pecuniary emolument, at the *time*, might be about 2*s.* a day. We returned by a road leading to two large and elegant establishments for mineral Baths:—the water is strongly sulphurous. Late in the evening we arrived at Padua to dinner.

Padua (or *Padova la Forte*, as it has been styled, but little now remains of its strength) is esteemed the most ancient city in North Italy; and its founder was stated by Virgil to be Antenor, a Trojan, whose sarcophagus (with *his* bones!) stands in one of the streets. "*Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit.*"—Æneid, lib. I. Much as the city has been diminished in the course of ages, the population is now 40,600. The high estimation in which the university was so long held (having been distin-

guished as early as the thirteenth century) induced us to make it the first object of our examination. In going there we met with a number of the students, *much* more advanced in life than with us; and I think more rude and uncultivated savages I never saw. After passing us, they turned round without the least ceremony, and stood to stare at Mrs. Ewing and her maid. I mentioned it to a person with whom I met, and was told that the ladies of Padua are absolutely prevented from walking. The students seemed to be of a lower class: they had no gowns nor caps. In former times they must have been young men of good family, as they had their arms painted on the walls after matriculation, and the court is quite covered with them; among which I observed "Gulielmus Cranston, Scotus," with *cranes* as supporters; Joannes Erskine, Scotus," &c. The number, by my list, is only 1,228, while Pavia is 1,361, and Modena, in the neighbourhood, 1,650, &c. In common conversation the university is called *il bo*, or "the ox"—the origin of which is uncertain, but I thought it *characteristic*. In a niche on the staircase is the marble statue of Ellena Lucrezia, a young lady who, besides modern languages, spoke Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Arabic with ease; was a mathematician, astronomer, poetess, and musician, and received a doctor's degree; but, as she could say "*man* delights not *me*," she declined every offer, and died, as we are told, in 1684, unmarried. I observed the statue shockingly mutilated: the guide said it was from envy by the *students*! The only class-room I looked into was that for law. I saw all the benches hashed and hewed—by the *students*! I left the place with disgust, notwithstanding that the court was the work of Palladio. The next object was of a different kind: it gave unmixed satisfaction. The Hall of Justice, or, as it is called, the "Palazzo della Ragione," is about 260 by 80 feet—an immense space—but the curiosity is the roof, half as high again as the walls upon which it rests, and believed to be (unsupported) the largest in the world. The ribs almost touch the ground, and the whole is covered with mystical paintings, supposed to be closely connected with the art of astrology, according to Scott—

" ——— the art that none may name,
In Padua far beyond the sea."

At the far end of the hall is the monument erected by the great historian Livy to the memory of Livia, his fourth and favourite daughter. Livy

himself resided at Padua, and on examination I could see no reason to doubt the genuineness of this remnant. At the entrance to the hall, over the door, is the bust of my old acquaintance, Belzoni, who was born in a small house which records the honour by an inscription; and close to the bust are the two Egyptian statues which he presented to his native town shortly before his death. Poor Belzoni! I travelled with him in France, along with my late friends Mr. Dennistoun and Mr. Dalglish; and, though differing *somewhat* in stature (for he stood six feet six inches in his shoes), he took an attachment to me, and gave me his whole remarkable history, which I have not now room to record. He was an excellent man, and on inquiring for his widow, I learned that she still survives, and is pursuing his discoveries in Egypt. Among the many other objects in this great hall I shall only mention one—the “*lapis vituperii*,” or “stone of shame,” on which all poor fellows were compelled to sit who could not pay their debts. There was the same punishment here (Venice), and in other towns of Italy. The other side of the stone is much worn, but I could read the words “*ET CESS. BON. X*,” evidently meaning “*et cessio bonorum*.” I felt much interested, from the attention I had paid to the bankrupt law in the House of Commons; and I found on inquiry that the poor debtor, after this expiation of his insolvency, had a complete liberation on delivering up all his property; but that he was turned out of the city with a *x* on his back *branded*, and his arms pinioned. In and about the hall there is a collection, but a very uninteresting one, of the Roman antiquities found in the city and vicinity, besides other things which I perceive in my notes, but have no time to specify. As to churches, no town in the world is so superabundant for its size as Padua. I do not begin with the cathedral; for, to the eye of a transient visitor, it is much more unimportant than other two, which absolutely astonish, at a little distance, by their Moorish or Eastern accompaniments and magnificence. The first of these is Sant’ Antonio, with *seven domes* and *three spires*, and with chapels and ornaments and statuary within, which I long admired, but have no space to describe; the other is Santa Giuslina, with *five domes* and *two spires* (I write only from recollection), with four admirable figures of lions at the entry, and with fine paintings and sculpture in the interior. I need not look at my notes, for I am aware I have now no space for details as to either of these splendid churches, or as to the Duomo (cathedral), which, though imputed to

Michael Angelo as the architect, is much less imposing in appearance. The baptistery, however, is a most wonderful work—seemingly a Lombard structure of very early architecture—covered with frescoes, perhaps of the twelfth century. On the centre of the cupola is a colossal figure of our Lord, surrounded by the celestial hierarchy, and the assembly of the blessed in the recess of the altar, with extremely imaginative illustrations of the subjects in the Apocalypse; and in other parts with various representations of Scripture history and anticipations of Paradise. The sacristy has lost many of its rare liturgical manuscripts by the depredations of the French. The chapel of St. Maria dell' Anunziata is the great resort of all who study early painting and fresco, and for the proposed ornaments of our Houses of Parliament would be an invaluable school. The entrance is by the amphitheatre—or rather what once was the amphitheatre—an elliptical piece of ground, 320 by 90 feet, now belonging to a Jew. But my time is quite done, and I cannot say a word more on the very curious ecclesiastical structures of Padua. The Botanic Garden is the oldest perhaps in the world, having been instituted in 1543: it is still maintained in excellent style; it contains a number of most splendid cedars and cypresses, and one oriental plane as old as itself. It was in Padua that striking clocks were first introduced; and in the Piazza di Gognori is still to be seen the great tower, with the *horologio* invented by Dondi, which tells not only the hours, but the course of the sun, and changes of the moon; and, although erected so long ago as 1344, it goes with perfect accuracy. The "Specola," or observatory, contains some excellent instruments for astronomy. It is the only remaining tower of a great castle built by a man who still passes under the name of "the tyrant,"—Ezzelino di Ravenna, whose whole delight lay in torture and murder. He is said to have been the great enemy in human shape, and to have put an end to the lives of 40,000 men! There is a public pleasure ground belonging to Padua, called the "Prato della Valle," or field of the valley, containing no fewer than eighty statues, which were originally meant to include only the great men of the city itself; but, as there was rather a paucity for the purpose, the list has been extended to other countries. One of the chief lions in Padua is of very recent date—a coffee-house, but such a coffee-house as is unequalled in the world. Besides one of the most convenient and extensive halls for ordinary use which I ever saw, there is a large *Bourse* for the transaction of

business, and a luxurious smoking-room attached. This forms the ground plan. Up stairs there is a grand suite of apartments, furnished in the styles of different nations, ancient and modern—Etruscan, Roman, Grecian, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Egyptian, Indian, Baronial, Turkish, Italian, &c., all with paintings and furniture of the most expensive kind, in perfect character. Then there is a grand music-room, with a room attached called the *Harem*, and a ball-room which, for size and splendour, is unparalleled in Italy. And who did all this? A man called Pedrocchi, born in low life, living in apparent poverty, and occupying a ruinous house, which he was compelled to pull down. All at once he superabounded with wealth, and paid all his people with Venetian gold. And from whence did it come? The devil and Faustus were called into play, and every other stretch of imagination was exercised; but the popular belief now is, that in digging the foundation of his fairy palace, he found two Egyptian idols of the purest gold, which he secretly carried to Venice and converted into cash.

Leaving Padua, we drove along a tame flat, the soil poor and the agriculture miserable. A small river, quite like a canal, called the Brenta, runs parallel to the road. Very soon the interest is increased by immense numbers of old villas on the banks of the stream, built of yore by Venetian merchants, but now chiefly belonging to Jews. Near the village of Stra is a large antiquated structure, once the property of a great Venetian family, now the palace of the viceroy. Proceeding to a small town called Dolo, the Tyrolese Alps accompany the eye in all their snow-capped magnificence, and the road terminates at a town of 5,000 people, called Mestre. Here we had to stop and leave the carriage, taking with us such luggage as was requisite. The post regulations there provided a gondola, with a crew of rowers, and a felze, or wooden house, in the centre, by which we were luxuriously conveyed along the canal till we came to the open sea, termed the Lagune. We expected here to enjoy the grand burst of the view of Venice, but we were quite disappointed. The long projection into the water, with stone bulwarks and arches, for the railway (which as yet is only completed to within two miles of the city), completely interrupted the prospect of this most interesting and once-renowned approach. We were carried along to the walls; and then the Grand Canal, which with its tributaries intersects the whole town, brought us to an elegant but very expensive hotel in Venice.

VENICE, May, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

My last letter merely announced our arrival at Venice, of which I had no time to say anything. Though I had never seen it, I was quite well acquainted with it, by the paintings of Canaletti, one of which was already in my possession at Strathleven, and three more of which I was so fortunate as obtain of pure character, out of five only remaining for disposal, so far as I know, on the Continent. Never, I believe, was there a city so strange in its origin and so peculiar in its character. After the fall of the Roman Empire, when Odoacer, in 476, deposed the last emperor, and distributed among his northern barbarians the rich country of Italy, a new invasion was made, in 489, under the command of Theodoric, from beyond the Euxine, who retained possession till 553, when the Ostrogoths were again conquered by the Romans of Constantinople; and once more came down, in 568, the hordes from the north of Germany, among whom the Lombards (Longobardi, or long beards) were the most courageous and cruel, and retained their dominion over a large part of the country till 774. This is a very short abstract from Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics*, which now lies before me; and he adds that on the Lagunes, at the extremity of the Adriatic Gulf, such of the inhabitants as were personally the most exposed took refuge, and founded the Venetian Government. He further states that the marshes called Lagune, formed by the slime deposited by seven or eight rivers, amidst which rose innumerable islands, had been the refuge of the inhabitants of Padua, Verona, and other great cities of Venetia, who fled from the sabres of the Huns; that a numerous population was at length formed, who supported themselves by fishing, manufacturing salt, and different branches of commerce, by means of the rivers; that they maintained their independence, under the administration of tribunes, named by the people in each of the separate isles; that jealousies having arisen among so many petty republics, the citizens of every island met in a single assembly at Heraclea, in 697, and elected a chief of maritime Venetia, whom they called *Doge*, or duke (*dux*, leader); that they persisted in regarding themselves as members of the Eastern empire, and never would

acknowledge the pretensions of Charlemagne and his successors; that in 809, during a war with Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, they selected the island of the Rialto, where they collected their fleet, filled with their treasure, and built the city of Venice as the capital of their republic; that twenty-four years afterward they transported from Alexandria the body of the Evangelist St. Mark, whom they chose as their patron saint, whose name they cherished in their language, and whose emblem, the lion, they adopted for their armorial bearings; that in process of time they had not only to contend with the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans, but with a new enemy, the Slavonians, who had established themselves for piratical purposes on the eastern shores of the Adriatic; and that the small cities of Dalmatia and Istria having also suffered under these depredators, consented to form an alliance with Venice, to receive judges appointed by the *doge*, and to fight under his banners; in consequence of which he took, as a sovereign prince, the title of Duke of Venice and Dalmatia, and head of the extended republic. Such is the account of Sismondi, who, among Protestants at least, is admitted to be the first authority as to the history of the popular governments in Italy. I may just add, that after the defeat of Pepin by Angelo Participatio, the able, active, and politic *Doge* of Venice at the time, he ordered all the surrounding islands to be connected with the Rialto by wooden bridges; and thus the city assumed the enlarged but very curious form which it has ever since maintained—a series of small islands, divided from each other by what are now made and termed canals, but connected with each other by what are built into substantial though narrow stone bridges, rising so high as to permit the boats or gondolas, with passengers or goods, to pass under with ease, and to traverse the whole city. Of these islands, I have alluded to the Rialto as the first in point of time, and it was also the largest in point of size. It was called the *Riva Alta*, or high bank, from that circumstance, and naturally shortened into Ri-alto: indeed, the Venetians are marked for their soft but unclassical pronunciation, by sinking the consonants in their dialect, and thus converting it into a pleasing, but to many unintelligible, *patois*. Like *the city* in London, or the *royalty* in Scotch burghs, the Rialto was for centuries the centre of political power and the seat of commercial establishments. *There* was “the place where merchants most did congregate;” *there* was the “*nobilissima piazza*,” as it was styled, which

was crowded from morning till night; and there, as I accidentally discovered by an old stone bearing the inscription, LAPIS. LEGIBUS. REIP. EDICENDIS, all the laws of the republic were promulgated by a herald standing on its top, in the same way as is *still* practised in the Isle of Man, from the summit of the Tinwald Mount. A large building called the Fabbriche, with arcades and warehouses, now converted to inferior purposes, was at that time the depôt for merchandise, and near it stood the famous Exchange, so well known in the days of Shylock, but which is now quite untraceable. I must confess that Shakespeare put me quite at fault: all my conceptions were erroneous. When the meeting was proposed "on the Rialto," my mistaken impression was on the *bridge*, which I had foolishly supposed was a sort of promenade or place of rendezvous. This well-known edifice was erected, as an inscription very low down informs us (PASCHALE. CICONE. VENETIAR. DUCE. ANNO. CHRISTI. MDXCI. URBIS. CONDITAE. MCLXX.), "when Paschal Cicone was *Doge*, in the year of our Lord 1591, and of the foundation of the city 1170"—two points of information of topographical importance.* Now, 1591, so far as I can recollect, was just about the time when Shakespeare wrote his famous play; and therefore it is rather to be supposed that he referred to the wooden bridge which preceded the present structure, and on which, from its narrowness and crowdedness, any stoppage for conference was impracticable; and, indeed, even on the succeeding stone bridge it would be very difficult, as it is a steep range of steps up to the centre, and affording no room for talk. Shakespeare must therefore have committed a mistake, and should have said *in the Rialto*, or place of meeting at the Exchange.† I went to the bridge almost every morning. It is a single arch of high span, and of sufficient width to admit of three distinct spaces for foot passengers, of which the one in the middle is by far the broadest, and has ranges of shops on each side, which were long appropriated to goldsmiths, but now used indiscriminately, and fallen into disrepute by the removal of business to St. Mark's. The old

* If the city, however, was 1170 years old in 1591, it would make the date of its foundation A. D. 421—a claim of antiquity inconsistent with history, and must refer to the first flight of the Venetians merely to the Lagoon.

† Shakespeare accordingly says elsewhere—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me."

signs are in many instances retained, and instead of names you see "*Alla Divina Provvidenza, All' Oneste Risorte, Alla Concordia, Alla Montagna d'Oro,*" &c., &c.—"The Divine Providence, The Honest Shop, The Concord, The Mountain of Gold," &c. The bridge is a plain strong structure, and now in common conversation altogether monopolizes the name of "the Rialto." I should observe that at the head of the Adriatic most of the rivers which flow from the northern slopes of the Apennines, and all those which descend from the southern declivities of the Alps, empty themselves; thus forming what is called the *Lagoon* of Venice, which is a shoal above twenty miles from the shore, and, with the exception of a few channels, not above three to four feet deep. The numerous islands formed by the alluvial deposits are of course all composed of mud; and when the industry of the settlers converted them into residences, they all required to be firmly compacted by *piles*. Hence at this very day most of the streets in Venice are called *Fondamentos*, or foundations. The city was built on two great collections of shoals, separated from each other by a serpentine channel, termed the *Canalezo*, or Grand Canal, and only connected for foot passage by the bridge of the Rialto. But these two great shoals are themselves divided into a vast number of different banks by intersecting streams, now built up into *small canals*, which in fact compose the water-streets of the city. These small canals are denominated *Rii*, and are all crossed by little bridges, which are almost incessant. I asked the number, and I was told 365, or one for every day in the year; but I do not suppose they were ever counted: and by this means every part of the town may be traversed on land, through narrow passages, varying from 5 to 12 or 15 feet, which are styled *Cale*, or more commonly *Ca*, and are so tortuous and multitudinous that it is absolutely impossible for a stranger to find his way for some time, and I knew even an old residenter once go wrong. There are also a *few* open spaces of very small extent (with one exception, of St. Mark's, to which I shall allude), which we should call diminutive squares, but which are termed *Campi*, or fields. All the principal houses have two entrances, a land-door and a water-door. Without both, the situation is considered inconvenient, and the rent proportional. All the greatest and finest palaces are built along the sides of the Grand Canal, and certainly I never saw more imposing structures, for all that is ancient, romantic, and in some instances even grand; but these

favourite sites having been soon occupied, very elegant structures were subsequently erected along some of the minor canals. Till within these few years the value of property, partly from the fall of the nobility and partly from the decline of commerce, was at a very low ebb; and the finest old palaces, even along the Grand Canal, were purchased at very low prices; hence one of the largest was taken for the Post, and another for the Police, Office. But of late, and particularly since the railway to Milan has been proceeding with so much activity (it is now expected to be *quite* completed in two years) an immense impulse has been given to the anticipated prosperity of the place. Different persons, too, such as the Duchess Berri, Madame Taglioni, &c., &c., have taken a fancy to live in Venice, and have bought up the old palaces at very advanced rates. Very few of the houses even along the Grand Canal have any extent of *riva* or terrace in front: they almost all rise directly out of the water. The gentleman's *carriage* is his *gondola*; his servants, dressed in livery, must act in the double capacity of rowing the boat and waiting the table, and their qualifications are estimated and remunerated accordingly. Hence the first object in your *house* is to have your boat alongside your water-door or entry; and of course, the first requisite in your *servant* is that he be an expert gondolier. And this last is no easy matter, but needs a long apprenticeship. Rowing on the canals is something like driving in Cheapside or Bond Street, with a very few inches of spare room to pass; and yet a collision is scarcely ever known. There are no spring-wells: all the water for drinking comes from the clouds, and is collected into reservoirs in the *Campos*, carefully cemented and filled in the bottom with sand for filtering: in the centre of the Campo is a marble draw-well, locked, to prevent indiscriminate use. Water, however, is also brought by boats from the mainland, and sold in the streets from copper vessels carried by a bow across the shoulders. This trade is confined to young women with beaver hats, esteemed handsome, but who will not intermarry except with their own *clan*. The great object of attraction is the Piazza or Square of St. Mark; and here the eye of the stranger is for some time completely absorbed and overwhelmed by the basilica or cathedral, though it is only within thirty years that it was made the *duomo*, in place of St. Peter's. It took one hundred and thirty-four years to complete, having been founded in 977 and consecrated in 1111. The aspect and

architecture is decidedly Oriental or Syrian, with little of Gothic, and still less of Italian. The front is ornamented with innumerable columns of the richest marble, of every colour and shape; the far-famed horses of gilt bronze have at last been restored by the French, and are replaced over the portal; the recesses over the doorways and gables glitter with gold and the hues of mosaics, representing scenes from Scripture history; and the roof surmounted with five mosquish cupolas,—all contribute to give the church a character peculiarly Saracenic, though itself constructed in the form of a Greek cross. The whole exterior, indeed, is loaded with the spoils of Venetian valour in early times from the Turks. At a little distance from the front are three bronze pedestals, in which are inserted tall masts, from which once floated the standard of Venice, with its tributaries of Cyprus and the Morea; now bearing the badge of Austrian domination; and closer to the church stand the coarse but ancient statues in granite, of four figures, said to have been eastern kings reduced to slavery. At the corner is placed the Stone of Shame, similar to the one at Padua; but here the unfortunate bankrupt was obliged to stand. The gates are the work of a Venetian smith in 1300. The bronze is brighter than brass. So much for the outside. As to the interior, it is quite unique, and almost baffles description. I am aware of the diversity of opinion on this subject, or rather the uniformity with which the inside has been condemned. I can only state my own impression, which was that of rude magnificence and gloomy grandeur, corresponding with the antiquity of the structure and the character of the people. The mosaics with which the roof and walls are covered, on gold grounds, contrasted with the dark colour of the figures, convey the idea of burnishing with metal; while the mystic nature of some of the subjects increases the solemnity of the scene. The choir is detached from the nave by a rich screen with Greek statues, and the high altar is splendidly but not gorgeously decorated. The altar of the sacrament is said to have been brought from the Temple of Jerusalem. The sacristy is a noble building, richly decorated with mosaics; and some of the side chapels to the church are highly admired. The sepulchral monuments are few, a jealousy of the *Doges* having forbidden the continuance of interments. The pavement of the church is finely tessellated with emblematic devices, but the surface is sorely undulated by age and subsidence of the soil below. I often went to visit St. Mark's in the morning—being one of the very few places where

it is possible to walk with pleasure—and the more I saw it, the more I liked it. This, as I stated, occupies one side of the square or oblong. The other two sides are filled with what are still denominated the *Procurazie Vecchie*, or palaces for the old procurators: not men of law, but church-wardens, whose powers and influence were so much increased by the extension of the ecclesiastical property that they became the most important body in the State, and out of their number the *Doge* was generally selected. The remaining side of the square stands opposite to the church, and was called the *Procurazie Nuove*, but was converted into a palace by the French Government, who demolished a church to complete the square, and built the new side much lower than the rest. Near the church-end of the square stands a very high *campanile*, or bell-tower, begun in 902, and not finished till 1150. The tower winds up without stairs, and affords a fine prospect, or rather panorama of the city. On the other side of the square is the Tower of the Horologe—a very curious work, made in 1494, with an *orloge*, as still called in Scotland, marking the twelve hours twice, and showing the progress of the sun round the zodiac. Two bronze giants stand on the top of the tower, and strike the hours twice with ponderous hammers; but the great curiosity is very little known by visitors, being only exhibited for two weeks in the year, from 1st to 15th May, being the very time we were at Venice. The Virgin stands above the dial-plate, of gilt bronze, on a brilliant ground of stellated blue; and immediately above is the colossal gold lion of St. Mark. During the fourteen days there is a superb procession of the three Kings of the East, preceded by a herald with a trumpet. Moved by the same ingenious mechanism, the kings approach the Virgin, pay their adorations, touch their crowns in obeisance, and then retire by another door. This beautiful representation, so far as I remember, was performed every two hours, and is confined to a fortnight, for fear of wearing the machinery, which, as an inscription tells, was constructed by Rinaldi, who lived in the fifteenth century.

I now come to the celebrated palace of the *Doges*, round which is thrown a halo of fame still more attractive than even the Church of St. Marco; and, to make the subject intelligible, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of the Venetian Government, and its ultimate fall. I have already mentioned the rise of Venice from the bosom of the deep, about the fifth century. Safe from insular position, and protected by maritime

superiority, she not only witnessed unmoved the convulsions of surrounding nations for a period of 1300 years, but extended her conquests both in Italy and the Levant. The mainsprings of her political power were liberty and commerce, amidst the subjugation and indolence of contiguous countries. At the commencement of the great crusade, her naval co-operation was purchased by the gold of the Northern States, and even at that time she equipped 500 vessels for their service. When the Holy War was afterward turned against the Greek Empire, she was the chief agent in the conquest of Constantinople, and removed thence rich treasures to adorn the palace of St. Mark. The fairest islands in the Grecian seas soon afterward yielded to her dominion; she became the Queen of the Adriatic; and the consecrated ring was annually dropped into the waves, as a symbol of espousal to the Doge as sovereign lord and husband. This period of prosperity continued undiminished for three hundred years; and the reduction which then took place of her territorial sway was compensated by the extension of her trade and the augmentation of her wealth. High as the Ottoman Empire was becoming in the scale, and furious as were its attacks, Venice nobly stood the contest, and contributed to save Christian Europe from annihilation by the infidel. With an army of only native marines, she overcame Lombardy, held the balance of power in Italy, and repelled the coalition of Europe. But the period at length arrived when her commerce was to decay and her dominion to weaken. The progress of maritime discovery in the East opened newer and better channels to the trade of the world, which she had so long monopolized; the war of the league of Cambray wasted her treasures, and after two noble struggles with the Porte, she was compelled to surrender the Island of Cyprus. After a lethargy which continued till the sixteenth century, she once more roused her energies, like her own lion of St. Mark's, and curbed the power both of the Spanish and Pontifical Governments in Italy. But internal dissensions, and new wars with Turkey, again distracted her councils and paralyzed her efforts. She lost the Island of Candia, and though she gained the Morea, she was forced to relinquish it in the eighteenth century, and then fell from the proud attitude of merchant kings. Still Venice for seventy years more remained an independent State. I got access through a friend to the Archives' Office—an immense magazine of records from the early to the latest times, and saw a number of letters from the Kings of England and France, addressed to the Doge,

full of expressions of respect and friendship. But it was diplomatic courtesy alone. With the sovereignty of the Adriatic fell her place in history. "In the higher ranks," says an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, "all feelings of honour and patriotism had long been extinct, and the depravity of all classes continued to increase with frightful rapidity. If the State had not been perfidiously overthrown by the French, the period had arrived when it must have sunk under the weight of its own corruption; and our detestation at the tyranny of its betrayers is mingled with the conviction that humanity at least has nothing to regret in the catastrophe." Matthews adds—"The Doge and the privy council yielded without a struggle at the first approach of the enemy, and betrayed the interests of their country, to make favourable terms for themselves with the conqueror." Such, indeed, is the general impression in Venice. His name was *Manin*. I was in his palace on the Grand Canal—now let for lodgings. I saw his name in the Gold Book enrolling the nobility: all the rest had their genealogies, but after the title of "Manin" was a perfect *blank*: it seemed to speak volumes. Whether he was a traitor or not, however, it is quite certain that there was a very suspicious facility in the transaction with the French, although it was not confined to the Doge, but the odium was shared by too many more. The records being very accurately kept, I desired *this* entry in the Journals to be particularly turned up. It is dated 12th May, 1797: it cautiously avoids details; it simply states that Bonaparte (not Buonaparte,—I saw his signature in a strong good hand) having made demands on the Doge and council, it was resolved to accede to them "*for the public good.*" As usual on all questions of importance, the division is then reported as follows:—

For,	515
Against,	20
Neuters,	5

So that in the great (or what was once the great) Council of Venice there were only twenty patriots who voted for preserving a constitution that had lasted for nearly 1400 years! Such was the inglorious end of the republic, which *then* remained part and parcel of the French dominion till, at the General Convention, it was appropriated to Austria.

And now as to the *Government*, which has been the subject of so much discussion and the food for so much romance. In detailing history it is

sometimes difficult to disengage the mind from previous impressions ; and I shall therefore, in the first place, endeavour to confine myself to *facts*. After the Veneti, about the middle of the fifth century, were driven from their own district in Northern Italy by the fury of Attila, the government which they established was purely democratical, till at last it was deemed expedient (as I have already quoted from Sismondi) to *elect* a chief magistrate, under the title of *Doge*; but in reality the office was *for life*. This was in 697, till one of the *Doges* attempted to enslave the people, and was put to death. In the great hall containing all the portraits, a black cloth simply covers the place for *his*; but his son was appointed to the same station in 730. Notwithstanding the numerous complaints of despotism, and the fearful accounts of revolt and assassination, this state of matters continued for four centuries, with one tribunal of forty judges (and hence called the Council of Forty) for the decision of all causes, civil and criminal. In 1173 the audacious attempt of the Doge to seat himself without the forms of popular suffrage induced the council to re-model the constitution, and to create four hundred and eighty councillors, but who, instead of electing the Doge by a majority of votes, chose four persons from their own body, each of whom had the privilege of nominating ten, and the forty thus appointed had the nomination of the Doge. Thus the apparent democracy was converted into a real oligarchy. But six individuals were also appointed as a privy council to the Doge, without whose approbation none of his orders were to be valid ; and sixty were named as a senate, to advise and assist in all cases of emergency. Such continued, with occasional changes, to be the system, till, in 1297, when all popular control was terminated, and a law was passed, continuing the privileges of the grand council for life, and devolving the same on their descendants. Thus, by the formation of hereditary legislators, a complete aristocracy was established, with the Doge as the elective king ; and thus commenced the popular tumults and formidable conspiracies which gave rise to the famous "Council of Ten," as it was called ; but in addition to their number the Doge and his privy council of six acted, thus making seventeen,—the former, from their dress, being styled the *black* councillors, and the latter, or signory, from a similar circumstance, the *red*. This body was expressly constituted a temporary tribunal, for the purpose of watching and suppressing the movements of the disaffected ; and thus began a regular and legalized practice of that espionage which had been previously but privately

exercised. But in 1454, as the number of spies was found to be too large, a permanent committee of three was selected, and was denominated the "Three Inquisitors of State," with absolute authority to enter every house, to penetrate even into the bed-chamber of the Doge, to inspect all repositories of letters and papers, to employ subsidiary engines of vigilance, to seize all suspected persons, and to give the accused a form of trial, but without the means of defence by any information as to the name or evidence of the accuser. All round the palace were placed (and they are to be seen in numbers to this day), and even throughout the city, at the corners of the streets, *bocca de leone*, or "*lions' mouths*," as receptacles for secret and anonymous information. Then came the *trial*. If the three inquisitors agreed in judgment to condemn, life was instantly forfeited, not by public execution, but by ordering the prisoner to be strangled in his cell, and then thrown into the canal below. If any one of the three differed, the cause was remitted for decision to the whole council of ten; and if any member of the council was supposed guilty of betraying his trust, he was instantly despatched by poison. And to complete the deadly silence of the system, no one dared to ask what had become of his dearest friend or nearest relative: he had disappeared—he did not return: the rest was too well known, and no public signs of sorrow were permitted. (I state all this merely as it is *reported*—I find no documents.) I never before properly understood the beautiful tragedy by Otway of "Venice Preserved." In 1618 three noblemen of the highest rank, in the service of Spain, formed a project for the destruction of the Republic which had always thwarted its enterprises. With this view they engaged two French corsairs who had already signalized themselves in the fleets of Venice—Jacques Pierre and Antoine Jaffier—to conduct the plot, to hire the requisite assistants, and at a given signal to massacre the Doge and senators, and abandon the city to pillage. It should seem that Pierre divulged this scheme to the senate, and that they ordered him so far to carry it on, for effecting the revolution of Naples and restoring the independence of Italy. The council of ten, however, discovered from Jaffier that such political ends did not suit the personal objects of the conspirators; and the whole scheme would have been allowed to terminate with impunity, had not the Republic itself been involved in intrigues which could not bear the light. On a certain morning the inhabitants of Venice saw the bodies of Pierre and several of the leaders hanging in the Square of

St. Mark, while Jaffier and one hundred and sixty more were drowned in the Grand Canal. No explanation was given, no motive was assigned, no complaint was heard—all was submission, silence, and terror.* And *thus* was Venice “preserved!”

This is a long and perhaps a tedious introduction to the *Palace*; but in vain does the traveller wander over its mysterious apartments and accompaniments, without some knowledge of the history and government of the wonderful State with which it is inseparably connected. I have at any rate endeavoured to condense the materials which I collected from various sources, without pretending to *any* originality. The *Palazzo de San Marco* takes its date from the tenth century, but was completed in its present form, under the celebrated Doge Marina Faliere, in the middle of the fourteenth century, though part of the interior is considerably later. It adjoins the church to the *north*, looks partly into the piazza on the *north*, and wholly into the *piazetta* (or small square, adjoining the large one); is washed by one of the *rii*, or small canals, called the —† on the *east*, over which what is called “the Bridge of Sighs” is thrown to a range of prisons beyond; and the grand front, with its terrace, so well known by Canaletti’s paintings, is along the great canal to the *south*. Two great fires, supposed to have been wilful, in the sixteenth century, consumed the structure; but instead of adopting the tame classic copies of Palladio, the senate, with the best possible taste, resolved to re-construct the building in its original Saracenic and romantic style. The principal entrance is from the west, and is a beautiful Venetian Gothic arch, while the windows above display what was once the most delicate tracery, though now much dilapidated. Entering the *cortile*, the first object which strikes the eye is an immense staircase, called the *Scala del Giganti*, from two extra-colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, quite appropriate to the prosperity of the Republic. This leads to the *Scala d’oro*, or golden stair, with a much-admired fretted cove of stucco; and in an attached corridor are the apertures of what were once some of the awful *lions’ mouths*. Mr. Murray makes a general and just observation on the innumerable details of the interior,—that “they offer some of the best examples now extant of the application of Italian architecture, properly so called;” and adds, that “the chimney-pieces, which are peculiarly rich, are curious as being constructed on this (the southern) side of the Alps, they

* Sismondi.

† I cannot remember the name, but I think it was Canonica.

having been introduced into Italy (the Italians say *invented*) by Venetian architects." Passing through two apartments, remarkable for nothing but their fine ceilings, by Palladio, and two paintings by Titian and Paul Veronese, which were carried off by the French, and restored much injured, we came to the *Sala del Collegio*, or hall of the ambassadors. It is a moderately sized and very elegant apartment, with emblematic compositions by Paul Veronese, of Venice triumphant. In the upper end is an elliptic bench, with a seat raised in the centre for the Doge, and accommodation for the ambassadors on each side. Our friend, Mrs. Hunter, who had been for some time acquainted with the secrets of Venice, told us that she suspected there were hiding-places behind the walls, but had never been permitted to search. While the attendant was otherwise engaged, we assisted in looking, and discovered private doors through the panels, in which informers could be easily lodged, and in case of violence, could appear to defend. The privy council, however, always attended the Doge on such occasions. The *Sala del Senato*, or hall of the senate, is the next apartment, with tribunes for the orators, and candlesticks for evening sittings, at the time when free discussion was permitted, and not even yet removed; and as an impulse to native eloquence, paintings of Demosthenes and Cicero are intermixed with those of several Doges. Next to this hall are two others of much more practical working; one for the council of ten, with the chairs and seats just as they were left, sorely worn by constant sittings; another for the still more terrific committee of three, who were annually appointed, but were perfectly irresponsible for their dark deeds. These were all the every-day rooms of the palace, just as we now talk of the "living rooms" of a great house, in which the *real* business of the State was transacted; but we now come to, last but not least *in show*, the *Sala del Maggior Consiglio*, or hall of the great council—a hall for those who never sat for council—a mere mockery of power, like the convocation in our English Church, which meets only to adjourn. It is a most magnificent saloon, uniting much that is imposing in architecture and beautiful with pictures with all that is commemorative of the past achievements and grandeur of the Republic. It occupies the upper storey, or nearly so, and measures 154 by 74 feet. With much good taste, it remains in decoration as it *was*; but with much bad taste, it is injured by a museum and a library, just as Westminster Hall was long made a depository for the public records of Great Britain. The

grand doorway is a triumphal arch in honour of Morosini, the conqueror of the Morea, whose portrait by Titian—certified by the podesta (*potestas*, or chief magistrate) of Venice to have been purchased by Canova out of the original palace—I have been so fortunate as to acquire. In the frieze of the hall there is a regular series of likenesses of all the Doges, except the one to which I alluded with the black cloth, and except, *also*, the similitude of *Manin*, who signed the death-warrant of his own and all succeeding power. But when I again thus incidentally allude to this personage, let it not for a moment be supposed that I regretted the fall of such a government. On the contrary, if all reports be correct, I entirely concur with the *Quarterly Review* that “the empty name of a republican constitution has blinded the judgment of many to the horrors of the foulest system of assassination and tyranny, the most deliberate violation of the laws of God and the obligations of morality, that ever assumed the shape of human government.” But these were not the sentiments which induced Manin and his followers to sign the suicidal deed of annihilating what might have been amended; and to transfer Venice to another republic, which in point of fact was at the time little better, either in principle or practice. But to return to the *palace*; all that now remains to mention is the *prisons*, which we minutely inspected, so far as they are shown. There was certainly great mystery maintained as to these dungeons; but that mystery was not much solved by many of the descriptions which I read, or much of the poetry which I perused, before a personal inspection. And I am not at all sanguine that I shall make the matter much clearer, but I will merely state what occurred to my own observation. There can be no doubt that there were *two* sets of prisons—one on the west side of the small canal, and a part of the palace itself; another on the east side of the small canal, and connected with the palace by the “Bridge of Sighs,” or *Ponte de Suspiri*. The prisons last mentioned are called the *Publiche Prigione*, or public prisons, and were built in a gloomy range about the latter end of the sixteenth century. But so far as we were told by the keeper, and so far as their names should import, they are merely receptacles for ordinary offenders; and indeed the front contains apartments for the *signiori di notte*, or officers of police, for cognisance of delinquencies during the night. If such, then, be the case, and if these prisons were not used as secret dungeons for the confinement of state prisoners, they can be invested with no higher interest than will be attached to every common jail,

and all the morbid and sentimental feelings connected with the "Bridge of Sighs" sink into nothing. I shall recur to this point after noticing the prisons connected with the palace itself, and which consist of two classes. The first are termed the *Pozzi*, or "Wells," which are dark cells formed in the thick walls, and of which we were shown six, certainly most miserable, but some rather better than others, and scratched over with the names of the unfortunate occupants. The keeper or guide exhibited one in particular, where, he said, the prisoners in former times had been occasionally strangled and thrown into the adjoining canal. The other prisons were denominated *Sotto Piombi*, or "under the leads," or roof, and we mounted up to inspect where they had been; and though anything but comfortable, they were neither destitute of air nor light: we counted of these six or seven. This was all that we saw. Lord Byron—or rather Sir John Hobhouse, in the notes to "Childe Harold"—says that "on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked up or broke the deeper of the dungeons," and the guide mentioned the same, so that the whole horror is not now discernible. But it is added that "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." We saw no such cell. The "Bridge of Sighs," indeed, is *closed up*, so that the cell could not be seen if it did exist; but the guide told us that the strangling took place *at once* in the *dungeon* where the prisoner was immured; and it would be difficult to perceive the use or the object of first taking him *across* the bridge to the other side, and then back again to a cell *upon* the bridge, for the mere purpose of *choking* him. The often-quoted lines, however, of Byron—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand"—

are calculated to mislead. In place of one prison, there were *two*, and the worst was on the *same* "hand" with the palace. It is now generally admitted that, in the later periods of the Republic, no criminals were confined in the dungeons except those who had been convicted of capital crimes, such as a priest who had murdered another at the very altar; and Lord Byron himself states that, "only *one* prisoner was found when the Republicans descended into these hideous recesses." Yet Mr. Rogers has given the fullest license to his poetical fancy in describing the agonizing tortures of the prisoners—

"Till reason fled, and the wild yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
Answering each other as in mockery."

I have dwelt too long on this subject, perhaps; yet I observed that other English visitors were as much excited by it as myself, and that the *prisons* were the chief object of their curiosity.

The municipal authorities of Venice are most solicitous to preserve what remains of its ancient magnificence. No city suffered so much by the destructive domination of the French. Independently of the ancient monuments of history which they mutilated, and the classical productions of art which they plundered, it is said that they actually demolished one hundred and sixty-nine churches. A Board has since been appointed, with the concurrence and aid of the Austrian Government, not only for the strict preservation of the old palaces and buildings, but for their restoration as far as possible. I happened to know of two instances of positive prohibition to sell, for Great Britain, statues and chimney pieces. The answer of the Board was, as to the articles leaving Venice—"Will they give their own consent?" and their silence was taken for a token of *refusal*. It has been well remarked that the palaces of Venice are the sepulchral monuments of her aristocracy. Of the present state of that once proud and lordly race I heard much from my friends, the Hunters of Hunterston, who, from their previous residence in Venice, are among the very few English who have obtained access into the circles of the old noblesse. The number is still very considerable; but they are in general sadly reduced in circumstances—so much so, that many of them receive the very pittance of a pension to preserve them from actual want. The two representatives of the high ducal and distinguished family of Foscari* receive somewhere about a franc

*The Doge Foscari, in 1437, with all the fortitude of an ancient Roman, condemned his own son to death for some imputed crime of which it is said he was afterward shown to be innocent. The young man's sentence was commuted to perpetual banishment; but grief for his loss unsettled the mind of the Doge, and, persecuted by his opponents, he agreed to abdicate. He spurned the proposal, however, of private resignation, and in the full robes of office appeared before the multitude. At this very instant he heard the great bell of St. Mark's begin to toll: it was to announce the election of his successor. The sound struck his ear: he fell back and expired! The tragedy of the "*Duo Foscari*" (the two Foscaris) was acted every night to crowded houses, and personified the costumes and characters of ancient Venice in a beautiful style.

a day, which is their sole dependence. It is said that nearly 1,000 nobles receive eleemosynary assistance from the Government; but although I could not arrive at the actual number, I have reason to believe that *this* estimate is considerably overrated. The hereditary possessors of family palaces, however, certainly do not amount to one-twentieth of the original extent. Few of the aristocracy had ever such an amount of territorial or personal property as was adequate to the permanent maintenance of their station; but, by the arbitrary constitution of the Government, they had a monopoly of power, and they derived a sufficient maintenance from the political and fiscal offices to which they alone were eligible. The abolition of this system, together with the actual losses arising from the French invasion, accelerated the ruin which had begun to operate even long before the fall of the Republic, in consequence of the national decline in financial prosperity. In visiting the palaces, I saw many melancholy evidences of prostrate dignity. Still there are a number of ancient families who are able to keep up the show of independence and station by management and economy, and who contrive, with apparent dignity, to *receive* in the evenings. The style in Venice is this:—With the exception of the viceroy, and two or three official personages, scarcely any of the gentry ever give *dinners*; but on particular days, sometimes once a week during the season, they are understood, but without any invitation, to *be at home* in the evening, commencing about ten o'clock, and continuing till the morning, when tea and coffee, more usually tea alone, conversation, and sometimes music, constitute the whole entertainment. Occasionally, but not often, a *soiree dansante* is given for the younger people. There is not much intercourse between the Venetian and Austrian families of fashion. There still exists something of a proud and *hurt* feeling among the primitive race, so that, till of late, they have not even freely attended the levees, or assemblies given by the representative of royalty. With the same sentiment, they are understood to be extremely exclusive in the circles of private life. Nothing certainly can be more absurd, if they were rationally to consider not only their present situation, but the mode in which their families originally acquired the patent of nobility. The failings, however, of those who have seen better days, “and whom distress has spited at the world,” should always be regarded with indulgence. It would be well if this were all; but I understood, from different sources, that both among the Venetian and Austrian aristocracy there is an

extremely relaxed tone of moral sentiment, and a disregard of the correct conduct which happily has characterized the higher classes of Great Britain. Without saying a word more on such a subject, of which I heard quite enough, I may merely allude to one instance, that of Madame Taglioni, the celebrated *artiste* in dancing, who retired from the stage when we were at Venice, amidst the showers of fame and fortune, and who now lives openly with Prince Trobetskoy, and yet they are received *together* in all the most fashionable parties. Taken indeed altogether, high and low, it is believed on the Continent that there is not a more dissolute state of society than in Venice, though all appears externally decent; and if such be the case, it must operate as a check to their ever regaining their political status in Europe. I met with one instance of what appeared a curious, but what I was told was a common, practice in genteel life. A lady and a gentleman of the upper ranks, who were betrothed in marriage, went constantly together—had done so for a considerable period—and the bride never received another name than "*il promessa sposa*," the promised wife. The gentleman introduces the lady to all his acquaintance under this title, the lady returns the compliment as to her friends, and in this way they continue to associate as long as they choose, without any imputation.

The great enjoyment of people in Venice is in their gondolas. Shut out, as it were, from dry land, and in fact living, as a friend of mine happily compared it, *on board ship*, they have no other mode of carrying on the intercourse of society. Once a year those who can afford it go to some part of the *continent* (if such an expression can be used), and pay visits in the north of Italy: indeed, a few of the nobles have villas in other places. This they uniformly call going to *terra firma*. The term is universally used by all classes, which is quite descriptive of their own insular situation. But the gondola is the every-day carriage, both for business and pleasure; and, except in the outward appearance, has all the attributes of luxury with an elegant tented cabin. I was under the impression that it was a gay, gaudy, gilded affair; and such at one time it actually was, but owing to the extreme competition and profusion, a sumptuary law was passed by the Republic, confining the whole dress to *black*; and when I first saw the cabin covered with cloth, fringes, and tassels of that colour, I never doubted that it was a funeral. The grand turn-out is at the regatta in the end of June, when the viceroy attends with his court, and when

the whole time is devoted to display, to enjoyment, and to public and private parties. But at all times during the summer, when the weather is fine, the evenings are spent occasionally on the water, and often continued till sunrise in the following morning. The period is particularly selected for such parties when the moon shines forth, and sleeps with a silver tone on the canal; when nature is clear but colourless; and when all around is in transparent shadow, till the yellow light begins to bound the horizon as with a golden zone. Then the music! To such as have heard the "Canadian Boat-Song" well sung in parts, and beautifully accompanied with the flute, on a calm sea and in a fine evening, the scene will be so far intelligible; but in Venice it quite exceeds a northern comprehension. We were invited to one of these parties: we were in one gondola and our minstrels were in another, varying the distance to suit the harmony. They were the most accomplished singers of the place, and, to our surprise, went by the name of *contrabandieres*, or smugglers, in which they pride themselves, and for which they suffer a short imprisonment, from which some of them had just been liberated. The number of airs which they sung was immense, and of all kinds from grave to gay; but the chief quality was pensive and tender, all without book, learned by the ear, and from childhood. These songs are called *barcerolles*, from *barca*, a boat, the term always used for a gondola; beside which we had several recitatives chanted from Tasso. The stirring or plaintive effect by turns of the melodies was heightened by the accompanying scenery, the sleepy canals, the ancient palaces, and the quick-gliding gondolas. The water-carriage is always at hand, so easy and so constantly in use that if it were not for an occasional walk in the public gardens, which anywhere else would be reckoned very tame, and for the regular routine of joining the throng every evening in the Square of St. Mark, I almost think the ladies would forget the use of their legs. This is one of the evils attending the gondola system, both to them and the gentlemen; not only the want of exercise, but the *aversion* to it, and to every sort of mental and bodily exertion. Their favourite phrase is the "*dolce farniente*"—literally, the "sweet do-nothing;" and to this love of indolence and inactivity, engendered by want of object, and encouraged by want of enterprise, I am apt to impute some part of their moral delinquency. Often did the lines occur to my recollection from Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," a poem too little known, and yet one of the *most*

beautiful in the English language; lines which are fitted to cheer on every man in the path of industry, health, and happiness:—

“O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reason great,
For though sometimes it make thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early work and late,
Withouten there would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.”

With this I quit Venice, where I am sure it will be thought I have tarried much too long; and yet I find in my notes *many more* objects which I thought very interesting. We remained much longer than we intended, as we were all taken unwell,—partly by the oppressive closeness of the air, partly by want of regular exercise, and partly (so far as regarded myself) by eating the splendid-looking kinds of fish, without knowing, until it was too late, that they fed on polluted stuff carried down to the sea by the canals. The population is again decidedly on the increase. Three years ago, by the list, it was only 108,000; at present Mr. Schielin, the very intelligent and excellent banker, calculates it at nearly 130,000. He is himself the mainstay of the Lutheran Church, whose number does not exceed 300; and the transient English he estimates at the utmost 200, making the total Protestants about 500.

On the 19th May, after dinner, we left Venice, not only without a particle of regret, but with thankfulness that we were able to leave it at last. Wishing to vary our route to Padua back, we hired a gondola down to the railway station, where we were told we must be in waiting exactly at six o'clock. We had to remain, however, till seven, before the coaches returned from Padua, as there was only one set,—when, passing through a poor, flat, ill-cultivated country, with scarcely a single object to relieve the tedium, we reached Padua, or rather the station at a little distance from it, at eight o'clock, where we got a voiture to the hotel, about two miles farther. The fares are $4\frac{1}{2}$ swanzigers,—about 3s. 2d. each,—in the first-class carriages, for a distance about 16 to 17 miles.

I got up early next morning to refresh my recollections of this very ancient city, now more interesting from having visited Venice, with which

it was conjoined by conquest, and by whose Government, if I was not misinformed, its municipal affairs are *still* partly conducted.

We first intended to proceed in one day to Verona, but afterward found it prudent to go no farther than Vicenza. The road from Padua is through a peculiarly rich, fertile, flat country, abounding with the usual produce of mulberries, vines, and grain, and diversified with numerous churches and country seats. The exotic tribes, from the soil and the sun, seem to flourish spontaneously; and, beside the tulip tree, with its flowers in profusion, the catalpa and bignonia appeared luxuriant. Vicenza is a comparatively large city—by the list containing 31,700 inhabitants. It is said by Murray's *Handbook* to be "particularly liable to fevers;" but this was indignantly denied by the persons with whom we conversed; and from the high and dry situation it should appear to be healthful. The aspect is eminently beautiful. On different sides the view is bounded by the Friuli mountains, the Euganean, the Este, and the Vicentine hills; below lies a rich plain of fully twenty miles in extent, every part of which is visible in clear weather; and, on the other hand, a second vale, of less breadth, but of equal fertility, in the midst of which lies the city. The most prominent and picturesque object in the immediate vicinity is Monte Berico, which we were prevented by rain from visiting, but which is a very fine wooded eminence, exhibiting the view like a panorama. In 1420, you are told, the Virgin made an appearance on the summit, in consequence of which a sanctuary was erected, with a continuous arcade, constructed at later periods, standing on handsome pillars, and surmounted by the armorial bearings of the person or fraternity by whom each of the arches was erected. As at Bologna and other cities, the whole of this costly work was executed by voluntary contribution; and I may here remark in general, that it is a great mistake to suppose that the R. C. faith is a cheap profession for its adherents. Whenever a new church is to be built, whenever an old edifice is to be repaired, whenever a great festa is to be kept, or whenever a grand procession is to take place, not only chests with slits and inscriptions are placed at various stations, but collectors are sent round among the houses; and even at the performance of the most solemn services people go round and rattle the penny box in the ears of the worshippers. At the foot of Monte Berico are charming pleasure-grounds, with splendid avenues of oriental planes, where the ladies appear in equipages, dressed with graceful white flowing veils;

and the females of an inferior class walk, with a smart black hat. In short, Vicenza is more than a comfortable place—it may be even styled a fashionable one; and in the town there are several elegant palazzos, occupied by the local nobility, and decorated with coronets. It is a town of very high antiquity, and, like Padua, was acquired by Venetian prowess; but not a vestige can now be discovered of Roman possession. The great boast of Vicenza is its having been the birthplace of Palladio, in 1518, an architect whose *manner*—classic even to tameness, a most successful and well-adapted imitation of Roman antiquity, or, as a painter would say, a most correct copy of the old masters—was caught by Inigo Jones and his followers, introduced into St. Paul's Cathedral, and other public buildings in London, and diffused by Lord Burlington and other gentlemen over so many private mansions in England. So general did the taste become, that the very name became identical with elegance, and the highest praise of an elevation was to say that it was “quite Palladian.” That time, like all other fashions, has passed away in our country, and so it has in Italy; but in all the districts of the North it still chiefly prevails. In the town of Vicenza itself, by far the most imposing structure is the Basilica of Theodoric, called the Palazzo della Raggione, or Palace of *Reason* (not always a true term for the Hall of Justice), where the great hall, and its noble self-supported roof, may vie with Westminster or Padua, but remains in a state of entire dilapidation. In my view, the charm would have been its antiquity, which I should have endeavoured to *restore*, with that good taste which has characterized the repairs of Westminster Abbey. In place of this, the whole structure has been cased round with Roman façades by Palladio himself, consisting of two tiers of *loggie*, the lower Doric and the upper Ionic; and most certainly the *tout ensemble* is graceful and captivating—*most* beautiful; but why was not a *new* structure erected on the same design, and the *old* building preserved in its primitive antiquity? It is the same fault which I formerly mentioned as having been committed at Rimini. What should we think of any architect who would propose to clap a Grecian coat round our venerable cathedral at Glasgow? We visited other objects, particularly the Duomo, the churches, and the municipal buildings; but I can spare no more room for Vicenza.

Next day, the 21st May, we proceeded on our route. The country became less rich, but more pleasing, to Arcugnano, among green hills with

volcanic shapes; and a little farther to Montebello, a large and very fine village, with an imposing church and gentleman's demesne, where General Lannes, in 1800, made a masterly stand against the Austrians till the arrival of Bonaparte. Six days after, on the 15th June, the grand battle was fought at Arcoli, a little farther forward. Bonaparte threw all his energies into the action, and pushed so far forward that he was nearly left behind in a marsh: Lannes was wounded, Meuron was killed, Augerau was driven back, Massena alone remained in advance; but on the 16th and 17th the Austrians were exhausted, and Bonaparte, renewing his efforts, by a stratagem created such terror that they sounded a retreat and yielded the contest. It was a dreadful but decisive battle, of three days' duration. The road now "dragged its slow length along" a straight and continuous line, about twenty miles, between two ranges of low hills, till we came to Caldiero—a place renowned in the first year of the Christian era for its warm baths, and, though afterward more than once repaired, now almost neglected. Two other structures—one intended as a lazaretto, but now used as a powder magazine on a magnificent and costly plan, and another, a Benedictine convent, where three grand-daughters of Dante at once took the veil—are the only objects which detain the eye till we arrive at Verona. Here we remained from the evening of the 21st till the morning of the 26th, with the view of Mrs. Ewing completely recovering from the effects of indisposition at Venice. Few places have been more praised—and justly too—than Verona. The great scholar, Scaliger, who was born there, calls it "*sidus Italie cæli*," the "star of the Italian firmament"—"*ocelli mundi*," the very "eye of the world." The excellent Evelyn says, "The situation is the most delightful I ever saw; here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence." Fustace absolutely composes a Latin poem on Verona, in which he eulogizes it—"He who does not love *û*, has no love for *himself*." Without exactly coinciding in such exuberant laudations, it is certainly a very interesting place, not only from its natural beauty, but its ancient associations and its peculiar structures. Seen from a distance, its dark battlemented walls and massive towers of the Middle Ages, sweeping along the hill at the foot of which it lies, unite with its tall spires and Gothic turrets to confer that imposing aspect which may justify its appellation of "Verona the *dignified*," and viewed from the immediate vicinity, with its circle of green hills dotted with villas, convents, and

churches; with its variety of woods contrasted with the aspiring cypresses; with its rapid river, pouring through and round the city; and with the range of the Tyrolese Alps mingling their summits with the clouds in the line of the horizon, would further entitle it to the term of "Verona the *beautiful*." It is a town of almost undefined antiquity, and has the honour of giving birth to many illustrious characters—such as Pliny, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, and Vitruvius—among the Romans. The remains of that distinguished people still exist, to tell of their pride and power during the Imperial age, over the civilized world. There are three arches—one called the Borsari, built in 265, but not in the best taste, across the crowded streets of the Corso; another, the Leoni, of superior design, but much mutilated; and a third, the Gavii, of still higher character, once adorned the city, and bore the high name of Vitruvius, but was demolished by the French. Its marble stones still lie a heap of ruins; and for nearly twenty years the civic authorities have *talked* of its restoration; but, from the literary and scientific name of the present chief magistrate, I hope the intention will now be carried into effect. The summit of a hill near the river contains the almost obliterated vestiges of what was once an extensive Roman theatre; and down below are the perfect remains of an elegant bridge, embodied with more recent repairs, and still forming the most frequented access along the Adige. But the most celebrated Roman structure is the amphitheatre—second in Italy only to the Colosseum of Rome, and in point of internal preservation far superior. It has for ages been the pride of Verona, even during the times of barbarism, when it was used for the celebration of festivals; and in later periods every *Lord Provost* was obliged, out of his own pocket, to give 500 *lire* (about 9*d.* each) as a premium for instalment into office, which were applied in repairs. At present the lower arcades are let out for deposits of wines and other articles, and the rents are sufficient to defray the expense. I understood about forty of them are let at about 150 *lire* each; but the money is not always well paid. So complete is the internal condition that not a single stone appears out of joint; and even the *vomitories*, or doors for exit to the public, are perfectly entire. Of these there are *sixty-five*, so that no *rush*, in the event of alarm, could be productive of fatal consequences, as has too often happened with public buildings in our own country. The amphitheatre is of an elliptical form, and of which the greater axis is 210 feet; while the

Colosseum at Rome is 287, making a difference of only 77; but the minor axis of the latter is much wider; so that 87,000 persons could be accommodated, while the number at Verona was limited to 35,000. The number of arches in the exterior was originally 72, but wars and earthquakes have reduced them to four, standing as a picturesque memento of their gone brethren.

Next to the Roman come the mediæval antiquities; and no town of Europe presents more fresh and unique specimens. The walls round the city, built in the curious but strong style of alternate courses in stone and brick, are attributed by the native antiquarians to the early period of Theodoric the Goth; and the very romantic forked battlements, breaking the sky-line at a height of not far from 100 feet, are ascribed by some to the Ghibellines, but by others more probably to the great family of the Scaligers, who for a long time were the sovereign lords of Verona. Their proud castellated palaces still stand in the *Piazza del Signori*, or Signorial Square, now occupied by the municipal authorities. Their tombs, presenting the most minute, elegant, and even splendid illustrations of iron-work, in the very infancy of art, are universally admitted to be unexampled in Europe; and though placed in a crowded thoroughfare, where they have stood for nearly five centuries, to the honour of Italian *conservativeness*, they have never sustained the slightest injury. On these monuments, and on many an ancient edifice, are seen the representation of a *ladder*, the emblematical device of the family arms, *Scala-geri*, "carrying a ladder;" but whether this was the *origin* of their name, *Scali-ger*, or, as was so common in England, a heraldic *pun*,* is uncertain. I can offer no apology for such minutiae, but the intimate connection of this once powerful sovereignty with the structures of Verona. Extending their sway over a considerable part of Northern Italy, they at the same time distinguished themselves for more noble qualities; and Dante, full of gratitude for the protection he received, celebrates the court of *Cangrande* not only for its splendour and hospitality, but for the love of art and the encouragement of literature. Again I am tempted to deviate by a curious analogy. We were permitted to visit a very elegant palace belonging to a wealthy Marquess (one of the very few nobles of the city who *are* wealthy), which was the rendezvous of the Duke of Wellington and other members of the Convention, when Verona was

* For example, the motto of the noble family of Vernon, perhaps one of the happiest—" *Ver non semper viresc.*"

handed over to Austria. The name of the proprietor is *Can ossa*; and I observed emblazoned on the house a dog with a *bone*, and under was the motto, "*Cane ossa*."* This is brought to my recollection by the mention of *Can-grande*, who is so much identified with Verona. The name is literally "the *great dog*," and is Latinized in his epitaph as "*Canis maximus*," while his grandfather, who was the founder of the Scaligers (having been elected by the Veronese, on the death of Ezzelino the Tyrant, as their "Captain of the people"), was called *Mastino*—literally, "the *mastiff*." It was Cangrande who, in the fourteenth century, erected the grand feudal fortress called the *Castello Vecchio*, or old castle, of deep-red small-sized brick, embrazured at the top, and quite a picture for strength and magnificence; and in the near vicinity he also built the *Ponte del Castello* in the same form and of the same material. As a subject for the pencil, united with the bold flowing river and the numerous boats and ancient mills, no scene can be more select. A still more splendid and venerable castle, once the palace of Theodoric, was blown up by the French in 1801; but enough remains in Verona to characterize it as the best school for the study of the Lombard-Romanesque style in Europe. The dark red of the stone, and the deep yellow of the marble, which both abound in the vicinity, and have been chiefly used for the construction of the fortifications, palaces, and churches, give a peculiarly rich and mellow effect to the ancient buildings, harmonizing well with the diversified green colours of the surrounding foliage. The family of the Scaligers at last yielded to the power of the Viscontis, and these again were conquered by the Venetians, who long retained the dominion of the North of Italy; and thus Verona is marked by the aspect of various styles in the construction of its architecture. The churches are equally curious and splendid, and afford one of the amplest fields for the cultivation of a taste in ecclesiastical antiquity from the earliest periods till soon after the conversion of Constantine; and the transition from the Roman to the Lombard character may be successfully traced. There is a very excellent

* On the opposite side of the street was the palace of the *head* of the great family of *Bevilaqua*, now reduced to poverty, while some of the junior branches are among the most flourishing nobles in Genoa, Florence, and Rome. Now, this word in Italian exactly the same as *Boileau* in French, and *Drinkwater* in English; also the names of considerable families in France and England, though much inferior to the one in Italy. So much for "the Abstinence Society," and so much for "endless genealogies."

collection of Roman remains found in and about Verona, in the *Museo Lapidario*, which was chiefly formed by a distinguished scholar, the Chevalier Maffei, and liberally presented to the Philharmonic Society—a strange but not unusual conjunction of music with the arts and antiquities in this part of Italy. I presume the taste for the antique has been absorbed in the love of music; for when we went to examine the sculpture and inscriptions, we were obliged to walk through long grass, which indicated a considerable period since the road had been previously trodden. There is another collection of local antiquities and curiosities, which I understood has been formed, or at least improved, under the auspices of the present intelligent and intellectual chief magistrate. This we did not see, as it has been laid aside for reception into splendid rooms in the *Palazzo Pubbico*, which we much admired for the elegance and taste now displayed in the repairs of the ancient halls. But it is impossible to speak of days of yore in Verona, without recollecting that we were now in the place distinguished for the residence of Romeo and Juliet. All the English, of course, go to visit “the tomb of Juliet,” and all return as wise as they were before. The so-called mausoleum lies in an out-shed of a suppressed Franciscan convent, and is a plain, unornamented, uninscribed marble *chest*, said by the old woman who showed it to have been found in the contiguous garden. It is no argument against its previously sepulchral use that it was afterward made a washing-trough; but it is exceedingly improbable that a lady of such rank should have been interred in such a place and in such a manner. I met with the antiquarian of most eminence about Verona, and on asking his opinion, he smiled, and merely said, “The story is credited by the *Forestieri Inglese*,”—the English strangers. We then went to see the house of Juliet’s residence, the *Casa Capellelli*. It was once a large baronial castle in one of the streets, and of which the remains are yet extant at the back, with a stone over the gateway, on which is sculptured a *hat*. This at once showed me the family device, as I said before, for *capello* is the Italian word for a *hat*; and the introduction of *it* into the armorial bearings, as I have often observed, is always a proud intimation that one of the family was a cardinal. Hence I concluded that I had discovered the use, if not the origin, of the name of the famous race of the *Capulets*. The house is now completely metamorphosed into an inn for *veturinos*, who contract to take travellers

from one part of the country to another; but in the front of the house is the sign of *the hat*. And now it just strikes me—Shakespeare alludes to “the family vault of *all the Capulets*,” which puts it beyond a doubt that *she* could not have been buried in an insulated corner of a Capuchin garden. It is long since I read another play of Shakespeare, “The Two Gentlemen of Verona;” but I understand that no trace whatever can be discovered of Valentine and Proteus, to whom he has given “a local habitation and a name.” Little, too, is known here of the family of Montecchi, once well known in the place as belonging to the Ghibellines, and still better as the root of the *Montagues* in England. Shakespeare, however, cannot be made tributary to the rules of place or time.

“Existence saw him spurn her ancient reign,
And panting time toil’d after him in vain”—

two of the most poetical lines which Samuel Johnson ever penned. The *Montecches*, or *Montagues*, however, were very ancient at Verona, and united with the *Capulets*, so far back as 1200, in expelling an intruder into the Government. They are both alluded to by Dante, in a line translated by Wright—

“Come, see the *Capulets* and *Montagues*.”

“*Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capeletti.*” I was under the previous impression that the *Montagues* were originally a Norman family. But I am once more getting into the fruitless fields of genealogy; so I will end my notice of Verona by something more recent. The town is now rapidly increasing, which is something very unusual in Italy. A few years ago, I observe, the population was estimated at a little above 50,000—now the statement is 60,300. I never saw finer vegetable markets. It was quite a treat to go out early in the morning into the *Piazza del Erbe*, literally the “Square for Herbs”—a very large market-place, surrounded by ancient structures, and every morning filled with a fresh supply of splendid fruit, flowers, and vegetables; while a separate department is devoted to fish, and a third to butcher meat of the best quality, and at very moderate prices. I should have mentioned a fourth for fowls of all kinds, both domestic poultry and game. And yet I could perceive in the town no *peculiar* branch of manufacture: so far as I could discover, it is simply the pleasing and beneficial interchange of the productions of a rich country for the supplies of an indus-

trious town—both living in comfort and prosperity. The inhabitants, though under the sway of the Austrian Government, and in the midst of a soldiery said to amount even now to 6,000, seem perfectly free, easy, and independent. If anything, I should say that they are free even to licentiousness, as during the night I was much disturbed by their unrestrained roaring and singing, which never would be permitted by the police in *our* country. Yet it does not proceed from intoxication,—during the whole time I have been in Italy I scarcely ever saw ten persons the worse of liquor,—but from the mere exuberance of animal spirit. It is almost a political solecism; but so I have found it to be, that in the Northern parts of Italy there is a sort of practical republicanism in the midst of a theoretical despotism. The system is of long duration. I happen at present to have the opportunity of quoting the authority of Gibbon on this very point, as to the influence and practice of the conquerors in more distant times. He says—and the case is still the same—“The people still preserved their dress and language, their laws and customs, their personal freedom, and two-thirds (now the whole) of their landed property. It had been the object of Augustus to conceal the introduction of monarchy; it was the policy of Theodoric to disguise the reign of a barbarian.” No description can be more perfectly correct; and it never can be too much regretted that the poison of infidelity should have been infused into the wonderful researches of Gibbon, and thus blasted the fruits of one of the very first historians who shed a lustre on Britain. While, however, the people of Verona, all of whom are *known*, are permitted to do as they list, because no danger can be apprehended, strangers must be extremely guarded. I was one day making some inquiries as to the present state of affection of the people to the existing Government. I was politely but instantly checked,—“Sir, I beg pardon, but take care; your passport may be immediately returned.” Every visitor on entering the town is obliged to make a minute return to printed queries as to who and what he is, and how long he means to remain. The people are to a man attached to the “ould faith.” I could not perceive a single “*schism shop*.” On the 22d (May) we witnessed the grand procession of the *Corpus Domini*. On the day before, an awning of linen cloth was thrown across the whole streets through which it was to pass, and which included a great part of the city. All that the Church, and all that the Government could do to give *effect* was observed. The whole

military—first cavalry and next infantry—were turned out in full costume. All the public authorities and all the gentry were in attendance. Then, after a long pause, appeared the long-drawn procession. First came a number of children, dressed with wings as cherub angels. Next came a long band of men dressed in red, and then another in black, with surplices of white over their shoulders, bearing various emblems of crosses, flags, and crucifixes, and carrying long poles with golden suns, and other emblematical devices. After these went a chorus of singers, performing pieces of sacred music in excellent style. This seemed to form one class or corporation of the citizens; then followed another array in different costumes; then a third, a fourth, and so on, all with separate emblems; all intermixed with children, some habited as angels, some as martyrs with palms, some as heathen representations; all with bands of music; and all with lighted wax candles in their hands. Next appeared the monks, in the diversified habits of their respective orders; then the regular clergy, in white, black, or embroidery, according to their rank. After them was a body of military preceding, and another following the canopy, very richly adorned; below which were the bishop and higher classes of clergy, the nobility and magistrates accompanying “the sacred host.” The whole was terminated with a troop of cavalry, and occupied nearly an hour in passing the hotel. I could say much more of Verona, but I feel that I have already exceeded the bounds of propriety. I will just add, that in the centre of the great market-place there is another Stone of Infamy for poor insolvent debtors, but of a more terrific form than at Padua or Venice; being a stone temple, and attached to one of the pillars an iron collar for the neck, with appended chains. I should also have stated, in its proper place, that the *Biblioteca Capitolare*, the library attached to the cathedral, is peculiarly valuable for collections, both manuscript and printed, in sacred and profane literature, of the very earliest periods, so far back as the fourth century, one of the MSS. being the *Institutes of Caias*, written in the reign of the Emperor Caracalla, from which the *Institutes of Justinian*, so well known in the civil law, were compiled; and which remarkable discovery was anticipated by Gibbon, and realized by Niebuhr.

On the 26th May (Monday) we left Verona. Passing, as we continued to do for some time further, through the great plain of Lombardy, there was still the same cultivation of mulberries, as the whole of this country is quite

celebrated for the manufacture of silk; but the vines, with which the trees were wedded, now began to assume a less luxuriant appearance, and everything indicated that we were leaving the warm latitudes of Italy. The soil, in place of being rich and alluvial, now began to be thin and stony, but better adapted for the production of pasture and vegetables. At last the woods began entirely to disappear, the mountains to display their approaching summits, and we found ourselves in a narrow defile, with steep precipices of limestone rocks on each side. After the long-continued line of tame, rich, flat land, we hailed the alteration with inexpressible pleasure. It at once reminded us of Scotland; but few scenes in our own country could match with the bold and beautiful features of the territory which we now approached, for it was the commencement of the immense chain of the Tyrolese Alps. So near did the mountains on each side now meet, that the river Adige almost occupied the whole space, and a passage had to be cut for the road. This was the locality marked by the first victory of Bonaparte before he overran the plains of Italy. Proceeding through a most romantic pass, we came to the village of Peri, which is generally accounted as the boundary of Italy, and the beginning of the Tyrol; but on this point we found the report of the people to vary, and the limit of the two countries to be placed by some of them at some distance farther. It is now a matter of no political importance, as the whole country on both sides belongs to Austria; and in point of fact the designation of the whole district around was now marked by the hand of the Creator as belonging to the Alps. Still there were many sweet and pleasing valleys, full of villages and churches, and still the mulberry was cultivated wherever there was sufficiency of soil. The population, indeed, is crowded, and at the town called Ala there are no less than 4,000 inhabitants carrying on the manufacture of silk. Amidst the high altitudes which we now reached, the aspect became extremely interesting to the eye of a geologist. In the first place, the limestone formations assumed every variety of beautiful stratification, both horizontal and perpendicular, and in some instances with bended columns, as at Staffa, and intermixed with hanging foliage. In the next place, near a village called San Marco, the scene at once completely shifted—nature appeared in a dress of wildness and desolation; all around were huge masses of rock tumbled among each other "in confusion worse confounded;"—in the intervening spaces were occasionally smooth

spaces of dry arid sand, without a particle of vegetation ; and on each side of the road were often fragments of enormous size. This most phenomenon-like convulsion was not confined to a small extent ; it reached for several miles, as far as the village of Serravalle ; and the question came to be in what way the difficulty could be solved. It is called in the country the *slovino di San Marco*—literally, the *dislocation* of that place,—which seems to indicate the general belief that the high mountain above the village was split asunder, and its torn members scattered in the valley below. And this appears to have been actually the fact ; for in no other way can such an avalanche of stones have occurred ; and the primary cause can only be traced, in my opinion, to an extensive volcanic eruption. To this day it is engraven in the annals of tradition ; and the date of the catastrophe, which is said to have overwhelmed a town, is recorded to have been so far back as 840. It is also immortalized in the “Inferno” of Dante, who lived for some time in the vicinity, as descriptive of the gateway to the place of future punishment,—so awful did the appearance seem to his imagination. It may be called a sad downcome from such a scene ; but when I observed that the whole of these immense masses were composed of the purest lime, I could not help thinking how valuable such a *fall* would have been to some places in Scotland. *Here* lime is totally neglected as an agricultural stimulant. About three or four miles from this spot we arrived at the town of Roveredo, most charmingly situate on the banks of the river Adige, in a rich valley of about five or six miles, surrounded by Alps of volcanic soil at their base, which are cultivated far up, and mingled with habitations. Roveredo, containing above 8,000 inhabitants, is perhaps the most thriving place, I was going to say, in Italy, where it is in fact still classed by many, but strictly belongs to the Italian part of the Tyrol. It may be styled, next to Trent, the capital of the Tyrol, from its being the great seat of the silk trade ; and from the inquiries we made, the production has increased so rapidly that the average amount of thread is now about 250,000 lbs. We devoted the afternoon to an inspection of the process ; and although the worms had not begun to spin, we saw them in large numbers, kept artificially warm, and liberally supplied with mulberry leaves, of which each consumes about four in the day. The cocoons are produced in the whole country around, wherever the mulberry grows, and sent to Roveredo or Trent for sale and manufacture. We then went to the

mills, and saw the process of unwinding the silk from the cocoon, and forming it into thread, which is extremely simple, and all performed by young women, thus affording (what is in every country so much wanted) industrial occupation to females; but it would be much cheaper done by machinery. The spinning-mills are called *filatorie*, and the fabric is entirely confined here to thread; but the weaving into pieces and ribbons is extensively pursued all round the North in private houses. There is a printed code of regulations between the manufacturers and operatives, which is sanctioned and enforced by the Government; so that disputes seldom, if ever, occur. Roveredo, like other towns in the North, was conquered by the Venetians, who built a castle for the governor, now *whitewashed* into municipal offices. I could not discover another object in the town worthy of the smallest attention.

Next morning we proceeded on our journey, and I never saw a more delightful route. The day was beautiful, and the early clouds, wheeling on the tops of the Alps, opened up fitting glimpses of churches, which were quite *piquant*. An old fortress stood on the ridge of a volcanic precipice below, but I did not learn its name. The road led along the banks of the Adige, which was now a rapid torrent, and the valley of the Lager soon contracted into a narrow pass, defended by the military post of Calliano, distinguished during the old Venetian and the recent French wars. Above it stand the ruins of a once strong keep, called *Castello della Pietra*. A little farther, another throat of the mountains opens, and a high green conical hill appears, covered with the romantic remains of an extensive castle named Beseno. Again we wended up a rocky pass of stratified limestone, when the rich valley of Trento displayed its beautiful mulberry trees, with the spires of the city of Trent in the far distance, which we reached in the forenoon, and devoted a sufficient time to the examination of a place so celebrated in ecclesiastical annals, of which Father Paul has left so interesting an account. The great Council commenced its sittings on the 13th December, 1545, and did not rise till the 1st May, 1564, having thus occupied a period of no less than 18½ years. I purchased in the place a book, titled, "*Il sacro ecumenico Concilio di Trento*," which contains some curious details; but I have no time or space for the narrative. The meetings were held in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore—a small place for such an eminent congress; but it was the only one that could be

procured at the time. The number of members who voted and subscribed their names at the conclusion of the Assembly (and they must have been more numerous before their patience was tired out) was—cardinal legates, 4; cardinals, 2; patriarchs, 3; archbishops, 25; bishops, 168; abbots, 7; proxies for bishops, 25—in all 255. An interesting painting is preserved in the church, with portraits of the whole. There are fifteen churches in Trent, of which the cathedral, built of marble, and bearing the date of 1048, is the finest. The town itself is beautifully situated. Nothing can exceed the view from the wooden bridge; and there are many handsome residences. The present population, I was informed, is 14,000; but I received so high an estimate of the production of silk that I will not venture to repeat the account. There are two castles—one of them on a remarkable mound, commanding the whole valley, but now entirely demolished; the other an immense Episcopal stronghold, but now falling into decay. At the next post town, called Lavis, the use of the Italian language begins to disappear, and the German begins to usurp its place—both, however, are understood. Before reaching the following post town of Salurn, the limestone mountains again meet so close that the defile is called *Die Schanze*, or “the entrenchment;” and a castle, once impregnable, and even now most majestic, from its precipitous position, even amidst its ruins, frowns down on the narrow pass. We stopped for the night at Neufmarkt, a small town of 1,100 people, in the midst of a lovely green basin, surrounded by high mountains, and said by Murray to be much exposed to deadly fever; but which was indignantly denied by the landlord, who stated that the mortality for last year did not exceed ten. Next morning we went on to Branzoll, through a country much less picturesque, which I for some time imputed to a change which here occurs in the character of the strata from limestone to porphyry. The transition is curiously marked on the face of the rocks, being very gradual, and partially intermixed with each other, till at last the porphyry assumes the entire ascendant, and it might be a very fanciful analogy, but the very same progressive change seemed to follow in the *language* of the two countries, and when the limestone ceased, the Italian disappeared. I soon, however, felt myself entirely wrong as to the porphyritic strata below affecting the picturesque appearance of the surface. On the contrary, no sooner did these rocks become predominant, than the hills became more verdant, and the aspect more romantic; and two most imposing

castles, Sigmondskron and Rienglststein, seated on these eminences, showed the contrasted beauty of their white colour with the dark red of the porphyry, mingled with the overhanging woods. We now came to the town of Botzen, with which I was delightfully disappointed, having anticipated no such place in such an altitude. It is most charmingly situate on the river Eissack, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak more particularly; and its union with a considerable stream, called the Talfer, produces a fine body of water, which pours itself into the Adige at a lower part of the valley. Botzen is a very thriving place, chiefly from the carrying trade, and is now supposed to contain a population of nearly 10,000. The architecture of the houses is pleasingly quaint; most of them have the characteristic advantage in the North of arcades for foot passengers; and the streets have the striking peculiarity of two streams, one on each side, of pure running water from the hills. The Dom-kirk, or cathedral, is a very prominent object all around. The roof is very steep, of a dark green; the spire is adorned with open lace-work; and the deep colour of the stone is in keeping with the antiquity of the structure. Of the Franciscan convent, which is remarked as the original house of the knights templars, I thought nothing. The houses are good, and there is an air of fashion; but the country round Botzen is a perfect garden. Fruits of all kinds, including the fig, the pomegranate, the olive, the mulberry, and the lemon, grow to perfection, as the heat for a short time in July and August is excessive, only to be equalled by the cold in winter. The vineyards far exceed anything in Italy, for the care with which the plants are trellised, and the closeness with which they are pruned down, as in Germany. Indeed, I am forgetting that we had now for several miles been clearly and decidedly *in the German* part of the Tyrol, having passed the *Rubicon* about half a mile before coming to Neufmarkt, where there is a new and distinct *barrier* (as the toll-gates are styled), erected to distinguish the boundary of the German part of the Tyrol, after leaving the Italian. It was long since we paid any toll; but nothing can be less grudged, if *fairly* and *moderately* applied for the maintenance of proper roads, and with a single eye to the good of the public. On leaving Botzen the scenery was pleasing; but it soon assumed a character which, for the romantic, the grand, and even the sublime, at least equalled anything I had ever seen in Switzerland, not in point of mountain *elevation*—for that was not the feature—but of mountain

passes, to which I never witnessed anything to compare, even in Switzerland. In former times all the traffic of the country had to be conducted over hills and by mule paths, always difficult and often dangerous. A common citizen of Botzen, named Kuntersweg, at once saw the benefit which would accrue to the country if a low and level road could be carried along the bed of the river Eissack; but confined as it was between mighty mountains, with immense rocks on each side, reaching almost perpendicularly down to the torrent, the very idea seemed impracticable, if not absurd. It is amidst such difficulties that the master-minds of truly great men are developed; and Gray has beautifully described in his "Elegy" how many such minds are "born to blush unseen" among the lower orders. This man not only contemplated, but by adequate assistance completed, the Herculean task; and the valley which he thus brought to light from its dark and unvisited abode has since passed by his name—the Kuntersweg. Whether he ever was rewarded I could not discover; but the utility of the communication in such a country exceeds all comprehension. If any man ever deserved a monument here, it was *Kuntersweg*; yet, except in the few unseen, unknown lines of this letter, who ever heard his eulogy? When I asked the meaning of the word, the postillions knew nothing but the name of the *pass*. But to return. The valley thus opened up has at least discovered in beauty what it accomplished in utility. The Eissack, running and roaring with fearful rapidity and noise, is heard far below from the road which is cut through the precipitous crags. Sometimes it passes smoothly and placidly along a sweet little green vale, and then the road accompanies its pass; masses of the tallest trees and finest plants regularly follow in its course; but the *beautiful* often and at once changes into the *bold*, and even horrible. On each side are seen mountains of porphyry, shelving down in precipices, with a mere ledge for the road to pass; and above, you see the rocks in every fanciful diversity of domes, and steeples, and needles; and below, you almost tremble at the gulf which perpendicularly separates you from the torrent, not seen and scarcely ever heard. I attempted to sketch, but I found my pencil *then* as powerless as my pen *now*. I may merely observe that the dolomite, as geologists call it, along and beyond the Eissack, exhibits the most fanciful, and I should almost say fairy, variety in the peaks of the mountain rocks. But this fascinating prospect, like all the visions of life, came to an end. The valley extended,

and its interest diminished; but in place of continuing grand, it now became beautiful. On the opposite side of the river appeared the immense castle of *Trost-berg*—"the fortress of trust"—with the steep and almost unscaleable (I *now* speak of a certain age) paved path, almost perpendicular, leading up to it; and on the same side of the road towered high above our heads the nunnery of *Seben*, on a projecting rock 700 feet in height. Report tells of one of the nuns who, during the invasion of the French—when too many unprincipled vagabonds appeared—acted the part of *Lucretia* in the time of *Tarquin*, and threw herself over the precipice. Very late in the evening we reached the town of *Brixen*, for dinner. In a very contracted vale, surrounded by very high hills, it is a remote, but to me was rather a pleasing place. It is said to be "dirty and inanimate." Dirty it certainly is *not*—inanimate it may be, and to a certain extent it certainly is; but, like the whole Alps around, it is extremely religious; and what man of proper feeling could expect mirth and madness in the midst of such scenery? As an illustration of their serious temperament, I was told that in place of *one* procession of the *Corpus Domini*, as is customary, they have no fewer than *three*. The *second* of these we witnessed, and the *whole* population appeared to be present: all the rest of the town was deserted. I speak not now of the delusion which hangs over the minds of the worshippers; as yet they know no better; but I will always do justice to sincerity of feeling and fervency of devotion, however different my own sentiments may be as to the rectitude of the path which is pursued. I would pity them, as I *should*—I would convert them if I *could*; but I would respect them, as I *must*. We poor creatures have much reason to keep in remembrance the injunction from the highest authority, "Judge not." *Brixen* is not an increasing place. *Murray* mentions it (1840) as containing 3,200 people; the landlord of the *Elephant Hotel* does not at present calculate it above 3,000. By the way, he has got an immense elephant painted on the front of his house, with the date of 1500 odds, which passed through as a present to the emperor at *Vienna* some 300 years ago; and out of the mouth of the driver comes a German sentence—"Oh, what a comfort it is to have good roads!"

And now we were to re-cross the Alps by the *Brenner* pass, the lowest and easiest, and though not the most exciting, yet far from being devoid of

interest and grandeur. It was known to the ancients, and is alluded to by Horace for the ferocity of the people and the altitude of the mountains—

“Brennosque feroces, et acres
Alpibus impositas tremendis.”

We started early in the day from Brixen, on the 29th May, with six stout horses. For a considerable way the road was comparatively level, and the views of the Alps were sublime, but many of them were entirely covered with snow. We passed on one hand Neufstift, the richest monastery in the Tyrol, and on the other a pretty *schlos* (the name *now* for a *castle*) called Volsacher. Farther on was the considerable establishment for mineral wells and baths of Farner Bad, but not well frequented. We now drove on to the gorge or defile which was so memorable in the contests between the French and the Tyrolese, in the end of the last and beginning of the present century. It is called Franzenveldt, and formed by the junction of the rivers Eissack and Rienz. The attempts of the French to subdue this brave people commenced in 1796, under Joubert, but were constantly foiled. In 1809, Lefevre determined by an oath to reduce the whole country to obedience; and *this* was the place which became the theatre of the experiment. His whole forces were pushed across the Brenner; and here they halted, being met by the Capucin Haspengier at the head of the national force, the landsturm, posted on every height, stationed on every cleft, and covered by every bush. The attack was sudden as lightning—every rifle-shot told with unerring effect; while in such a position the enemy was powerless. Availing themselves of their advantage, when the French were scattered by panic, the Tyrolese, rushing from the Punleiter Stag under Spechbacher, and from the Jaufen under Hofer, fell upon their rear, threw them into confusion, and compelled them to retreat in every direction, leaving their whole arms, caannon, and stores behind; while Lefevre with difficulty escaped across the Brenner. The Austrian Government afterward commenced an immense fortress, commanding by separate entrenchments every possible avenue; and though twelve years have already been occupied in the construction, it is not even yet completed. We then came to what was once Sterzinger *moss*, but now fine meadow-land, distinguished by other victories of the Tyrolese, and beautified by two splendid *schlosses* of the Middle Ages on adjacent heights, called Reifendstein and Sprecherstein.

Near to this is the town of Sterzing—a very ancient place, with very curious quaint houses, and a large church and convent. I was agreeably astonished to observe the excellence both of the soil and the agriculture. All hands were turned out to weed the rye fields, which were luxuriant. The town, I was told, has a population of 1,500. Now we came to great pine forests, consisting of larch and black spruce, and noticed the manner in which the wood, after being cut, is sent to market. There are two modes of conveying it down the mountains—first, by zig-zag timber railways; and secondly, by streams formed into canals, both of which require to be very cautiously and dexterously managed by poles with iron hooks, to guide the descent of the logs into the Eissack, from whence they are floated down into the Adige. At this great altitude some of the trees were very late; the ash and the alder little more than bursting their buds. We had been creeping up the pass, after changing horses at Sterzing, at a snail's pace; and to me walking appeared more agreeable than to see the poor animals straining in the ascent. At last we arrived at the summit, which is said to be 4,700 feet above the level of the sea; but I should have thought it rather *more*. The pretty little hamlet of Brenner crowns the top. It is described as “a desolate spot, shut in by heights.” Now the scene is *this*—the mountains are certainly high, but diversified by rocks and vines. Just as you reach the spot is a splendid cascade, which immediately drives a quaint water-mill; a vale of about a mile in length is covered by sweet pasture and wild flowers; on one side of it flows down the infant Eissack, proceeding from the cascade, and joins the Adriatic; on the other side appears a rill which forms itself soon into a dark green lake, and then pursues its course as a large *burn*, and widening into the river Sill, which terminates its course at the Black Sea. So much for the natural appearance; while the inn is a large Swiss cottage, and adjoining it are other houses, and a church with a neat spire. From Brenner the descent is so fearfully steep that we all walked; the valley of the Sill becomes so narrow that the road crosses from one side often to the other; the houses become peculiarly Tyrolese, and many of them adorned with targets, the proud emblems of sending the rifle-shot into the bull's-eye at the practisings in the evening; while the slouched hat, with spiral crown, gold tassels, and feathers—the women with short petticoats, and the men with breeches, bare at the knees, for ease of traversing the mountains—constitute the smart

dresses of the good-looking and obliging people. Late in the evening we arrived at Steinach, which in its aspect and character is entirely Swiss, the timbers of the wide gables being elaborately carved, the galleries adorned under the projecting roofs, the walls painted with Scripture histories, and sometimes religious mottoes and advices attached in German. One house was decorated with figures of seven soldiers and one woman, and a date in 1560, or thereabouts. The woman looked very melancholy. This I was sure contained a local history: and I understood that Steinach had sent a company of riflemen to assist the Swiss. That, after some years, only seven returned to the village; that one of them had married in Switzerland, believing his wife to be dead; but that, on arriving, she was found to be alive, and the poor Swiss lady was ordered to be *sent back*. It seemed an impressive incident in the "Annals of the village." The hotel where we stopped was more like a private house; the hostess most kind, and her two daughters, who waited the table, exceedingly handsome. When the dinner was served at seven o'clock, the young woman said a few words, which I understood were, "I wish you a good appetite;" and her sister, after dinner, on removing the things, addressed us, "I wish you a good digestion." Such are the simple manners of these unsophisticated mountaineers. But the house which interested me most was that of Hofer. He kept a small respectable inn here, called the Steinbock; and his own small chamber and bed are still preserved in the same state as on the 13th April, 1809, when he went forth to fight his country's battles at Berg Isel, and there, on the 29th May, obtained a complete victory over the French and Bavarian forces. In the month of July the Austrian troops deserted their best friends, the Tyrolese, and left them to themselves. Undaunted and unaided, they determined to maintain their freedom, or die with the harness on their backs. They unanimously chose Hofer as their leader; again Isel Berg was the scene of contest; and again the French, under Lefevre, with 25,000 men, were defeated by the Tyrolese, under Hofer, with 18,000. The Tyrol was evacuated by the French; the country was free! On the 13th August Hofer was brought in triumphal procession into Innsbruck. In September a golden chain was presented to him by the Emperor of Austria; but two months after, the same emperor made the peace of Scinbrunn, and ordered the Tyrolese to lay down their arms. They could not believe it; they *concluded* the document to be a forgery;

and they continued to fight till, in December, they were forced to yield to superior numbers, and to take refuge in the mountains. On the 20th January, 1810, Hofer was betrayed for the sake of the reward offered for his apprehension, and was discovered in a poor chalet or cattle-shed. He was immediately conducted in irons to Mantua, and on the 10th February, by order of BONAPARTE! he was shot. The emperor *then* ennobled his *family*, and gave them small pensions. One son alone survived. A splendid monument is now erected to his memory in the Cathedral of Innsbruck, with the simple inscription, "ANDREAS HOFER." It is enough. Every child in the Tyrolean lisps his name; every breeze in the mountains wafts the sound of Freedom and Hofer.

On the 31st May we went on to the next post of Schomberg, and passed through the valley of Stubey, which for romantic and beautiful scenery is by many considered as the most admirable in the Tyrol. Beautiful it certainly is, from its charming woodlands and prairies, watered by the river Sill; but it did not appear to me so romantic as many other parts we had visited, although the deep glens, with the river far below, and the snowy summits of the more distant Alps, conferred a very captivating character. The road was long in a most disgraceful state, but some years ago repairs were ordered, which were expected to be completed in 1839, but are still in progress, so that some parts are actually dangerous. The lower division, however, is finished, with the exception of a new bridge, and is an excellent specimen of a zig-zag construction. All at once, from the elevation, bursts the view of Innsbruck, with its dark spires and white buildings, surrounded by Alps of enormous magnitude, and which seem almost to shake hands across the limited vale or punch-bowl on which the city stands. It is a very striking and even pleasing prospect, with churches and castles on the brow of the mountains. Descending the pass, and on the right hand, is the famous Berg Isel, a mere swelling eminence covered with brushwood, which sheltered the sharpshooters under the command of Hofer; and I marvel that no monument adorns its summit. Lower down lies the Abbey of Wilten, built, as story tells, by the Giant Haimon, on his return from the battle of Rosengarten, and where he slew another giant—both of their statues marking the entrance to the church. But it is still more distinguished by the interment of the patriots who fell for their country at Berg Isel—

"How sleep the brave, when sunk to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

Innsbruck—the *Oni pons* of the Romans—is derived from two words signifying the *bridge* of the *inn*, a copious river which, so far as I recollect, rises in the south of Switzerland, not very far from the Lake of Como, in Italy. In fine weather (for all depends on *that*) Innsbruck is perhaps one of the most attractive places in Europe, the amphitheatre of mountains, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet high being so magnificent, and the valley through which the river runs being so verdant with pasture, and its sides so diversified with villas and pleasure grounds. The town appears to be rapidly increasing in buildings, several new houses being in the course of construction, from which I should infer that the estimate of 13,000 for the population is understated. The main street is wide and pleasing, with a granite column in the centre, in honour of St. Anna, for the expulsion of French and Bavarian invaders in 1703. It says, "*Huc usque pervenit Hostis et non ultra*"—"hitherto and no farther the enemy came"—similar to another monument at Sterzinger, in 1797—

" Bis hicher, und nicht weiter,
Drang der Feind, und seine Reitter —"

which I think the German Dictionary means, "To this point, and no farther, the enemy rushed in (or *fiend*) and his rider." These are always valuable local memorials. I should scarcely say that there are any other streets in Innsbruck worthy of notation, except for semi-Italian architecture and useful arcades. The first structure which every stranger visits here is the cathedral, or what at least I took to be so; but I found that it was called the *Hof-kirk*, not the *Dom-kirche*, and is the *Court* church, under the Dominican Order. The Tomb of Maximilian I. is surpassed by no sepulchral monument in Europe, and the twenty colossal figures (ten on each side) of bronze representations of connections with the House of Austria, are perfect pictures of the costume at the time. The white marble sarcophagus in the centre is equalled by no work I had seen in Italy—by Collen of Mechlin; and the silver chapel above stairs, erected by Ferdinand of Austria in memory of his wife, the daughter of a common citizen, does equal credit to both. The palace is unworthy of a visit, and so I should say of the university, except for two circumstances—*first*, the instruction gratuitously afforded to the poor students, and the exhibitions of above £1,000 per annum; and *secondly*, the museum, called *Ferdinandeam*, for which splendid accommodations have *just* been completed; and which, for the

natural history, the antiquities, and the curiosities of the Tyrol, is in my opinion unrivalled, and holds out a lesson which, for a collection of *native* productions, ought long ago to have been learned in our own country. I would willingly dwell on other objects of interest in the town and vicinity, as regard to Mrs. Ewing's health induced me to prolong my stay till the 2d June; but I can only command time for a reference to the celebrated castle of *Schlos Ambras*, the old residence of the Archdukes of Austria, and said to have been erected in the thirteenth century. It is an immense, ungraceful, but most interesting building, with little of a castellated appearance without, but of great capacity and strength within. The view from the high roof commands the whole valley and surrounding Alps; but the great curiosity is within, from the astonishing collection of ancient armour belonging to this great family,—the stuffed horses which they used to ride in chivalrous array, one of which was the charger of Charles V.; the innumerable portraits of warriors, ladies, and distinguished characters, one of which is an original of Columbus; and the rich treasures of gold and silver plate from the earliest dates; and other objects, such as the matrix of the first types which were used for printing.

On the 2d June we left Innspruck on our way to Munich; and now our path came to be altogether "over the mountains." We first passed along the Martinswand, a precipice on one side of 1,800 feet, which was regularly fortified during the wars, but still more celebrated for the cave of the Emperor Maximilian, who missed his foot while hunting the chamois, and fell down to the mouth of the cavern, where it is said he existed for three days, till he was relieved from his perilous position by a poacher, whom he ennobled and pensioned. A cross still marks the spot, and there is scarcely more than standing room, when the rock drops 700 feet vertically down. Next to this eminence is the *Solstein*, 9,016 feet above the sea, and which is sometimes ascended for the Alpine prospect around. After the first post station of Zirl, a very old-fashioned town, surmounted and formerly defended by the *Schlos Fragenstein*, we had again to take six horses, and, sooth to say, they were few enough. In some places we estimated the rise to be as one to three; and stones were occasionally placed behind the wheels to prevent a retrograde movement. The range of peaked and snowy Alps stretched far as the eye could reach, and the pretty valley of Zirl was so low that objects were scarcely discernible. Yet, strange as it may seem,

even at this altitude, the scenery, with drooping trees amidst excellent pasture, soon came to a level, and at the village of Stein looked quite like a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. This continued for four or five miles, when again we had to ascend to the mountains of Seefeldt, where, as has been truly said, "the road attains its highest elevation, and the scenery the height of grandeur." I should have mentioned much sooner that the stratifications, on reaching the Alpine eminences, leave the porphyry formation, and assume the clay-slate, or argillaceous schistus. Here at Seefeldt the slate becomes bituminous, and yields an extract of mineral oil by exposure to the heat in crucibles; and there are also very beautiful specimens of fossil fish discovered in the schist. But it is to the aspect of the mountain scenery that the eye of the traveller is directed, and which, from the forms of the rocks in every variety of savage and fantastic shape, completely arrests and engrosses his attention. Talking of *passes*, the Brenner is nothing compared with *this*. But now we are once more to descend; and while the horses were changing, we were charmed by hearing the Tyrolese airs sung by the peasants coming down the mountains, in all the stirring wildness of their native notes. The road on going down has no attraction equal to that which it displays in coming up. It lies through thick woods of spruce, which only here and there open a vista to the mountains; so that till our arrival at Mittenwald I recollect little, if anything, worth recording, except the scattered remains of a once-powerful fort called Scharnitz. Its antiquity was equal to its importance, having been founded by the Romans to protect this road over the Tyrol, which they were the first to construct; but after many changes, it was blown up by Ney, the French General, at the commencement of this century, and never since repaired by the Austrians.

A short distance farther commences the kingdom of Bavaria, in which Mittenwald is situate. It is small, but a picture of cleanliness and industry. Like Cumnock in Ayrshire, its manufacture is in elegant pieces of wood, its violins are much valued, and yet a very fine one can be had for about £2 of our money. The houses are all painted outside with religious subjects. The grand feature of the country is the Kardenwel—a range of precipitous rocks of immense height and bewildering diversity. The river Isar, which Campbell has immortalized in his "Battle of Hohenlinden," rises in the adjacent mountain of Heisenkoff, and pours along the valley—a very turbulent

and troublesome stream, *really* "rolling rapidly." Again the road rises steep, but soon afterwards declines, and proceeds through very pretty grounds, till it descends to Wallersee—a most enchanting solitude on the bank of a still lake, about three miles in length, surrounded by woody mountains, where the most luxurious trout, and the most attentive treatment made us quite happy till the following morning. The scenery reminded me of Loch Achry, but bolder.

Next morning we reluctantly departed, and we pulled up the steep ascent of the Kesselberg, which commands an extensive prospect. It was so abrupt that we all walked. And again, like the old story of the King of France and his men, we just went up to come down again. The descent at what the English couriers call the Kettle (Kessel) hill is almost frightful; but the surrounding rocks and woods are magnificent beyond description. At last we came down to a level, and then appeared another lake called the Kochelsee, about six miles long, which in my view has been far too much praised—possibly from the paucity of sheets of water in this country. By travellers it has been likened to Loch Katrine, and at one end there are some woody eminences which may certainly bear a resemblance; but the low swampy shores on the other sides, with only an unpicturesque abbey and a neat villa to diversify the aspect, to me dissolved the charm. But what gave me almost inexpressible regret,—*here ended the Tyrol*. Two or three of the eminences—small by degrees, but *not* beautifully less—still accompanied us on our way, as if to bid us a parting farewell; for they all seemed to feel how much we rejoiced in the scenery, the country, and the people. I only regret that I have not seen more of what I valued so much. I will not quote the opinions of Sir Humphrey Davy and Professor Forbes, which are so much in unison with my own; but I *will* say of the two great Alpine regions in Europe, for all that is sublime in scenery, for all that is beautiful in nature, and for all that is high in principle, warm in feeling, and moral in character, I prefer the Tyrol to Switzerland.

I have no heart to go through with the remaining and not very interesting part of our route to Munich. My principal delight was in looking *back* to the wonderful region of Alps, which we saw the whole way, and which seemed to say, "Why have you left us?" But I should do extreme injustice to the whole route from Kochelsee to Benedict Beuren, from that to Konnigsdorf, from that to Wolfrathhausen, and from that to Munich,

if I did not say that it possesses much that is pleasing, amidst a flat country. It is in scenery as in life and with society,—we cannot help judging by comparisons, and indulging regrets for the past, while we should cultivate, so far as we can, contentment with the present. Contrasted with the Tyrol, the road was certainly tame and insipid; but, judged by itself, it was often very pretty. All around was excellent pasture—the natural wood, left to itself, assumed a series of picturesque landscapes, sometimes in thick woods, sometimes in elegant groups, sometimes in single, aged, magnificent trees. There were no enclosures on the sides of the well-gravelled road (for the whole *subsoil* was gravel); and upon the whole, for nearly ten miles we felt as if we were driving through an immense baronial park. There were several sweet little villages, with Swiss-like houses; several old churches, with quaint spires; two or three convents, diminishing fast in number as we approached the north; and one or two towns of ancient date, such as Wolfrathhausen, where we had to pay a tax for supporting the *streets*, and for which in return we were indulged with an extensive and beautiful view of the vale, where the river Loisach joins the Isar, and under the latter name accompanied us in our course till we entered the gate of Munich, late in the evening of the 4th June. Here we have remained longer than we at all intended. Three days were sufficient for a survey of the Pinacothek and Glyptothek—the pedantic names for the superb and invaluable collections of statuary and sculpture belonging to the King of Bavaria; and one day more for the select pictures of the Duke of Lichtenberg, the rich palace and the great library,* which are the chief (I might almost say the sole) objects worthy of *minute* investigation. We have now seen much more, but I dare not venture on another sentence. When we arrived, we had the same clear but hot skies which had providentially cheered our way for some time before; but these were succeeded by one of the most awful thunderstorms we ever witnessed, followed by cold and constant rain, which detained us in the hotel, and enabled *me* to complete this—what shall I call it?

If an apology be thought necessary for its length, I hope it will be found in the extent and variety of objects, and which I have done what I could to condense in the description; and at all events, it will be *some*

* Containing valuable MSS. and 800,000 volumes.

consolation for the enormous epistles which I have written during our tour, that this is the last. I commenced my Journal in compliance with a valued recommendation; and although it has *often* encroached on my hours of repose, I have been compensated by the wish to make my friends participators, so far, in the pleasure we have enjoyed and the knowledge we have acquired. I would willingly continue it longer; for I have actually grown fond of the useful task; but it will be quite impracticable for me to write another letter, as we mean, after such unexpected detention, to hurry home with all expedition. This day the weather has again cleared up, and we are busy with preparations to start early to-morrow morning for Ratisbon (in place of Augsburg), Nuremberg, and Frankfort. We are yet uncertain of our further course, whether by the Moselle to Treves, Luxemburg, &c., which would be new to my *fellow-travellers*, or by the common route of the Rhine *again*. As to the exact *time* of our being home (D.V.) either Mrs. Ewing or I may probably write a short note, when we are better able to calculate.

It was my design to sum up my imperfect Diary with some general remarks, including the government and religion of the countries through which we have passed; but an early hint which I received to *avoid all allusion to either*, as otherwise my letters might never arrive, has prevented me from *touching*. I hope I am safe *here* in making one general observation; that if any person in our country run a risk of infection from a certain creed, which I need not name, let him *see what we have seen*, and *he will be cured*. And now, repeating my best wishes for all friends, till we meet, believe me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

JA. EWING.

WILLIAM MATHIESON, Esq.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE first of the two following letters, it will be observed, formed Mr. Ewing's address to the constituency of Glasgow on his becoming a candidate for the representation of that city in Parliament in 1832. Its terms are such as cannot fail, it is thought, to command approbation, if not high esteem toward the author's mind, spirit, and character. The style of its composition, the definite precision of its individual announcements, and the candid independence of its utterances, form, in our judgment at least, a practical comment upon his own personal character and career, which bears us out, and confirms the views which we have felt it no less than strictly due to hold forth in the preceding Memoir of Mr. Ewing personally, and as a citizen of Glasgow.

The second letter will appear not inferior to the first to any competent judge of mind and character. It is scarcely saying too much, we think, to utter the opinion that it is not the majority, nor yet the average of men, in the circumstances, who could pen such a calm, dignified, and self-possessed address. We hold both these addresses to be every way worthy of record, as illustrative of Mr. Ewing's elevated mental position, and as examples worthy of imitation to those who may have to tread the same paths of public life.

LETTER I.

GENTLEMEN,—I have already announced myself a candidate for your suffrages. Allow me now to explain the grounds on which I aspire to so distinguished an honour.

It was not without hesitation that I ventured to solicit your support. Deeply impressed with the responsibility of the trust, and peculiarly alive to the expectations which are entertained from the selection of proper persons under the new system, I felt unfeigned diffidence in my own capacity to meet such views or to discharge such duties. When, however, I reflected that the great object of the change was to produce a real representation of existing interests; that a place of such population, opulence, and intelligence as Glasgow would look to its own citizens for the protection of its concerns; and that my time was perfectly at my own disposal, I at last resolved to yield to the wishes of my numerous friends, and to offer the devotion of my humble talents to the service of my native city.

My great plea, gentlemen, is, that I am one of yourselves. Born and bred in Glasgow, all my aspirations have been for its welfare. I have studied its wants, watched its interests, and endeavoured to promote its improvements. From the long and intimate experience which I have acquired, I hope it is no presumption to say that I am acquainted with the general policy and practical details of mercantile and manufacturing business. If a proof were wanting, I might be permitted to appeal to the confidence which has been repeatedly reposed in me as a delegate to London on East and West India affairs. I have felt it my duty to take a zealous but liberal part in all your public Institutions. There are few of your charities of which I have not been a director, still fewer to which I have not been a contributor. There are almost none of your commercial Associations of which I have not been a member, and over many of them I have had the honour to preside. I have not hesitated to hold my share in the municipal management, and have twice occupied the chair of the Merchants' House. As a member of the Council, while I have strictly attended to the interests of the Corporation, I have uniformly advocated liberal principles. I was the first to propose the publication of the accounts—a precedent which was subsequently adopted by Parliament for the Burghs in Scotland. In the cause of religious liberty I carried a measure for the abolition of the Burgess Oath, which was the means of uniting two great bodies of Dissenters, and for which I received their warm acknowledgments. I supported the question of Parliamentary Reform, which the Council of Glasgow were the first corporation to patronize. It is many years since I did all in my power to effect an amelioration of the Burgh system, which is now on the eve of

being carried into execution. In short, at all times, and on all occasions, I have assiduously endeavoured to advance the interests, to promote the prosperity, and to sustain the character of this great city.

It now remains to speak of my political opinions. My sentiments have always been those of independence,—to judge of the measures themselves rather than of the men from whom they proceeded. I have been a friend to the great plan for amending the representation of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament; and will continue to support every improvement which may legitimately flow from that source. Sincerely approving of a cheap government, I am an advocate for the abolition of sinecures, and for every practicable reduction of the public expenditure, so as to lighten the load of taxation; to remove the restrictions on the diffusion of knowledge; and, above all, to alleviate the distresses and to improve the comforts of the labouring classes of the community. Persuaded that the present system of Corn Laws bears heavily on the welfare of the artizan, while it is equally injurious to the agricultural and commercial interests, I am a friend to their revision and repeal. Gladly would I see slavery banished from every corner of the world; and I am therefore prepared to aid any scheme of emancipation in the West Indies which is consistent with the rights of the colonists and the well-being of the negroes themselves. A free trade to India and China has always appeared, in my estimation, to be of the utmost essential consequence to British prosperity; and I will continue to contribute my utmost efforts for the abolition of the existing monopoly. I am satisfied of the necessity of an improvement in the Judicial Establishment of the country, and of a cheap and expeditious administration of the laws. I am a friend to the commutation of tithes, and the removal of all abuses in the Church Establishments. I need not add that nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to be one of the instruments in the consummation of an efficient Reform of every Burgh in Scotland.

These, gentlemen, are my sentiments on the leading questions which are likely to occupy the attention of a reformed Parliament. If I have omitted any topic, I shall be ready to supply the deficiency.

Fellow-citizens,—I have now only to entreat your indulgence for the length of this address. My claims are before you, and it is for you to judge of their merits. If you shall be pleased to confide to me the high trust which I now

solicit, you may rest assured that no time, no labour, no exertion shall be wanting on my part to promote your interests.

I have the honour to remain, with every consideration and regard,
Gentlemen,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

JA. EWING.

GLASGOW, 12th July, 1832.

LETTER II.

TO THE ELECTORS OF GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

When I offered you a renewal of my services, I stood on great public principles. I declared that I was anxious to improve, I was determined to preserve the existing institutions of the country; that, till the Reform Act had received a full experiment, I would consent to no theoretic changes; that I was inviolably attached to the British Constitution, and resolved to protect the rights of the Commons, the privileges of the Peers, and the prerogative of the Crown; and that, in consistency with these views, and the independent grounds on which I had first the honour to be returned, I should give a fair hearing to the ministers appointed by the King, before I could condemn their measures. It is on this last point that the contest has in reality turned. I was flattered with the assurances of the satisfaction which my conduct had afforded; and that if I would only agree to oppose the present Government, I might walk the course. I at once rejected the boon. I did so because I never would consent to any pledges, and was determined to remain free and unfettered. I did so because my invariable principle was to support the ministers when I thought them right, and to oppose them when I considered them wrong. I did so because British justice allows a fair trial before sentence, even to those who have previously offended. I did so because I thought that the effect of a preconcerted and uncompromising hostility to any servant of the State would virtually be to destroy the equipoise of the Constitution, to strip the Crown of its prerogative, and to transfer the nomination of the king's Government into the hands of the people. These were my reasons, as I

have frequently explained them in my public addresses. To the majority of your number they have not proved satisfactory; and I have therefore been deprived of my seat. The result has been certainly unexpected. I say nothing of the means by which it has been produced; but to the last hour of my life the course which I have pursued will afford me consolation.

For your past favours, gentlemen, I return you my best acknowledgments. Your present decision I have no personal reason to regret. Whatever ambition I may previously have indulged to become one of your representatives, I now know too much of the arduous employment to sigh for a continuance of its labours. Devoted to the public service, I have the testimony of my own mind—the best of all rewards—that I have fully, faithfully, and conscientiously endeavoured to discharge my duty.

Gentlemen, I now retire into the shade of private life. To the diversified interests of this great City I have ever afforded all the aid in my humble power, and I have now ended my public career in the last struggle to maintain its independence. All my aspirations will still be for the fulfilment of the motto to your arms,—“Let Glasgow flourish!” One word more with regard to my country. In the aspect of the political horizon it is impossible not to perceive the small cloud which indicates a coming storm. I can no longer act as one of the conductors in endeavouring to withdraw the lightning; but my last prayer shall be, that the stroke may never descend on the venerable and beautiful fabric of the Constitution.

And now, gentlemen, I have done, and have only to bid you a sincere, and respectful farewell.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

JA. EWING.

QUEEN STREET, 15th January, 1835.

II.

NOTICE OF THE MATERNAL GENEALOGY OF JAMES EWING, ESQ.
OF STRATHLEVEN.

GENEALOGICAL NOTICE of the Family of Halcro of Halcro, of the Islands of South Ronaldshay, in Orkney.

HALCRO, Prince of Denmark, possessed a great part of the Islands of Orkney and Shetland: and these are now held under titles derived from the descendants of that ancient family. Halcro's storehouse for the receipt of the crown-rents stood at Tingwall, in the parish of Rendall.

MAGNUS HALCRO, of the Island of Sanday, in Orkney, the lineal descendant of the prince, gave sanctuary to King Robert Bruce, when in exile. (*See Balfour's History of Scotland.*) He also raised a regiment of Orkney-men 1,400 strong, with whom he accompanied the king into Scotland, where they distinguished themselves at the Battle of Bannockburn, in 1333. To commemorate this event bonfires are still lighted all over those islands on Johnmas eve.

HARRY HALCRO of that Ilk, a lineal descendant from MAGNUS, married LADY BARBARA, youngest daughter of ROBERT STEWART, Earl of Orkney, and obtained from the earl a wadset of lands in Widewall, Ronaldsvoe, and some others in South Ronaldshay, in security of her patrimony, and which lands were redeemed by Earl Patrick, his son, in 1598. (*See Bishop Law's Rental, 1514.*)

The above HARRY HALCRO had issue—

1st. HUGH HALCRO.

2d. PATRICK HALCRO of Weir, who married MARGARET BALLANTINE, of Lord Ballantine's family, and left issue—

HUGH HALCRO of Weir, who married MARGARET STEWART of Burscobie, of the Galloway family. They left issue—

MARGARET HALCRO of Weir, who married the REV. HENRY ERSKINE, minister of Chirnside: issue—

EBENEZER ERSKINE, who married ALISON TURPIE of Kinross: issue—

JEAN ERSKINE, who married the REV. JAMES FISHER, minister of Kinclaven, Perthshire: issue—

MARGARET FISHER, who married WALTER EWING, afterwards (by succession) WALTER EWING MACLAE, Esq. of Cathkin: issue, second son,

JAMES EWING, Esq. of Strathleven.



WORKS

BY

THE REV. DR. MACKAY,

FORMERLY MINISTER OF DUNOON AND KILMUN, NOW MINISTER OF THE FREE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, TARBERT, IN HARRIS.

I.

Sermons on the Christian Warfare, and Titles of Christ. Two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1836.

II.

Exposition of Matthew V., 1—10. Two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1841.

III.

Sermon preached before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, with Two Addresses to that General Assembly. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1850.

IV.

Sermon preached in Liverpool on behalf of the Society for the Support of Gaelic Schools in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Liverpool: D. Marples. 1833.

V.

Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Rothesay, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. James Denoon, Minister of that Parish. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1834.

VI.

Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Killin, Perthshire, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. Dr. H. Mackenzie, Minister of that Parish. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1834.

VII.

Sermon preached in the Free Gaelic Church of Greenock, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. Angus MacBean, Minister of that Church. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co. 1847.

VIII.

Sermon preached in Chapel, Toward Point, on occasion of the Death of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward. Glasgow: J. Smith & Son. 1841.

IX.

Sermon preached in the Free Church, Dunoon, on occasion of the Death of Mrs. Hunter, of Hoyton. Edinburgh: J. & T. Clark. 1862.

X.

Sermon preached in John Knox's Church, Glasgow, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. Archibald Bannatyne, Minister of that Church. Glasgow (Supple.) 1862.

XI.

Sermon preached before the Free Synod of Victoria, Australia, at the opening of that Synod. Melbourne: G. Robertson. 1855.

XII.

Substance of a Speech before the Synod of Eastern Australia, Sydney, New South Wales. Sydney: J. W. Waugh. 1858.