

the general accommodations in the former country.

About eight o'clock on the ensuing morning we left Fornacetti; having breakfasted on coffee, to which my female companions, to my great surprize, added a few spoonfuls of rum. As to my new Swiss friend, I was not at all surprized to see him put the bottle to his mouth without ceremony, but I had formed such ideas of the extreme temperance of Italian women, that I must confess the first rather struck me. From Fornacetti, seven or eight miles brought us to Castel del Bosco; and about the same distance beyond that, to La Scala. Neither of these towns is of much importance; but the whole road was rendered interesting not only by the interchange of gentle hills and vallies, but also by frequent views of the Arno on our left. Although it might now be considered as the depth of winter in this country, it was easy to see how beautiful and rich the views in spring or autumn

must here be. The river is now broad and rapid, and its banks generally high, with a foot path on the top, planted with rows of poplars. The whole of the surrounding country had also the appearance of being well wooded, but varied by large tracts of cultivation, villages, and houses. The whole reminded me more strongly of England, in its general character, than any foreign country I had yet seen. Descending to particulars, however, the comparison no longer held good. The vines, although now bare of leaves, drawn in festoons from tree to tree, along the road side, evinced the happy effects of a climate to which England could not pretend. On the other hand, asses and mules, employed in husbandry, and along the road; the stiff form of the carts and waggons; women occupied in acts of the most servile drudgery; and swarms of beggars' children at every village; were contrasts to the general picture. The Tuscan peasantry, however, are upon the whole well

clad; of a robust and healthy appearance; and afford evident symptoms of having been long under a government where property and industry are respected and secure. Perhaps it may be the lot of no very distant traveller to make a far different report. Soon after leaving La Scala, the road again turns suddenly to the right, and we bid adieu to the Arno. Occupied as I was by the impressions of the morning, the whole of this succeeding day appeared to me to present little worthy of remark. We passed through Cambiano and Castel Fiorentino to Peggionzi, a distance from La Scala of about four and twenty miles. Here one of our horses, who, during the whole day, had *consumed* an immoderate quantity of blows, fell lame, and we came to a halt. We expected to have reached Sienna late that night, but the idea was now of necessity given up. Finding here, however, the same allowance of macaroni, scraped cheese, and Tuscan wine, as we had had

the preceding night we quickly reconciled ourselves to our situations. As usual, the vettorino sat down with us at table, and chased away the tedious hours by relations, which made our Italian ladies laugh, and would have made an English servant girl blush. After supper I found the bed-chamber, and all the accommodations very similar to those of Fornacetti, except, and this except must for ever remain a blank in the history of my travels.

Early on the ensuing morning we left Peggibonzi, whence a winding wood of eight miles brought us to Castiglioncello, a town, which though small, marked by its bustle and appearance, our approach to one of greater importance. After passing a range of low hills, another part brought us to Sienna, where my Swiss companion having business to transact, it had been previously determined we should stop for the remainder of that day, and the whole of the ensuing. I had thus an opportunity of viewing this town,

which, next to Leghorn, interested me more than any which I had yet seen in Italy. And yet nothing can be more different than Leghorn and Sienna. The former owes its greatness entirely to commerce and its happy situations for trading with Spain, France, and Italy. Placed upon a flat, and surrounded by a marshy country, by mountains at a small distance, or by the sea, it can only exist by maritime commerce. But Sienna inland, without even the semblance of a river, and placed upon high ground, possesses different claims to our notice. We are struck by its romantic situation upon the summit, and along the sides of several steep hills, by the petty bustle of its inland commerce, which reminds the Spanish traveller of Manzanares, and by the symptoms of its departed grandeur, which recal to him the ruined towers and empty cathedrals of Toledo. Connected with the hill on which the principal part of the town stands, is an abrupt rock, nearly sur-

rounded by a deep valley, except where a kind of isthmus joins it to the town. This in its general character so closely resembles the rock of Edinburgh Castle, and that of the Alcazar of Segovia, that there can be little doubt of their having been produced by similar causes in the former great operations of nature. The walks round the ramparts of this castle are kept in good order, and the views, from most situations, are charming. We stand with a kind of pleasing dread on the edges of the parapet, and behold beneath us a deep valley, forming a natural fosse at the base of the solid rock, with which the walls seem to be in one piece. The distant country is beautifully varied with lofty hills and long vales, but the whole appears well cultivated, though intermixed with woods. Even the valley beneath us is full of gardens; a valley which the Italian philosophers uniformly assert to have every appearance of having been once the crater of an enormous volcano.

The gothic cathedral of Sienna, although in a very bad style, is still venerable from its antiquity, loftiness, and extent. The principal front is most curiously adorned, or rather loaded with carved work, and appears to be cased all over with marble. In the interior, however, many of the decorations are beautiful, and in the purest taste. Among other curiosities is shewn a picture of the Holy Virgin, painted by St. Luke, and of course an undoubted likeness. I could not do less than make my obeisance before the work of so great a master, and so great an original, whilst my young Italian friend let go my arm to cross herself, and mutter a pious prayer. After wandering for an hour through this venerable pile, which I did not leave without regret, I resumed my survey of the town. In the afternoon, however, the streets became almost impassable. The carnival had begun at Sienna also, and I beheld a repetition of the same follies

or amusements, which I had already seen at Leghorn. In any other times, perhaps these follies might at least not disgust ; but in the present state of Italy, what thinking mind can behold, without astonishment, a people thus abandon themselves to the most childish diversions ; and yet we wonder that the French so readily overrun this country.

However this may be, the manners of the Siennese are remarkably polite and engaging. The Italian here spoken is pure, and pronounced in so clear and musical a manner, that I have never, in any town, or in any country, before or since, heard a language which sounded so pleasing to the ear of a stranger. The Grecian language alone is superior to it in music and expression, but it is only by scattered individuals that we hear that spoken as it ought to be, and never by a whole town or district, as is the case with the Italian of Sienna.

My Swiss companion having transacted his business, we set out from Sienna by

day-break in the morning of the 11th. Near the gate through which we passed, were whole streets almost abandoned, besides several extensive mansions without the walls, which appeared to have been so long shut up, that the doors and windows were falling to decay. This has a melancholy look, but it is the lot which awaits all towns where a population has been accumulated by transitory causes, and which in the fluctuation of time must cease to operate.

We travelled the greater part of this morning over a country tolerably diversified by nature, but poorly cultivated; and after a ride of about eighteen miles, and passing through San Monteroni, halted at Buon Convento, seated upon rising grounds. Here they produced to us some wine of Montepulciano, said to be the best in all this part of Italy, but we found little in it to boast of. One of our horses was now so fatigued, that we were with difficulty dragged six or seven miles farther

this night to Torrineri, where we slept, and where though I traversed part of the town before dusk, I observed little worthy of notice.

Early the ensuing morning, we were again on our road, and our lame horse having been exchanged for another, we proceeded with some alacrity. Ten miles brought us to La Scala, being the second town of that name through which we had passed. The road was for the most part rough, with a constant succession of small hills; the soil of which appeared to be poor and hungry. Eleven miles from La Scala, after passing through the small town of Ricorsi, we reached Redicofani, a considerable town, romantically situated upon a steep hill, and the last in this direction in the Tuscan dominions. Having stopped here a short time to refresh his horses, our vettorino again summoned us, and we quickly descended the hill of Redicofani. Thence for seven or eight miles, until we approach Monte Centino, the

country is broken into many steep hills, and has a more barren and uncultivated appearance than any part of Tuscany through which we have passed. At Ponte Centino we entered upon the ecclesiastical state, through a toll where baggage and passports were strictly examined, and many vexatious attempts made to extort money on account of the former, but which the young Swiss, from having frequently travelled this road, knew how to avoid. Scarcely have we passed the frontiers of Tuscany, when we behold in the face of the surrounding country, the powerful effects of different governments. We are now no longer cheered with the frequent sight of farms, seats and villages, thickly scattered over large cultivated tracts, a healthy, stout, and decently cloathed peasantry, and the animals employed in agriculture sleek and fat. On the contrary, few houses are to be seen, the peasantry already begin to have a poor and eager look, and large tracts naturally

fertile are abandoned to sterility. From Ponte Centino to Aquapendente, is a distance of eight miles, along a good road, but through an almost uncultivated country. The approach to Aquapendente is charming. After passing a small stream, which falls into the Chiana, and forms with it the principal source of the Tyber, the road ascends, we begin to behold on the left, symptoms of cultivation around Aquapendente, while on the right are romantic cliffs, crowned with trees, and their various clefts adorned with bushes. As we approached the gates, we heard the sound of the cascades, waterfalls from which the town derives its name, but it was now too dark to see them to advantage. The town itself is built principally upon the slope of a hill, and had no appearance of life or bustle, on the contrary, according to the evidence of our vettorino it was fallen from its ancient splendour, nearly as much as Sienna. We passed through it, and stopped the night at a small inn, at

the foot of a hill, which our vettorino assured us to be preferable to any in Aquapendente. If so, they must be there very miserable, our entertainment being inferior to any we had met with, and the wine wretched. If this be a just specimen of what we have to expect, I do not wonder at the juice of the Tuscan grapes having been so highly praised in Italy.

Early the ensuing morning, a ride of five short miles brought us to San Lorenzo, a neat village upon the flat summit of a hill, and consisting principally of one very broad street. It was built on account of the inhabitants of an old town, near the lake Bolsena, where the air in summer and autumn is most pernicious, and they were accordingly removed hither. As it was a fine morning, and we were now approaching the borders of this famous lake, I got out of the carriage and proceeded on foot, as was indeed my general custom, having hitherto walked much more than I had ridden. Soon after leaving San

Lorenzo, the road begins to descend from the heights, appearing in many parts deeply cut in the solid rock, and we even obtain a view of one corner of the lake, through the openings, or even the tops of trees, producing a charming effect. Lower down we pass on the left, the ruins of the town, which has been abandoned, and which being mingled with bushes, and even young trees, has already an antique and venerable air. About a mile from the bottom of the hill, an excellent and level road conducts to the lake, and is continued for several miles along its borders to the town of Bolsena. This beautiful lake appears to be about twenty-five miles in its circumference, and is surrounded by hills, some of considerable height, and advancing boldly into the water, whilst others appear to recede from it, leaving large marshy flats, evidently denoting the former extent of the lake. The fineness of the morning, the excellence of the road, the woody prospects on my left, and the

broad lake and its mountains on my right, all contributed to render my walks delightful. But in summer or autumn the case is widely different. The banks of this lake are then the abode of death. The marshy exhalations which arise from it, are almost certainly fatal to the rash stranger, who ventures to pass a single night in its immediate vicinity, and even in the middle of the day, the carriages which pass are closely shut up, and driven as hastily as possible. The sickly looks of the inhabitants of Bolsena evinced, that the short period of the healthy season is not sufficient to counterbalance the pernicious effects of these summer heats. Similar districts, where the *mal aria*, or bad air prevails at late seasons, are not uncommon in Italy, especially farther to the southward, in the two Calabrias. Perhaps these bad effects of marshy air in all climates are here increased by a mixture of sulphureous exhalations which arise from the bosom of this volcanic country.

Whatever may be the defects of its situation, Bolsena interests from its antiquity. The Italians like the Spaniards, use the letters B, and V indiscriminately, and keeping this in view, Bolsena or Volsena, clearly points out the ancient Volscennium. The houses are lofty, and the streets narrow, as is the case with most of the towns of Italy, and notwithstanding the unhealthy air of the lake, it is still tolerably populous. In the church yard going out of the town, is a very curious and ancient sarcophagus, on the outside of which are carved a number of figures, but the subject of which I was not antiquarian enough to unravel.

As the road, after leaving Bolsena, still continued, for some distance, along the border of the lake, I again quitted the carriage, and proceeded on foot; nor was it long before I had fresh reason to congratulate myself for having done so. Scarcely had I advanced a mile from the town, when I was struck with the singular

appearance of some of the hills, on the left of the road, and on examination found them to be entirely composed of basaltic pillars, mostly lying as if piled up, in a horizontal direction, with their base to the lake. In some places, these pillars, whether pentagonal or hexagonal, were so compactly fitted to each other, that no extraneous substance could intervene, whilst the interstices of others were filled up with lightly yellowish mixed earth. It was impossible to contemplate this singular mass of basaltes, without interest, and reflecting on the violent disputes which had arisen among learned men, concerning the origin of similar phenomena. I ran to the side of the hill, I scrambled over the broken fragments which were scattered about, and being alone, embraced those which stood upright, as if I could thereby arrive at the secret of their formation. I found that they easily broke off, for in attempting to climb up, large portions yielded to my

grasp, or gave way under my feet, by which means I received several severe falls. At length the carriage came up, and I quitted this most singular mass, which my companions regarded with little curiosity. The whole of the upper surface is covered with wood, and trees even grow between many of the columns, producing to the casual observer, a wonderful effect, and to the natural philosopher affording matter for profound speculation and inquiry.

Three or four miles from Bolsena, we begin to quit the lake, and a farther distance of five miles brings us to the gates of Montefiascone, a considerable town on the top of a steep hill, and defended by thick ancient walls and towers. My mind, however, was still entirely occupied by the hill of basaltes, and the Bolsena lake, and I could pay but little attention to Montefiascone, whence a ride of about twelve miles brought us to Viterbo, also romantically situated on the

summit, and down the slope of two or three hills. It was quite dark, and rained hard when we arrived, but we found our inn, at least, as comfortable as any we had yet seen on the road, and this quickly made us forget all hardships. As we did not set off till the next morning, two hours after day break, I had that time to examine Viterbo. It appeared to me the largest town through which we had passed, since leaving Sienna, the principal streets are of considerable width, and one of the public squares is adorned with fountains, in a curious taste. I could not but notice the broad flags with which the streets are paved, and which are evidently formed of a dark lava, and found near the place.

From Viterbo to Ronciglione, a distance of thirteen miles, the country is constantly varied by hill and dale, and thickly covered with wood. These forests, indeed, are said to be of the highest antiquity, and are almost regarded as sacred by the neighbouring peasantry. Four miles from

Viterbo we pass upon our left the Mons Ciminces of the antients, a mountain with a peaked summit, and well cloathed with woods, whilst, at intervals, we behold beneath us, on the right, one or two small lakes, sunk as it were at the foot of steep surrounding hills. Three miles from Ronciglione, our carriage broke down, and although, just at that time, it began to rain very hard, my Swiss companion and I had no resource, after helping the vettorino to patch up his coach, except to make the best of our way forward. As the rain never intermitted, even for a moment, we arrived at Ronciglione, thoroughly drenched. Here we found, that the coach could not be repaired before evening, which, joined to the badness of the weather, obliged us to halt for the day, although it was yet scarcely one o'clock. From the time of our arrival, till nearly midnight, the rain continued to fall in torrents, which not only effectually confined us within doors, and prevented all remarks upon the town, but also afforded a

melancholy prospect of our roads for the next day.

Early on the ensuing morning we quitted Ronciglione, which we had now an opportunity of observing to be a town of some magnitude, situated chiefly on the slope and at the bottom of a hill, near the small, but beautiful lake of Vico. Many of the streets are wide, the houses lofty, and the whole bears the appearance of having been formerly a place of importance, but now in decay. A road of eight miles brought us to Monte Rosi, and about as many farther to Baccano. Here I, for the first time, saw French soldiers, being the rear of the stragglers of a column, which had already reached Rome. A far more interesting object was the cross of St. Peter's church, which our vettorino pointed out to us, soon after leaving Baccano, appearing at a distance over the plains, as mariners first observe the mast heads of ships at sea. From Baccano, ten miles brought us to La Storta,

a place consisting of a few houses, where we stopped to eat, and in the afternoon resumed our road, being now only nine miles from Rome. As we approached that city, I descended from the carriage, and proceeded on foot, feasting my eyes with the view of that antient metropolis of one half of the world, seated near the Tyber, on its seven hills, amid heaps of surrounding ruins. On both sides of the road, and in every direction, appeared monuments of antiquity, arches, tombs, broken aqueducts, the remains of temples, and mouldering towers. At length we crossed the Tyber, on an ancient bridge, my bosom filled with a thousand various emotions, and soon afterwards entered the gates. We are immediately struck with the appearance of an immense obelisk, standing in a large open space behind the gates, composed of a single block of Egyptian granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and of the most remote antiquity. At present, however, I had no

time to examine this interesting monument. Our passports were examined, during which time, I observed that the gate was thronged with French soldiers, on guard, mingled with a few of the Papal troops, which, for form's sake, were said to do the duty of the town in concert. We were obliged to go with our baggage to the Douana, or the Custom-house, whence, after paying a few trifling demands, it was quickly released, and we drove to an Alberge, recommended by our vettorino.

CHAP. III.

Rome.

To visit Rome, to stay there even a few days, and to pass it over in silence, would be considered inexcusable; yet what can the short residence of a week enable or entitle me to say upon so vast a subject, and which has already afforded materials for so many volumes? To connect my observations without useless digression is the sole object of the present chapter.

As it was dark when we arrived at the albergo or inn, I had no opportunity of examining its situation. In the evening, when I retired to my chamber, all being still, I heard the rushing of water, and hastily opening my window, observed that the Tyber ran close under it. I could not but congratulate myself at thus hanging

over this immortal river, to which so great a proportion of the world once paid tribute, and the sight of which awoke so many reflections on the past. Upon the banks of this river were reared the conquerors of one half the world. This is the very stream into which Horatius Cocles armed and wounded plunged, after defending the bridge against the troops of Porsenna; over which Clelia swam, leading the way for the escape of her companions the virgin hostages; into which, in times of dreadful famine, many of the starving Romans threw themselves in open day, with their heads covered, and in death-like silence. Being swollen by the late rains, it now rushed past with great rapidity, and the stars were dimly reflected from its turbid stream.

Like every stranger who comes to Rome, I visited St. Peter's; or rather once every day, and often twice, I went to admire that wonderful structure. I must confess the first sight disappointed my expectations,

but a little examination fully equalled them, and which was strengthened by every subsequent visit. The curved arcades which form the peristyle, supported on double rows of pillars; the two beautiful fountains in the court, which throw up perpetually an astonishing quantity of water; the obelisk of ancient Egyptian granite, in the centre, and the simple, but majestic front, combine to produce a whole which is probably no where equalled, and certainly not excelled. Within, the grandeur and richness of the marble columns, the statues, the paintings, the mosaics, the shrines, the altars, strike us with astonishment; yet even these cannot prevent us from noticing the exact proportions of the whole, where, as in the exterior, nothing intrudes beyond its proper bounds, but all combines to form one great design.

Right under the centre of the dome, and sunk below the pavement, is a kind of magnificent vault, constructed of the finest marble, and ornamented with pre-

cious stones, lapis lazuli, jewels, and gold. Here rests, or is said to rest, the body of the Great Apostle ; gold or silver lamps are kept continually burning round the tomb ; and the pious votaries throw themselves on their knees as they approach the marble ballustrade which surrounds a spot so sacred. A superb canopy, supported on four rich waved pillars of bronze, covers the vault, and although upwards of one hundred and thirty feet high, it is so lost in the greatness of every object round us, that we can with difficulty conceive it to be half of that height. Yet there is one object in St. Peter's which is little either in itself or through the use made of it. This is a bronze statue of the Apostle, to the right of the aisle, sitting and holding the key of Heaven in his hand. One foot projects beyond the pedestal ; and no good Catholic enters or leaves the church without kissing it. Some repeat this ceremony three or four times ; some stroke it down with their hands, as if it was alive ; whilst

others stoop and rub their heads backward and forward against the sole of the sandal. In any other situation I might have smiled; but the grandeur of the place prevented all intrusion of lighter thoughts; and I could only pity this striking instance of the degradation of the human character. There must certainly be a pleasure in superstition, otherwise the world could not be so overrun with it. To by far the greatest proportion of mankind it is a toil to think; and whenever, either in religion or politics, they find one who will take the trouble to think for them, they give themselves up to his guidance, with little enquiry.

But it is not alone within the walls of St. Peter's, or among the lower ranks, that we are to look for traces of gross superstition. Almost every square, and every church, demonstrates that this spirit flows from the higher source of society. Magnificent temples are dedicated to the Virgin Mary, under the title of Equal

× with God, *Dei-paræ Virgini*. The two beautiful columns of Antonine and Trajan have, as we are informed by Latin inscriptions on their bases, been purified from their ancient stains, and are now consecrated to the true faith. In confirmation of this we behold, with some astonishment, a bronze statue of the apostle, to whom it has anew been dedicated, standing on the top of a pillar carved round with battles and triumphs over the Germans or the Daci. But perhaps the most striking instance is the great obelisk, which stands near the principal gate, where we enter the town from the northward. This obelisk is of a singular block of granite, and covered with hieroglyphics, the meaning of which is now lost. It was brought from Egypt by Julius Cæsar; and by him purified and consecrated to the sun, during the time of his being high priest, as appears by an inscription still plainly legible. When these times had passed away, the Roman pontiff of a new religion again

× *God-bearing*

purified it from all its past impieties; and has for ever and unchangeably consecrated it to another deity. The traveller pauses and considers with profound attention this singular and enormous tablet of stone, on which are recorded the superstitions of three successive periods of human history, and at wide intervals from each other; the idolatrous worship of Egypt, the sacrifices of Rome, and the corruptions of the pure doctrines of christianity. I must confess it appeared to me not merely an Egyptian obelisk, or a Roman trophy, but a monument of the human race, which, if we consider its antiquity, its history, and its inscriptions, is perhaps unique on the face of the globe.

During my stay in Rome I twice ascended the tower of the capital, and indulged in the reflections which the views from its summit naturally excite. Hence we have a clear view of all the seven hills of the city; the remains of the amphitheatre of Vespasian; and of the triumphal arches,

the pillars, the temples, and the tombs of ancient Rome. No where can a spot be chosen more calculated to awaken the most profound reflections; which, however, will vary according to the opinion of the beholder. "View well these monuments of past ages," says the Stoic, "behold how fleeting is human grandeur; and remember that virtue alone is permanent." "View well these monuments of past ages," says the Epicurean, "which like ourselves are fast hastening to decay." Let us then, consider, that if life be so frail, if youth be so transitory, we should well enjoy the present hour, and lose no part of so perishable an existence." Perhaps in my future progress I may have occasion to note the general effect which these views produced upon myself. Meantime I leave to others the task of enlarging the numerous lists of pictures, statues, medals, and vases, which this city contains: the Tyber, the capitol, the Tarpeian rock, and the most ancient mo-

numents erected by the Romans, were the first objects of my curiosity. At the head of the second may be placed the church of St. Peter, together with several other religious edifices, the public fountains, and the palaces. Having gratified my curiosity on these heads, I was fearful of entering too deeply into the examination of paintings and statues, to which I was aware there would be no end. Yet how many master-pieces did I not behold in my hasty survey! so many as to render Rome still the most attractive city in the world to a student and lover of the arts.

The palaces and other public buildings at Rome are generally in a pure and correct taste; the inhabitants have a dignified air and walk; and the women are certainly the handsomest I have seen in Italy. Here, as at Leghorn and Sienna, the carnival was maintained with all its liveliness, and a splendour greatly superior to what I had yet beheld. The prin-

principal street was thronged with fine carriages; and the ladies carried pouches full of white sugar plums, which they threw by handfuls at those of the passengers whom they thought proper most to distinguish. So great is the quantity of these carraways or sugar plums thus thrown about in the principal street, that the scavengers every morning sweep them into heaps, like hail, and shovel them into their carts. As elsewhere, the subject of French soldiers mounting guard at the gates does not disturb this revelry. And why should it? Are not the French the most polite people in the world?

As to the appearance of the troops of that nation, their general conduct, and the sentiments of the inhabitants toward them, I might perhaps even now presume to form some estimate. I am surrounded by them; and the theatres, the public walks, and the streets are full of them. But I am advancing still farther into Italy.

In the course of a few days I shall probably be in the midst of their armies; and a residence even for a short time at Naples will enable me to decide on these points with more precision.

Journey from Rome to Naples

On the morning of the 22d February I left Rome as I had entered it, in a coach drawn by two horses and a mule, having agreed with the vetturino to pay fourteen dollars for my passage to Naples, and as before to be led at his charge. Being taught by experience, I was careful to have my passports properly endorsed before setting out. My fellow-passengers consisted of two ecclesiastics, a young woman, and a commissary, with all of whom I soon became acquainted. For several miles after leaving Rome the road runs over plain, bounded at a distance by high hills. On every side we continue to observe monuments of antiquity; particularly the ruins of an immense aqueduct to

CHAP. IV.

Journey from Rome to Naples.

ON the morning of the 22d February I left Rome as I had entered it, in a coach drawn by two horses and a mule, having agreed with the vettorino to pay fourteen dollars for my passage to Naples, and as before to be fed at his charge. Being taught by experience, I was careful to have my passports properly endorsed before setting out. My fellow-passengers consisted of two ecclesiastics, a young woman, and a commissary, with all of whom I soon became acquainted. For several miles after leaving Rome the road runs over plains, bounded at a distance by high hills. On every side we continue to observe monuments of antiquity; particularly the ruins of an immense aqueduct to

the left of the road, and the portions of which appear scattered over the earth, at wide intervals. The carriage proceeding but slowly, I gladly embraced the opportunity of getting out to walk, and was followed by the young lady, who before we had gone many paces, asked me if I was not an Englishman. This was not the first time that such a question had been put to me, and it was often afterwards repeated.

After proceeding about twelve miles, we began, by a winding road, to ascend the mountain, on the summit of which stands Albano, the ancient Alba, and the rival of infant Rome. It is a long and tolerably handsome town; and even yet apparently of considerable importance. As we ascend this, by looking back we have a fine view of Rome, and the immense plains below. Two young Frenchmen were also mounting the hill on foot, at the same time, while their cabriolet, drawn by a small horse, followed them. They

saluted me as I passed ; and we entered into conversation. We were both bound to Naples, and they ignorant of the road, they therefore resolved at once to follow the yettorino, and to stop wherever he halted. By this means we became very intimate ; and one of them also asked me if I was not an Englishman. I answered that I was an American by birth. " Oh," replied they, " that is the same thing, I understand you. I also can talk a little English." Upon my requesting to hear him, he exclaimed, " Yes Sare, rost bif, g—dam, milord Jean." After this notable specimen of his proficiency in the language, I had nothing farther to request, and having now passed the summit of the hill, we severally repaired to our vehicles. For the remainder of the day our road continued over a country charmingly diversified by hills ; but almost every where miserably cultivated. It was after dark when we arrived at Veletsi, a large and

well-built town, where we halted for the night.

Here I began to experience some of the effects of following an army ; all the supper we could procure consisting of some macaroni, a small dish of meat, for six or seven persons, the two Frenchmen sitting down with us, and a salad. We made, however, a virtue of necessity ; and for my part the novelty, and the interest excited by travelling in such a country, reconciled me on all occasions to the most indifferent treatment. But my Frenchmen were not so patient. They exclaimed not only against every thing before them, but also against every thing which they had seen since leaving France. “ *La Belle Italie !*” said they, “ *La Belle Italie !* Surely those who have given it that title have never travelled in it.”

We departed early the next morning, in order to have time for crossing the Pontine Marshes, of which I had formed the most terrible ideas. I was agreeably

disappointed to find the road through them excellent, frequently shaded with trees, and the water drained off forming two tolerably rapid streams. The range of the Appennines were constantly on our left, and afforded many romantic views, particularly several villages, singularly situated as it were, like nests in the clefts of rocks, or on the very summit of steep hills. Towards the evening we arrived at Terracina, where we gladly stopped, having procured only one scanty meal through the whole day. The ancient town originally built by the Volsci is situated upon the top of a hill, and still contains part of a temple sacred to Jupiter, and other vestiges of its former splendour. A new town, however, is building, between the foot of the hill and the sea, which here forms a small bay. Nothing can exceed the romantic appearance of the rocks or rather mountains of stone which form a branch of the Appennines, and here terminate abruptly toward the sea, leaving only a narrow road be-

yond the lower town, which they constantly overhang. We found Terracina not only swarming with French officers and soldiers, but also full of French travellers, both men and women, on their way to Naples, who had been stopped here for two days past, through fear of proceeding. The whole of the country between Terracina and Itri is said to be full of robbers, who murder every Frenchman that falls into their hands, but suffer Italians or those of other nations to pass unhurt. As the road almost as far as Fondi is nothing but one continued pass, this is no difficult matter. If large bodies of men are passing, these robbers, who are merely the peasantry of the country, appear at work, or shew themselves at a great distance, on the summits of the hills; but no sooner do they observe an opportunity, than they resume their arms, and make their attack. It must be confessed, this mode of warfare is somewhat Vendeian; and the French seem by no means

to approve of the preference shewn toward them; but the pass must be attempted or we must return to Rome. We learn, however, that detachments of troops are to march early in the morning, and thus our road will probably be cleared. Besides, we now form a tolerable caravan; and a guard of the Pope's cavalry may be procured to accompany us even as far as beyond the boundaries of the ecclesiastical state; and we may thus proceed in tolerable security.

Such was the conversation of the numerous party of travellers who sat down together to supper at one long table of the great inn at Terracina. A tall young man, who I was told had excellent connexions in France, was loud in his invectives against the *cowardly* English, who had hired (*soudoyé*) these brigands to spill the blood of Frenchmen; "however," said he, "they are but a nation of brigands themselves." On the other hand, an officer of cavalry, who was present, said

that he had been taken prisoner by the English in Egypt, and treated humanely enough. "He had been," he said, "in every campaign with the French army in Egypt; and although he had suffered much by the climate and fatigue, he had escaped the plague, and without a wound. Some one asked why so many of the officers and troops who had been in Egypt were now in the advanced guard of the French army. "Because," replied he, instantly, "the views of our government are still upon those countries, and we are not going to remain chained to Italy." This idea I found very prevalent.

After supper, the night being calm, we heard the sound of heavy cannon firing at a distance, which we understood to proceed from the fortress of Gaeta, now almost the only place in Italy not occupied by the French. I went down to the beach, where I found a considerable number of persons collected, and listening to the distant thunder, which came almost at

regular intervals, in long hollow roarings, and mingled with the sound of the waves breaking along the shore. The calmness of the night, the wide and unruffled surface of the sea reflecting the stars, the lofty rocks of Terracina on the left, and the crowd of silent or whispering listeners, all tended to increase the interest of a sound which, in so still an hour, even without these concomitants, could not have failed to possess something more or less solemn. After a short and not unpleasing silence, the French soldiers, who were present, were the first to interrupt it. One swore he loved the sound of cannon better than his breakfast. "Ay," exclaimed a second, "but this is too far off; I like to be so near that the fire singes my whiskers;" whilst a third declared "that the whistling of bullets was perfect music to his ear." However interesting and just these remarks might be, as they did not exactly harmonize with the scene which we were contemplating, I left the

spot, and having wandered for some time along the beach, retired at length to my albergo, where a little truckle bed was provided for me, on which I slept till morning.

Shortly after day-break the carriages were all in motion; but there seemed to be a considerable and general reluctance to set off; and several travellers, who the preceding night had scorned all dangers, were now prudently silent. Even after a guard of eight horsemen had joined us, there were many causes of delay, of which, being impatient, I set out alone on foot. In a short time I arrived at a gate, which joined the lofty rock on one side, and on the other almost touched the water. After passing the gate, I found the road excellent, but closely hemmed in between the mountains and the sea; the latter being on the right. Having proceeded about two miles, I looked back, but although I could trace the whole road almost to the gate, I could discern no symptoms of any

carriage. Not deeming it prudent to proceed farther, and being tempted by the clearness of the water in a small brook which crossed the road, and quickly joined the sea, I halted, and bathed myself in the little mountain stream. This may tend to give some idea of the mildness of the air of some mornings during the month of February in Italy. Soon afterwards the line of carriages appeared, preceded by four dragoons, and followed by as many with drawn swords; and in this manner we pursued our route. No jokes, no loud laughing; but silence and frequent side glances at the deep glens, or the mouldering grey rocks, behind which whole bands of murderers might be crouching, with their muskets levelled. Happily, however, these fears were groundless. After travelling about twelve miles, along a most romantic and ever-varying road, we arrived at Fondi, the first town in that direction in the Neapolitan territories. Here, although the streets were

full of French soldiers, our guard did not conceive us to be past all danger, but convoyed us nearly half way to Itri, a further post of eight miles, and over a country equally various with that of Terracina. From Itri, five miles brought us to La Mola de Gaeta, a small place, situated like Terracina, close upon the water, and commanding a pleasant view of the city, and part of the fortress of Gaeta. On the right of the road we pass an ancient monument, said to be the tomb of Cicero, and erected upon the spot where he was slain. This city stands upon a ridge of moderately high land, running out into the sea, and consequently well situated, both for defence and commerce. I had no opportunity of seeing the works toward the land; but the town itself rising like Cadiz, out of the sea, produces in all points of view a striking effect.

At La Mola I with difficulty procured a small loaf of bad bread, a little salad, and some miserable wine, which consti-

tuted my dinner! My companions were loud in their complaints; but the poor vettorino was louder than them all; not only because he could get no dinner for himself, but his horses also were obliged to stand out in the sun, with only a few handfuls of hay to eat. The former evil I removed by a share of my loaf and wine pitcher; but for the latter there was no remedy but patience, and getting away as soon as possible. To heighten the pleasures of the repast, our host related miserable stories of the siege; and informed me, for my comfort, that in the very spot where I then sat, a man had been killed not many days ago, by a cannon shot from Gaeta. This piece of information by no means added to the flavour of the wine; and when our horses were a little rested, I quitted Mola de Gaeta, with at least as much pleasure as I had entered it.

The road going to the left we almost immediately began to leave the sea, and gradually lost sight of it. After riding

about seven miles, we arrived near sun-set at a ferry, on the banks of the Garigliano, the Liris of the ancients, a river not very broad, but of considerable depth and rapidity. Here was a numerous guard of French soldiers, the English, as they informed us, having made several strong descents in the neighbourhood, carried off some prisoners, and even the ferry boat, which latter they had returned, as being of no use to them, and the want of it only tending to distress travellers. This boat I found similar to those generally used in Spain over deep but not very wide rivers, being a large flat railed barge, capable of containing a carriage and horses, and moved backward and forward by means of a rope, rove through two upright beams in the bark, and fastened on each side of the river. Having got safely over, after a long delay, we continued along an excellent road to Santa Agata, ten miles from the Garigliano, and where we arrived about nine o'clock. Here we found