



A Pedestrian Tour in Calabria & Sicily

Arthur John Strutt



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WIVES OF THE BRIGANDS, VISITING THEIR HUSBANDS IN PRISON.

A
PEDESTRIAN TOUR
IN
CALABRIA & SICILY.
BY
ARTHUR JOHN STRUTT.

"A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the Pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions" (Goldsmith)



1842.

J. C. Newby, 65, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

744.

TO
WILLIAM JACKSON, ESQ.,
THE KIND FRIEND AND COMPANION OF HIS
JOURNEY, THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

The writer of the following pages, in projecting a pedestrian excursion with a friend, in the wilder parts of Calabria, was influenced much more by a desire to make himself acquainted, in his profession as an artist, with the scenery and costumes of that remarkable country, than by any idea of authorship ; if so grave a term may be applied to the simple composition of a few letters addressed to his own family, whilst absent from their circle. Finding, however, that his route and mode of travelling gave him an opportunity of becoming familiar with scenes and manners hitherto almost undescribed, he has ventured to lay his observations before the public, in the hope that they may be received with that indulgence which is seldom withheld from an unpretending effort to afford a temporary amusement.

Rome, August 4th. 1842.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

Albano, April 30, 1841.

HERE we are, safely arrived at Albano, without even so much as the wetting, which I dare say you thought we got very early on our road; for I observed a tremendous storm threatening Rome about an hour after we parted from you at the Porta San Giovanni. Thus far, then, we have commenced our journey under fortunate auspices; moreover, a majestic falcon sailed over our heads, till we were out of sight of the Eternal City. To some he might have appeared a harbinger of the tempest, but as there are two ways of looking on every object, we determined to regard him as a good augury, mindful of the double foresight attributed to his race,

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“ *Venturas que vident hyemes, reditura serena.*”

You know how often we have complained of the straight lines which render almost every drive in the immediate vicinity of Rome so insupportably monotonous; we now took advantage of our pedestrian independence to diverge from them as soon as possible, and turning our steps towards the valley of Egeria, we resolved to enter at once on the main object of our journey, and commence our sketches with the characteristic figures of the shepherds of the Campagna. Our reception, however, in these pastoral scenes was any thing but encouraging, as we were hailed, not by the masters, but by their dogs, who flew on J—— with such ferocity that he was obliged to keep them at arm's length with his knife, and might not have succeeded, had he not wounded one of them in the ear. We ought to have recollected the stories we had heard of the zeal of these faithful guardians, and of the unfortunate German artist, who kept his bed a fortnight, in consequence of the wounds he received from them: after all the blame rests more with the

shepherds than with the dogs, as they frequently depute them sole defenders of the flock, and at a distance, or asleep, pay no attention to the affray. In our own case, however, a single word from a *Pecorare* relieved us from the pack, and we had then an opportunity of examining at once our adversaries and their owners, and altogether, they formed a very picturesque group. This race of dogs is peculiar to the Campagna di Roma. They are entirely white; tall and shaggy, and are worth, we were told, ten crowns a piece. The shepherds present an appearance no less shaggy, being clothed in sheep or goat skins, with the wool or hair outwards; they are seldom occupied, but here and there we saw one spinning a little wool, in order to eke out his very moderate wages. Their ideas of English sheep were very grand, as they imagined them to be at least as tall as an ass; so they had heard, they said, and we did not attempt to remove so favourable an opinion, but taking leave of them when our sketches were finished, we continued our route. Scarcely a passenger divided it with

us, save the *Massaro*, or Roman herdsman, with his unshod horse, high peaked saddle, and long lance-like stick, slowly pacing over the country, which is all pasturage, till within about four miles of Albano : fields of beans, in full flower, then greeted our eyes, reminding us of England, and encouraging us, by their grateful odour, to ascend the long hill of three miles preceding the town. From this hill we distinctly perceived the Mediterranean on the right; one part of it of an obscure blue, whilst the other, illuminated by the sun, and contrasted against the storm, then bursting over Rome and the dark Campagna around, glistened so vividly that we could discern every inlet and bay that indented its shores, and even the vessels on its tranquil surface.

On our arrival at Albano, our first care, like prudent travellers, was to order dinner; our second to sharpen our appetites, already sufficiently keen, by exploring the vicinity, whilst it was getting ready. It was here that the delightful anticipation of all the variety of Italian costumes burst upon me in full force. The

snow-white head-dress, contrasting so well with the dark locks seen beneath, the brilliant corset, the gay apron, altogether formed an assemblage of colours which immediately challenged my pencil. Bending our steps towards the Lake, we passed before the low grated window of the prison, which here, as in other parts of Italy, cannot, at any rate, reckon solitude amongst its horrors; being surrounded, from morning till night, with a motley group, who gossip, console, advise, or perhaps take lessons from those who for various offences remain in durance. The lake is situated at the top of the hill on which Albano stands, and is supposed to occupy the crater of a long extinct volcano. It has an air of tranquillity peculiarly its own, owing to the deep wooded hollow in which it lies, and which seems to insulate it from every thing around, whilst the commanding heights of Monte Cavo, formerly crowned with a temple of Jupiter, now converted into a convent of Passionists, and the lofty villages of Rocca di Papa, Castel Gandolfo, and Marino, rise proudly above its peaceful margin.

We have had a beautiful sunset. My bedroom faces the western sky, and the Mediterranean. J—— has already taken possession of his, having the headache; and I, having been obliged to discuss the dinner in solitary dignity, am about to follow his example.

“ To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new !”

Adieu !

Torretreponi, May 1, 1841.

THE groves of Albano are thickly tenanted with nightingales. I went to sleep with their delicious notes in my ears, and they likewise awoke me at daybreak, I therefore conclude that they

“ trilled their sweet amorous descant, all night long.”

I needed no other invitation to be “ up and doing,” and J——’s headache having completely left him with his night’s rest, we were again *en route* by five o’clock. A pretty wooded road, animated with groups of peasants going forth to their labours, led us to Aricia, interesting only by its situation, and thence to Gensano. You know this little town is the scene of one

of the most picturesque fêtes in Italy, on the day of Corpus Christi: when its streets and church are profusely covered with flowers, entwined together in the most beautiful forms, composing a sort of floral mosaic, over which thousands of peasants, from all the surrounding country, pass in their gayest costume. We found the place thronged with market figures, and their occupations, as we surveyed them from the door of our *café*, afforded us ample amusement during our breakfast. We diverged a little from our road, in order to visit the lake of Nemi, which resembles that of Albano, in tranquillity and unpretending beauty.

The account we had heard of the extraordinary personal attractions of the women of Velletri had the beneficial effect of quickening our steps as we approached it, and we were rewarded for our zeal by the sight of a whole bevy of beauties, employed in washing at the fountain. We had the resolution to content ourselves with a passing glance of admiration, and proceeded stoutly on to Cisterna, a village consisting only of the post-house and a few

habitations; nevertheless, it afforded us a meal, which though neither exactly breakfast or dinner, sufficed to enable us to continue our way to this place. The road here descends a good deal, and, as it comes more inland, we lose sight of the Mediterranean. We were warned of our approaching the Pontine marshes by the cessation of tillage; to which pasturage succeeds, till within about two miles of Torretreponi, where the meadow degenerates into a marsh, vocal with frogs, whose ceaseless croakings and squabblings I hear, even as I write. Herds of black buffaloes wade about in the mud, looking like hippopotamuses. They are sometimes very fierce; we saw many, however, reduced to obedience, being trained to the draught, and urged forward with long goads. The post-house, where we have taken up our quarters, stands alone, and was formerly a convent, suppressed at the coming of the French. It will shortly be almost deserted, as the *malaria* commences to-day, we are told, and every one who can leave it will speedily do so; the post-master and postilions alone remaining, in

virtue of their office. It would seem that the period for the commencement of this mal'aria is precisely fixed; an unpleasant consideration for a hypochondriac, or *malade imaginaire*, who might be arriving at the exact moment; his only resource would be to follow our example, according to the advice of our landlady, in swallowing as much pepper as our throats would bear, in order to fortify our stomachs against an attack from the enemy.

We have walked twenty-nine miles to-day, and are therefore thinking with some pleasure of going to rest. My couch, however, does not promise much luxury of repose, being

“ Condemned alas! a double debt to pay,
A BED by night, a TABLE all the day.”

Terracina, May 2nd.

LONG before morning dawned at Torretreponti, I was ready to exclaim with Clarence—“ Oh, I have passed a miserable night,” not that it was “so full of ugly sights and ghastly dreams,” but that the unstable nature of my table ren-

dered me very uncomfortable; particularly as I was excited to turn every instant, in spite of the small space I had to do it in, by the unmerciful attacks of the Pontine fleas: they were indeed the "industrious fleas," and seemed resolved to do their duty to the utmost, before they removed with the family to cooler quarters: J—— having been martyred no less than myself, we abandoned the field at daybreak, and commenced the dreary avenue which extends twenty-four miles in a straight line over the marshes. A canal runs on one side, and receiving the waters of the transverse drains, conveys them to the sea. At the next post station, called Bocca di Fiume, we halted to breakfast; after traversing the stable and climbing a ladder for that purpose, we found ourselves in a smoky room, where our meal was served to us, and where a solitary postilion was occupied at the fire, compounding simples for his sick brethren. He looked wretchedly ill and languid; nevertheless he bestirred himself to serve us. Our breakfast consisted of bread and small

wine, which was all the larder afforded ; and, indeed, he told us, it was all they ever got. Such fare is not likely to enable the people who have the misfortune to be exposed to this atmosphere to withstand its effects. As to ourselves, we strove to improve upon it, at the next post of Mesa, where we gladly descried an *Osteria*, and were regaled with soup peppered to an extraordinary degree, on the strength of which we continued our way.

The side of the marsh next the sea is far more abandoned and dismal than that extending between the road and the mountains; the latter affording in some parts well drained pasturages.

On the range of hills to the left, we perceived the small towns whose inhabitants have effected so beneficial a change. The end of this range we gradually approached, and left, without regret, the tedious marshes. The canal or river is tolerably broad within four miles of Terracina, and we were fortunate enough to witness an annual fishery then going on, and conducted in a somewhat novel mode: nets are drawn across the stream at a certain point, where are

stationed men with boats and landing nets. A herd of forty or fifty buffaloes are then made to enter the water, about a mile lower down, and to swim up to the nets, driving before them the astonished fish, who, finding exit impossible, are seen springing from their native element in every direction, and are taken in great numbers. The buffaloes, though almost amphibious, seemed anxious to come out and feed, having been already bathing eight hours: their escape was, however, prevented by men on the banks, and in boats armed with long poles, the assistance of the huge swimming mass being necessary to hinder the retreat of the fish.

A gay bark with an awning was moored in the midst of the scene, and some ladies, accompanied by a *Monsignore* in his cocked hat, clerical robe, gold chain, and violet coloured silk stockings, were watching the sport. Another hour's walk brought us to Terracina, beautifully situated on the sea-shore, at the foot of a rocky mountain.

We soon explored the town, which swarmed with peasantry in their shabby brown cloaks,

peaked hats, and *chaussure* so peculiarly Italian, consisting of a piece of hide, bound to the foot with twisted thongs. We then visited the establishment, on the side of the hill, of some shepherds employed in milking; whilst one of their number played on the bagpipes to amuse the ewes till their turn should come. A thatched hut contained the cauldrons, &c. necessary for making the cheese, which is called *pecorino*, and is very moderately good indeed; yet the curds of which the Romans eat such quantities, and which are so excellent, and so cheap, are all made of sheep's milk, which I think appears to more advantage in this form, of *ricotto*, than in any other. The shepherds seemed flattered at my sketching them and their implements, supposing that I intended thereby to teach the English how to make sheep cheese.

The olive is cultivated here, and a few palm trees give an almost oriental appearance to the vegetation. Altogether Terracina is very picturesque and pleasing, and were the moral reputation of its inhabitants a little better established, and more in accordance with such lovely

scenery, it would be one of the most charming spots I have met with.

Mola di Gaeta, May 3rd.

WE set out this morning at six o'clock from Terracina. We thought of Miss O'B. and her party as we passed through the defile where their carriages were stopped. It is called the neutral ground, and I should certainly fancy, that in case of one's being attacked by brigands, passers by would observe the strictest neutrality; but the worst of it is, that the papal soldiery do not protect the road beyond their own frontier, which is situated a few miles from Terracina, and thence to the Neapolitan frontier, the said defile, with mountains on the left, and low marshes on the right, being entirely unpatrolled either by the troops of Naples or of Rome, affords a fit scene for the enterprises of the robbers.

At Fondi, on passing down the street, we received sundry invitations from the masters and mistresses of the various *osterias* and *trattorias*, who were standing at their doors on the look

out for customers. We had not proceeded far before we suffered ourselves to be enticed into a soi-disant *café*; as much induced by the handsome garb of the mistress, as by the idea of refreshing ourselves after the heat.

The costume of the female peasantry here is very striking; consisting of a white cloth on the head, folded in the peculiar Italian manner, hanging very low behind, and ornamented with fringe; a scanty white petticoat is covered by three or four square pieces of cloth, of brilliant hues, wrapped round them, one above another, like a double allowance of apron; red stockings, and red leather high-heeled shoes complete their showy attire. This costume, with slight variations from village to village, is worn by the peasantry throughout the whole province called Terra di Lavoro, the most cultivated district, as its name implies, in the kingdom of Naples. There is something very beguiling to a traveller, and more especially to a pedestrian, in the varieties of garb which, by their picturesque differences, seem to serve him as social landmarks, and point out his entry on every new region.

Travellers passing this way some months hence, will be enabled to avoid the toil we underwent in climbing the long, steep, and narrow street of Itri: as a new piece of road, now constructing, passes at the foot of the hill on which it stands.

Eight miles on an up and down road, through a country, rich in the olive and the vine, brought us to Mola di Gaeta, and the shores of the lovely Mediterranean. The town of Gaeta, with its hill and fortress, forms a pleasing object across the bay, whilst in the opposite direction we plainly saw the isles of Ischia and Procida, and Mount Vesuvius; already we were, in imagination, scaling the crater, but were obliged to descend from our altitudes, in order to bargain at *La Villa di Cicerone*, for our dinners, and we were in consequence far better served, at a more moderate price. The hotel has, as its name implies, the reputation of being on the site of one of Cicero's nineteen villas. The sign of the Roman orator himself, as described by Lady Morgan, in a purple mantle and lemon coloured sentiments, we did not see. The *sala* is a room of

magnificent dimensions, and our bedroom, although it does not boast of proportions so vast, commands the same beautiful view over the sea, and enjoys the fragrance of a well-stocked orangery extending from the back of the house to the shore. The lemon tree is, it appears, more profitable than the orange, as it continues bearing all the year round; indeed we saw on the same tree the blossom, the incipient fruit, and the mature lemon. Lemons are here worth a *mezzo grano* (somewhat less than a farthing,) whilst oranges cost a *grano*: these comparatively high prices may be accounted for by the large quantities that are sent to Rome. The blue waters of the Mediterranean are now sparkling beneath the rays of the setting sun, I must positively go and submerge myself in them, in spite of these effeminate Italians, who tell me that they are yet too cold, and *fanno molto male*.

Capua, May 4th.

MOLA DI GAETA is so beautiful that it was not

without regret we left it this morning—I was so enchanted with it, as I

“ cast one longing, lingering look behind,”

that I could not resist stopping, to commit to my sketch-book its baronial tower, its orange groves, its barks with latine sails, its road thronged with busy figures ; whilst the fortress of Gaeta, too distant to allow us to observe the gay scene its quay affords, still formed a most interesting background. The coiffure, too, of the fair ladies of Mola di Gaeta is very pretty ; the back of the head being enveloped in a kind of twisted turban, of the gayest colours, and the hair confined with a broad silver comb.

The road, bordered with aloes, which I had never before seen in such quantities, here leaves the sea, and traverses sandy plains to Garigliano. An ancient aqueduct afforded us a momentary shelter from the extreme heat ; so overpowering did we find it indeed, a little farther on, that we were obliged to take refuge in one of the huts where the *gens d' armes* are stationed, nominally, for the security of the road. In it we found a soldier and an armed countryman,

I suppose a kind of amateur *gen d' armes* ! they received us hospitably enough giving us some fresh water, all they had to offer, and all we wished for at the moment. I soon, however, put the complaisance of the *campiere*, who was a fine handsome man, more strongly to the test, by begging him to stand a few minutes, whilst I sketched him. He shewed some reluctance at first, but on my hinting that there was nothing in my request for so stout a fellow to be afraid of, he assumed his position with an air of offended dignity, which happily did away with that rustic awkwardness of which the Italian peasantry it is true, have less than any other people, but which, even among them, will sometimes throw the artist into despair. The *gen d' armes* had been perambulating the high road during eight years and a half, and expressed no small pleasure at the idea of the termination of his service, in another eighteen months, when he intended to return to his village, and resume his civil occupation of shoemaker. He asked us what our callings might be, to which I replied, that I was a painter, and J—— a poet; he said

that I might do pretty well, but that he was afraid J——would get very little work, as there were so many of his trade at Naples—so it is—in the march of intellect, every thing is overstocked.

We stopped to dine at the inn of St. Agatha, sixteen miles from Mola, and we were rather sorry to find, sixteen miles also from Capua. We therefore agreed, as it was then four o'clock in the afternoon, with a driver to take us twelve miles on our road; and giving him eight carlini, instead of his original demand of fourteen, we mounted in one of the peculiar Neapolitan gigs, called *caratelle*, and with the man standing behind to drive, proceeded briskly on our way. We had not gone far on the road, when we met Major S——returning with his family to Rome; we soon came to the end of our twelve miles; we then alighted, for we had prudently not engaged our conveyance beyond, on account of the heavy toll to which carriages are subject at the barrier three miles from Capua, as we should have paid more for this tax than the whole expense of our ride.

We accordingly walked the remainder of the way, and arrived here a couple of hours ago.

The town is full of soldiers, the king having been holding a camp here, which unfortunately for us, was broken up this very day. Colonel de G—— is in the same hotel with us. I would have presented myself to him, but he has already retired to rest, having to march at midnight with his regiment of Swiss, in order to accompany the king to Naples.

At dinner we were favoured with the *improvisatura* of an old blind musician and poet, who having previously ascertained our country, chanted forth the praises of "England and the English" concluding every stanza with "*Viva Londra, bella gran città.*" I believe his music has had a soporific, rather than an animating effect, for I am horribly sleepy and tired. Adieu!

Naples, May 5th.

HERE we are at last. The Italian proverb says "See Naples and *die*," but I say, see Naples and live; for there seems a great deal worth living

for. The most wonderful occurrence we met with on our journey was, that we walked straight into the city without being asked at the gate for our passports, I question whether any traveller within the last fifty years can say as much. Being a little ashamed of our dusty appearance, amidst the gay crowds that we met at every step, we took a one-horse vehicle, in order to arrive sooner at the hotel where we expected to find our friend S—— with our luggage. We found, however, that we were much more conspicuous in our carriage than on foot, for, in our haste, we had taken the first we saw, and our driver, a ragged baboon, whose utmost exertions scarcely sufficed to “stir his horse to active trot,” seemed to be a known character, and many were the gibes he indignantly underwent, as we slowly steered up the noisy and crowded Toledo.

As soon as we had equipped ourselves, we went in search of Madame F—— and Miss B——, and had the good fortune to meet them on the public walk of the Villa Reale. They are at Greenwood's, on the Chiaja, and their

apartment commands a delightful view of the bay. There is a table d' hôte in the house, which the inmates can join or not, as they are inclined. Madame F—— speaks highly of the establishment, and indeed it seems replete with comfort.

After the tranquillity of Rome, the racket of Naples appears insupportable. It has the reputation of being the noisiest city in Europe, and I should think in the world. Nevertheless the main streets are spacious and noble,—the pavement of lava is so smooth that carriages run along it “on the nail,” as the English road-phrase is, with equal ease and celerity; from many parts of the city fine views of the country are obtained, and the scenery from the beach, the shores of Pozzuoli and Baïe on one side, Vesuvius, and the hills that shelter Castellamare and Torrento on the other, with the island of Capri a connecting object in the middle, its outline and colour varying with every change in the atmosphere, is exquisite—the fishing-boats, too, give interest and animation to the generally unruffled surface of the blue waters,

and the fishermen themselves, with their bronzed skins, fine muscular limbs, easy gait, and animated countenances are capital models. I have been sketching some of them to cheer me a little, for not having heard from you to day, which, to say the truth, has much disappointed me. I am anxious to know how you all are. I understand however that letters frequently miscarry between this place and Rome, you must not therefore be uneasy if you do not hear from me so regularly as I intend you to do. We have arranged with Madame F—— to go up Vesuvius the day after tom-orrow.

Pompeii, May 7th.

You will see from the date of my letter that we have not been able to resist a visit to this most interesting place, *en attendant* our Vesuvian trip with the ladies, and most delighted we have been with the result. The city is in many respects far more perfect than I had anticipated, and as we wandered down some of the winding streets, through rows of shops, with the signs and inscriptions of their various wares, unfaded by the

lapse of eighteen hundred years, we could almost fancy we had merely come at the hour of siesta, and should presently see the busy tradesmen come forth and people the thoroughfare. The few figures that met our eyes, however, were occupied in the excavations that are still continuing, and the beautiful meek oxen convey their loads of ashes along the same narrow pavements that witnessed the patient labours of their forefathers, before the fatal eruption.

One strange being haunts the temples, like the ghost of Pan, unwilling to leave the scene of former grandeur, in the shape of a lame old man who plays on a pipe and dances, not nearly so gracefully, you may imagine, as the elegant *figurante* adorning the stuccoed walls.

A first rate Pompeian house must certainly have been a perfect *bijou*: its mosaic floors, marble tanks and steps all so cool; the paintings so varied, so gay and so graceful! then its columns, corridors, and gardens, to complete the suite with a peep of verdure. We were told that one of the most perfect specimens is soon

to be entirely restored, and filled with its legitimate household furniture and ornaments, which, together with the forlorn Lares and Penates, are to leave the Museum at Naples, and be established once more in their native homes. Every article will thus have a double interest, from being seen in its original destination, and the house itself will no longer wear the denuded aspect which reigns in the generality of Pompeian mansions, owing to the system of carrying away to Naples every thing worth notice.

We have spent a most delightful day, and have taken up our quarters in the little *locanda* hard by the walls of the town, in order to enjoy once more, at sun-rise, the glowing tints which this evening threw such a magic hue over the deserted forum, the prostrate city, and its old destructive enemy, Vesuvius. Adieu.

Naples, May 9th.

YOUR letters received yesterday, afforded me the greatest satisfaction, and made me feel quite happy. You must direct your next to me at Reggio. I fear it will be three weeks or a

month before I shall receive it, but at any rate you will be able by that time to fix the period of your coming to Naples, and as we shall enjoy it much more when we explore it altogether, we have resolved to continue our route into Calabria without delay.

We went yesterday to Vesuvius, according to our arrangement; and highly interested we were in the excursion. Leaving our carriage at Resina, we selected from the variety, offered us, of ass, horse, and mule, such as we deemed most suitable to our respective personages, and after a short halt at the Hermitage, reached the foot of the cone, where we dismounted and commenced the ascent. This, however, proved too fatiguing for Madame F——, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the muleteer to drag her up with the pony bridle; she therefore returned to the Hermitage there to await our descent. Miss W—— courageously proceeded, and in spite of the rolling cinders and loose sand, arrived *enfin* at the summit.

Our first care was to see what the *crater* was

about; we looked down, and perceived a variety of flaming operations going on, as if a treat were preparing for his Satanic Majesty; and by the nauseous smoke which now and then enveloped us, we were led to imagine that sulphur formed the principal condiment. The roar of the combustion was like a smith's forge, heated a hundredfold. Not a very sublime comparison, but it was that which presented itself, unsought for. Do not think, however, that I was not interested and delighted with this "splendid mystery of creation" but the fact is that it has been so often described, in every mood of prose and verse, that ones courage and enthusiasm are alike damped, at the thought of adding to the thousand and one descriptions of it already extant.

But then there is the surrounding prospect, magnificent beyond conception, as we fully believe, but of which I shall equally spare you any account as the fact is, the shades of night were too far advanced to allow us to discern the variety of its attractions, moreover, both J—— and I hope to have the pleasure of repeating our

visit when we meet you at Naples on our return. Adieu, to morrow we start for Calabria.

Salerno, May 10th.

BEHOLD us at Salerno, a charming town situated on the sea shore in a bay like that of Naples. We have got over twenty-six miles of ground to day, almost always between houses, for in this fertile and abundantly populated country, the towns and villages are joined to one another in nearly uninterrupted succession. We passed through Nocera and La Cava; with the last we were very much pleased; its arcades reminded me of Bologna.

The country and mountains become wilder after La Cava. Darkness nearly overtook us before we got out of the defile; nevertheless, through the obscurity I descried before us some bonnets which appeared to me of the true English cut. "It would be droll enough," said I to J—— "to fall in again with our compatriots so soon," and as I spoke we gained upon the parties, and sure enough heard a Miss Laura somebody, descanting in our mother's tongue,

upon the probable cheapness of living in such a situation.

The remainder of our walk was agreeably beguiled by, to me, the novel sight of numerous fireflies—their tiny and vacillating flashes illuminating the woods and rocks: they would have made an admirable accompaniment to a fairy fête. Their light is redder than that of our glow-worms, and less steady. The latter part of our road, descending from the rocks to the water's level, reminded me much of that from Lausanne to Vevey; perhaps it was on this account that it appeared so agreeable: every step seemed to awaken in me, unconsciously, some pleasing recollection.

Salerno, May 11th.

You see we are still here. The beauty of the environs has tempted us into the comparative idleness of lingering a day to explore them. I was first attracted by the old castle which, placed on a lofty eminence, commands the town. As I walked round its walls, no one appeared on the battlements save a little boy, and an ancient crone, who sourly enquired what I wanted there.

I employed the whole day in drawing; for though there is no particular costume here, it is the very country for a landscape painter. The scene on the quay was animated and picturesque. The sailors, reposing under sails stretched from the sides of their boats, formed admirable groups, and I thought an hour well employed in making a careful study of two of the more characteristic mariners, with their scarlet or brown caps, loose white dress, and bare legs.

At dinner our host amused us with accounts of the brigands, who, it should seem, begin to be very rife in this part of the world. A contest took place, a few days ago, between the urbans and brigands; the urbans, you must know, are a sort of national guard of the place; they are armed with guns, but wear no uniform, and are not a whit more respectable in appearance than the bandits themselves. A plan had been formed by these latter gentry to rob a house standing in a lonely situation, where they expected to find good booty. Five urbans, however, crossing the country in that direction, happened to stop for refreshment at a little wine-

house, previously fixed upon by the brigands, as their rendezvous on this occasion. A boy who was placed there as scout, seeing five armed men arrive, never doubted that they were the party he had been told to wait for; he informed them that supper was ready, but that it was prepared for seven, and enquired why the other two had not come. The urbans immediately smoked the affair, and replied, they were coming; meanwhile they thought they could not do better than cut off the immediate supplies, and therefore sat down and ate the supper; which, having dispatched, they left the boy with strict injunctions to wait for the other two, and went out to place themselves in ambush. They had not been there long, before the hungry bandits approached, and had forthwith to sustain an unexpected *fusillade*, which they were not slow in returning. In the end, however, they were worsted. Three were killed, three brought in triumph to Salerno, and the seventh, more fortunate, escaped. We are not at all ambitious of the honour of making his acquaintance on the road.

After dinner we went to the Cathedral. I

was much struck with the pillars, and bassi rilievi, evidently the spoils of some pagan temple: we were told afterwards that they had been brought from Pæstum. I hope to-morrow to see the remainder of their brethren on their native soil, as we intend to set off early in the morning. Adieu.

Pæstum, May 13th.

IT rained so heavily, yesterday, that we were confined to the house till evening. I put my sketches in order, and J—— journalised, or poetised, he would not tell me which. Towards sunset, it cleared up, and we took a delightful stroll on the neighbouring hills; the air, cooled and freshened by the storm, exhaled sweets all around. A decent sort of man, who was solacing himself with a draught of wine, invited us to pledge him; and we were tempted to accept his offer, for the pleasure of drinking, for the first time, out of a goat-skin bottle. It smacked of Cervantes and Don Quixote; its appearance also was very taking: the skin was undressed with all its black and white hair on, and a perforated horn served for a neck. I should fancy

it was just such a one that Sancho applied to his lips, when he turned up his eyes, and counted every star in the firmament, before he relinquished it.

This morning we started early, and were indemnified for the confinement of yesterday, by the advantage of the rain having completely laid the dust—We met a great many *caratelle* and carriages coming to Salerno, and we could not help remarking that all the passengers were armed, guns protruding from the windows in every direction. The Pæstum road diverges from the high road to Calabria, at about twelve miles from Salerno. The latter part of the road appeared tediously uniform to us, both on account of the long plains which it traverses, and our own impatience to behold antiquities so venerable. Nevertheless I will confess to you that I made a halt of half an hour, when absolutely in sight of Pæstum! The fact is, we fell in with a shepherd so irresistibly picturesque, that I could not withstand the temptation of adding him to my collection; he wore a blue jacket, and green breeches; over one shoulder

hung the *pecoraio's* true garb, the sheepskin coat, and over that a short and ragged dark brown cloak; his legs were wrapped in yellow cloth, on his feet were bound sandals of cow-skin, and he "crowned the whole" with a light brown peaked hat. He was employed in fashioning a reed, with which to solace the melancholy of his lonely hours, if indeed he found them lonely. I should think he was not often quite alone, if sheep may be considered society; in the present instance he betrayed considerable uneasiness at seeing his woolly companions gradually abstracting themselves from his neighbourhood, and at last suddenly left the *beaux arts* and myself, to rejoin them and his dog.

On arriving at the deserted city, we were seized upon by a ragged scout, who conducted us to a kind of miserable farm, the only *locanda* and indeed almost the only house in Pæstum. The *padrone* is thus enabled to ask whatever he pleases for his wretched accommodation. We were glad to escape from his ugly presence, and depositing our knapsacks in the chamber desti-

ned for our reception, we sallied forth to visit the temples. That of Neptune is by far the most perfect and the most striking, both with respect to proportion and colour; and, as its massive pillars glowed beneath the rays of the sun, then setting in all its glories, I thought I had never seen any thing so beautiful. I drew out my sketch book in an ecstasy—I commenced, when lo! my enthusiasm was nipped in the bud, by the abominable apparition of a snub-nosed official, with a glazed cap and red collar to his coat. In a tone of authority he enquired, whether I had a permission from government to *take the plan*, as he termed it, of the ruins. Alas! no such permission had I ever heard of. I was obliged to confess, with shame and humiliation, that I was not in possession of the necessary document, and was in consequence sternly prohibited from continuing my drawing. We discovered, however that the gentleman's sternness abated marvellously, at the idea of a bribe, and he was eventually too happy to accept three half-pence, for shewing us the principal sites.

It was with great reluctance we quitted these

venerable remains ; nor did the aspect of the supper, consisting of small fish stewed up with vinegar and garlick, promise to console us much ; still, as we were very hungry, the meal passed off gaily enough, in company with two artists, a German and a Neapolitan, who are making some stay here for the purpose of studying the ruins. We condoled with each other on mine host's exorbitant charges, his surliness and bad accommodations, and having now pretty well exhausted our indignation, we are going to court that "gentle sleep:" which being so fond of smoky cribs, will doubtless condescend to patronize this sweet abode.

Castellabate, May 14th.

WE have been this morning employed in studying the route we intend to take. The two artists strongly advised us to turn back and rejoin the high road to Calabria at Ebole: to us, however, the idea of retracing our steps over the long flat we had just seen, was by no means agreeable ; so we have preferred going straight on, in spite of the uncertain footpaths

and *genti desperati*, that they tell us we shall find, and we shall follow “*quo fata ducunt*,” until some opportunity may present itself of penetrating into the interior of the country. In the mean time, you will see by the map, that the road continues but a few miles beyond Pœstum; indeed it seems scarcely used at all, and though broad and well made, is almost entirely overgrown with grass.

After having continued on this road about six miles we turned off by a footpath, which led us over the side of a hill, and thence, descending to the sea shore, brought us, after a five or six miles walk, to a village called Agropoli, standing on a rock overhanging the sea, and commanding a most magnificent view of the vast bay of Salerno. Its inhabitants are of Saracenic origin, and do not enjoy a very good reputation amongst their neighbours. We proceeded thence along a mule path, which, after ascending for some way the high rocks bordering the sea, struck across the country; and a hot mountain walk by it of about eight miles, during which we saw no one save two or three shep-

herds at a distance, with their flocks, brought us again in sight of the sea, and Castellabate, our proposed resting place.

This village is situated on a high hill, and was framed, as its name implies, by the vassals gathering their dwellings round the castle of their seigneur, a potent abbot. There is another village of the same name on the shore below, to which we preferred directing our steps, having had enough climbing for to-day. At two miles distance from it, we fell in with a stout man, seated on a mule and shading his head from the sun with a red umbrella of ample dimensions; his two servants, in the costume of the country, and armed with guns, preceded him. We entered into conversation with him, and soon found out that he was one of the great men of the village: the rencontre was useful to us, as he sent one of his men to procure us a night's lodging at one of the villagers' houses, and here we are, accordingly, snugly domiciled with *Paschal Guercio*, boat master, fisherman, &c, &c. We have a large bed in the room which forms the ground floor of the establishment; in the

same apartment reposes mine host in one corner, his old brother in another, and a couple of travelling tinkers, with "all their trumpery" occupy the third. The great arched door being necessarily open for the admission of light, affords us a view of the sea and the village port, whilst at the same time it allows the curious to form a tolerable guess at what we are about inside; not that their curiosity is satisfied so easily, for we generally have a circle sitting or lounging round us, questioning, examining and wondering. We have already formed the acquaintance of the *Doganiere* at the *acqua vita* shop, and to-morrow we shall know every body in the place. For the present I shall bid you adieu. Mine host's son has left off packing anchovies, and is attentively watching me as I write this, but I am now going to put an end to his amazement and my letter, and follow the example of the old folks and the tinkers, by retiring to rest.

Castellabate, May 15th.

EARLY this morning our friend Guercio informed us, with a radiant air, that Il Signor Barone

Parotti, the Grand Seigneur of the place, hearing of our arrival, had sent to beg the favour of our company. Accordingly at about eight o'clock, we repaired to his residence; one of the old coast forts, with walls twelve feet thick, forms what might be termed the *donjon* or keep of his mansion, and presents a picturesque appearance from without. The good baron awaited us at the door, hat in hand, received us most politely, and conducting us into a delightfully cool apartment, ordered coffee to be served to us. He then did the honours of his château, which contains an immense number of rooms; some of them very well furnished. He even boasts of a collection of pictures, and prints, more or less fine, all which we praised as far as their merits would allow. He made us admire the prospect from the top of the tower, which is really most lovely; overlooking the village with its little bay, its namesake on the hill, the promontory and island of Licosa, and the wide extent of the Mediterranean. Presently the baron's brother and our friend the exciseman arrived, and all three went to transact business

together, leaving us to occupy ourselves an hour with our sketching, and journal writing, in a cool dining room, painted in imitation of an harbour, and whose vaulted ceiling rendered the deception more striking.

At noon, the breakfast, or dinner was served. The baron seated J—— and me in the places of honour, on the right and left of himself. His brother and the exciseman sat at the bottom of the table; three or four serving men toiled about to supply us the delicacies in proper rotation. As it is probable that you may never dine with the Baron Parotti, I shall take the trouble to detail to you the order of the feast, that you may form an idea of the manner of living of these village lords; I can assure you it is by no means contemptible, at least we, not having eaten meat since leaving Salerno, found the fare most luxurious. First then came the soup “in a swingeing tureen” to which, having paid our respects pretty freely, thin slices of *salama*, olives and anchovies were employed to re-sharpen the appetite. The next course was roast fowls and asparagus, after which we all solemnly ate

a piece of butter, kept in a bladder, as lard is in England: then was brought a great deal of *fritta mista*, that is to say, vegetables of various kinds, bread and other trifles all fried together, and then again a dish of solid sea-fish, also fried. Had you seen with what hospitable excess the baron helped us, you would wonder indeed how we could get through, not only all this, but also roast quails and salads, fresh curds, oranges, and excellent figs of the country. The wine of his own vintage, strong and almost black, was a very good accompaniment to the breakfast, and served to promote in no small degree the gaiety of the party.

Our conversation turned a good deal upon England; and we discoursed upon railroads, steam engines, tunnels, and all the wondrous inventions and improvements of the modern age, in a manner which excited the admiration of our hearers. The baron on his part talked of Pitt and Canning, and finished by proposing the health of *King George*. This being, however, rather an antiquated toast, we begged leave to suggest an amendment, and the health of her

Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen Victoria, was accordingly, as the newspapers would say, "most rapturously drank," for the first time, I presume in Castellabate. We concluded our breakfast with coffee, and having received a present from the baron of some coins from Poestum, and begged his acceptance in return of a sketch of his favourite little neice, we took our leave, highly pleased with our visit, and with our excellent host. He carries the spirit of hospitality to such a height that he has his own portrait and that of his wife painted full-length, upon the wall at the foot of the staircase, where he figures in a blue coat with brass buttons, in the act of inviting the spectator to ascend. The last time he had the pleasure of exercising this virtue towards travellers was, he said, *lately*, when two sons of the French Ambassador at Naples, M. de la Tour-Maubourg, passed this way; since then he had seen no foreigners, and judging from this account I should think they are not very frequent occurrences here, since the "*lately*" turned out to be three years ago. The Doganiere insisted upon taking us home with

him, and giving us coffee a second time. We had there a good opportunity of seeing the ins and outs of the shore we intend to follow, by examining the map drawn up by the Neapolitan government for the use of the coast-guard.

This afternoon I have been sketching, to the great amusement of the loungers, and we have received a warm invitation from the corporal, stationed at Castellabate on the hill, to ascend and take pot luck with him at the Corpo di Guardia. I am afraid we shall not be able to accept it, as we shall most probably continue our route to-morrow morning.

It appears that we are to pass a village called Cameroda, where our old host, Paschal's wife, by some strange division of matrimonial interests, resides for the present. I have been, in consequence, employed in writing a letter of recommendation of ourselves, from his dictation, in order that we may be enabled to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Guercio. This letter has cost us all some trouble. Old Guercio, with his son and daughter-in-law, sat on a bench opposite, staring first at each other, then at me, not knowing what in

the world to say ; till at last the young wife lost all patience, and rapped her husband's unproductive noddle soundly, so indignant was she at his not finding any message to send to his mother. I have however at length finished the document, and having wished them all good night, now wish you the same.

Pioppi, May 16th.

THIS morning we left Castellabate, after having taken leave of all our friends. The good baron told us not to forget him—"ricordatevi del vostro Parotti!" The Doganiere kindly reiterated his instructions as to the way, and finally we were embraced all round, by those present at this tender parting. As all things come to an end so did our adieux ; and we stepped into our little boat, carrying away a grateful remembrance of the disinterested kindness we had experienced.

Two vigorous fishermen rowed us rapidly from the village and the baron's tower, and we approached the Point of Licosa, which forms the extreme horn of the bay of Salerno. Far out to sea we saw the white sails of the boats

engaged in the anchovy fishery ; we were, by the bye, to have had the luxury of eating fresh anchovies at breakfast yesterday, but unfortunately the boats had not returned in time for this additional gratification. We soon reached the point, which is rather more than a league from Castellabate ; and, passing the little rocky islet of syrenic reputation, now called Licosa, reached land and said farewell to our boatmen. Thence we set out again in true pedestrian style, and arrived, after three miles through vineyards and plantations of figs, at the coast station of Ogliastro ; the path then becomes rocky and fatiguing, running along the pebbly shore, occasionally mounting, to avoid some abrupt promontory. The coast is, or rather was, guarded by towers, placed at short distances from each other—they are now all ruined, and show most picturesquely, often on some rocky eminence, or far-stretching point.

We met scarcely a soul, before arriving at the lone station of Agnone ; nor was the rugged track more frequented that brought us, after six miles of hilly country, to the station and

hamlet of Acciarolo. Here the sergeant seemed surprised to see us travel unaccompanied, and offered us *la scorta*—but we declined his brilliant proposition, thinking a guard of soldiers far too imposing to be consistent with our unpretending appearance and mode of travelling; and arrived safely without their protection, after a fatiguing and stony walk of three miles, at the little collection of houses called Pioppi.

Here we had some difficulty in procuring food and lodging—however, we finally succeeded, and had the pleasure of seeing our supper, consisting of macaroni and a broiled forequarter of kid (an unhopèd for luxury) prepared by the joint exertions of the wine-vender and his son; if we wished, in the meanwhile, to employ the time profitably, he said, he could send some one to accompany us to the chapel, a little way off, where a few supplications addressed to an image of the Madonna Sanctissima, of known efficacy, would not fail to procure us a safe and prosperous journey. Our fatigue, and the already boiling macaroni pleaded as contrary arguments, and we deferred our orisons until the morning.

After supper we were shewn by our landlord to our room. It was in a kind of Palazzo, belonging formerly to some wealthy or noble family now extinct. We passed through a suite of fine apartments before arriving at a once magnificent saloon, now alas! bereft of its splendors; for the mimic defence, the formidable rows of cannon, made of pottery, and placed on the long balcony facing the sea, have proved insufficient to prevent the audacious attacks of corsairs. Eight times has this unfortunate mansion been pillaged owing perhaps to its lonely and unprotected situation, as our host tells us, "*dai ladri di mare.*" The last time, it appears, was just before the taking of Algiers by the French; when, as if they had a presentiment that they should not be able to repeat their visits, those hornets carried off absolutely all, even to the polished door handles and locks. A fatality seems to attach itself to this place, for, a fortnight ago, the host having neglected a moment to lock up the door, had a sack of flour and two shirts stolen by some amateur pillagers

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passing by. I hope no new enterprise to-night may disturb the repose I am now rather in need of. Adieu.

Pesciotto, May 17th.

WE this morning left the Palace, saloons, and earthenware cannon; and having received all the information respecting the path that we could obtain, put ourselves gaily *en route*. Three miles laborious walk, over a stony shore, brought us to a cluster of houses called Casalicchio. Some anchovy fishers have made this place their head quarters during the season, and two or three miles from land, we descried the little fleet engaged in their occupations. We were here rewarded for the fatiguing and rugged tract we had pursued, by a most picturesque and interesting view. To our left was a broad and cultivated plain, the entry of a rich valley opening on the sea, and traversed by a rapid stream; immediately opposite, and placed upon an abrupt eminence, was the ruined fortress of Castello a mare della Bruca; to the right, extended the wide Mediterranean, its blue surface glittering with

the sails of the fishing squadron ; whilst, in the extreme distance, stretching its bold rocks far amidst the waters, we discovered the enormous promontory, Capo di Palinuro, the very name of which awakens so many Virgilian recollections and classical associations.

After having some time admired the prospect, we continued along a sandy beach, until we found our progress arrested by the river I have just mentioned. Bridges being things unknown in this country, and ferry-boats about as little used, no mode of passage remained to us but wading ; and even this ingenious invention, in the present instance, proved a failure ; as we found, upon examination of the depth and rapidity of the current, that we were far more likely to be carried into the sea, than to gain the opposite shore. We, therefore, ascended the valley, in hopes of discovering a ford, and had not proceeded above a mile, before we espied some peasants crossing with their herds. It was just the hour of their setting out to labour : we therefore sat down on the

bank, and producing our breakfast, consisting of bread and cheese, and the remains of the kid, amused ourselves with that and with watching the picturesque groups incessantly passing the stream: some, with their cattle, took their stand on the opposite side under the trees; others soon disappeared from our view; troops of damsels escaped, as speedily as possible, from the scrutiny of our mysterious pencil, and became totally invisible amidst the tall corn, which, ready for the sickle even at this early season, doubtless on account of its peculiarly sheltered situation, furnished them at once a retreat and an occupation.

Our meal and sketches finished, we left this animated scene, which interested us the more, as it contrasted strongly with the solitary nature of our previous track. We then followed the direction we had seen so successfully taken, and descending the opposite side of the river, soon found ourselves again on the sandy sea-shore, which, however, at this time presented no charms, as at every step we sunk ankle deep, and the sun's rays, reflected from its white surface, produced an almost insupportable heat. A large black snake,

which we discovered basking in strong relief, as we should say in artistical terms, upon the glittering sand, seemed nevertheless to experience no inconvenience; he erected his head with a hissing noise, and offered battle at our approach; the combat would have been rather unequal, with our iron shod cudgels, and we therefore left the poor fellow in peaceable enjoyment of his hot berth. Continuing our toilsome way over this burning shore, and passing under the rock and stronghold of Castello a Mare della Bruca, we discovered, round its base, fragments of walls, and other incomprehensible ruins of the ancient city of Velia, but they were so indistinct, that to me, the picturesque old gothic fortress above was far more interesting.

We were so exhausted after another two miles of sand, that we gratefully hailed the shade of some magnificent olive trees, and stretching ourselves on the ground, with our knapsacks for pillows, were soon fast asleep. We awoke, alas! to a continuation of the same woes, and heartily glad we were, (albeit in no climbing mood,) to exchange these unsubstantial

and yielding sands, for the more solid footing of a rock, which, descending bluff into the sea, left no means of continuing, save that of scaling its rugged surface. On the top was a telegraphic station, in which we were hospitably received upon our application for shelter. It was most delightfully cool, and as *comble de bonheur*, we found a jar of water, to which we were made quite welcome. Every man is inquisitive in his own line, and we were therefore obliged to detail all we knew of the English system of telegraphs, to the *employé*, who, looking now and then through the two telescopes, directed northwards and southwards, conversed with us on this admirable invention. His remarks were, however, cut short by an advertisement from the Capo di Palinuro, the next station, to prepare for a series of signals; and accordingly he was hard at work, during a quarter of an hour in varying the posture of his mysterious engine; the whole intelligence would, he said, be received at Naples in half an hour. We took leave of him, after remaining a couple of hours, and pursued the track which traverses these precipi-

tous rocks, he continuing at the door of his station, and making us minor telegraphic signals, when we happened to stray from the proper direction.

As soon as the nature of the coast permitted, we descended to the sea, and arrived at Ascea, and thence four miles more of amiable pebbles brought us to Pesciotto, a large village situated on an eminence half a mile above the sea. Thirty or forty girls were employed in transporting, on their heads, loads of wood, to supply two barks going to take cargoes of it to Naples. They were all pretty and well-shaped, and conveyed their heavy burdens with astonishing dexterity and equilibrium, down the rugged path leading to the sea. This path is shaded by very large olive trees, an immense number of which appear in these environs, and indeed skirt the whole coast. We found a peasant who was willing to allow us to repose in his house; we soon got rid of our knapsacks, and marched forth under his direction, in order to purchase something for dinner; for although upon our enquiries for something to eat, the good woman pointed

significantly to a few rabbits playing innocently about, yet the said animals retired so speedily into a stack of faggots, that one would have thought they understood the hint, and we saw that any meal we might hope for, must depend in a great measure upon our own exertions.

Chemin faisant, we had to call upon the judge, and shew him our passports; the first time since we left Naples that they have been demanded; we found his worship, with one or two other dignitaries, sitting round a pan of charcoal; he was very polite, and having glanced his eye over our papers, recommended us to the observant care of our host, who forthwith carried us to the *bottega*, a sort of omnium gatherum warehouse, generally to be found in all these villages, where we purchased macaroni, cheese, sausages, and wine. Promising ourselves considerable benefit from the discussing of these dainties, and expecting our hostess every moment to make her appearance with the macaroni hissing hot, we are obliged to suspend our correspondence, and turn our attention to the comforting and resting of our inward man. Adieu.

Cameroda, May 18.

THE Curate of Pesciotto, having politely kept the mass waiting some time this morning, in momentary expectation of seeing us at the church, lost patience at last, and sent to know if we intended coming or not. We had just got our knapsacks on our backs, and our sticks in hand, we therefore sent to thank the priest for his complaisance, and informed him that being on the point of departure, and having a long day's work before us, we could not have the honour of attending. The girls that we had seen last night so busy with their loads, were now repairing very demurely to mass, at the tinkling of a small bell; and having gossiped a minute or two with the priest, on the church terrace, which overlooked the village and commanded a beautiful view of the sea and the olive clad hills, they went in to their devotions, and we, descending the rugged footpath, continued our journey.

We soon left the beach, and pursued our way on the side of the mountains, where an opening between the thick olive groves now and then

allowed us to catch a glimpse of the sea, whilst its monotonous dashing was softened by distance into a placid murmur. We made our first halt by the side of a clear brook, and opening our wallets produced the remnants of yesterday's feast. We were soon so busily engaged with them that we scarcely heard the approach of a consequential looking personage on a mule, accompanied by two or three muleteers or servants; and we were only roused from the contemplation of onions and *salama* by the question which is invariably put by every body we meet in these untravelled parts "*Dove andate?*" This question is no sooner answered than it is followed by another, "*D' ónde siete?*" and this again answered, seems to satisfy entirely their curiosity. It would be a "curious calculation" as our friend the mathematician used to say, why they invariably ask where we are going, before they enquire whence we come, and not vice versa, which would appear far more natural. Our friend, whom I have set down as a district lawyer, or some such functionary, from the circumstance of his having quoted

Virgil to us, apropos of Capo di Palinuro rising majestically before our eyes, invited us very courteously to mount, one behind him, and the other behind his muleteer, and so continue the journey together. The path, however, was not one in which carrying double could afford the mules any additional satisfaction, besides which, the *salama* had still charms for us, we therefore thanked him, and wished him *buon viaggio*.

The walk is extremely pleasing in this part, and we enjoyed it the more as we had neither to contend with the sharp pebbles of the beach, nor to endure the heat and glare of the dazzling and burning sands. We proceeded under the shade of magnificent olive trees, now losing our path, now finding it again, until, after eight miles, we arrived at the jutting headland that we had seen so long before us. The Capo di Palinuro is a rocky promontory extending about two miles into the sea; the ruins of some ancient fortress adorn its barren summit, whilst a few humble fishing huts find shelter at its base, in the little bay it forms with the mainland. We were here somewhat embarrassed as to the

direction we should pursue: fortunately, after scaling the shoulder of the high coast, we discovered some houses, where we gained the desired information; and turning our backs to the sea, after an hour's walking, we descended from the heights, into a broad valley traversed by a stream, on whose banks we had the pleasure of losing our way *de novo*, just as three Capucin monks descended from a solitary monastery, which we descried perched far above in the mountains, and approached to ford the brook. I could not help thinking of Robin Hood and friar Tuck, as one of the three, holding up his brown gown above his knees, carried the other two across, not without great merriment, and apparent aversion for his load when in the middle. From these jovial brethren we learned that we had to pass the stream lower down, and after traversing the valley in all its breadth, and crossing another more formidable river, ascend a ridge of mountains of most imposing elevation, where they pointed out to us, with great accuracy, a mass of grey rock, by which we should pass, and whence we should see Came-

roda. We thanked them for their directions, and they in return wished us a *felice viaggio*, at the same time expressing their astonishment that we should think of travelling unescorted in such a country.

We passed the stream, and pursued our way, across the flat vineyards, which here must yield rich produce. A few miles brought us to the second river that had been mentioned to us, bordered on one side with vineyards, and on the other with pasturage and olive trees: under the shade of one of the most reverend of them we lay down to rest—our slumber was soon broken by loud cries on the opposite side of the water, and, on looking up, we perceived a peasant brandishing a great stick, with every demonstration of rage. We discovered, however, that his indignation was not directed against us, but against some herdsmen on our side, who had allowed a cow to stray into his vineyard. The affair was speedily rectified, but, being thoroughly awakened by the noise of the dispute, we got up to continue our way, and, having forded the stream, commenced the toilsome ascent. We

saw no one, save a single peasant, who was armed with an axe, and walked behind us some way. We soon left him, however, and scaled one heathy rock after another, until I thought we should never arrive at the summit. A few deserted, half-fortified farm houses shewed their melancholy towers here and there; the whole region wore a forlorn aspect, and we were not sorry when, from the crowning ridge, we discovered the sea on the right, and, though yet far from us, on the mountains to the left, our resting place, the village of Cameroda. It was here, you may recollect, I told you we were to find Teresa, the wife of our old host at Castellabate. The fates ordained it otherwise.

Cameroda, placed on the summit of a detached and rocky eminence, tantalizes the weary traveller, who finds unceasingly a new ravine to descend, a new height to scale; at last, however, we did arrive there, and a most wretched place we found it—no one could tell us any thing of Teresa Guercio, until an old priest of whom we enquired, as they generally know every thing and every body in their parishes,

informed us, that she did not live here, but at another Cameroda four miles off, on the sea shore. The evening was too far advanced, and we were too tired to think of seeking other quarters for the night; we were therefore going to apply for hospitality at a Capucin convent, which graces the entry of the village, when we fortunately learned that there was a *bottega* whose proprietor would probably lodge us. We found him an excellent fellow, and he provided us a most acceptable supper; moreover, we are quite fashionables here, as we actually have had a *valet de place* to attend us. He is a Venetian, and melancholy is stamped on his features. To our enquiries as to what strange chance could fix him in such an out of the way quarter of the world, he replied by a short summary of his misfortunes; he had left Venice to serve in the armies of France; the corps to which he belonged was sent to occupy the towns and villages of this district, and his lot having sent him here, he fell in love with a fair Camerodan, and married her. His regiment was soon ordered back, and his wife followed

him to Rome, where shortly after the corps was disbanded, and he thrown out of employment. His wife, then ill, was seized with the *mal du pays*, and prevailed upon him to return with their little daughter to Cameroda, where she died shortly after, and was soon followed by the little girl; thus the poor Venetian was left alone, friendless and penniless, without the means of transporting himself to any scene where his industry might be available. He managed, however, to keep himself from starving, he said, by waiting on the *brigadiere di gendarmerie*, stationed in the district—small indeed must be the pittance a Neapolitan sergeant can spare his servant!

San Giovanni, May 19th.

THIS morning we left Cameroda on the hill, in order to descend to Cameroda on the sea shore, full of hopes as to the reception we were to meet with from Mrs. Guercio, for the old man had given us a flaming description of his wife, and the *bel palazzo* in which she lived. Some admirable groups of sheepskin-clad peasantry tempted my pencil, and I posted myself in ambush to

sketch them as they wound up the tortuous and rocky paths. On approaching the sea shore, we discovered a fine old castellated mansion, which we took for granted was the dwelling of Teresa. A goatherd, under the walls, however, informed us that this was the palace of the Marquis of Cameroda, and an inspection of the little fishing hamlet below soon put to flight our visions of magnificence. Teresa's *one* room was hot and smoky, encumbered with three great boys and a squalling child. The gossips assembled at the door; to know what we could possibly want; and it required all Teresa's indignant energy to keep them out, whilst I, who had written the letter myself, had also the honour of reading it to her. We were heartily glad that we had not come here last night, and having paid for our breakfast of fried fish and bacon, left Mrs. Guercio's "*bel palazzo*," not without moralizing on the extravagance of human expectations.

We were not the more pleased at having to retrace a great part of our way; indeed this long *détour* brought us so far into the day, that we

were unable to go to Policastro, as we originally intended. The road, a mere mountain track, is not easily distinguished from the different sheep-paths and cross-cuts, and we were indebted to the complaisance of an old man for bringing us back from the wrong way we were innocently pursuing, and putting us in the right path, requesting in return for his civility, only a *grano* for snuff. In this instance, at any rate, the question *dove andate?* was not useless to us. The old man lamented the state of affairs at this season, "we are actually dying," he said, "*mori-amo du fame.*" We condoled with him on the enormous price of flour, and left him to borrow a momentary consolation in the enjoyment of his favorite, perhaps only luxury, a pinch of snuff.

After ascending hill after hill, and traversing many woods, we arrived at the dirty village of San Giovanni. There are always the same general features in these mountain villages; built on some bluff rock, whose unequal surface forms a ready-made pavement; their streets are narrow, and their houses black with filth; the *bottega* is our only consolation, and that has its

disadvantages; for being the ordinary rendezvous of the gossips and the idle, who have, or have not a *grano* to spend in wine, you may imagine how instantaneously it was filled with curious folks of all descriptions, on the arrival of two such unheard of animals as English pedestrians. We have just now shewn our passports to a deputation of twelve persons in authority, with many assistants and amateurs in their suite. You will be perhaps surprised when I tell you that it is very cold here; the fact is, that we are at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and exposed to the bleak winds of a mountainous region.

Our couch is prepared, and the fowls that share our apartment are gone up a ladder to bed; setting us an example of early hours which we shall not be slow in imitating; so good night.

Sapri, May 20th.

It was so cold last night, that it almost prevented us from sleeping; nor was the soundness of our slumbers promoted by the noise of the fowls, or of the house lamb, with his collar of bells, who had escaped observation before we

extinguished our lamp, and kept fidgeting about in the dark to our great astonishment, reminding us of the merry devil of Woodstock; or lastly by the perambulations of the good people of the house, who frequently traversed our room in coming to and from their own.

We were glad to get away from San Giovanni, and to find ourselves on a pretty path, threading our way through the intricacies of a superb oak forest. An hour and a half's walk brought us again to the sea-shore, and a few miles farther we found our progress arrested by the sudden apparition of a river, whose eddying surface forbade us the attempt of fording. We called to some fishermen, who with their breeches tucked up on their thighs, were trying to entrap the finny tribe in large landing nets; they told us that there was no ferry, but that we should, by remounting the stream, find a fordable place. We followed their advice, and imitating their costume also, crossed the rapid current; not, however, without getting much wetter than we had intended. Half an hour more gave us time to dry, and brought us to

Policastro, situated on the bay of the same name; its ancient walls and towers spoke of by-gone times; at present it is nothing but a bishopric, and we were rather disappointed with its appearance; we therefore continued our way, and, after having sketched an unsuspecting pair of damsels, with green cloths edged with yellow by way of head-dress, made our halt by a brook, for the double purpose of reposing and breakfasting.

The women here begin again to wear a rather picturesque costume—their tight boddices are laced in front, their heavy blue dresses, too long for the activity of household enjoyment, are generally tightened, or looped up with a crimson cord, the ends of which, adorned with tassels, hang down on one side—The skirts, thus shortened, expose to view the legs, adorned with scarlet stockings, if such they may be called, reaching only to the ankles, and leaving the feet bare—a custom equally picturesque and economical, as both shoes and stockings undergo great wear and tear in these stony parts. We saw some good specimens at the next village we

came to ; we saw there also a sort of fortified chateau of the sixteenth century : the path ran through its courtyard, and gave us an opportunity of observing the interior arrangements. The whole façade was adorned with didactic sentences, in old Italian, some moral, some hospitable, and some laudatory of the noble owners ; most of them misplaced at present, for the proud chateau has now become the dwelling place of divers very humble families, whose pitiful *ménages* are seen through the carved windows, forming a striking contrast with the grand external appearance of the mansion : a strong wall, pierced with loop holes, and strengthened with watch towers, whose wary arrow-holes, turned in every direction, command the access by land or water, guards its front, facing the sea, and proves the caution which the inhabitants of these coasts were formerly obliged to observe against the frequent attacks of corsairs.

I can neither recollect the name of this village, nor of the next we came to, where I made a vain attempt to sketch a woman, in brilliant

costume, sitting at the door of her house. On my requesting her permission to do so, she replied, that no such things were ever done there ; and I dare say she thought there was something very mysterious and sinister in my intentions. I know that, in some of these parts, they have an idea that death soon reaches a person who has his portrait taken ; but still it is very provoking to lose an interesting sketch for such absurd superstitions. I consoled myself by getting as good a one as I could *à la derobée*.

A few miles more brought us to the pretty little harbour of Sapri, in which, to our great astonishment, we saw a very neat brig riding at anchor ; a thing so civilised we had not beheld since leaving Naples. We afterwards learned that it was loading with wood for Marseilles. The view here was very charming ; we stood on a little point of land, having to our left extensive ruins, of what we could not tell ; immediately before us was the pretty miniature bay of Sapri, the tall, motionless brig, the village itself, and its scattered houses, whilst an imposing range of mountains, running far out

to sea, and forming the southern horn of the gulf of Policastro, completed the landscape.

The village, which we soon entered, differs from the general character of towns and villages we have seen hitherto; being built rather in the English manner, and consisting of cottages irregularly spread over a little green plain, between the foot of the mountains and the sea. After a few applications, at different doors, we found one woman who had a spare bed at our service, and we forthwith took possession of it, and broached the important subject of dinner. The eternal macaroni was prepared, and a bargain was struck with a man outside the door that had just slain a kid, and was unceremoniously dismembering it, with a hatchet; a part of its unfortunate little ribs was appropriated to our use, and we dined in consequence somewhat better than usual.

After the repast, we walked over the village green to church; the women, with their green and brown head-dresses, knelt on the pavement near the altar, and filled about half the church, whilst the men occupied the other part. We took our place amongst the latter, and heard

some tolerable chanting; after which, on the priests exposing the host to their view, all the congregation beat their breasts, and groaned in a very penitent manner. We returned home after the service, and had soon to receive the visits of three priests, the Padrone of something or other, and the commandant, who were all presented to us in form, besides a suite of many others.

“ unknown to fame”

I shewed my drawings, and we were in fact as amiable as possible, and, dismissed our visitors, well pleased with their reception.

I have been interrupted in my writing by a fresh visit from two more priests, and three village bucks, one of whom kindly offers himself as a specimen of the Sapri costume, not unworthy, as he was pleased to say, of my pencil; unfortunately his dress consists of a blue jacket and trowsers, with boots and a glazed cap. I tell him he is far too splendid, and he is now gone to try and persuade his sister, who, says he, rather contemptuously, dresses “ *alla villana*” to

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come and sit to me. I doubt very much of his success; however, I shall hold myself in readiness, and as I have nothing more to tell you, shall say adieu for the present.

Lauria, May 21st.

HERE we are, arrived at Lauria, on the Calabrian high-road. We thought that we could not do better than leave the coast at Sapri, where there is only a day's journey to the high-road, and thus vary the scene by observing the interior of the country. Accordingly, we have been busily employed, all day, in alternately losing and finding our way over the lofty ridge of mountains, sometimes wooded, sometimes barren, which we have been obliged to scale; enjoying now and then, though less frequently as we penetrated further inwards, the distant view of the bay of Policastro, and the little port of Sapri, dwindled afar off into a tiny indentation. Few sounds have greeted our ears save the detestable bag-pipes of the shepherds; they are certainly sounds "*by distance made more sweet,*" but in the solitude of these mountains, their wild and untaught notes seem so much in accordance

with the scene, that I, at last, could fancy I listened to them with pleasure. From the summit of the hilly chain we had the consolation of beholding Lauria, our place of destination, twelve good miles off: a succession of deep valleys, besprinkled here and there with villages, and watered by more than one dashing torrent, separated us from it. The immediate approach is most picturesque. One view in particular struck me as very beautiful; Lauria Superiore appeared before us, on the summit of a rock, from whose side a torrent, dashing headlong down, formed a cascade, within a dozen yards of us; a little rustic bridge crossed the stream and peasants were returning over it to Lauria Inferior, at the foot of the same rock. The great chain of mountains that descends to the very extremity of Calabria, formed a bold and distant background. We were driven from the contemplation of this scene by a storm which, suddenly bursting over our heads, warned us to seek our quarters in the town; a vain search however, it proved, as the *Osteria* was neither in Upper or Lower Lauria, but a couple of miles

further on, and situated on the *Strada Nuova* or high-road, of which we had as yet seen no symptoms ; our path, to-day, having been quite as execrable as usual. We were delighted to perceive, at last, the post-house, and promised ourselves the enjoyment of all the luxuries of a well-supplied high-road inn. Our illusions were however soon put to flight, on the fat and cross old hostess' obstinately refusing to let us have a bed each ; a thing we had been looking forward to, with much pleasure ; accompanying her denial with the humiliating argument—
“ and if some travellers come posting, am I to have all the beds occupied by such folks as you ? ”
This is the first time that our method of travelling has at all diminished the respect or hospitality of our reception. As it is, we have been obliged to accept such accommodation as the fat lady chooses to offer. Our moderate repast has been dispatched in much less time than it took in preparing ; and having stood some time on the wooden balcony behind the house, musing on the “ vanity of human wishes,” watching the varied lights and shades thrown over the exten-

sive landscape, by the dark stormy masses now broken up and dispersed, by the last efforts of the setting sun, and trying retrace with the eye our irregular path to where the high range, we toiled over this morning, bounds the view, having in short stood there until,

“ Night’s dewy fingers drew
The gradual dusky veil,”

I am come in, to give you the accustomed diary of our wanderings. At this moment I hear the numerous family of mine hostess chanting with drowsy voice, as they sit round the fire after supper, their monotonous Ave Marias, and evening prayers. I am now going to retire and follow their example; although my orisons for us all will be in a far more concise form. Adieu.

Osteria della Rotonda, May 22.

OUR account this morning, having no extra civility to pay for, was reasonable enough. Five carlini (one shilling and tenpence) paid for our dinners and bed, and one more sufficed for the stock of bread, cheese, and wine we carried off, in order to be armed against all mischances.

It was no small comfort to us to find a good road again under our feet; nor is the Strada Nuova, Strada Reggia, or Strada Consolare, for by all these names it is denominated, likely to be soon out of repair, by the wear and tear of coach wheels, since a carriage of any kind is a rare occurrence here. You might be surprised at my telling you that we actually found it very cold on setting out, were I not to inform you that we are in a very elevated and mountainous region; the scenery is not unlike that part of the Appenines we were so pleased with, on coming from Bologna to Florence: the same barren hills, the same wild valleys, and the same solitary character. Eight miles from Lauria we came to Castelluccio; perched in melancholy grandeur, on a rock to the left of the road. We did not stay there long, but continuing six miles farther, fell in with a party reposing on the grass beside the road. They invited us to join them at their meal, and we readily accepted the proffered *biscotta* and cheese, and paid our respects, more than once, to their travelling barrels of Calabrian wine. Having informed

them who we were, and what we were going to do, having likewise sketched the medley group, we learned that they had been into Calabria, to visit some *fabbrica* or other, they were endeavouring to establish there, and were now returning into their own country. They soon rose, to catch and reload their animals, and pursue their journey; and having taken a kind leave of us, they set out afresh. The master of the expedition, and his friend the priest, booted, spurred and armed, *à la church militant*, travelled on horse-back, with their guns in convenient reach; their servitors in peaked hats and twisted sandals, footing it with guns over their shoulders, formed the infantry, the *gros de l'armée*, whilst sundry baggage mules and asses, with their conductors, brought up the rear. We watched them as they wound slowly up the steep we had just descended, and then, re-assuming our knapsacks, proceeded to ford a rapid stream that traversed the road. Our way beyond lay through a mountain defile, two miles in length, and always ascending, until we came to La

Rotanda, a dirty village, where we are lodged in a private house.

This is the frontier of Calabria, and consequently the last place in the Province of the Basilicate. Our hostess tells us that to-morrow we shall not be able to comprehend the language, so bad is the Calabrian dialect. “*Non parlano Italiano come noi*” says she, with much self complacency; although certainly her own Italian is not exactly the purest Tuscan. It is better after all to expect the worst, and she has prepared us for every thing by telling us that we shall find “*brutta lingua e brutta gente.*”

Castro Villari, May 23.

WE were very late this morning. I know not why or wherefore; however, we set out, armed with our bread and wine, and a mass of salted curd; a delicacy I should recommend to no one who can get anything else. We have at last entered Calabria in good earnest, and hitherto the prospect has been wild and sometimes grand. Two peasant girls, some way before us, gave us a specimen of the proficiency of the musical world in these parts. They begin' their chants

at the top of their voice, proceeding with gradually falling notes, until one lengthened strain finishes the stanza. The girls kept their parts, one taking a third below the other, very well; they soon turned off the road, and we lost sight of them amidst the olive plantation they had entered, although their dying cadences still echoed long upon our ears.

The country hereabouts is partly cultivated and partly pasturage; but the aloes, the palms, the orange and the lemon trees have entirely disappeared; the climate being far too cold for such productions. A long, long ascent brought us, at last, to an eminence crowned with a ruined watch tower and chapel, and commanding a lovely view; behind us was the irregular country we had left, and which now looked like one immense valley: we descried La Rotanda, Castelluccio, and other little rocky villages, perched here and there; woods varied every slope, and water every hollow; whilst chains of mountains, rising one above the other, shut in the whole: before us the view was far less interesting—a dreary flat, surrounded on every side by tower-

ing heights, was to be traversed before we could gain the opposite ascent, and see, what one is always so impatient to do in travelling, the other side. This vale or flat is called Campo Danese, or, as I at first understood, Campo di Neve; and in winter it is, no doubt, as the latter name would denote, well supplied with snow, both on account of its great elevation, and its peculiar position. Tall columns are placed at short distances, all along the road, and serve in winter to mark out its direction, when the snow is deep; and about half-way a solitary station of soldiers graces the scene, not misplaced in such a lonely and otherwise unprotected spot. We met not a soul except a monk, who questioned us as to our direction and intentions; we could not help laughing as he said with an air of commiseration “*Ah! Poveretti! perchè girate così!*”

We made a halt at the other end of the Campo, previous to undertaking the ascent; and perceived, at some distance behind us, three young men, who, to our great surprise, appeared travellers like ourselves; their blouses and knapsacks were so utterly un-Calabrian that

we immediately set them down as either English, French or Germans—they soon came up to us, and, there being no master of the ceremonies present, you may imagine that our introduction to each other was spontaneous. They were all Frenchmen, and bound in the same direction as ourselves, consequently we proceeded altogether; taking for our motto the very old proverb “the more the merrier.”

We scaled the heights that form the southern barrier of the Campo Danese, and passing through a fresh defile of mountains, sparkling here and there with yet unmelted snows, we came in sight of Maroniano, a rather large town for these parts; placed as usual on the rocky eminence which has furnished materials for the construction of all its buildings; so that the colour being exactly the same, and the architectural forms not very striking, it is rather difficult, at a distance, to determine whether you behold a town or a bare rock. We descended continually until we arrived at Maroniano; and thence a flatter road conducting us more and more out of the mountain region, brought us at

last to Castro Villari, where we have actually had the good fortune to find five beds.

I occupied myself, whilst supper was tediously preparing, with sketching some of the picturesque costumes which abound here. Figure to yourself a woman with a scarlet cloth, by way of head-dress, a stiff green gold-laced corset, and short sleeves of the same colour, which reaching only from the wrist to the elbow, are attached with red ribbons to the shoulder-straps; a heavy blue dress, turned up behind, discovers a yellow lining and gay border, and allows a scarlet petticoat to shine forth in all its glory—a long blue apron, and crimson footless stockings complete the attire. These colours are of course varied *ad infinitum*, and the degrees of cleanliness displayed are also widely different.

Some *Galant' uomini* lounging in the street, and seeing strangers arrived, sent to inform us, that they proposed paying us a visit, which they accordingly did; although seeing that we were tired, and, as yet, supperless, it was not exactly the right moment. Lest you should not understand the term *Galant' uomo*, I must inform

you that it is here used to designate that class of men who are not absolutely obliged to work for a living; but having, perhaps, a *carlino* a day, of independent property are enabled to exist in idleness, to lord it about the village, and to be, in fact, *Galant' uomini*.

Our repast was at last ready, and we all supped together very gaily. My friends are already giving audible tokens of their sound repose, and I am now going myself to prove the good qualities of the fifth bed.—Good-night.

Tarsia, May 24.

AFTER having settled our account with our host, this morning, that is to say, having diminished it, as usual, about one third, we set off to continue our route. The groups of figures of all descriptions were most picturesque, and we had a capital opportunity of seeing them collected together, as mass had just been performed, and every body was coming from church to the market. The Calabrians have a peculiarly sombre look, go wrapped in dark brown or black cloaks, and wear hats of ultra sugar-

loaf form ; the women, on the contrary, display the gayest possible colours, and their coarse stuffs take admirable folds.

From Castro Villari we took a by-road that spared us some miles ; and after having made a halt in the shade at a ford, in order to sketch some of the passing groups, we soon regained the Strada Nuova. We now saw, for the first time, the sea upon our left, and had a grand dispute as to its identity ; for the distance at which we descried it, rendered it at first rather dubious. The peasants we met gave us but little information : “ it was,” they said, “ *il mare*” and that was all they could tell us. Fortunately our maps told us rather more, and we judged it to be the gulf of Tarento. Half a dozen miles brought us to another brook, at the foot of a long ascent, where numbers of dove-coloured cattle, standing in the water, gave quite a pastoral air to the scene. This very spot, we learnt, had, about a month ago, been witness to the tragical end of an unfortunate solitary traveller, an artist, who, having chosen the green banks of this stream to indulge in a moment’s repose,

was discovered asleep by some villains, and treacherously robbed and murdered. Had we known it at the moment, we should have looked on the scene with far other sentiments; the thought that the poor fellow's friends may never hear what has become of him, seems to render his fate still more melancholy. We could not learn his name or country, and it is not likely that any intelligence respecting him will ever transpire in this unfrequented region.

Panting with heat, we proceeded up the long hill, and having at last gained the heights, the village of Spezzano, which we had been looking for rather anxiously, appeared, and we at once proceeded to the *osteria*, in order to restore our exhausted strength. The place was in an instant full of grim looking fellows, attracted by our foreign appearance, who scarcely left us room to turn. We got seated, however, and, thanks to the culinary skill of one of our French companions, the Count de W——, soon had a dish of eggs *sur le plat* before us, to which we added some slices of fried bacon, in the English fashion, and began to feel very comfortable at

the result of our united exertions. The villagers, tired of looking on, commenced amongst themselves a kind of game on their fingers, resembling the Roman *Morra*, and the winner having collected the miserable *grani* of his less fortunate companions, had a large jug of wine presented to him, which he emptied at one remorseless draught. Their dialect seemed to us very peculiar, and we soon learnt that they were of Albanian origin, and consequently still preserve the Greek language. Many villages are to be found in Calabria, inhabited entirely by these *Albanesi*, and, at one called Santa Sophia, after the name of their patroness, scarcely a man can speak Italian. One of these men undertook to let us hear a specimen of their language and translating his speech we found it to be a demand for wine. We were obliged to drink with him, and we all soon became very merry; so, leaving our knapsacks with mine host, we sallied out to join in the gaities of the village, it chancing to be a *fiesta*. Whilst J— and our Frenchmen were observing a caravan that had just arrived, consisting of strings of

loaded mules, with their muleteers seated aloft on the packages, each holding his long gun, and putting one in mind of bedouins and eastern merchants, I had the address to insinuate myself into the good graces of a certain *padrona*, who took me, on condition of my coming alone, into her house, where the sounds of the tambourine announced the lively *tarantella*. I darted up stairs, and found myself in the midst of a motley group of men and women, in all the enthusiasm and *laissez aller* of the dance. The costume of the women is striking. Their hair is braided, and forms a knot behind *à l'antique*; the *camiscia* is large in the sleeves, and very open on the bosom. The dress, red, and all of one piece, is supported by two worked shoulder straps, and a gold laced green jacket, worn or not, *à volonté* completes the equipment. The graceful movements of the *Tarantella*, the picturesque garbs, the singularity of the whole scene, made me produce my sketch book instantly, and placed in a corner, I was soon hard at work. An uproar at the door disturbed my operations, and, to my great surprise, I saw the black beard

and mustachios of F—— demanding admittance. He was followed by De W—— and J——, and being hospitably received, and as the French say *bien montés*, we were presently, all of us, actively employed in the mysterious mazes of the *Tarantella*. As to P——, neither the sounds of the tambourine, nor our own entreaties and reproaches from the balcony, could persuade him to come up to us, although his gay disposition would have made him quite at home in such a scene. He was standing in the middle of the road, holding forth to a group of muleteers and villagers, upon the glories of Paris, and the feats of Napoleon, and was doubtless too much flattered by the marked attention of his audience, to think of leaving off in the finest part of his peroration.

We continued the dance, heedless of the distance we had marched, and of that which still remained to march, until the advancing day warned us to depart. The tambourine ceased, and taking a tender farewell of our fair partners, Angiola, Carolina and Maria Rosa, and thanking our hostess for her kind reception, we

descended, and were obliged to interrupt our companion P—— just as his speech had reached its highest pitch of sublimity. We resumed our knapsacks at the *Osteria*, and quitting Spezzano and the Albanians, proceeded on our high way, in high spirits. Eight miles brought us here, to Tarsia. We have been exploring the village, which swarms with men dressed as I have already described, and looking like a real assemblage of brigands. The *Osteria*, where we are to lodge, afforded, just now, a scene quite à la *Teniers*. In the window to the left, two men, performing a duet with their wire-strung mandolines, amused a whole group, seated on the stone hearth round the fire, prepared for the evening meal: whilst, at the further end of the room, in the recesses of the other window, three or four men eating and drinking made a secondary group; on the floor, to the right, details of old peaked mule saddles, axes, and broken benches were dimly discovered, and formed a fore-ground animated by the pigs and fowls ceaselessly perambulating the apartment. The pigs we have had great difficulty in ejecting

from our dormitory, where a quantity of newly cut fodder tempts them to make continual irruptions. One bed is to suffice for five of us, being all the place affords; and we have been obliged to feign undressing, in order to get rid of the dirty, and half-drunk fellows, who sit in our room, and pay us most unconscionable visits. You would have laughed to see one of them just now, with whom P—— made acquaintance in the village. P—— was revising his sketches, and his rustic friend sat with his arm round his neck, looking at him with maudlin affection, and regaling him at the same time with the amiable odours of wine and garlick.

I am now going to take my place on the bed, which will hold three of us, thanks to its truly Italian dimensions. The other two are already in sweet repose upon the floor. Adieu.

Cosenza, May 25th.

HERE we are, in the capital of *Calabria Citeriore*, and not sorry to find ourselves in a town which presents some small appearance of civilisation. Last night, at Tarsia, we had rather a strange adventure. As it was very

late before we went to bed, we did not undress, but, throwing ourselves on the mattress, tried to get to sleep as soon as possible. About two o'clock the little lamp we had left burning went out most ominously, and soon after we he heard a disturbance beginning in the house. We lay still, however, until some one opened the door, came in without a light, and finding us all quiet and apparently asleep, went out again. Presently the fracas became louder, and approached our door, which was suddenly burst open, and our withered hostess, having reconnoitred us with a lantern, hid the light outside the door, and led in two men armed with axes; who advanced noiselessly, being without their shoes, and immediately took possession of our iron-pointed cudgels, that were leaning very peaceably against the wall. Being now fully awake, and seeing the affair take rather a suspicious appearance, we sprung up, somewhat to their surprise, as it should seem, and whilst, J—— secured what was of most consequence, in such a moment, our ducats and our solitary pistol, I demanded, “*che c'è?*”

The men, who seemed much excited, answered nothing, but stalked grimly up and down the room, grasping their axes, and beating their naked feet against the floor: the old woman darted in at this crisis, with the lantern, and commenced a rapid story in her Calabrian jargon, about some men coming to the house to get something, and making a great noise; which of course, we were left to believe or not, as we pleased; so we demanded fresh oil for the lamp, and told her to take away her axe-bearers for the present. The oil being brought, the men gone, and two or three strange looking heads, that had been watching the affair through a hole in the ceiling, withdrawn, our old hostess herself retired, begging us repeatedly to go to sleep. We took the precaution, however, of barricading the door; the Frenchmen primed their pistol, we put ours within reach, and began again to court Morpheus with

“ What appetite we might.”

We were up at day break, and having paid our old woman for the night's entertainment, were on our way betimes. The road is mono-

tonous in this part, and we were glad to espy a brook on the banks of which we might repose in the shade, and slake our thirst. Some muleteers, attracted by the *agrémens* of the same spot, dismounted, and, turning their beasts to graze, began to discuss their breakfast. You cannot conceive anything more picturesque than these little caravans. There is something truly romantic in the stern look, peaked, brimless hat, and high saddle of the master muleteer, as he suspiciously handles his long gun, at the appearance of any new or doubtful characters on the road.

Sixteen miles of hot and dusty way brought us to a solitary post-house, where we made our mid-day halt. Not anything was to be had to eat but eggs; not even bread, as there was none in the house, and it was many miles to the next habitation. It was small comfort to us to see the woman engaged in sifting the flour, and we began to despair of a meal, when a *gen d' arme* stationed there generously yielded us his loaf, saying he could very well wait till another was made.

During our repast, a coach, a most extraor-

dinary occurrence in these parts, came toiling on, with its four horses abreast, and halted at the post-house: upon the passengers descending, we observed every one of them was armed. One little fellow, of twelve years old, vapoured about with his fowling-piece, and questioned us all as to our birth, parentage and occupations, with the utmost pomposity. After having performed our *siesta* in the stable, we set out again, and soon came in sight of Cosenza, far far off, placed at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, at the extremity of a long valley, and “labour dire it was and weary woe” to get to it. I hate seeing my object so far before me, and infinitely prefer a winding road, where, although my expectations may be disappointed at every turn, hope still beguiles me with the idea of sudden arrival.

Near Cosenza we saw, for the first time, that curious vehicle called a *lettiga*, which is something like an immense sedan chair carried by two mules. The leader was a handsome grey fellow, ornamented with numberless bells and red tassels. Inside, two priests were enjoying the jogging swing peculiar to the *lettiga*, whilst

a mounted muleteer rode in front, in the out-rider fashion ; I never saw a more characteristic conveyance.

The entrance to Cosenza, by a kind of public walk, is pleasing, but the interior of the town is dirty and ill-built. The inn, however, is in a gay situation ; commanding a view of the principal street, the ass-market, the river Vassento, the bed of which formed the grave of Alaric, king of the Goths, and the bridge over it. This said bridge was, a few hours ago, the scene of a fatal quarrel between a barber and another man who, thinking less of defending themselves than of assaulting their antagonist, drew their knives, and stabbed each other at the same moment. The barber, however, who was the least wounded, had sufficient strength to dispatch his enemy with thirteen stabs. It might seem that the ferocious spirit which instigated the Goths to murder all who had been concerned in forming, by turning the river from its source, the grave of their valiant monarch, with all his portable wealth, still ani-

mated the banks of this now insignificant stream, for occurrences of this kind are too frequent in Cosenza to excite any sensation; and our host merely mentioned it to us as one of the passing event of the day; to be gossiped about for a time, and then forgotten like the rest. The Calabrians of this province have a very bad reputation, and it is no small proof of the correctness of the imputation, that Cosenza, with a population of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, has, at this time, thirteen hundred robbers and murderers in its prisons.

We obtained supper with some difficulty, from our lazy host, and then lounged about the town, until our legs, reminding us that we had walked thirty miles already, seemed to demand their just repose, accordingly we are all going to our beds. Good night.

Rogliano, May 26th.

THIS morning we were all very busy at Cosenza. It was market day, and we were soon in the midst of bargains for shoes, shoe nails, gloves, stockings, and other articles equally necessary to us pedestrians. Had we been able to convey

away one of the Cosenza hats, without being obliged to load our knapsacks with it, we should certainly have been tempted to do so, both by the moderation of the price, and the peculiarity of its form. I have at least the satisfaction of having represented several of them in my sketch book, as faithfully as I could. One tall fellow in particular, we induced to come into the inn, where we had the pleasure of depicting him at full length; with his velvet trimmed hat, dark brown cloak, and long gun; for here, even in the market, you see no one haggling for a pound of *pecorino* or *salama*, without a long barrel peering officiously over his shoulder; as if its appearance could in any way influence the bargain.

We visited also the ass-market, and I can give you the exact value of those much-bearing animals, in this quarter. It appears to me exorbitantly high. The price of an ass varies from ten to thirty ducats; but then a good one is esteemed almost as much as a horse: the mules bear a still higher price than either horse or ass,

and are, in general, far more serviceable, and finer beasts: they fetch from thirty to eighty ducats.

The various occupations of the morning gave us a very good appetite for dinner, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we began the grave discussion of our, as usual, overcharged bill. Our host amused us much by the laziness with which he conducted his imposition; stretched upon one of our five beds, he assured us he could not take a *tornese* less; we, on the other hand, could not give a *tornese* more; and, answering his grimaces and shrugs, for he was too indolent to use many words, with grimaces and shrugs even more *outrès*, we left him reclining with half-shut eyes, outstretching still his discontented hand.

The view of Cosenza, from the heights which we had to ascend immediately on leaving it, is very pleasing indeed, and more than once we stopped to contemplate it; not altogether uninfluenced, however, by the steepness of our road and the great heat which still remained. We soon overtook a hermit, who, dressed, in a brown

gown and with a white bag, containing the provisions he had collected, slung over his shoulder, was returning gaily to his mountain habitation; alternately reciting scraps of his ritual, and singing strange snatches of Calabrian songs, with a hearty merriment that sufficiently attested the hospitality of his various receptions. He accosted us immediately, and conversation, on his side at least, did not flag for a moment. He gave us the history of his youth, his remembrance of the stirring times when the French occupied the country. One event he related to us with even more than his usual fire and excitement; it was the cause of his being made to serve in the army. His village having been taken by assault, and his father slain in the action, soldiers were quartered upon all the inhabitants, and his mother's house amongst others, became the dwelling of a gay Lothario of a Corporal, who ere long became inflamed with the charms of the young widow. One day, our narrator, then about twelve years old, whilst rambling in the environs, perceived his mother sitting under a large tree with the

Corporal, who was carrying his gallantries so far as to excite the young Calabrian's utmost indignation—he rushed back to the cottage, and seizing his father's gun, proceeded to execute summary vengeance upon the ardent lover; but whether from his too great precipitation, or from the inexperience of his hand, the discharge of his piece had no other effect than that of rousing the choler of the Corporal, who contemptuously applied the toe of his boot, or, as the hermit expressed it, “*mi buttò un colpo di piede nel culo,*” with such effect, that he was actually conveyed to a considerable distance from the spot; and the next morning, being pronounced a factious disturber, was marched off to a different station, there to perform the menial offices of the troop. He was not now, however, in the humour to lament long over past grievances; and changing the theme, he related to us how, after various vicissitudes, he had undertaken to continue the celebration of an occasional mass, in a forlorn and deserted chapel, that formerly belonged to a little mountain village, which being suspected, most likely with good reason,

of harbouring brigands, had suffered the fate of many others, and had been burnt by the French. In support of his pious intentions he collected alms all over the province, which he said he could traverse blindfold—he knew and told us the names of all the little villages, or *paesi*, as they are called here, which stud the mountains around Cosenza; they are in number, he assured us, as the days of the year, three hundred and sixty five, and each has its distinct reputation, good or bad: many of them are Albanian. Whilst we were thus engaged in conversation with the hermit, P——, lagging behind, with another road companion, discussed, in a mysterious tone, the politics of the country. The result of his enquiries he told us, was, that the Calabrians sighed for nothing so ardently as for liberty; and that, could they but see a few companies of French amongst them, they would not defer their efforts to procure it. P. told him that revolutions were never begun by foreign powers; that it would be enough if France seconded a successful attempt; cited the old proverb, “God helps them that help themselves,” and

put forth many other sage maxims, which lasted until the hermit and his friend, turning off the road to gain their respective dwellings, bade us adieu.

We continued our route until night overtook us; and journeying on in the obscurity, ten miles through a hilly country, fortunately without much fear of losing our way, we descried lights, which proved to be at the village of Rogliano, where we instantly found quarters and ordered supper. Whilst it was preparing, two travellers arrived in light carts. They turned out to be French commercial travellers, who, traversing Europe, one with silks from Lyons, and the other with Neapolitan counterpanes, had chosen this road to go into Sicily. They were extremely glad to meet with countrymen in so unexpected a place, and joining their supper to ours, we made a very gay meal together. They gave us a bad account of the state of the country, but our host assured us that the province was at this time perfectly quiet. "Eight months ago," said he, "there was indeed some danger in travelling: three

confederated bands of brigands devastated the country, but one of the chiefs, having some dispute with the other two, murdered them in the night; and having cut off their heads, presented himself with them to the commander of Cosenza, who procured him a pension from government, for so meritorious an action, whilst the heads were carried round the town *in terrorem*." Made comfortable by the assurance of this pleasing fact, we are now going to bed, and early to-morrow morning, if we find our heads on our shoulders, we shall start afresh, the bagmen having offered us places in their carts. Adieu.

Terriolo, May 27th.

WE set off this morning, four of us packed in one cart, and three in the other; our caravan causing no small astonishment and excitement in Rogliano. In the first village we came to, I never saw such an assemblage of villanous-looking fellows, as were collected in the market-place. They are the realization of one's darkest ideas of fancied brigands; all cloaked, all dressed in black; which is the "customary suit," in

these parts, winter and summer; their gun slung behind, or perhaps an axe, which they throw with great dexterity, sticking out from their broad leathern belt. Their grim unsmiling faces were all turned on us, as we, with difficulty, made our way through the crowd, and, traversing the village, regained the road, which lies over a very mountainous district, all the way to Terriolo, thirty miles from Rogliano.

The Lyonese, in whose cart I had the honor to ride, had visited every country in Europe, of which he liked France, England, and Holland the best; as to Calabria, he detested it, as a country where he sold nothing; and where the perpetual fear of losing, by some audacious *coup de main*, the silks he had with him, to the value of a thousand crowns, did not contribute much to his peace of mind.

About noon we stopped at Coraci. The women of that village confine their hair in a long crimson net, which they call *rezzola*, and which hangs down to about the middle of the back. I thought the fashion very pretty, and sketched it accordingly. From Coraci we pro-

ceeded to Comerea; frequently taking short cuts on foot, whilst the carts and our baggage followed the rounds and zig-zags the road makes in these hills, in order to avoid steep ascents and descents. The costume at Comerea was very pleasing; one girl standing at the fountain, whilst her barrel was filling, for they all fetch and keep water in long flat barrels, was so irresistibly picturesque that I was obliged to have the cart stopped for me to sketch her; and I shall even take the trouble to detail her costume to you, in order that you may appreciate my resolution. The usual white *panni* formed her head-dress; a tight black velvet jacket, with sleeves reaching only to the elbow, was partially covered by a pale blue boddice, cut low, and laced behind; her gown, of dark blue, with a broad red and yellow border, was looped up behind, showing a scarlet petticoat, and a brilliant short green apron completed the garb.

The country through which we passed before arriving at Terriolo, presented nothing but uncultivated mountains; sometimes overgrown

with wood and fern; sometimes barren and sterile. The perpetual ascents and descents of the road prevented us, loaded as our vehicles were, from getting to our resting place before night had set in. We were, therefore, obliged to enter in the dark, and after having, with some difficulty, discovered the *Locanda*, we had to wait whilst the keys and the *Padrone* were sought for. The latter came in a very bad humour, at being called away from the delights of the wine-shop; and we felt the effects of it by his demanding twenty carlini for our beds. Our arrival, at such an hour, also rendered the *gens d'arme* very suspicious. At last, however, all was settled, our papers were found *en règle*, the *Padrone* softened down, and a huge stone jar of wine was brought for our recreation.

We have agreed to diverge from the Reggio Road to-morrow, in order to continue with the French *commis voyageurs*, as far as Catanzaro; a town situated about six miles from the coast of the Adriatic, and the capital of the province of *Calabria Ulteriore Secunda*; which having

seen, we shall regain as we may, our original direction. Adieu.

Catanzaro, May 28th.

WE were enchanted this morning with the costume of the peasants; so much so indeed that we were tempted to stay in order to make a careful sketch of a very pretty girl, whilst F—, who does not draw, went on with the travellers to Catanzaro. The damsel that had so strongly attracted our admiration was Anna Montoria; a brunette, about fifteen, tall, well shaped, with delicate and expressive features. I had not seen so pretty a girl since leaving Rome, and the richness and peculiarity of her costume heightened her beauty in no small degree. She wore a white embroidered head-dress, folded square on the forehead, and hanging down behind; a dark green boddice, quite open in the front, was laced with a yellow cord, over a kind of red waistcoat, edged with blue; short green sleeves, reaching only to the elbow, and not of a piece with the boddice, were attached to the shoulder straps, with bows of yellow ribbon, whilst the *camiscia* alone covered her neck

shoulders, and arms from the elbow to the wrist; her bright blue gown was tucked up behind; a dark short apron, trimmed with yellow, supplied its place before, and a scarlet baize petticoat, open in front *à la Grecque*, was short enough to display a quarter of a yard of white petticoat, or *camiscia*, or whatever it might be, which hung below, and descended to about the middle of the leg; dark blue leggings came down to the ancles, and left the feet bare; add to this that she wore large ear-rings, with numerous necklaces, corals, holy medals and images round her neck, and you have her exact dress: you may judge how pleased we were at being able to draw it. We paid her all sorts of compliments, and after having submitted our respective productions to her inspection and approbation, we prepared to follow F—— to Catanzaro. Before leaving Terriolo, however, I should inform you, that it is most picturesquely situated on a very considerable eminence; and at the foot of a crowning peak, which very much tempted us to stay and scale its heights. The view however, even from its base, is extremely

fine, commanding the whole country as far as the Gulf of Squillace; with it therefore, we contented ourselves, and taking a short cut which rejoined the road further on, we set out, single file in line. Here I nearly lost all my companions, for J——, being last, having taken a continuation of the foot path, I left the Frenchmen to go back and look for him; and losing both him and myself in the endeavour, was obliged to perform a steeple chase across the country, in order to regain the high road. I found, however, that my straight line was after all the shortest way; for after some time, as I was reclining in the shade, I saw my faithless J—— issue from the end of a lane opposite me, and the Frenchmen also soon after came up.

A long descent brought us at last to a level valley, bordered on both sides by hills, at the foot of which runs the road. All the women we met were highly picturesque; most of them having, on account of the great heat, laid aside their gowns and aprons, so that the short red petticoat, open in front, was displayed in full brilliancy. The Terriolo costume seems to be

worn in all these environs, with slight modifications; we observed, for instance, the white under petticoat much shorter, reaching only to the knee. I should not forget also to mention to you the peculiarity of the ox-carts here—they are most primitive, and we had a good opportunity of observing one of them; for whilst we were halting on the banks of a stream, we had just waded, a train of them came up, the oxen stopped to drink, and one of the carts, fortunately breaking down in the ford, stopped the whole group some time. The vehicle itself is very low; and the wheels a simple piece of wood, rudely hewn into something like a circle—a rope slung between the two cart rails serves for a seat to the driver, who guides the oxen with reins, unlike any I had hitherto observed, fastened round their ears, and urges them on with a goad. After having performed about four hours walk, we began to be surprised at not seeing Catanzaro, which we had been told was only ten or twelve miles from Terriolo; but our surprise gave way to wrath and indignation, when, upon enquiring of some muleteers,

we found that we were upon the road to Nicastro, a town about eighteen miles off; and that in order to get to Catanzaro, we should have taken a different turn in setting out. As it was, we had to retrace six miles, to a little wine-house, on the banks of a river we had passed; where, glad to escape from the amazing heat, we resolved to stay and refresh ourselves until the afternoon. Accordingly, ordering a dish of eggs and bacon, with quantum suff of wine, we began, under its restoring influence, gradually to recover from the ill humour our misfortune had thrown us into. Upon enquiring whether we could have any fruit, the hostess replied that she had some very nice, and fresh gathered, which would make us an admirable desert; and to our great astonishment she thereupon set before us a huge dish of raw broad beans, to which you may imagine we could not pay our respects so heartily as the *habitués* of the country would have done.

After having dined, we made enquiries as to the path we ought to take in order to gain the Catanzaro road; and engaging again in cross-

cuts, we proceeded through dirty lanes, plantations of olives, rugged tracks of glistening chrySTALLISED limestone, and flat woods, until a torrent stopped our progress, and obliged us to resolve into a committee of calculation, as to the method of passing. P—— soon settled the question, for, adjusting his pantaloons to the *modus operandi*, he,

“ Whilst one with moderate haste might tell a hundred,”

Transported us and all our baggage, one after another, to the other side; an office for which his good nature and broad shoulders rendered him the fittest agent imaginable; though it was no sinecure over the stony and uneven bottom of the stream. On examination of these many coloured stones we found that the greater part of them were marbles, in which green of every shade was predominant; and further on, we remarked that the rough walls which bounded the different fields, consisted of large, loosely piled blocks of various rich marbles; yellow, white, red, green, and black, heaped together with a confusion which sufficiently showed how

little they were estimated. I should have been well pleased to have been able to transport some of the finest masses *sans frais* to Paris or London. P—— added to the weight of his huge knapsack by collecting various specimens of them, whilst we scaled a rapid rocky ascent, where we fell in with a party of labourers returning from work, with their axes and *zappe*, a kind of gigantic hoe, used here instead of a spade, over their shoulders.

They satisfied our doubts as to the way we were pursuing, and one of them was even kind enough to accompany us on our road, in order to show us a particular cut we were to take. He was a very favorable specimen of the Calabrian peasant, and, in return for a trifle we gave him, would force on our acceptance a quantity of the *frutti* he had gathered for his supper ; to wit, the delightful raw beans. We descended, and soon came in sight of Catanzaro, in an almost impregnable situation, upon a rock rising above a ravine, traversed by a foaming torrent. There is something peculiarly striking in the situation of the towns, and even villages in this

part of Italy ; perched, like the nests of eagles, upon high and almost inaccessible cliffs, leaving the plains and valleys alike destitute of dwellings and inhabitants, notwithstanding the superior advantages they afford as residences ; one is continually reminded, in looking at them, of the days of lawless rapine, and African and Saracenic invasion, which left no chance of security to the natives of these tempting districts, but that which they might derive from being able to reconnoitre their enemies at a distance.

The road descended by innumerable windings from the heights whence we enjoyed the prospect, and, crossing the ravine, ascended the other side, one foot in zig, and the other in zag, all the way.

We found F—— and his friends waiting for us at the entrance of the town, and they forthwith conducted us to the inn. The streets are clean and well paved, and, although infinitely dull, this is the neatest Calabrian town we have yet seen. To-morrow, I shall give you an account of all the *lions* we intend to see, in rotation, under the guidance of Mr. S——, a

French gentleman, whose family has been settled here some time ; and who has very rarely such an opportunity of showing the attention to his countrymen, which his hospitality and patriotic feelings would prompt him to exercise.

Catanzaro, May 29th.

WE have been occupied to-day with visiting the curiosities of the town. It will not take me very long to give you a *catalogue raisonné* of them, for neither the new theatre nor the churches merit any very detailed notice ; and it is only the college that we have found worthy of particular attention. This establishment is one of the finest of its kind in the kingdom of Naples ; and every thing in it is conducted on a liberal scale. The building itself was formerly a convent of Jesuits. The Superior was a member of that order, and received us with great courtesy. He first caused various specimens of drawing and writing to be shown to us ; two young tyros were then sent to fence for our amusement, and acquitted themselves very well ; using the Neapolitan foils, which, having a double guard to the hilt, and allowing two fin-

gers to be firmly thrust through the inner one, almost preclude the possibility of being disarmed: I observed, too, that their left hands, instead of being thrown back in the French manner, were held rather forward, for the purpose, as they said, of parrying, in case of their finding themselves pushed to extremity. The worthy Jesuit proposed their dancing; but we deemed it might prove too fatiguing for them, in such immediate succession to their feats of arms, and for us too; we therefore proceeded to admire the different halls, which are large and handsome, and serve at once for school-rooms and dormitories, the desk and chair of each pupil being placed by his bedside. The principal hall will, to-morrow, be the scene of a grand annual ceremony, which takes place on the occasion of the king's *fête* day: a throne and canopy are constructed, and the royal portrait, suspended above in all due pomp, receives with unwearied and unvarying complacency, the adulatory verses composed and recited by the different pupils. These productions are afterwards sent to Naples to receive again the approbation they merit.

After some other ceremonies, music and dancing are introduced, and gaily conclude the festivities of the day. From the class-rooms, after having admired a magnificent view from one of the balconies, we descended to visit the kitchen and refectory, where we saw the tables prepared, and learned, to our great satisfaction, that the young collegians were, to-day, to have *minestra bollito* and *ragù*, with bread and oranges; the wine is administered according to the good old maxim, *seniores priores*; twelve ounces being given to the great boys, eight to the *juste milieu*, and six to the little ones.

We took leave of the Superior, thanking him for his polite attentions, and complimenting him upon the good order of the establishment.

It was past noon when we returned, and we were struck with the silence and deserted air of the streets; all the shops were shut and every one, having dined, was enjoying the luxury of the *Siesta*; although the heat here is not oppressive, on account of the high and windy situation of the town. All the nobles and fashionables were, as we heard, *alla marina*; that is to say in

their country houses on the sea shore; the winter is indeed the only gay season at Catanzaro. The amusements are generally the theatre and *soirées*, which are so far in agreement with modern fashion that they take place very late; the common time for going to make a friendly visit being about midnight, or four o'clock, according to the Italian method of counting the hours.

We have had a great discussion, since getting back to our inn, as to the way we should pursue to-morrow; there being no road from Catanzaro to Reggio, without returning as we came, and rejoining the *Strada Reggia*. This project was at once negatived, and two others proposed for our consideration. Our obliging *cicerone*, M. S——, was very much averse to our continuing by land; as he said that it was really not safe; eleven galley slaves having lately made their escape, and taken refuge in the environs, where they had already performed more than one *coup de main* upon people of the country; and where they continued their ravages, in spite of the urban militia, who were making active

researches after them ; he, therefore, strongly advised us to take places in a bark, going to Reggio, coasting along the shores of the Adriatic, by which means we should avoid all danger, heat and fatigue, and have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of ancient Locri, at a place called Gherace. P——, whose aversion for his enormous knapsack seems to increase the further he carries it, embraced this idea warmly ; but De W—— and J—— who do not admire sea-voyages, along with myself, voted strongly for cutting straight across the country, and thus seeing at once the most unvisited and interesting parts. P——, who is one of the best natured men I ever met with, immediately declared he would act just as it should be arranged by the others, and as, on enquiry, we found that the master of the bark would not set out for some days, we finally agreed to brave the perils of the interior ; and to-morrow, to my great delight, we shall go to Caraffa, a village inhabited by Albanians, whose costume is, *dit-on*, the richest thing imaginable. I shall

not be sorry to leave Catanzaro, where the curiosity of the inhabitants is only equalled by their impertinence.. On entering a shop, ten or twelve persons squeeze in with you, and the tradesman, instead of serving you, begins questioning you as to whence you come, where you are going, what is your object in travelling, &c., One respectable looking chemist, to whom I said that I came from England, gravely informed me that he supposed that country was not in the kingdom of Naples, as he knew of no such place.

San Floro, May 30th.

I have hesitated some time, my dear mother, before resolving to give you an account of today's adventures, fearing it might make you uneasy for the rest of our journey ; but, upon mature consideration I think it better to tell you all, in order that you may see how providentially one may be saved in circumstances of, apparently, the most imminent danger.

This morning then, after having taken leave of our friends, the two French traders, and Mr. S——, we set out, well schooled, we imagined, as to the way we should pursue, and

confident of our own prowess, in case of attack ; more particularly as P—— had received from Mr. S—— a present of a broad bladed Calabrian *pugnale*. Descending from the heights of Catanzaro, we continued by steep footpaths, until we came to the banks of a stream which we waded as usual ; and found on the other side a cessation of the beaten track, a circumstance the more inconvenient as we saw nobody who might guide us ; we therefore continued in what we considered to be the right direction, and ascending a hill side, soon fell in with a kind of path, which, however, upon enquiry proved not to be the right one ; as some shepherds told us we must leave it, and make for a ridge, which they pointed out at some distance, where we should fall in with the veritable way to Caraffa. Accordingly we continued ascending, until, fatigued with our fruitless search, we gladly espied two women above us, watching our motions from the corner of a field, and of them we resolved to enquire anew. P —— and F —— advanced towards them for that purpose, when, to our no small disappointment, we perceived that the

women, without waiting to hear what we wanted, fled up the hill at our approach, and when we called to them not to be afraid, they only replied by a shrill whistle, that might be heard far around; this sound, so famed in all annals of brigandage and robbing, might have awakened some alarm in us, but our moment of apprehension was not yet arrived. Hopeless of bringing these fair ones to reason, P— and F— entered some vineyards on the slope, whilst De W—, J—, and I, descended towards a kind of cottage, in the valley below; each in the hope of meeting some one that might inform us of our road. We had not got within forty yards of this cottage, which seemed to be an abode of cow-herds, before we saw, come out from behind a low wall, several men, some of them armed with guns; a circumstance so common here, that it did not excite the least suspicion in us: and it was only when we observed that the foremost of them cocked his piece, and held it as a sportsman does when expecting the game to rise, that we began to suspect their sinister intentions. When, therefore, at about

thirty paces distance, De W—, who was foremost, called out to ask the way to Caraffa; to which the men only answered, handling their arms, *che volete?* and, upon our repeating our question, they raised their guns, and roaring out *ah! aspetta brigante*, advanced hastily upon us.

“The which when De W—— did espy
He basely turned his back to fly;”

and J—— and I, wisely thinking with Falstaff, that discretion was “the better part of valour,” were not slow in following his example. We had no sooner turned to the right about, than we heard a discharge behind us, which, fortunately not wounding any of us, only gave fresh impetus to our speed, and we rapidly gained the ridge from which we had just descended. Our pursuers, in the meantime, following with shouts, and seeming to increase in number at every step, fired again, still without effect, as we mounted the slope: De W—— then, beginning to flag from the up hill work, and the great weight of his knapsack, slipped the straps from his shoulders, and, letting all his treasures

fall to the ground, continued, more unincumbered, his speedy retreat. J—— had a very light pack, and although mine seemed then to weigh on my back enormously, yet, the idea of losing all my dear sketches, made me prefer the risk of being taken, to the certainty of parting with them. Now and then I cast a glance behind, and observed, with joy, that the chace was in our favour; when I marked one rascal take so true an aim at me, that I dropped, instantly, in order to avoid the discharge which came a second after: I heard the peculiar angry whistle of the bullet immediately over my head; the next instant, I was on my feet again.

We ran until we came to the spot where P—— and F—— had entered the vineyard, and De W——, hastily telling us he would try and rejoin them, broke through the hedge and we lost sight of him. As for J—— and myself, happy, at least, in not being separated, we soon reached the summit of the ridge; and, having contemplated, a moment, the tumultuous pursuers below, we hastily descended the other side, in the hope of being able to escape to

Catanzaro, which we judged to be not more than eight miles off, and thence, having made our deposition, to send immediate succour to the Frenchmen. The Fates, however, ordained it otherwise, for the fellows, who arrived first at the summit of the ridge, whistled so significantly, that numbers of labourers and *foresi*, gathering from all parts of the vale into which we were descending, and snatching their axes and *zappe*, came upon us so speedily, in flank, that we plainly saw flight would soon be vain. Having, therefore, our old enemies behind us, our new ones on the left, a steep hill precluding escape to the right, and only new foes and fresh hills appearing in front, J—— and I stopped to call a hurried council of war, in which we determined to submit, happy if we escaped with the mere loss of baggage; we halted under a fine oak, and J——, who was purse bearer, having slipped our money and pistol into a bush, the villains soon came up, and to all we could say, replied only by brandishing their weapons, and shouting, *a terra, a terra*. As delay only increased their fury, we were obliged

to throw ourselves on the ground, and accept such terms as they should offer ; and hard terms they were.

Our knapsacks were immediately seized, and pillaged before our eyes, each getting what he could ; whilst others, standing round us, commenced beating us with their *zappe*, and the backs of their axes. You would hardly imagine the number of thoughts that pass through one's mind in such a situation ; I thought of you all, and wondered who would carry the mournful tale to you, my dear mother ; or whether it would ever reach you. I confess, also, that I was very much surprised to find myself summoned to leave this world so soon ; before, as it seemed to me, I had had time to form my internal character, and make that choice, between good and evil, for which alone we come into it.

In the meantime, the blows came thick and threefold ; my left arm suffered woefully in protecting my head ; and all my left side was dismally belaboured. Poor J—— was no better served ; three fellows had pounced upon him,

one of them claiming him as his exclusive prey, “*Quest’ è la mia cacciata;*” the others, however, would not allow this, and cried out, “*No, no, siamo tre.*” The three soon increased around him; stretched beside me, he received the attentions of a whole circle of scoundrels, who wounded him on the shoulder and wrist with axes; and one, raising his heavy *zappa*, was going to bestow a blow on his head, which would have effectually relieved him from all further anxiety, had not another man, coming behind, forcibly staid his hand, and then, stooping down and telling J—— not to be alarmed, enquired of him where his money was. At this moment a great scuffle took place amongst our aggressors themselves; we were pulled up by one party, dragged down by another, whilst each struggled to get absolute possession of our persons. I thought we should have been torn to pieces in the rescue; for a rescue it seemed to be, from the fury with which it was disputed. One malicious villain held a pistol to my breast, till I began to wish he would fire at once, and make at end of it. Another lamented that he

had not a gun in his hand at the very first moment that he perceived me, "If I had," said he, "*Per Dio, ti avessi bruciato!*"

At last we managed to get on our legs, and perceived some better dressed men, with guns and cartouche belts, approaching, rather to the dissatisfaction of the robbers, who were ordered to set us free immediately, and to give an account of the fray; which, you may imagine, was not done without a great deal of contention and contradiction; some roaring one thing, and some another, whilst the major part of them, calling for cords, swore that they were resolved to carry us, bound, to their delectable village of Caraffa. In the meantime, we had to show our passports to the new comers, who proved to be armed countrymen of the Urban Guard; a body answering to our militia, or, still more, to the National Guard of France, and for which most useful institution, the country is indebted to Murat, whilst he held the throne of Naples. A thousand explanations were obliged to be entered into, as to who we were, and how and why, we came there; after which, to our great

astonishment, we saw P—— coming towards us with some more *Urbani*. He told us, in a few words, that he and F—— had also been looked at, very suspiciously, by some men they had met, who came up to them with their guns ready, but that, a little farther on, a gentleman, with several Urbans, hearing shoutings and gunshots, came up, and giving them his protection, proceeded with them to the scene of action, in order to afford what succour he could to us unfortunates. They called us by our names for that purpose, but J—— and I being out of hearing, De W—— was the only one that could profit by it; and small profit it was to him, poor fellow, for, hearing his friend's welcome voice, and raising his head out of the ditch, by the hedge side, where he had lain *perdu* ever since he quitted us, he was spied and pounced upon, by some of his pursuers, who had been puzzled by his unaccountable disappearance, and who no sooner got possession of him, than, holding the muzzle of a gun to his breast, they rifled him of his watch, money, &c. and then proceeded, according to their rascally custom

as cowardly as cruel, to disable him, by striking him on the knees, with their axes: at this crisis, fortunately F——, P——, and the Urbans came up, and released him. This done, the gentleman, *Don Domenico Cefale di Cortale*, without whose generous and prompt assistance, we all should, inevitably, have been murdered, hearing that there were others, as yet, in danger, sent some of his guards with P—— to rescue them as speedily as possible. Walking with difficulty, and overcome with shame and indignation, we retook the way we had descended, but had not gone far before J—— consulted me as to the propriety of trying to get the money he had hidden in the bush. We returned for that purpose, with one of the Urbans, to whom we explained our intention; but the villanous thieves, having overheard us, told us they would bring it us immediately, and some of them stopping J——, others ran on to the spot he had described, got the money and pistol, and then returning, solemnly swore that they could find nothing; nor could we either,

when we got there, a circumstance easily explained by their previous visit.

On retracing our steps we found Don Domenico, a tall portly man, with a benevolent cast of features, standing in the midst of the pillagers, of whom he forbade any one to leave the spot, until every thing should be restored to us ; and his own amazing influence in the country, where he is feared and respected as a prince, was almost sufficient to enforce his orders, even without the presence of the guards.

Presently, one man slowly withdrew to fetch his part of the spoil, and returned with my knapsack lank and empty, and called all the saints to witness that there was nothing in it when he took it. Don Domenico, however, knew too well how to deal with these gentry to give up so easily the research ; and by menaces, remonstrances, and promises, he succeeded in inducing them to bring back all the things of which we gave him an inventory ; and which we soon saw mysteriously making their appearance, from different hedges and hiding places. One fellow reluctantly brought some linen ;

another my water-colour-box, which he imagined to be something cabalistical; a third my comb and brushes; and, what gave me most pleasure, my large sketch book, and that faithful staff, which, you know, has been so often my companion on the lonely Swiss mountains; *enfin* we got back everything except a pistol, a dozen of piastres, and various small things belonging to De W——, a powder horn, a pair of stockings, and our unfortunate fifty nine ducats, which no efforts could bring to light. Our protector, Don Domenico, generously assured us that if he failed in procuring them, he would, himself, furnish us the means of continuing our journey, and he offered six ducats on the spot to any one who would point out the robber that kept possession of our cash. But “honour among thieves,” all were silent. Having done all that was possible, he judged it better to defer the proceedings for the present, and told the pillagers to consult amongst themselves on the matter; that he gave them until the next day, when, if the money were not forthcoming, he would have every one of them put into prison.

He then conducted us back to the vineyards which belonged to himself; and to superintend the cultivation of which he had, most providentially for us, come this morning from Cortale, his usual residence, with the escort which proved so serviceable in our cause.

Seated under the shade of olive trees, which here always participate the soil with the vine, our attention was soon agreeably turned towards the plentiful breakfast, which Don Domenico hospitably spread before us; and, in order to prove that we had not at any rate been robbed of our appetites, we made so vigorous and well-sustained an attack upon the cold meat, *salama* cheese, curds, cream, and fruit, of which the meal consisted, that had you seen us, you would not have failed, ever after, to recommend a good dry beating as an admirably stimulating stomachic. After breakfast, Don Domenico related to us that many brigands were supposed to be in the neighbourhood; how much on the alert the country people were obliged to be; and how glad the village thieves and bad characters were of such a pretext for having com-

mitted this outrage upon us; in fact, these villains, have now the monstrous effrontery to declare that, taking us for *birbanti*, they thought it no harm to pursue, pillage, and bastinado us; however, F—— acting as secretary, whilst Don Domenico resumed his examination, wrote down the names of the most actively concerned, and amongst others that of one of the Caraffa Albanians, named Vincenzo Sulla, with a face of the real Saracen type, brown tint, hooked nose, arched eye-brows, and deceptive smile. I consoled myself, afterwards, by sketching him, for the unpleasant manner in which I had had the honor of making his acquaintance; had there been a hundred more like him,

“ My great revenge had stomach for them all.”

so much to my taste did I find the strongly marked characteristics of his profession and descent.

The enquiry, which was but short, being ended, and having anointed and rubbed our contusions with *acquavite*, we proceeded to amuse ourselves, more agreeably, by sketching a woman in the costume of Caraffa, who had

been prevailed upon to stand to us, by the overruling authority of our potent friend, who has here only to command, in order to be obeyed by whomsoever he meets or sees. This costume is the most original I have yet studied; the head dress of the married women consists of a cap made of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with divers patterns, in green, blue, and gold. This cap is called by the Calabrians *cajola*, but in the Albanian language it is *kesa*. I shall doubtless have many more opportunities of observing them, and then I will detail to you the whole of the dress; as it is, I must proceed, and try to put an end to this long letter.

Having waited until sunset, when all the labourers of Don Domenico departed to their homes, he invited us to accompany him to San Floro, a village we saw crowning an opposite ridge, about three miles off, as it was then too late to think of going to Cortale; accordingly we put ourselves *en route, tant bien que mal*, our rest having produced an intolerable aching and stiffness in our battered limbs.

Arrived at the cottage I have already men-

tioned as being the scene of the onslaught, we halted, and partook of an immense bowl of new milk and bread, provided by the bounty of our protector; to whom belong the cottage, stables, and herds of dove-coloured cattle, now returned from pasture and ruminating in the farm yard, whilst his orders to provide us horses were being obeyed. They were soon ready, and we set out again. I mounted upon a great mare, whose foal, playing a thousand antics around, risked more than once dislodging me from the sack which formed my saddle. J—— and de W—— were mounted also, whilst Don Domenico (who had yielded his mule to J——), F——, P——, and the Urbans preceded us on foot. Forging a brook, and mounting the rugged, hilly path, we gradually enjoyed an increasing prospect, amidst which the scene of our morning's adventure occupied our chief attention. We soon entered San Floro, whose inhabitants observed us with the most intense curiosity, for they had heard the firing, and some of the labourers belonging to the village had, at first, spread the report that several brigands were taken, one of

them disguised as a hermit. This must have been De W—— or F——, whose black beards and mustachios are uncommon here, where the people are not allowed by their government to wear these natural appendages to the masculine visage. We slowly cavalcaded through the stony, precipitous street, and passing the remains of an old Castle, formerly belonging, we were told, to one of the Dukes of Calabria, halted before the house of a certain Don Cesare, who seemed delighted to see Don Domenico, and received us all very warmly and hospitably. We entered, and were soon seated in a great circle of people, who were never weary of examining and pitying us; and all agreed that the Caraffa people, having pretended to take two such harmless looking personages as myself and J—— for brigands, was merely a villanous pretext for exercising their natural love of pillage and slaughter; thereupon they quoted various San Floro songs, in which their hated neighbours, the Albanians, were not spared, and they sung out—

“O Greco sempre traditore.”

with an emphasis, which showed that the antipathy of old times, when the Caraffites often surprised and plundered San Floro, was not yet done away with. Our host took us into another room, to bathe our bruises afresh, with vinegar and water, and during the operation, pointing to a picture of Saint Filomena, he asked us, whether that Saint was known in France and England; we replied, that we imagined more in France and Ireland. In order to assist in getting the evening over, two men were brought in, to amuse us with songs, accompanied with their mandolines. They gave us their national airs, which have all the same character, and are not unlike a kind of recitative church music. What with the songs, showing our sketches, and conversation, midnight came at last, and supper was announced, a word that proved a signal of departure to many of the supernumeraries. The repast began as usual with the stimulants, after which many solid dishes were solemnly discussed. Our host's pretty wife and sister graced the top of the table, with a dignified bashfulness; whilst

plenty of excellent wine went merrily round : as to the water, a large beaker at each corner of the board, replenished when necessary, by the servitors, sufficed for the whole company, each drinking out of that nearest him. Supper ended, we went directly to bed. Don Domenico, who always occupied the state-bed of the house, was good enough to admit the charming F—— by his side. P—— found quarters in another room, and J—— and I were conducted to a separate house, where the people are excessively amiable and kind to us ; to-morrow I shall tell you faithfully what happens. Adieu.

Cortale, May 31st.

THIS morning we were awoke by numerous martins, who, having their nests by the side of the ceiling beams, and perceiving very well, in spite of the closed shutters, that day was already far advanced, made such an abominable chattering and chirping, that we were obliged, much in spite of ourselves, to rise, and give them the liberty they so clamorously demanded. The daughter of our host, a pretty girl about

sixteen, hearing us stirring, came in, with water, and whilst she addressed us with that compassionate interest which mishaps, particularly of a hazardous kind, rarely fail to excite in the female bosom, we became fully aware of the importance our persons had assumed from yesterday's encounter with the brigands. When our toilet was completed, we limped off, for stiffness had rendered our gait quite pathetic, to rejoin our companions, and Don Domenico.

We found them in the garden, with their entertainers, and many visitors from the village, admiring the numerous bee-hives, which occupied a flowery corner, and which were simply trunks of trees hollowed out rudely, and then left to the ingenuity of the insects. We conversed some time under the shade of an arbour of gourds, until the increasing heat drove us into the house.

Here Don Domenico shewed us, that he understood the true spirit of hospitality; since, besides furnishing us with an abundant table and commodious lodging, he actually undertook to provide us with occupation, at once amusing

and suitable to our taste. A woman had, by his order, come dressed in the San Floro costume, and now awaited our pencils; and very glad we were to add her to our "Book of Beauties." The dress is something like that of Terriolo, and only differs in that the sleeves of the jacket are long, the head-dress black, the apron very small, and the scarlet and white petticoats long enough to descend to the ankle. Our sketches, and the comments and compliments ensuing, occupied us until noon, when breakfast was served, not before it had been heartily longed for by us, whose stomachs were unaccustomed to such late hours.

This meal very much resembled last night's supper, consisting of the same plentiful and solid fare; one delicacy, indeed, I remarked for the first time—it was a dish of black snails, which seemed very much approved of by the company, particularly by Don Domenico, who told us that it was his favorite food.

After breakfast, our host, Don Cesare, and the ladies, retired to enjoy the *siesta*, whilst Don Domenico and we tried our skill in pistol shoot-

ing, in the garden. We were soon sufficiently convinced of his address, to be glad that he had not been one of our yesterday's assailants; and leaving the weapons, we conversed some time in a shady arbour, formed by the amicable alliance of fig trees and vines. As soon as the greater heats of the day were passed, our friend Don Domenico told us, that it was time to set off, as he proposed taking us, that evening, to his own residence, at Cortale; and we, accordingly re-entered the house, where we found our host just aroused.

If we had to complain of the treatment of those rascally Caraffans, the kindness and hospitality of the San Florans would more than requite the injury; for so sincere appeared the friendship and interest they entertained for us, that had we been torn from the arms of our earliest friends, the tenderness of our leave-taking could not have been greater. We were embraced all round; that is, I regret to say, by the men alone, the Calabrian ladies being very reserved; having even a prejudice against our old English fashion of shaking hands: they

expressed, however, every possible wish for our welfare; and we departed, carrying away a most agreeable *souvenir* of the amiable reception we had met with.

My bruises were still very painful, and I found walking such an effort, that Don Domenico, perceiving my uneasiness, kindly ordered his mule to be prepared for me; and we left the village with the small escort of a single Urban, Vincenzo Tucci by name, a most faithful follower of our worthy friend, and the first that had come to our rescue.

Descending, by a rugged mule path, the hill of San Floro, we shaped our course again for yesterday's scene of action. The afternoon was beautiful, and the view from the heights very fine. On arriving at the valley below, we perceived two men approaching us with guns, and I began to think we were to have the second act of the same drama; when, coming up, they saluted Don Domenico respectfully, and proved to be two more Urbans, who had been directed to await our coming, in order to escort us to Cortale.

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We soon after arrived at the cottage and cattle-sheds, where our rout began, and which appeared almost as important in our eyes as the celebrated farm-house of La Haye. Here we dismounted, and, in a short time, had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of some of our enemies, who, overawed by the presence of Don Domenico and his Urbans, listened in silence to the charges preferred against them, and contented themselves with denying them *in toto*. A kind of patriarchal tribunal was erected, and our protector, seated in the midst of a circle of short thickset thieves, all clothed in black, with the never failing axe stuck in their broad leathern belts, performed, with admirable tact and *sang froid*, the parts of witness, judge and jury; and difficult parts they were to play; for the lying scoundrels swore, with the most horrible oaths, that they had done nothing, seen nothing, and stolen nothing; “*ma niente per Dio, niente;*” yet, when worked upon by menaces or promises, one or two of them brought back some of the still wanting property, they only laughed at their previous

barefaced assertions, and said, that they had found it, they knew not where or how. The examination lasted a long time, and the fellows got so excited, accusing each other, retorting and reviling, that I began to think it would end in a general action: particularly when Don Domenico, provoked by the obstinacy of one of his own herdsmen, seized a great stick, and administered him such a personal correction, as fully repaid him for any part he might have taken in beating us yesterday.

Half a dozen piastres and a few minor articles restored to De W—— were the result of this scrutiny; but none of our unfortunate gold made its appearance, and as it was now getting late, the court broke up, and the prisoners went their ways. Don Domenico then mounted his mule, confiding the task of leading it, and of carrying his gun, to the herdsman he had just belaboured; and I being honoured with a strong donkey and a wooden saddle, we set off for Cortale.

We soon arrived at the head of the valley,

where cultivated fields gave place to brushwood and copse, and as it was getting dark, and the country looked suspicious, we marched with great caution. Vincenzo Tucci and another of the Urbans formed the advance, ranging the covert before us in order to dislodge ambuscades; one straw and mud hut, in particular, they seemed to distrust greatly, and Vincenzo crept crouching round it with his finger on the trigger, in true Indian style; it was however deserted, and we proceeded, unmolested, to ascend the steep hill at the foot of which it was placed. The rise was so rapid, and the path so bad, that we were obliged to dismount, both to relieve our beasts and to assure our own safety. On the summit of this hill is a singular pass, and one, we were told, much frequented by brigands—the path lies along a ridge twenty yards in length, and not more than one yard wide at the top, whilst on each side sinks a sandy precipice—indeed the whole ridge is of sand, and I should think will soon dwindle away so much as to oblige the mules of Cortale to choose some other way. The prospect hence

would have been magnificent had the fading light allowed us to survey it ; as it was we hastened on, and remounting our beasts as soon as we got on *terra firma*, traversed a long flat of copse-wood ; then descended a dark and stony lane, forded a torrent, remounted a steep and rugged ascent, and arrived, at last, by moonlight, at Cortale ; without other accidents than what naturally spring from wooden saddles, rough roads, obstinate mules, and kicking donkeys.

Our cavalcade proceeded up the long straggling village, passing a chapel lately ruined by an earthquake ; which event seems so common here that all the houses are built low, and even the *Palazzo*, before which we now halted, was fain to make up in length and breadth for what it wanted in elevation. We entered, and Don Domenico, conducting us into an immense saloon, presented us to his wife, Donna Carolina, who received us with much courtesy, and seemed very glad to see her liege lord safe back. The great hall soon filled with the *beau monde* of the village, alike attracted by the desire of paying

their respects to Don Domenico, and by their curiosity as to his guests. Here we were presented to the notables in succession, received their commiseration, and were required, in turn, to relate and re-relate our adventures, and to "fight our battles o'er again," so often, that even the pleasure of being objects of interest, and of talking of one's own miseries began to lose its freshness, and we were heartily glad when, a little after midnight, we were summoned to supper.

Water is still less in vogue at Cortale than at San Floro, for one beaker sufficed for all the company; perhaps on account of the absence of the ladies; for Donna Carolina and her daughters do not sit down to table with us, but are content with superintending the general arrangements, and the safe arrival of various caravans of dishes, which emerge in savoury solemnity from a vast kitchen, whose oft-open door allows us to catch glimpses of a fire, blazing on a stone hearth raised in the centre, and surrounded by toiling servitors, half concealed in steam and smoke; whilst, supported on rafters of strong

reeds, hams, bacon, *salama*, and salted meats innumerable, enjoy obscurity and fumigation in the upper regions of this scene of hospitable turmoil.

Immediately after supper we retired to bed in the true Calabrian fashion, conducted to our rooms by our excellent and hospitable friend, who wished us good night with as much cordiality of affection as I now repeat it to you. Adieu!

Cortale, June 1st.

WE awoke rather late this morning, after the exertions of yesterday; and the moment we were stirring our Don made his appearance, bringing us coffee and *rosolio*. He remained with us whilst we completed our toilet, and informed us that we should soon have to enter into business with the judge and the authorities, and to arrange the necessary formalities previously to taking forcible measures against our assailants and robbers, the Albanians of Caraffa. This brought on a conversation relative to the origin of these Greek villages, which are to be found so singularly scattered over the different provinces of Calabria; and we learned that they

are in part the descendants of an army of Albanians, sent by Scanderberg to the succour of Alphonso, King of Arragon and Naples, which never returned to its native land; and in part of a much more recent colony, invited over by Carlos, the third great grandfather of the reigning King; who, in order to increase the population of the Calabrians, gave to every Albanian family, willing to come and settle therein, a pair of oxen, a house and small portion of land, with five-and-twenty ducats for *les frais du ménage*. These conditions were sufficiently alluring to procure for the country the advantage of some thousands of settlers, who were dispersed about, and formed villages of three or four hundred souls; not being allowed, for very politic reasons, to congregate in any one place in greater numbers. Their language has thus been preserved, and although the men have laid by their costume, and become entirely Calabrian, as to externals, the women have shown more attachment to their national finery, and still continue to wear the rich dresses of their female ancestors.

We were soon busy with our depositions, and the *Gindice* of Cortale; and then, after having escaped as quickly as possible from the forms of law, which find their way here as well as elsewhere, in all their tediousness, our host took us to walk over some of his possessions, and told us the value of various patches of ground which he had let off in the neighbourhood of the village; and most unequal did they appear: whilst a field, not an acre in extent, produced a rent of fifty ducats, the one next it would, owing to some difference in the soil, not be worth ten; one yielding four crops a year, and the other only one.

On our return home, we occupied our pencils in sketching a pretty young woman with a little girl, in the Cortale costume, who had been invited, by Don Domenico, to come for that purpose. She was the newly married wife of one of the honest burgesses of the village, and made her appearance in her bridal dress. On entering the room, she flew up to our hostess, and respectfully taking her hand, was going to kiss it, when Donna Carolina prevented her, and trans-

ferred the proffered embrace to her lips. After some little *mauvaise honte*, she took her position in the midst of a circle of wondering visitors, who viewed our proceedings with great interest. Her costume resembled that of San Floro, with variations of pink silk trimmings, azure hose, parti-coloured shoes with roses on them, and a long white lace veil; which may perhaps be attributed to the nuptial ceremony, rather than to any essential difference in the dress.

When our sketches were done, Don Domenico told us that more business awaited us, as there was a surgeon dispatched by the Judge to ascertain the corporeal injury we had sustained, and to make a deposition to that effect. We had little difficulty in satisfying him on that head, as our spoliators had left sufficient marks of their prowess on our bodies; accordingly De W——, J——, and I proceeded to exhibit our bruises, in order to stimulate the efforts of justice.

With these varied occupations we whiled away the morning, and at noon repaired to the breakfast room. Our repast was plentiful, and

although, being Friday, no meat entered into its composition, it presented enough of variety and solidity to satisfy the most undaunted appetite. Indeed, one would think, that denying themselves the use of meat two days in the week, (for they are very good Catholics here, and fast, as it is called, on Friday and Saturday) has had no other effect on these good people, than that of exercising their ingenuity in the varying and disguising of those dishes that are allowed on meagre days. Accordingly, we had fish of all kinds, and all very good ; whether sardines, roes of thunny sliced and pickled, or fresh anchovies ; whether river fish, boiled, fried, and stewed, eels, or trout from the sparkling mountain stream ; vegetables again, dressed in most unaccountable ways—cabbages stuffed with a composition of fish, garlic and bread crumbs ; asparagus, peas, and salads without number solicited our notice ; but the most universal ingredient in all the dishes was cheese, particularly a certain insipid kind, the shape and size of an ostrich egg, which is sure to be employed in all the made dishes, whether sa-

voury or sweet, that may grace the table. And talking of sweets, I must not forget to mention a delicacy, which, however, forms an exception to the general cheese rule I have just laid down; it is called here *orecchie*, not that I could ever trace any resemblance to an ear in it; however, it is a paste formed of eggs and sugar, fried in oil, and eaten sprinkled with sugar and honey; not bad, I assure you. As to wine, we are well supplied. Our host asked us, this morning, with much *naïvte*, whether we preferred light wine or strong; when, perceiving some diversity of opinion, or perhaps some struggle of modesty, he instantly ordered up both; so we have good red wines, all, by the bye, from his own vineyards, equalling in flavour and body the best *macon* or port. Nor are olives, the usual provocatives to the relish, wanting; we have them green and purple, pickled and fresh, but none salted, in the English fashion. You may imagine, that with all this, and all sorts of curds, and fruits besides, we managed to breakfast tolerably well.

After we had concluded the discussion of

this well supplied meal, we all repaired to the church, which stands on a large green opposite our dwelling. Its interior is simple; the walls, pillars, and ceiling, all of wood, reparation being more easy and speedy in that article than in stone, after any of the earthquakes, or rather landslips, which the sandy nature of these mountains renders so frequent. We were most politely received by the priests, who proceeded to shew us the ornaments and beauties of the church; which may be reduced to some blue and gold decorations round the altar, and a collection of figures of saints and cherubs, made of a kind of pipe clay found in the neighbourhood; grouped and coloured sufficiently well to shew a strong natural taste, in the young priest; who, totally self instructed, and prompted alike by devotion and a love of the fine arts, dedicated his leisure moments to the execution of these images: we had soon a specimen of his talents in another way, for, mounting a little staircase, he entered the organ loft, and commenced performing several popular opera airs, and waltzes, which sounded droll enough in a church. We

complimented him on his proficiency in two such agreeable arts, and having, as it were, terminated our visit, we took leave of the priests, and returned home to enjoy the *siesta*.

In the cool of the evening, our host's two sons, with a few neighbours, took their guns, as a precautionary arrangement, and we all set out on a stroll. We visited a new road, which, although in any *other* country, it would be considered a most jolting bone breaking medium of communication, is yet a very good one for these regions; being sufficient for the rude ox-carts, the only vehicles employed. But, notwithstanding this comparative inferiority, it testifies the generous patriotism of Don Domenico, at whose sole cost, as far as it is at present finished, it has been made.

We had many visitors in the evening, and many amateurs treated us to the charms of music, vocal and instrumental; amongst others one of our host's fair daughters, Donna Henrietta performed with much taste on the guitaur. We did our best, when called on, in our turn, but were obliged to quit the society, in order

to have another interview with the Judge, who waited for us in our room. This new examination lasted three hours, and we did not go to supper till nearly two in the morning; you may therefore easily imagine that I am now well inclined to say good night!

Cortale, June 2nd.

ALL this morning has been occupied in making fresh depositions, and undergoing new examinations by the Judge of Nicastro, chief town of this district; who, considering our case worthy of his attention, has done us the honor to come hither with his secretary; and pursues his enquiries with some importance, and much tedious repetition.

A nocturnal expedition was directed against Caraffa last night, for the purpose of securing some of our robbers; many of whom, being already notorious as brigands, richly deserved being brought to justice for this last outrage. Great excitement was produced in the village by the unexpected appearance of this force; which consisted of one hundred and twenty

Urbans, from Cortale and San Floro, with the Capo Urbano, or Commandant, at their head ; and a search was instituted for the culprits, amongst the different cottages, in spite of the women, and the rage and terror of the inhabitants, who are all in the same story, and uniformly seek to screen each other from the authorities. This search was only partially successful ; for, in spite of the suddenness of the attack, and the unseasonable hour at which it was made, most of the criminals effected their escape ; four however, were secured, some actually in their homes, and the others, before they could well take flight, we therefore had the pleasure of seeing them brought early this morning manacled to the prison, which, being situated exactly opposite to Don Domenico's house, showed us our old enemies gazing listlessly at us, through the low barred window ; wishing, I dare say, that they had conducted matters more expeditiously, when they had us in hand.

The returning party, as it wound slowly up the steep street, was picturesque, and to us novel. At the head, rode the Capo Urbano,

with a great cavalry sabre buckled round him ; next came the *élite* of his band, with the prisoners bound, and accompanied by their unhappy wives, in splendid, though somewhat faded costumes ; whilst in the rear followed the sombre train of Urbans, looking really quite as desperate as the brigands themselves, with their black dresses, peaked hats, and long guns. They marched at once to the prison, and ascended the exterior wooden staircase, which led to the apartments of the gaoler, who resides *al primo*, as it were, immediately over his charge. That functionary received the prisoners, and having shewn them down an interior flight of stairs, or dropped them through a hole, *à l'ancienne mode*, for we did not observe their method of transit, they soon made their appearance at the bars below. The Capo Urbano, and a young man, a relation of Don Domenico, who resides at Caraffa, and commands the Urbans of that village, (although, as you may imagine, very few of them could be trusted in this instance) came to give an account of the success of their expedition ; whilst, with humbler steps,

dejected air, and complaining tones, the wives and mothers of the culprits sought the great man's dwelling, in order to complain of the injustice of the proceedings, and to assert the innocence of their friends. Of this, however, we were better judges, when Don Domenico, telling De W—— to observe the man about to enter, ordered one of the prisoners, whom he named, to be brought in. He was a *pecorare*, and our host merely asked him a question or two relative to a pair of shears he held in his hand, and then dismissed him. One glance sufficed for De W—— to recognise this worthy; he it was who had kept the gun pointed to his breast, whilst the others rifled him of his watch and money. The women, meanwhile, not aware of this recognition, continued to sustain the innocence of the accused, wringing their hands, and lamenting, "*Opoveri Greci.*" Their complaints were interrupted by Don Domenico, who wishing to give us a characteristic exhibition, invited these poor women, rather *mal á propos*, I thought, to perform for our amusement, their national dance—a relic of their ancient customs still

preserved amongst them. The women obeyed, and seemed for a moment to forget their woes, as they joined hands and moved in a circle, marking the measure with a low monotonous chant. This dance is used in their fêtes and rejoicings, and is always executed by females, who form a ring, and placing a young man in the centre of it, dance around him, and address him in a wild song, the burden of which is repeated between each couplet, like the *ranz de vaches* in Switzerland. These songs, or chants, are various, but by far the best known is one which has been handed down by their ancestors, and celebrates the feats in arms of their famed leader Scanderberg; this, however, the fair Albanians had the delicacy to avoid in the present instance, thinking, perhaps, it would allude too nearly to the prowess of their husbands or lovers, and our own late unfortunate discomfiture in the valley.

As it was, the sight was so picturesque that we snatched our pencils in order to secure a remembrance of it. One of the women was old, and as she trod the ring with naked feet, unit-

ing her stern voice to the samely notes of the others, her eye kindled, and her white hair streamed so wildly from under her rich embroidered cap, that you might have fancied her as Hecate, with her attendants, engaged in some mysterious incantation. The dance being concluded, the women received some words of encouragement from Don Domenico, and departed.

Soon after, we had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of Mr. S——, who had shown us so much politeness at Catanzaro, and who had now come, accompanied by a friend, in order to discover the actual truth of the reports current; for that trumpeting lady, Fame, had, as usual, heightened the colouring of our disaster, and pictured to the pained imagination of the good Catanzarans, our little allied army attacked unawares, and dispersed by brigands; the English forces slain on the spot, and the French mortally wounded, and only in time to receive the last rites of sepulture from the commiserating Don Domenico. Mr. S—— was very glad to have ocular evidence that we had survived the onslaught: he gave us a history of the indignation

of his towns-people, and the resolution of the Intendant of the Province to make a great stir about the affair. He congratulated us upon having fallen into the hands of so kind a protector; to whom we certainly owed a great debt of gratitude, for his goodness, his activity in our behalf, and his generous hospitality. This latter virtue was speedily exercised towards Mr. S—— and his friend, who were invited, as old acquaintance, to stay some days at Cortale; accordingly, laying aside pistol and dagger, for they had come armed to the teeth, they prepared to join us at dinner.

Our friend S—— amused us a good deal by an account of a feud which his family had been very near engaging in with another house, on account of some calumnies propagated against himself, by a member of the opposite faction. He had, he told us, commenced operations himself, as the offended party, and sword in hand waited at the *café* for the coming of his antagonist; who had however prevented matters from going any further, by making an ample confession of his crime, humbly demanding par-

don, and promising every possible compensation; “without which” continued our friend, very seriously “either the family of the S—— or that of the M—— must have been destroyed; and I think it would not have been ours, for a great part of the nobles, and almost all the tradespeople were on our side!” It would seem that the feuds have not yet lost their zest in Calabria.

After the siesta, and our customary stroll, we engaged in the delights of music and dancing, and amongst other characteristic things of the kind, enjoyed a duet between Pietro Tucci's brother and another youth. They both accompanied their voices with mandolines, but had some difficulty in accommodating their tones to the size of the room; and when we unwarily desired them to sing as if out of doors, they set up such a strong shrill cry, that we instinctively clapped our hands on our ears, in order to exclude its thrilling ring.

The music was much like that we had already heard at San Floro—the words were amatory, in responsive couplets, and often sung, we learnt,

in the evenings, by those tender villagers who wished to treat their mistresses to a serenade, in strains loud enough to wake the most obdurate beauty.

We have, at last, finished supper, and as it is nearly three o'clock in the morning, or seven hours of the night, as the Calabrians would say, I must bid you adieu.

Cortale, June 3rd.

AT eight o'clock this morning we set off upon a new expedition against Caraffa. On mustering our forces, we found them to consist of the worshipful Judge of Nicastro, with a boy to lead his brown mare, the Judge's clerk, Don Domenico, our own five important selves, the innocent cause of all this disturbance, our two friends from Catanzaro, a small band of armed urbans, and some villagers to drive our oxen; for these were the animals to which we chiefly trusted for our safe, if not speedy arrival at Caraffa.

We had been rather surprised already, when our host told us that he had provided *carrozze é retture* to transport us; for although we knew

that in Calabria the word *vettura*, strange to say, means not only a coach or cart, but also a horse, mule, or ass, in short anything which carries a burden human or otherwise, yet we knew also *carozza* has no such extended signification, and here, as elsewhere, means a wheeled vehicle ; we were, therefore, wondering how any carriage could possibly come up and down these rugged mountain paths, when we heard Don Domenico giving orders to his servants to bring out two mattresses, and to put them into the bottom of the *carts*, in order to protect us from the jolting and bruises we might otherwise sustain. But on stepping outside the door, we beheld two of those beautiful vehicles I have already described to you ; with their solid wooden wheels, not always hewn perfectly round, boarded bottom, and low side rails, with a rope slung between, for the driver to sit upon—a pair of strong oxen, yoked to each cart, patiently awaited our arrival, and as soon as the mattresses were stowed, and the procession ready we got in, as many of us as each would hold. Don Domenico occupying the place of honour, the driver's rope, in one

car, whilst De W—— assumed the other ; as for the real ox-drivers, they ran on each side, armed with their goads, with which, as well as with their cries, they animated their beasts.

The descent of the steep rocky street of Cortale was awful, and jolted us, in spite of the padding of our carts, with such force against the rails, that our old bruises seemed actually revived by sympathetic suffering: as for me, I was so satisfied, after a few awkward knocks from side to side, of the merits of both roads and vehicles alike, that I stepped from my seat, which was so low that my feet would have trailed on the ground, had I not kept them up, and making a very agreeable exchange of place with one of our train, I found myself astride of a capital black mule, whose easy pace suited my comfort far more than the warlike rattling of the chariots.

We continued the descent of the hill of Cortale, until we came to the dashing brook, which furnishes our table with such delicious trout ; here we forded, and mounting the oppo-

site rise, continued onward for a couple of miles, before, at a sudden turn of the path, we came unawares upon the Captain of the Provincial *gens d'armes*, who had been sent with half a troop, to investigate our affair, and arrest the offenders. Our host and the captain no sooner perceived each other from the head of their respective armies, than a cry of surprise and pleasure escaped them; and Don Domenico sprang immediately from his rope seat, in order to salute his old friend, with so much haste, that, not having stopped the oxen, he was thrown down backwards by the force of the cart; and being a heavy man, and coming with his head against the hard road, we were much alarmed lest he should have sustained some serious injury; fortunately this was not the case; his head was as sound as his heart, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing him in deep conference with the captain, who had instantly alighted to assist him, on seeing his fall. This was rather a striking scene, the two great men, in animated conversation, between their followers, drawn up, the soldiers in order on one side,

and on the other our motley forces; waiting in respectful silence the decision of our leaders. We shortly understood that Don Domenico wished the captain to join our expedition, which he, on the contrary, seemed to decline; as, having made a long march, his men were tired, and not fit to set out upon fresh duty. We soon after became a party in the discussion, when the captain assured us that we should have every possible satisfaction for the outrage we had suffered; but hoped that we had not written to our Ambassadors, as that step would be productive of much uneasiness to the authorities, who were already resolved to exert themselves to the utmost, for the recovery of our property, and the punishment of our pillagers. To this we replied, suitably, that nothing was farther from our thoughts; that we trusted entirely to the generous kindness of Don Domenico, the activity of the authorities, and so forth, and the bold officer, comforted by this assurance, agreed to accompany us to Caraffa. A new dilemma, however, appeared; his horse was too tired to go farther, and to bestride a mule

was below his dignity ; he was therefore obliged to take a place in one of the ox carts, where he sat in state with his legs hanging down, and his spurs and sabre jangling within an inch of the ground. His troopers were dispatched with the wearied courser, to find quarters at Cortale, and with no other addition to our force than the Captain and his trumpeter, we continued our march.

The bad stony roads, and the jolting of the vehicle, soon roused the oaths and cries of our choleric *gend'arme*, who, though an amusing fellow and an old soldier, was, as the Frenchman expressed it, *un peu grognard* and all the more so just now, for having his breakfast deferred some hours later than he had expected. A sandy soil over which our path lay, afforded him some relief, and allowed us all to move on faster ; particularly the light cavalry, consisting of myself and J—— on mules, S—— on a horse, which astounded him now and then by taking a roll on the sand, the Judge and his clerk, and finally the trumpeter. Being thus admirably mounted, we took the lead, whilst Don Domenico and

the Captain brought up the main army. The country for some miles around Caraffa, is wild and uncultivated, consisting of broken sandy hills covered with thick copse and underwood; one deep ravine though which we passed, was, we learned, strongly suspected of sheltering brigands; as a villager, coming from Cortale, had been ill-treated and stript, in this very spot, a few days ago.

At about eleven o'clock, we arrived at the low built, straggling hamlet of Caraffa; and dismounting at the little green, outside the village, we awaited the coming up of our friends, whose arrival had been somewhat retarded by the breaking down of one of the ox-carts, with the ill starred Captain. As soon as we were all united again, we entered the village, and proceeded to the residence of the Capo Urbano, a relation of Don Domenico, and the chief man of the place. The worshipful Judge however pounced upon De W——, J—— and me, and informed us that we were to accompany him to the scene of our attack; in order to shew him the exact spots where the principal events had

taken place. Accordingly, instead of discussing, as we had fondly hoped, the breakfast for which our morning ride had well prepared us, we were obliged to mount anew, and escorted by a few urbans, set out with the Judge and his clerk to visit the field of battle.

Our path lay along burning and barren sand hills, whose fantastic and wasting forms put me in mind of some sketches in Greece, and probably had first attracted the attention of the wandering Albanians, and tempted them to fix their residence in that part of the country, by its somewhat resembling their own. A few miles brought us into more verdant regions, and presently, from a well-known ridge, we surveyed the scene, which, now so tranquil, had lately rung with the shouts, and echoed to the firing of our pursuers. The Judge, a real Dogberry, tormented us by the minuteness of his enquiries, and his indefatigable repetitions. We had to shew the old oak under which J—— and I had endured such a disgraceful bastinadoing, the bush in which the money had been concealed, the hedge De W—— jumped through, the

ditch in which he was beaten and pillaged, the cattle sheds whence came our aggressors, the exact situation and relative distances of all parties, when the different shots were fired; whilst the clerk, at each halt, wrote a copious description, dictated in due form by our worthy investigator, who even went so far as to institute a rigorous search after the bullets on the side of the hill, and told his clerk to write down that they had examined the ground, but found no trace of balls. At last the law was satisfied, and we set out upon our return.

The heat was excessive, particularly between the sand hills, which the glare of the sun shewed to our overstrained vision of a dazzling pink colour, instead of their natural pale yellow.

However, the ride was interesting, inasmuch as it shewed us scenery of a peculiar character, and more resembling that of Eastern countries than any we have hitherto seen. We regained Caraffa at three, and found most of our friends tranquilly enjoying the *siesta*, except Don Domenico, who suffered a great deal from his fall. *Siestas* before dinner are never so sound as after,

and our appearance was the signal for a general awaking, and preparing for the long-deferred meal, which the directions of our host and the joint labours of his sister and her servants soon placed before us. Our party was numerous, and the feast sufficiently plentiful to resist the vigorous attack of Calabrian appetites. During the dessert, the priest of the village entered; a venerable white headed old man, who was cordially welcomed to our circle, and respectfully consulted about the best means to be pursued with his parishioners, for the recovery of our money. He promised to do all he could, and to use his spiritual influence with them to persuade them to return into the path of justice and duty.

We had a good deal of conversation with our host and the worthies assembled; they infinitely regretted the affront, so undeservedly, put upon subjects of the two most powerful nations of Europe; talked of the honour of Calabria, and assured us, in spite of the old saying representing the difficulty of getting butter out of a dog's throat, that with a little patience we should find

our ducats forthcoming. One comfort is that those who actually have our said ducats dare not spend any of them, for fear of being suspected and arrested; so that, wherever they may be, they are in safe keeping for the present.

After dinner we had the honour of a visit from three of the first women of the village, who had been invited by our host in order to display the richness of the Caraffa costume; and now came sailing in with all the conscious dignity of their splendid gala dresses; taking their places, to our great delight, directly in the middle of the room. It is difficult to describe to you the singular group; one glance at my sketch, hasty as it is, would give you a much better idea of it. On the left, stood the first of these ladies; her gaudy, embroidered cap, covered with a white drapery, or veil, always assumed by the women here on going to mass, falling low behind, and looped up to a crimson girdle; her large, loose, Eastern looking white sleeves, one of the peculiar characteristics of the Albanian costume, richly worked with yellow and blue silk; her heavy flowered green

silk dress turned up, and displaying three petticoats, one white, one red, and one blue, with a white border, from under which peeped her coloured leggins and naked feet. The second of these three graces was seated, and displayed the Caraffa cap in all the glories of its crescent form, of its scarlet cloth, embroidered in various patterns, with gold, silver, and silk, and of its long crimson ribbons, pending behind. This cap is the trophy of married women; they put it on, for the first time, on the bridal day; and it is to be seen on their heads, at home and abroad, ever after. This lady's neck was adorned with numerous corals and necklaces; the sleeves, and open part of her *camiscia*, were richly worked; her shoulder-straps, body and girdle, of gorgeous colours, whilst her yellow flowered apron, turned on one side, discovered a beautiful brocaded pink silk dress, stiff enough for the most fashionable of our great grandmothers. The last of the trio was Petronilla Jaccia, notorious as having been the wife of a brigand, whose expeditions she had frequently accompanied, and whose infamous exploits she had

vigorously seconded and shared. Petronilla is exactly what romantic young ladies would imagine a bandit's bride to be; tall, dark, with regular features, black eyes, and no inconsiderable portion of sullen beauty; it is, indeed, shrewdly reported, at Caraffa, that she has been eminently indebted to her personal attractions for delivery from more than one well deserved justicial chastisement. Once, in particular, when under actual sentence of death, it would have gone hard with her, had not a private interview with the judge softened his obdurate sense of duty; and induced him to exert himself in procuring her a reprieve. Now, however, the bold husband, who led her into such dangers, is no more; he was murdered by some of his men, a few years ago; and Petronilla, collecting the spoil his valour and her own had won, retired to her native village, where she at present resides, one of the richest and most consequential of its inhabitants. This little knowledge of her history, communicated to us, *sans façon*, in her presence, despite of her dark looks, made

us pay particular attention to the heroine, whose erect position, and dignified indifference, challenged our pencils. Over her cap, a long black veil, hanging down her back, showed that she was in mourning for her deceased lord ; the large sleeves of her *camiscia*, embroidered like the others, hung so low as entirely to conceal her hands ; the rich scarlet and yellow body of her dress was partially hidden by a singular ornament, having the appearance of a breast-plate and backpiece, covered with sparkling silver and gilt work ; the rest of her attire resembled that of the other two, in material and richness of pattern ; and the effect of the whole group was very striking.

After the *sitting*, some articles of attire were purchased by the Frenchmen from the villagers : F—— and P—— bought two caps, of the kind usually worn here, for two ducats a-piece ; whilst the embroidered sleeves cost De W—— four. These we were assured, were the current prices, and if so the toilet of the fair Caraffans must be much more expensive than that of their

neighbours, particularly when the brocaded silks, rich aprons, and silver ornaments are taken into consideration.

We took leave of our amiable young host, and his sister, at seven o'clock, and set off upon our return, bearing, in triumph, two more of the guilty ones, who had been arrested in the village; and who now accompanied us, coupled together, with their hands bound, under the protection of the trumpeter. There was an immense crowd, in front of the house, when we came out; and as we threaded our way through it, we might have been easily knocked on the head. Fortunately the men contented themselves with looking sullenly at us, as we passed; although the children were hooting us, and the women were weeping the mishap of the new prisoners; they did, indeed, follow us to some little distance from the village, but they gradually dropped off, and went back without any sinister effort. From what I saw, however, I am inclined to believe that, without the protection of the respected and feared Don Domenico, our retreat would not have been effected quite

so peaceably. As it was we were afraid that F—— and J—— had been cut off from the main body, by their not appearing amongst us; and we were obliged to halt, and despatch two urbans to know what had become of them. They soon joined us; having been detained, first by a bargain with one of the women, for a cap, and next by the great press of men; and now, arranging the order of our march, we again set off; the oxen trotting, whilst the road was sandy, and the whole caravan going a good pace.

Whilst I was letting my mule drink at a little rivulet the others had already forded, the two prisoners came up to me, and assured me that they were perfectly innocent, and begged me to interest myself in their release. I never felt before the pain of being a cause of misfortune to others, but I could do nothing, particularly as I was by no means sure of the truth of their assertions: I, therefore, told them not to be afraid, as the law retained no innocent man in durance; and spurring my mule through the ford, left them, and their *garde du corps*, to pass over the little foot bridge. The rest of our

way was soon performed ; our steps lighted by the moon, and by the flitting fire flies, which they call here *Vamparini* or *Lucioli*.

Tired with so much riding, and under the somnolent influence of a late and solid supper, I must make an end of my relation for to-night. Adieu.

Cortale, June 4th.

WE arose late this morning. Upon repairing to the great hall, we found that Don Domenico, disabled by the effects of his fall, from pursuing his usual active employments, yet unwilling to give up the management and superintendence of all that was going on, had ordered his bed to be transported into a corner of the spacious *sala* : whence, like a wounded general, from his litter, he issued his various directions, and surveyed the whole machinery of his household. He was busy, when we entered, with a letter which had just been brought him from the Governor of the Province, or “ *Intendente della Calabria Ulteriore Secunda*,” as his title runs. Our kind host wished us good morning, in his usual amiable manner ; and handed us the letter

to read. The Governor regretted what had happened, thanked Don Domenico for the hospitality he had shewn to us, commended his zeal in procuring us a just satisfaction and indemnification for our losses; and, finally, charged him to invite us, previous to our leaving the country, to visit him at the Government House, at Catanzaro.

We sent our answer to the invitation, written in a truly diplomatic style; for we begin to feel the dignity of all England and France wounded by our drubbing; and carry our heads very high in consequence. The more notice is taken of our mishap, the bitterer we feel against the authors of it; and we see, without compunction, their melancholy faces gazing through the bars of the prison opposite us. Three more were taken to-day, by the *gens d'armes*, who are billeted in the village. The Captain, a most amusing mess mate, and a great favourite with our host, remains with us, enlivening our table with all kinds of jests, arguments and stories, of the time of King Joachim; delivered, alternately in bad French, or rattling, noisy Neapolitan.

After dinner, we went to take a stroll, accompanied by our host's son, a most amiable young man, and several of our usual friends and gossips. We had been talking of the probability of our getting back our money and De W——'s pistol; and the conversation thence fell, very naturally, upon arms. It seems that the Calabrians have a great passion for them, and would, like Claudio, willingly "walk ten miles afoot to see" not "a good armour," but a crack rifle. For his own piece each man has a peculiar affection; and they assured me, there were few men in Cortale, who would not rather lose their wives than their guns; as a good gun they say, rarely meets its match, but with wives, when one is gone, what is so easy as to repair the loss? "*se ne piglia un' altra.*"

One of my informants on this head, was a merry, broad-chested fellow, who, though never avowedly drunk, is often so exhilarated, as to shew that he now and then transgresses his general rule of not drinking more than seventy ounces of wine at dinner, and as much again at supper. I was amused at the admiration he

manifested when I described to him the customs of the English people; their method of settling quarrels, and the noble or ignoble science of self-defence; the idea of one man's fairly fighting another, struck him as something at once novel and beautiful. "*Quant' è bello,*" said he, "here, on the contrary, when one man owes another a grudge, he takes his gun or hatchet, and lies in wait for him behind some hedge!"

Our walk was directed towards a central and commanding elevation, from which we enjoyed a superb prospect of the country in its whole width; bounded on the west by the Gulf of Euphemia, now red with the last warm rays of the setting sun; whilst on the east, in white and cold contrast, spread the distant Adriatic. During the war, whilst the heights of Cortale were occupied by the French, this same Gulf of Euphemia, *un beau matin*, to their great surprise, presented the unwonted spectacle of an English fleet, whose troops quickly disembarked, and marched up the country to make a rencontre, or demonstration or whatever it may be technically termed, in the direction of Nicastro. The

Calabrians, whose knowledge of localities ought to have given weight to their advice, counselled the French to remain in their lofty positions ; assuring them that if the invaders were allowed to encamp on the low marshy grounds, that extend from Nicastro to the sea, and are infested with the most deadly *malaria*, during the hot season, they would soon be in very poor fighting plight. Monsieur, however, was in too great haste, to listen to this salutary advice ; and descending immediately to the contest, unfurnished with artillery, received such a severe mauling from the English guns, that he was obliged speedily to quit so unpleasant a scene of action ; leaving the enemy to retire to their ships, satisfied with the mischief they had done. This little history was given us by those who had been distant, but not uninterested eye-witnesses of the affair. I thought how singular it must appear to them at this time, to see the next English and French perhaps they have met in their country, not only at peace, but travelling together in the kindest amity.

As we returned, we passed a *vaccaro*, tending

his cows: we fell into conversation with him, and having heard much of the skill of these fellows with the hatchet, and seeing the weapon stuck as usual in his broad belt, we begged for a proof of his dexterity: he willingly complied; and planting a stick in the ground, retired to some distance, produced the axe, which, hurled back foremost, turned whistling in the air, and in an instant cut down the stick. On our complimenting him he said, "I can throw well at a good mark; the other day, for instance, I had a quarrel with a man in that lupin field, and I sent the hatchet so neatly that it opened his face from the eye to the chin!" We left him, chuckling over the remembrance of his exploit, and returned home, as the light gradually faded from the horizon.

The large green before the church, opposite Don Domenico's house, was full of loungers and gossipers; some sitting round the venerable tree which occupies its centre, some at the fountain, others strolling about, watching the rising moon; whilst here and there an urban forgot the strictness of his duty, to mix in the social groups

that came forth to enjoy the freshness of the night. These urbans are tolerably well organized, and there are about fourteen of them stationed every day, as sentinels, in various parts of the village.

We stayed conversing some time with a young man, who had a fine natural taste for music; and with some young priests, who envied greatly our facility of travelling. "How is it possible," they cried, "that your parents should have allowed you, so young, to leave them and travel so far, to *girar il mondo*; whilst we cannot even get permission from our fathers to go and see Catanzaro?" This is one proof among many others we have had occasion to remark, of the height to which filial duty is carried in this country: a young man, who had certainly arrived at years of discretion, being at least three or four and twenty, complained, in our presence, that his father would not give him leave to go to the next village; but the idea of going without leave seemed not for an instant to have entered his head. The great respect and deference paid to parents throughout

Calabria, has been adduced, I think, by Galanti, as one proof of its inhabitants being descended from the ancient Samnites, who carried the filial principle to its highest perfection.

There is no more news, as yet, of the ducats, and I begin to have misgivings; however, we still hope, and, meanwhile, cannot be in kinder hands. Adieu.

Cortale, June 5th.

You see that I still date my letter from Don Domenico's hospitable mansion. Nothing positive has transpired respecting our money; so that some decisive measures must soon be taken, to force those rascally Caraffans to yield their booty. The worst of it is, that we cannot tell whether they have divided it amongst them, or whether one lucky fellow has the whole; however, we hope soon to catch the right one, as six more have been arrested, and imprisoned this morning; and it has been publicly announced, at the village, that if to-morrow, by the twenty-first hour of the day, that is to say a little after five in the afternoon, the gold is not brought

back, the valourous captain, at the head of his troops, will march to Caraffa, there to seize and bear away captive, men, women and children ; not to mention confiscation of property, working at the galleys, and many other terrible threats.

We had hoped to have been aided, in some measure, by the venerable priest ; but it seems that hitherto, the robber or robbers have kept aloof from the confessional—may their consciences, if they have any, and if not, at any rate their superstitious fears speedily drive them thither !

As to the women, they are, we learn, even more hypocritical and thievish than the men. Some of them came this morning to Don Domenico, full of asseverations and entreaties. It was a singular and characteristic thing to see these poor creatures, in their dirty eastern magnificence, like forlorn Princesses in a play, pleading, in their peculiar Greek whine, before our worthy host ; who, unable yet to leave his couch, reclined in a classic position, his robust

muscular arms and *torso* exposed with a freedom that would have charmed a student of David's historical school. I seized my pencil immediately, unwilling to let any opportunity escape of depicting these rich costumes, which by a slight variation of color, or a change of position, continually present some new feature.

These women, for instance, were not in the gorgeous attire of those we drew at Caraffa, although their every day dress is, to my mind, even more picturesque. One of them had come laden with provisions, for the prisoners, I presume; and her method of carrying them formed a striking contrast with the habits of the Calabrians. These latter bear every thing, from the water jug to the heaviest loads of wood or linen, upon their heads; whereas the Albanians, from fear, no doubt, of injuring their splendid caps, carry all burdens on their backs, fastened before with cords. On entering the presence of Don Domenico, there were some changes of toilet observed by these ladies; induced by respect, and calculated to heighten the effect

of their appearance; the white handkerchief, removed from their heads, displayed the brilliant *cajola*, and the long blue skirt, generally looped up behind, so as not to impede their walking or household avocations, was now released from its confinement, and, open in front from the waist to the feet, swept the ground behind, with a dignity of train worthy a tragic actress. The conference was managed with much diplomatic skill on both sides; as to the Caraffans, they appear to be in as great trouble at having got the money, as we are at having lost it; but we shall at all events have reasons to think ourselves very well treated; for we have been informed to-day, that, lest we should be detained too long, Don Domenico's nephew, the *Capo Urbano*, and the other few respectable inhabitants of Caraffa, will, if the cash be not forthcoming to-morrow, make up the sum amongst them, for us; trusting to time, and a careful watching of every villager's expenditure, to discover who is actually in possession of the treasure; when they will pounce upon it, with

the strong arm of authority, or else, as we used elegantly to say at school, they will have it out of their bones.

I have learned to direct a letter, *alla Calabrese*, to-day; so that if ever you wish to write to Don Domenico, or any other Calabrian gentleman of consideration, you must head the address with four capital letters, A. S. E. I.—that is to say, *Alla Sua Eccellenza Illustrissima, Il Signore Don* so and so; to a man of less standing, you leave out the *illustrissima*; and to a *bourgeois* you must write simply *Al Signore Carlo, Pietro*, or whatever his name may be. The Don or Dom would seem a remnant of Spanish grandeur. Our host's sons are all Dons; and a fine little fellow is the youngest, Don Enrico. We also are Donned, and in our depositions made before the judge you may read Dom Guglielmo, Dom Arturo, &c.; a distinction rather granted, I suspect, by courtesy than to our own just pretensions; as we were all obliged, except de W—— to answer in the negative, when his lordship, in describing our persons, enquired if our families

were noble. The most characteristic and truly Spanish appellation—for the Don may be heard in other parts of Italy—is that given to the ladies; as to our hostess, Donna Carolina, and to her daughters, Donna Enrichetta, and Donna Genifreda, if I heard the name aright; a young lady of considerable genius, of whose talents in poetry we had many proofs. One production of hers in particular, an ode upon the death of the late Queen of Naples, printed in a collection of pieces upon the same subject, and signed simply *Genifreda, giovane Calabrese che non ha ancora passato il terzo lustro*, appeared to us full of pathos and sentiment. She was waiting impatiently for the arrival of her twenty fifth year, when it was her intention to retire into a convent; where, she said, she should be able to enjoy, in quiet, her favorite studies and meditations. Having ventured to enquire how many summers must pass before she entered the cloister, and having learned that she was as yet only eighteen, I hinted at the possibility of some change in her determination, during the ensuing

seven years; but she shook her head, and smiled, as she merely replied "I am resolved."

We shall, I suppose, shortly leave this amiable family, as matters seem coming to a crisis; however, to-morrow, I shall be able to tell you more decisively. Adieu.

Cortale, June 6th.

THIS morning has been productive of great events. *Imprimis*—The *Intendente* sent an order from Catanzaro, for the burser of the parish funds, or *cassa comunale*, to pay us the sum of fifty-six ducats, *instanter*. Accordingly, that functionary, attended by the Capo Urbano, and a few more of the notables, waited upon Don Domenico early this morning, with the intelligence, and the money. We were made acquainted with the order of the Governor, and the obedience of the treasurer, and were upon the point of receiving the ducats, when lo! a messenger arrived post-haste from Caraffa, demanding instant audience of our host; when admitted he presented a letter from the reverend priest of the village, which being opened

and read, *pro bono publico*, was found to begin thus—

“ Io jeri sera nella chiesa della Santissima Madonna tanto pregai San Antonio e San Domenico, &c. &c. &c.” The joyful purport of the epistle was, that, moved by their priest’s fervent prayers last night, Saint Antonio and Saint Domenico, the patrons of brigands in general, had deigned to instigate the robber to confess, and restore his spoil. The worthy father confessor having dismissed his penitent, relieved from his weight of guilt and gold, lost no time in despatching a trusty messenger to Cortale, with the news of his success, and the money so scrupulously returned; being fifty-eight ducats, two more than the sum which we, not exactly aware of the state of our purse, and afraid of saying more than we actually possessed, had mentioned as the extent of our loss.

The letter being finished, the ducats were produced, very much to our joy; and Don Domenico solemnly consigned them, once more, to our tender keeping, with many kind wishes for their safety and ours. Certainly we have every

cause to preserve a grateful remembrance of this worthy man's hospitality, generosity, and warmth of friendship. Without his aid what would have become of us! His attentions to us are equally shewn in small matters and in great, and our slightest wishes for the sketch of a new costume, or the gaining of a fresh prospect are as punctually attended to, as if they were affairs of the greatest moment. As for Donna Carolina she has had the motherly kindness to look over our linen, and cause us to be put once more into good travelling trim. She deigned this morning to join our mid-day repast, as it will be the last we shall probably partake of, under her roof, for some time; for, unwilling to trouble our host any longer, and somewhat impatient to recommence our wanderings, we have fixed our departure for to-morrow, at day-break. Don Domenico had intended to give us a proof of his influence over the peasants, by sending with us as far as Nicastro, or Pizzo, an escort composed of those very Caraffans who had already shown us their talents in such a different way. Donna Carolina, however,

thought it more prudent to send urbans of Cortale, and her husband yielded to her suggestion, although I am convinced the guard he proposed would have been, as he said, if possible, more attentive than his own people.

The feelings of gratitude to our host, and goodwill towards all the rest of the world that took possession of our breasts on receiving our money, made us feel very lenient to the prisoners; and we were easily prevailed upon by Don Domenico's nephew, who, as *Capo Urbano* and principal resident at Caraffa, naturally feels considerable interest in the fate of his unfortunate villagers, to sign a paper drawn up by the Judge, signifying that as almost all our property had been restored, and as the attack upon us arose in the first instance, from a *mistaken zeal*, on the part of the Caraffans, to serve the public cause, by rooting out of the country and destroying all suspicious and brigand looking persons, they having taken us for the same, in spite, by the bye, of our actual appearance, and want of arms, we the undersigned William J——, Arthur J. S——, Evariste F——,

Charles De W—— and Alphonse P—— humbly recommend them to the merciful consideration of the court ; &c., &c., &c.

This document will be very serviceable, and we are told may, if the court is lenient, reduce the punishment from several years of the galleys, to a few months imprisonment, which are absolutely necessary for these gentry to have leisure to reflect upon the nature of their conduct.

After this business was transacted, we went to breakfast as usual at noon, and then retired to perform the *siesta*. There is in our room an amusing contrivance to relieve the ennui of those who court in vain the sleepy god during the mid-day heats ; two square holes cut obliquely through the thick wall, and pointing directly to the open space which I have already mentioned as the rendezvous of all the gossips in the village, form, when the shutters are closed, as they always are during the *siesta*, a very primitive *camera oscura*. I lay to-day for some time watching the figures, as they noiselessly glided over the wall opposite the window, not at all incommoded by walking on their

heads, and looking like some fairy pageant, instantly scared away by the partial opening of a shutter.

We went to take a walk in the cool of the evening, and paid a visit to some goatherds, whom we found occupied in milking their goats. Our leather cups were instantly put into requisition, as each, in his turn, partook of the grateful draught. The dogs here are much esteemed, and are necessary guardians against the wolves which, in winter, not unfrequently, ravage the flocks. They resemble, in shape and stature, the Roman breed, but differ in colour, being all dark brown, or black.

Upon our return to Cortale, we found all our old gossips and friends assembled to bid us farewell; and, adjourning to the great hall, we prepared to spend gaily our last evening. Music, and dancing the *tarantella*, the mandoline and tambourine, with all kinds of songs, have been the order of the night. I have taught my friend, the musical genius, to execute "a flaxen headed plough-boy," upon the guitar; he declares

it to be "*un bel pezzo, da vero,*" and says he shall always think of me when he plays it. We have had also some scenes out of the Christmas farces, which they represent here at that season, and altogether our village friends have taken as merry an adieu of us as possible. Having kissed and been kissed all round, they at last departed, and left us to perform the same operation with our hostess and her daughters, previous to retiring for the night. After conversing with them for some time, and saying all that gratitude and esteem could dictate, we took our leave, P—— advancing with French ease to salute Donna Carolina, whilst we took the hands of the young ladies, when lo! our gallantry met with a sudden repulse, as not only the kiss was disallowed, but even a shake of the hands was considered as a familiarity too great for the prudence of Calabrian beauties. We could not of course help asking the reason of this coldness; when our hostess begged us to excuse her, as it was a custom of the country, or a prejudice, as she termed it, which she and

her daughters would feel uncomfortable in transgressing; and indeed we were no longer surprised when our Catanzaro friend S——, told us, on their retiring, that in Calabria, none but an accepted suitor could presume to take the hand of a young lady.

Adieu, I have still to pack my knapsack, ready for to-morrow, as we start at day-break.

Monteleone, June 7th.

WE got to-bed at two o'clock this morning; a ceremony, hardly worth going through, as at four we were aroused again, in order to commence our journey betimes. We repaired immediately to the great hall, to take leave of Don Domenico, who, although getting much better, cannot yet leave his couch. Our estimable host embraced us all, and dismissed us with many kind wishes for our welfare and happiness. I cannot tell how exceedingly we were moved at parting with one who has done so much for us. It would really be worth while being robbed and beaten often, if one could every time become acquainted with such

a hospitable and generous protector, and have such an opportunity of observing scenes, costumes, and modes of living so characteristic as those which have surrounded us lately. I have endeavoured to profit as much as possible by so favorable circumstances, not only in filling my sketch-book, but also in exercising myself in the Calabrian dialect; indeed, we are all now tolerably *au fait* in the familiar expressions and peculiar pronunciation which render it, at first, so unintelligible; the abbreviations, local terms, words borrowed from the Albanian; the constant use of *b* for *v*; *gr* for *gl*, &c. all which, together with rapidity of utterance, frequency of oaths, and constant use of the second person *tu*, instead of the more courteous Roman *lei*, require some practice to be properly at home in them.

We bad adieu to our host, then, and set off, accompanied by our friend, Vincenzo Tucci, with his long gun, another armed urban, and a muleteer and mule, loaded with our baggage, and with provisions for the journey. Don Domenico's eldest son, S—, and the merry seventy-ounces-of-wine-man accompanied us,

upon our way, about a mile from the village, where they embraced us, and took leave of us affectionately; regretting so soon to break off an acquaintance which had given them so much pleasure, and which was of such rare occurrence in their untravelled country. We quickly lost sight of these hearty and kind friends, and the morning being foggy and cold, pushed on as briskly as the nature of the roads, or rather paths would permit; with our mule plodding on before, and Sincero, a great rough dog, which Don Domenico has given us for a keepsake, and of which P—— has taken the special charge, gambolling round us, little aware of the length his walk is to be.

Our way lay through a steep wooded ravine, upon whose rugged side Tucci shewed us, as we passed, the spot where, last November, three brigands were captured. They were seen coming over the high plain above the forest, at day-break, by some *foresi*; who, alarmed by the appearance of three armed strangers, dressed in the black velveteen costume and ornamented hats of the Cosenzan robbers, took a circuit back to

Cortale ; and, spreading the news, soon sent out the Urbans of the village, eager for their prey, to make a general *battue*. About nine o'clock, the unfortunate trio was discovered, hidden in the bushes behind a large tree ; two of them attempted to escape, whilst the other stayed to fire upon the Cortalans. The latter, however returned the compliment with such effect that two of the brigands were killed, and the third, who was badly wounded, only recovered to be sent to the galleys for life. " The bandit's life," observed honest Vincenzo, " is a hard one after all, and a man must be of a robust constitution to undertake it : to sleep abroad in all seasons, to eat unripe corn and beans, snatched as he steals through the fields by night, to live in perpetual alarms, are very unpleasant and wearing things ; and require all the luxuries of food, wine, and women, which he enjoys in the towns, after some successful stroke, to reconcile him to them."

From this scene of action we soon emerged, and saw before us the plain he had mentioned, bleak and barren. The thin clouds and morning

mists, which enveloped us in their damp wreaths, hindered us from enjoying the view, which, from this elevation, must be admirable. Here and there we observed the thatched huts of shepherds, with their inhabitants lounging at the door, curiously watching our caravan, and counting the number of men and guns we boasted. Vincenzo Tucci, like a prudent general, was very careful of the baggage; and directed us to halt, until the muleteer, who had fallen a little in the rear, should come up; "otherwise," said he, those devils of *foresi* will be profiting by this fog, to take the knapsacks off the mule."

After we had crossed the high plain which, in part, forms the summit of this mountainous region, and commenced descending, by a rough path, towards the village of Conga, situated about six miles from Cortale, our second urban took leave of us, and struck off in a different direction; his peaked hat and long gun soon disappearing in the fog. As we continued descending, the vapours occasionally parted to shew us the rich landscape below; one moment

gleaming with the darting rays and long shadows of the rising sun, and the next veiled from our sight by the closing of envious mists. The advancing day, however, chased away these impediments, and we soon beheld Conga clearly before us. We were objects of the greatest interest to the inhabitants, and, as we passed along the narrow street, every one was pointing us out, as the travellers who had been "*rubati dai briganti.*"

The costume here was very pretty; and I stopped to sketch one woman, whose black silk head-dress, white frill, sleeves, and plaited *camiscia*, blue shoulder straps, dark brown bodice, with sleeves of the same colour, trimmed at the wrist, with gold lace, and hanging from the shoulder, unoccupied; *enfin*, whose light blue, short, striped apron, dark, looped up dress, scarlet petticoat, and bare feet, rendered her a most picturesque subject for the pencil.

The people of Conga were very busy winding the silk off their cocoons; the apparatus being generally situated under a trellis work of vine, in front of their houses. Silk worms are

reared in considerable quantities both here and at Cortale. Don Domenico had two very large rooms full of them.

Four miles more of rapidly descending mountain paths brought us to the high road: which was no sooner gained, than we began to look out for a suitable place for breakfast; and we were soon seated under a great tree, a little retired from the thoroughfare, gravely employed in the discussion of salama, cheese, hard eggs, olives, and raisins; which, with bread and a big stone bottle of wine, had been packed up and slung across the mule by the thoughtful kindness of our hostess. To a passer by, who inquired whither we were bound, Vincenzo, seemingly as a matter of course, answered, to Nicastro; whereas we were going in a directly opposite line, towards Pizzo. I was amused at this little specimen of Calabrian frankness; but no doubt he had excellent reasons for it.

Eight miles, chiefly between orchards of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, brought us in sight of the town of Pizzo, on the sea-coast of the bay of St. Euphemia. We pro-

ceeded, through its dirty streets, and rows of fish-stalls, to the inn, where, disposed as best we might, upon the three beds that graced the state room, we enjoyed the *siesta*, for which our scanty repose last night, and a walk of eighteen miles this morning, had so well prepared us. After this restoring nap, Vincenzo Tucci and the muleteer set out upon their return, anxious not to be benighted in the mountains. We took leave of our faithful Vincenzo Tucci with the usual *abbracciamenti*, sending back all manner of kind messages to our hosts at Cortale by him. He is a very good specimen of a Calabrian, both as to appearance and disposition ; his tall, limber frame, handsome, sunburnt features, and black eyes, would be very prepossessing, were it not for his habitual dark expression of countenance, sombre dress, brigand-looking, brimless hat, and long gun ; which give him rather a suspicious air in the eyes of those not accustomed to the costume of this country ; and who would be apt to fancy that no one with such an exterior can be brave, affectionate and disinterested.

Having bid adieu to the last of the Cortale-

zans, we went to visit the town. The Frenchmen were, of course, very anxious to see the tomb of Murat, whose unfortunate landing here caused his capture and death. We accordingly proceeded to the church where he is buried, but instead of the sepulchral monument which we expected, we were only shown a square stone in the middle aisle ; covering one of the entrances of the common burying ground, situate, as usual in Italy, under the church. There, without cenotaph, and lost amid the common herd, lies " il re Joachimo ! " The town of Pizzo, for its devoted loyalty to the legitimate sovereign, was presented with the statue of king Ferdinand, which now graces its principal *piazza*.

In the bay, long lines of boats were occupied in the tunny fishery. In these clear waters, where the eye can penetrate to a considerable depth, the fishermen watch with intense interest the great tunnies, as they enter the space left between the nets ; and will tell you accurately the number of fish that have been in ; as well as those that have wisely gone out of the fatal circle

again, before the far-spread nets were drawn up with their prey.

The *lions* of Pizzo being dispatched, a very easy task, as there is nothing to see, we took our knapsacks, once more, upon our unwilling shoulders, and commenced the long ascent of six miles, which leads to Monteleone. From the heights over which the road passes, leaving the sea shore and striking towards the interior, we very plainly discovered the conical isle of Stromboli; a faint smoke, which issued from its summit, denoting its volcanic propensities. We arrived here at sunset, rather fatigued with our walk; as we have been of late somewhat out of practice; as for poor Sincero, he is completely knocked up; I dare say he is already amazed at his folly in leaving Don Domenico's mansion, to follow such merciless pedestrians as we are.

We have been walking through the town, which offers, absolutely nothing, interesting or beautiful. We are housed in a tolerable semblance of an inn, and whilst our dinner, or

rather supper, is preparing, we have been paying a visit to the Marchese A——, to whom S——, of Catanzaro, had given us letters.

I am sorry to say that all appearance of costume has disappeared here, and in quitting the mountains of Cortale, we seem to have quitted the most piquant part of Calabria, in that respect. We shall, see, however, what to-morrow brings forth. Adieu!

Palmi, June 8th.

WE left Monteleone this morning, to my great satisfaction; for, I know not why, I disliked the place from the moment I set foot in it. The three Frenchmen hired two horses to carry their luggage, and occasionally themselves, whilst we continued with determined zeal, on foot.

A dull straight road led us from Monteleone, and was enlivened by no other incident than that of a heavy shower of rain; which drove us to seek shelter in some shepherd's thatched hut, whose clumsy locks presently yielded to the argument of a stick's point, and gave us all admittance. In order to lose no time, we pro-

ceeded to the discussion of some provision we had brought with us: after having breakfasted, we profited by a cessation of the showers, and soon reached San Pietro di Mileto, of which I can only tell you that it has a very handsome fountain, and an immense numbers of priests.

Beyond San Pietro the country assumes a wilder aspect; two little boys whom we overtook were conducting an ass, laden in rather an unwonted manner. An enormous wolf, slain the evening before upon the barren hills to our right, was stretched across its back, his glazed eyes half open, and his lolling tongue partially concealing his terrific fangs. He had been taken, for the first time in his life, (if I may make such a bull,) before the justice of Mileto, in order that his personal appearance might entitle his fortunate vanquisher to claim the reward granted to such exploits. An *oncia*, or ounce, a gold coin worth three ducats, is the premium afforded by the authorities, for the destruction of a wolf in these parts; far less than the payment of a like service in Switzerland.

J——, suffering from a sprained ankle, was not quite so speedy a walker as usual, and we found that the Frenchmen, with their horses, were leaving us in the rear: we, therefore, hailed a cart, a *rara avis* in this country, which happened to be going by, intending to bargain for places; a diversity of opinion, however, between ourselves and the driver, as to price, prevented our coming to an agreement, and we let them go on without us. About a mile farther we saw that we had reason to be glad that we had done so; as we overtook the ill-starred equipage overthrown in the road; the horse down also, and the passengers flung out. P—— was very busy assisting them to right the cart; as he has a passion for horses and vehicles of all kinds, and admires the English exceedingly, for their superiority in that line. Seeing that we could be of no use, J—— and I pushed on, and by taking a few short cuts that immediately presented themselves, soon headed our mounted friends. The barren aspect of the country after San Pietro disappeared, as we descended the height on which it is situated, and we entered

a grove of most venerable olive trees, under whose shelter we awaited the termination of a shower. To-day, however, for the first time since our leaving Rome, the rain seemed determined to incommode us. After having walked on, sometimes over hilly plains, sometimes over flat hollows, where the stagnant air smelt putrid, and reminded us of Don Domenico's advice to push across these regions infested with *malaria*, and not to sleep before arriving at Palmi, such pelting torrents overtook us in the wood of Rosarno, which surrounds the village of that name, as forced us to wait a considerable time under the cover of the thick bushes, until our appetite increasing as our patience decreased, we could bear it no longer. We, therefore, openly braved all its fury and arrived, wet to the skin, at Rosarno, situated on an eminence, crowned with magnificent olive trees, and commanding a view of thick forest and copsewood, spread all around it. It is sixteen miles from Monteleone, and its neighbourhood has been always considered as one of the most dangerous places, as to brigands, in Calabria.

We found the Frenchmen at the little *osteria*, and having changed our dress in the cellar, there being no other private apartment, we joined our forces and commenced a vigorous attack upon the poached eggs, fried bacon, and capacious jugs of wine which were prepared to console us for our drenching. The room, which formed, as usual, kitchen, shop, and guest-chamber, was presently filled with gazers, who seemed very much amused with the change in our demeanour after breakfast. We certainly did our best to restore exhausted nature, and having succeeded so far as to become very merry and *insoucians*, we left Rosarno in much better trim than we entered it.

The road we pursued was sandy, and traversed a barren tract of thick copse, fern, and underwood, during six miles, in one straight line. This is exactly the spot celebrated by the commission of many robberies, murders, and other *agrémens* of the kind. We, however, had no such mischance; and indeed saw no one but a gang of strongly armed muleteers, proceeding in the

direction we had just left. We here bade adieu to our friends, who are gone on to Bagnara, with the assistance of their horses, and pursued, more leisurely, our journey, leaving at last the plain, and ascending a high range of hill.

We have been of late very fond of short cuts, and at every turn of the road have dived into some footpath or other, which has not always answered our expectations. A tolerably beaten track attracted our attention in this part of our way, and seeming to present considerable advantages in the direct line it took; we engaged in it fearlessly, encouraged, moreover, by seeing a man who was driving cows before us, take the same direction. After walking a mile, however, to our dismay, no high road appeared. The cowherd had turned off to some distant sheds, we saw no one to enquire of, and the track became less and less visible, dividing frequently, and perplexing us as to the right direction. Our only guide was the sea, which appeared far below us, on our right, and on the shore of which we knew Palmi to be situated; but then the mountains were very precipitous, and de-

scending bluff to the water, defied us to proceed along the coast; the more lofty and domineering the aspect became, the more uncertain we felt, and when from one of their sides some shepherds shouted something unintelligible to us, I began to imagine that the Caraffa affair might be re-acted to our cost. They did not, however, stir from their post, to examine our resemblance to brigands, or to pretend to take us for such, and we continued choosing or rejecting each path, with a perception which seemed that of instinct. At last, we fell upon the remains of one of the steep, narrow paved ways, which were a few years ago, the only high roads in Calabria, and most of which have existed since the time of the Romans. This led us over the high ridge that had hitherto shut us in, and after four miles of wandering and doubt, we found ourselves, to our no small satisfaction, upon the great road, having economised, by this pleasing *short cut*, about a couple of miles.

A by-road on a rapid descent brought us to

Palmi, the Strada Reggia, continuing upon the heights. Our first care was to house ourselves; and we have succeeded very well; having an exceedingly good room and two capital beds, although the entrance, as seems common here, is through the stable, and up a ladder. The town is of the same character as Pizzo, but rather better built, and better looking; with broader streets, and a tolerably handsome public square.

The costume of the inhabitants, both men and women, is picturesque; and I have just been sketching a conversational group of a very pretty girl spinning, with her hair gathered into a net, falling behind, of a brilliant blue colour, with red and yellow spots—her dark blue dress is looped up, displaying a yellow lining; her light blue boddice is laced in front, and her white petticoat is quite short enough to show, in all its naked perfection, a small foot and ankle. Her admirer has his back turned to me, and a long blue felt cap descends nearly to the crimson sash round his waist; his green breeches are open at the knee, and white drawers under

them, come down to the middle of the legs, which are also bare. The women's falling caps are very gay, sometimes white, sometimes of the brightest colours, and form by far the most striking part of their costume.

We have despatched the important business of dining, and engaging a muleteer to provide us with a horse for our journey to Reggio; as J—— is not in condition to continue on foot; his sprained ancle being far from improved, by the twenty-eight long miles we have performed to-day.

To-morrow we shall rejoin our friends the Frenchmen, whom I have already charged to enquire for letters for me. I hope you will have been sufficiently good correspondents not to disappoint me in this particular, since in proportion as every step takes me further from you, I seem to become more and more anxious to receive speedy and satisfactory news of you all. Adieu.

Reggio. June 9th.

Early this morning, our muleteer, a black looking fellow, with the long cap and costume of the place, appeared with the horse, a very excellent beast, save and except that he had a trick of always making a bite at our legs as we mounted. Our knapsacks were slung on either side, and J—— got up for the first ride.

After ascending a rough by-path through a wood, we rejoined the high road, which here traverses a wild hilly country, sometimes cultivated sometimes left to its native copse wood and briars. As we were passing through a woody tract of this description (J——, with the horse, being a few yards before) our grim muleteer seized my arm, and pulling me towards a sort of break I remarked in the road side brambles, pointed to the ground on the other side, which bore the appearance of having been recently trampled and disturbed, as if in some violent struggle; and then, drawing his fingers across my throat, rubbed his finger and thumb together, the usual sign here for money; concluding all this dumb show with a most signifi-

cant nod, which gave me to understand that some one had been lately murdered there. He soon began to explain in words what his gestures had so plainly hinted; and when he commenced; “ *qui hanno ammazzato uno*” &c., I found that I had interpreted them quite correctly. He gave no flattering account of the inhabitants of that part of the country, making but one class of them all, “ *tutti ladri*”.

His own looks were not such as to entitle him to form an exception to this sweeping remark; nor do the Calabrian muleteers in general, as a set of men, bear a very high character for integrity.

Gradually descending from the heights on which we had hitherto travelled, we approached the sea shore, and consequently enjoyed a beautiful view. I think I never saw any thing more lovely than the first breaking upon our sight of the bold Sicilian coast, with Messina glittering in the morning sun, and the gigantic Etna towering far above all: at the foot of the high rocks, down which our way wound, lay the calm blue sea, and, jutting into it, the pretty little

town of Bagnara; whilst in the distance to the right, breaking the even horizon of the water, rose the lofty isles of Lipari, Vulcano, and Stromboli.

We descended in a zigzag direction to Bagnara, where we made a short halt; tempted partly by the aspect of some green figs, ripened before the season by the prick of a thorn, of which we got nine for three *tornesi*, a coin about the value of a farthing, and partly to sketch a woman whose costume appeared to us very picturesque. She wore a loose green jacket over a blue boddice laced in front; a short green apron and white petticoat; her feet were bare; her hair, plaited with blue ribbons, was twisted round her head, on which she bore, in preference to carrying it in her hand, a small bowl of most classical form; the even dignity of her walk, preserving the contents in perfect safety.

Whilst we were thus occupied, our muleteer had been busy in making an arrangement with two other worthies of his profession, who were returning to Reggio; and who engaged to conduct us thither, and thus leave him to return to

Palmi, where he pretended he had urgent business, upon condition, of course, of sharing with him the remuneration. To this we saw no objection; particularly as we were to have a beast a piece; and therefore paid him, desiring him immediately to give our new guides the price for which he had agreed with them. This he readily did; and of the piastre which it was settled we should pay for the whole way, modestly reserving for himself only ten *carlini* out of the twelve, in consideration of the eight miles he had come, he generously bestowed the other two upon his brethren, as a recompense for the twenty miles that remained for them to transport us. We had no sooner set out afresh than our new friends enquired what we had paid the other, and upon perceiving what a very small share of the profit he had allotted them, they abused him in no gentle terms, swearing that they would have their revenge. As to ourselves, we were very well contented with the change; since, although the horse had merely a wooden pack-saddle, yet we had also a tall ass with a very comfortable saddle, so that by

taking it in turns to enjoy the best seat, we rode along quite at our ease.

The road continued along the coast, presenting, at every winding of the rocks, some new and delightful prospect; and relieved from our knapsacks, and the usual labour of walking, we enjoyed to the full the lovely scenery and refreshing sea breeze. We had not got a couple of miles from Bagnara before we overtook an old man, with his wife and a couple of children; when we came up, he entered eagerly into conversation with one of our muleteers, who was walking by our side, explaining to him something with most extravagant gestures, and finishing his narration by suddenly drawing forth, and brandishing an axe he had concealed in his bundle. He spoke in the Sicilian dialect, and so fast, that I could not understand what it was all about; until Guiseppe, the muleteer, told me that he was a Messinese, who intended to go to Reggio, and thence to cross to his own country; but that two mariners of Bagnara had, with sinister intentions, offered to take him over at once, from that place; and upon his

distrusting them, fearing, that having him at sea, they might take the few effects and little earnings he was carrying home, and throw him and his wife overboard, as had been done too often before, in similar circumstances, he refused to embark with them ; which so enraged them, that they swore vengeance upon him, and had gone on the road before him, in order to way-lay and attack him. Our muleteer, a strong, good-natured fellow, bid him not to be afraid, but come along with us ; which the poor man willingly did ; and accordingly, about a mile farther, we saw before us two men lounging about, with a couple of enormous staves, destined to the castigation of the unfortunate Sicilian. As our caravan approached, they soon discovered him in the midst of us, axe in hand, and so well protected, that they judged it prudent to relinquish the attack, contenting themselves with returning the volley of abuse, which Guiseppe showered upon them as we passed.

We soon after arrived at Scylla, of classic fame, five miles from Bagnara. Her jutting rocks still wage a foamy war with the "barking

waves," and their forked points present a formidable appearance. The chief mass, which is crowned with a fort, formerly considered very strong, but now in a ruinous state, having been dismantled by the French, forms an admirable breakwater to the little harbour that affords shelter for the fishing boats, *spelonari* and other small craft, trading, or belonging to the village of Scylla, and was too picturesque not to tempt my pencil, whilst our breakfast was preparing. Our appetites were sufficiently awakened by our ride to give a keen relish to this meal, which consisted of maccaroni, fried slices of sword-fish, for so I literally translate *pesce spada*, served with oil and vinegar, salad, fresh curds, oranges, and almonds; the whole seasoned with a flask of that dark Calabrian wine, the strength and flavour of which gradually improve as we proceed southward.

Our two muleteers and beasts having finished their repast, we set off anew; and, after having halted midway, to relieve our thirst and heat, with a draught of wine cooled with ice, or rather frozen snow, with which article every

osteria in these parts is plentifully supplied, we came to San Giovanni, situated on that point of land where the straits are narrowest, and exactly opposite to Messina. This is the general place of embarkation; with a fair wind, one may run over in about twenty minutes. We, however, continued our way towards Reggio, along a sandy road, bordered with tall hedges of olives. A few miles from that town we met a number of men, whom, from their black dresses, peaked hats, and skin sandals, with twisted thongs, we recognised as mountaineers of the interior. Our muleteers knew some of them, and embraced them, testifying the utmost satisfaction at seeing them. When we had passed them, I asked Guiseppe who they were, and why they had left their own country, a thing so contrary to their usual habits. "These men," said he, "are shepherds, and other *foresi*, who have been confined in the prisons of Reggio, and their time being expired they have been released to-day and are returning, in their best clothes, to their native villages." They were, indeed, dressed neatly, and one handsome young fellow had blue ribbons

round his hat. Their offences were various, but chiefly robbing and stabbing.

As we approached the end of our journey, houses began to border the sides of the road, and the chief occupation of the inhabitants seemed to be, packing, for exportation, the oranges and lemons which are here prodigiously abundant. The approach to Reggio is very pretty, and the luxuriance of the vegetation, the quantity of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, pines, eastern looking palms and aloes, sufficiently display the fertility of the sloping plain on which it is situated.

On entering the town, we proceeded to the quay, which is very long and broad; the houses facing the sea are all uniform, and built with handsome arcades. As we proceeded upwards, in quest of our inn, which happened to be at the extreme end of the line, we rejoiced that it was the hour of the *siesta*; so that the procession of our horse, our ass, and our baggage mule, with ourselves, in dusty trim, escaped the smiles of the *beau monde*, who come, in the evening, to enjoy the sea-breeze on this splendid

walk. We found our friends indulging in soft unconsciousness, after a copious repast. They were surprised to see us so soon; but I think we have managed a great deal better than they did; as they were travelling last night, after dark, very much tired, in order to reach Bagnara, and only got here a few hours before us. You may imagine that my first care, on arriving, was to enquire for letters, only, alas! to be disappointed. I was obliged to come back and solace myself with dinner, and J——'s condolences; but I find that I cannot entirely forgive you until I have slept over the affront—so Adieu.

Messina, June 10th.

WE were much pleased with Reggio. The quay, upon which our inn was situated, is very handsome, and ornamented with several fountains; of which one, almost opposite us, was really magnificent. It is a singular thing, that almost all the fountains at Reggio are on the shore, and actually within a few feet of the sea. The beach is sandy, and would have tempted us,

last night, to bathe, had not our host dissuaded us from it; assuring us that sharks are not unfrequent on the coast, and that accidents sometimes take place from the *penchant* they entertain for legs and arms of swimmers.

We went, this morning, to walk about the town, which wore a very gay aspect; not so much, however, on the quay, as in a long, handsome street running parallel to it, which seems to be here what the Toledo is at Naples. The shops are all open, in spite of its being Sunday morning; and the number of fruit-stalls, with their oranges, three for a grano, their apricots and plums, the gaudy booths of the lemonade sellers, the blue striped tent cloths over the shops, the unpaved streets, the white flat-roofed houses, and the deep blue sky, all reminded us that were in a town of the South. There is no particular costume here. The women were very neatly dressed; *gigots* are still the fashionable cut at Reggio; and open worked black silk stockings, and black veils, as head-dress, universal. The castle was partially destroyed by the French, upon their abandoning

the place, and the churches are not very remarkable.

Upon our return to the inn, we found that Mr. —, *Segretario Particolare* to something or other, a very polite gentleman, to whom we had letters, had sent us a present of venison. It had been shot in the mountains, and was about the size of our fallow deer. P—— waited upon the donor, in order to thank him, and solicit the favor of his company to breakfast; he was pre-engaged, and consequently unable to come, but he allowed his son to accept the invitation in his stead: our breakfast was exceedingly good, and the venison, the fore quarters ragooed, and the hind roasted, made an excellent addition to our usual fare.

After breakfast, we began to think of departing. We had already entered into negotiations with some sailors, whose bark was to sail for Messina at half past one, the time of day when the current is most favorable; and having reduced their charge from half a piastre a-piece to two carlini, the usual price, we delivered our passports to the master, and prepared our knapsacks for



travelling again. *Il Segretario particolare* came to see us off, and brought a servant with him, carrying a quantity of very fine oranges and lemons for our use, with some citrons or lime fruit, as big as our heads. These latter I had not hitherto seen; the rind, which is about an inch and a half thick, is the best part of the fruit, the inside merely resembling a tasteless lemon. Mr. — told us that they were not very good specimens, though the best he could get us at that moment, as they were sometimes as big as pumpkins.

We walked altogether down the quay, and taking leave of Mr. — and his son, we embarked in a large boat, in company with a notary of Reggio, some Sicilians returning to Messina, and a few other chance passengers; so that what with them, ourselves, the crew of half a dozen sailors, and a cargo of new baskets, there was not much room to spare. As for poor Sincero, he was stowed in the bottom of the boat, where, after looking very pathetic for some time, he began to give evident proofs of the novelty of a sea voyage to him, and of the

great derangement it caused to his internal economy.

As the wind was not favourable to our crossing at once, we were obliged to be towed up the coast by a pair of oxen, until we got nearly as far as Villa San Giovanni. This passage took some time, and we should have found it rather tedious, had it not been for our oranges and citrons, and the long stories of brigands with which the notary entertained us. He was put upon the subject by the sight of a particular part of the beach, where, a few years ago, he had an unpleasant *rencontre* with some roving youths; and from the history of his own mis-haps, he proceeded to an account of the actual state of the country, and of the great good that had been effected by the vigorous measures for clearing it of robbers, taken by the French general Mannés, during his military government of the province. By this severe judge, no proofs, no court, no twelve jurymen were required; the bare accusation of brigandage condemned a man, and the sentence was invariably death. In vain did the culprits hide themselves in the most

impenetrable fastnesses, Mannés ordered the *Capo Urbano* to assemble the Urbans of the district, and make instant capture of them, "otherwise," said he, "in three days your heads shall answer for theirs." So terrible, at last did his name become amongst the Calabrians, that a peasant, sent for by the general, whatever might be the pretext, always gave himself up for lost—confessed, and received absolution before he set out, and bade all his friends farewell; shewing, by the melancholy tone of his "Mannés has sent for me," how hopeless he was of ever returning. Yet these were the only measures to be pursued in a country desolated by whole troops of bandits; who, not content with pillaging and murdering travellers, dared even to sack and burn villages, and to extort, *vi et armis*, the most exorbitant sums from those rich proprietors whose domestic forces were unable to repel the invaders. The notary gave us instances of gentlemen, whom he had known himself, residing in the interior, whose unfortunate lot it had been to fall a sacrifice to the avidity and cruelty of these

birbanti. The treasures amassed by some of the chiefs were very considerable; and, as on their being in a great measure destroyed by the French, not much money was found, it is generally supposed to remain in the ground, where, according to their usual custom, the brigands first hid it. The wild country round Rosano is considered as one of their richest depositories, having been always a favourite resort with these gentry. One incident was related to us, which is not calculated to shew their domestic transactions in a very favorable light, in spite of the usual romantic ideas of the eternal fidelity of a brigand's bride. The chief of a band which infested this province, had a young wife, very much attached to him; who followed him in all his perilous wanderings, and presented him with a son and heir worthy, she hoped, of imitating the glorious exploits of his sire. This unfortunate little *bambino*, however, so disturbed the peace of the brigand's tent, with its infantine cries, that he threatened more than once to put an end to its wailing; and one night, when returning, savage and disappointed from an un-

successful expedition, he was again provoked by its squalls, rising suddenly, in a fury, he put his threat into execution, before the eyes of the terrified mother.

From that moment love gave place in her heart to hatred, and the desire of vengeance ; whilst her husband, enraged at her continually regretting the child, and perhaps suspecting some vindictive intentions on her part, resolved, after some domestic squabbles, upon putting her also to death. One night, having confided his project to his nephew, whom he had left at the head of the camp of brigands, he told him not to give the alarm if he heard the report of a gun, as it would merely be himself, giving a quietus to *la Giuditta* ; and with this warning, he departed to his own tent, a little distant from the others. Now it so happened that his loving spouse had fixed upon this very evening for the performance of her own long-nursed schemes of revenge : and having deferred her own fate, by her more than usually amiable demeanour, and artfully got her victim to sleep, she discharged the contents of a rifle into his body, and cutting

off his head, escaped with it to Reggio, where she claimed and obtained a reward from the authorities, for his destruction. The nephew heard the report of the rifle in the night, and being forewarned, merely muttered to himself, “’o zio ch’ ammazza la Giuditta,” and turned quietly round to sleep again. The worthy notary, after he had finished this Byronian sort of story, continued his remarks on the same subject ; and gave it as his opinion, that though the severity used had certainly put a check upon the open display of the insolence of systematic brigandage, yet that it was still carried on to considerable extent, though more covertly, by shepherds and others, whose apparent peaceable occupations prevented suspicion from resting on them, excepting the grounds almost amounted to certainty.

Conversation of this kind beguiled the way until, within half of a mile of Villa San Giovanni, our ox-driver cast off the tow line, and the sailors unfurled the sheets to the influence of a steady breeze, which soon carried us briskly from the Calabrian shore. When we had per-

formed about half our passage, a box, painted over with flames and souls in purgatory, was produced by the crew, and handed about to receive the pious gifts of the passengers; and so numerous were the *grani* collected, that, elate with success, they wanted the box to make another supplementary round, before we got to shore; a motion over ruled, however, on the part of the donators.

From the middle of the strait we had a magnificent view. Before us was Messina, with its harbour full of vessels, guarded by the fortress of St. Salvador; behind us Reggio, brilliantly illuminated by the afternoon sun, and backed by the barren mountains of the interior; whilst on the left rose the immense Etna, its summit clothed with glittering snow, and vomiting forth a portentous smoke.

Although we came quickly over, it was six o'clock when we landed. Our first impression of Messina was most favourable. The splendid quay was covered with elegant equipages, full of fashionables; the numerous balconies, with which the houses are provided,

were graced by the prettiest women imaginable, with hair and eyes which one might search in vain for, on the other side of the Phare; the uniformity of the houses, the arcades, the regular, well-built streets, the cleanliness, and above all, the air of life and gaiety of the town, were well calculated to strike travellers who had been a month wandering in the sombre Calabrias. It is true that we could not have arrived at a better time; as, besides being Sunday, and the hour of the promenade, the evening was enlivened by the celebration of the *festa della Santissima Trinità*. A magnificent altar was erected upon a public square, beside the Church of the Trinity; ornamented with a profusion of tapers, vases, flowers, pictures, drapery, and gilding; whilst a military band, stationed in an orchestra near it, executed choice pieces of music. At ten o'clock the *festa* was terminated by a brilliant display of fireworks, opposite the altar; and we returned to our inn, highly delighted with our first evening in Sicily.

We are lodged at the Aurora, to which house

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our friend, the notary, recommended us; and we have rooms with spacious balconies, overlooking the *piazza del Duomo*, with all its loungers, the cathedral, the handsome fountain, which adorns the square, the *Caffé dei Nobili*, &c., &c.

To-morrow, however, I shall be more able to tell you of all these things, as we intend to devote the whole day to visiting the lions, so for this evening, Adieu.

Messina, June 11th.

THIS morning we sallied forth upon a voyage of discovery round the city, and we had not far to go before we found objects worthy of our attention. After having sufficiently admired the fountain and equestrian statue of Carlos the Second, which embellish the *Piazza del Duomo*, we proceeded to the Duomo itself, the *Chiesa Madre*, as the Cathedral is termed here; a portion of it is the oldest architectural work in the place, having been begun by "the great Count Roger" about 1098. It has much of the Roman character, blended with enough of the Saracenic to give it a rich effect. I was delighted to be

reminded by it of that Gothic style which is so rare in the south of Italy, and so congenial to the associations of the inhabitants of northern climes. The outside rather reminded me of the Duomo at Florence, being cased in different coloured marbles; but the inside presented another appearance. Antique columns of Egyptian granite, not all of the same length or diameter, with various capitals, and some of them bearing inscriptions in old greek letters, have been evidently transported hither from their original situations in some heathen temples; and would produce a fine effect, were not the contrast between their massive darkness and the whitewashed roof and newly gilded capitals, results of a recent general cleaning, too strong to admit of the harmonious solemnity suitable to their character.

The roof is of wood, it was restored by King Manfred, the original one having been consumed by fire in 1254, at the funeral of Conrad, the son of the Emperor Frederick II. On that occasion, the funereal trophy, or Catafalco, as it

is called, which was placed in the centre of the nave, was so high that the lights on the top caught the rafters; and the roof, the catafalco, and the body of the Prince were all consumed together; forming a funereal pile which had been little anticipated at the commencement of the ceremonies. The cross on the top of the tower is of wood—it was formerly of iron, but, after the great earthquake in 1783, it was changed; the people fearing the fall of so bulky an object; in so heavy a material, in case of another visitation.

From the Cathedral we proceeded to the splendid street called *Strada Ferdinanda*; more than a mile in one straight line, and built with admirable regularity; and thence to the quay, where we visited the *Porto Franco*: finding there nothing but hides and cotton, we left it, and went to *La Borsa*, a kind of club-house, consisting of assembly rooms, with card, billiard, and ball-rooms, very handsomely furnished and fitted up. Thence proceeding down the promenade, we passed before a convent, whose meek inmates, in stole and pinner, happened to

be looking out from their high windows, at that precise moment. I do not know whether it was our altogether un-Sicilian appearance, or merely the Frenchmen's black beards that excited the fair ladies' hilarity, but they certainly were very much amused with us; and horrified too, it would seem, for they crossed themselves repeatedly, when we ventured to direct our glances towards their quarter.

The quay of Messina always presents a most lively picture; the vessels of all countries, and all builds, from the tight English brig, to the clumsy Neapolitan, which crowd its port, the ox-carts, the loading, the unloading; the sailors in flat, tarred hats, or brilliant caps, according to their nations, the handsome houses, the balconies graced with pretty gazers, the *beau monde* driving up and down, enjoying the bustle; the fish market, the lovely distant view of Calabria, and the sea, with a tall frigate now and then perceived cruising in the straits, are altogether enchanting. Whilst we were gazing in admiration on the scene, some boats arrived from the tunny fishery, heavily laden with their huge

prey; in a moment all the booths were in agitation; buyers approached, the venders prepared their great hatchet knives, adjusted their scales, and, with loud cries, invited their customers to come for the prime parts. The sailors, in the mean time, were busy heaving out the great tunnies, and carrying them, three or four men staggering under each fish, to the stalls of the retailers, who falling instantly to work, soon cut them up, and served them out to the purchasers. As the supply became more plentiful, competition became greater, and the vociferation and abuse which passed between the rival salesmen is beyond description. Where two or three belonged to one booth, one of them cut up the fish, the second served it out, and looked to the money; whilst the third, mounted on one end of the stall, with his head touching the canvass which served to protect it from the sun, roared and gesticulated as none but a Sicilian can do, in praise of his own merchandise, and disparagement of that of his neighbours. The tunny is an excellent substitute for meat, and

makes a very solid dish; the usual way of eating it is, fried and served up with oil and lemon juice; but the *Pesce Spada*, a fish usually about eight or nine feet long, comprising the bony sword which gives it so formidable a name and appearance, is more delicately flavoured and more esteemed; as we have already ascertained at the *Aurora*, to our most satisfactory internal conviction.

After having dined we proceeded to call upon a gentleman to whom we had letters. He was very polite, and accompanied us to the house of a *conoscente*, whose collection of pictures was well worth examining. I was as much interested, however, in observing the interior disposition and furniture of a real Sicilian house. The rooms were magnificently large and well proportioned; the ceilings and cornices, covered with those gay and fantastic arabesques, which seem to have been preserved here as favorite ornaments, since the days of Pompeii; and the floors, smooth and cool as marble, were made of a cement resembling *pozzolana*. The ridiculous excess of furniture which encumbers our modern

fashionable rooms could not be complained of here ; the centre of the apartment being always unoccupied, and the sides alone garnished with *consoles* and chairs. Our new acquaintance then took us to visit the modern church of St. Gregorio, which, situated upon an eminence, commands an admirable view of the town and port, with the coast of Calabria as its back ground. The interior is very richly ornamented with marbles of different kinds, mosaics, and some tolerable pictures, including a fine copy of the St. Gregorio, at Bologna. There is a convent of nuns annexed to the church ; they have at any rate a fine look out over the world, to console them for their seclusion from it. The last *lion* we went to see after having, by-the-bye, previously been over some extensive tanneries was the Flora, a public botanical garden, laid out in the style of a *jardin Anglais* ; that is to say, with its artificial hill, its waterfalls, fountains, groves, and lawns, grottoes and winding paths, in as great variety as an acre and half of ground would allow. I dare say, however, that to a botanist, the Flora might be very interesting ;

but as I am not, alas! learned in the Linnæan nomenclature, I cannot tell you what rare vegetables it contains, although many were pointed out to us; the papyrus alone growing in luxurious abundance on the banks of a pond, has secured a place in my recollection.

When we returned, carriages and equestrians thronged the quay and the Strada Ferdinanda, whilst the balconies were animate with ladies. Many gentlemen instead of bestriding horses, were mounted upon tall asses, of surprising beauty and spirit: they are here mostly of a dove colour; they are well groomed, and with their long ears, thick necks and slender legs, make no bad figure on the promenade; particularly when adorned with knots of ribbands and coloured bridles.

We stay here to morrow, in order to celebrate my birth day, which I please myself with thinking will not be forgotten by you; and to see what remarkable things remain unseen. I am sorry to say the costume is absolutely nothing. English cottons being the common wear of the

lower orders; however, this is a misfortune which generally happens in all great towns, and I hope to find something interesting in Sicilian country dresses, although I hear they by no means equal those of Calabria. Adieu! all, *bien-aimés!*

Messina, June 12th.

My natal day arose under very unfavourable auspices, rain falling in such quantities as seriously to incommode our purposed excursions. Nevertheless we made shift to get abroad, and visit a collection of Sicilian minerals, lavas, marbles, drawings of Etna, and other curiosities, shown to us with great courtesy by il Signor ——.

The next place we went to was the *Palazzo Comunale*, a very fine building, situated upon the quay. Whilst we were there, a great state coach, drawn by four mules, drove up to convey the Senators of the town to the Cathedral; there to be present at the religious ceremonies performing in honour of Santa Maria della Something, I really forget what, the patron saint of

Messina. We waited to see their worships, and ere long, forth they came in all the dignity of office; that is to say, of wigs, ruffs, gold chains and rapiers. Their arrival at the *Chiesa Madre* was announced by petards let off before the great church door, which was then thrown open, and the Syndic, Senators, and whole municipal *cortège* entered, preceded by a military band playing lively airs.

The Senators are six in number; three are nobles, and three burgesses; but the Syndic is always noble. From the Cathedral we returned to our mid-day repast at the Aurora, where my health was quaffed in flowing bumpers of Muscat and Malvoisie; admirable wines, and well worthy of adorning a birth-day dinner table. I thought of you all, as I raised my glass to my lips, with an appropriate speech of thanks. In the afternoon we visited the gallery of pictures in the Collegio. There are none of them excessively fine. Specimens of the Roman, Florentine, Bolonese, and Venetian schools I sought for in vain, but on the other hand, the more exaggerated style and colouring of the Neapoli-

tan, Sicilian, and second rate Spanish masters abounded, and indeed, formed the mass of the collection. We were anxious to visit the fort and arsenal, but the permission could not be obtained to-day from the governor, and I do not think we shall defer our departure on that account. To-morrow we leave Messina, and refreshed by so much repose, and so little marching, we shall be in admirable trim.

Ai Giardini, June 13th.

THIS morning, at an early hour, we had assumed our knapsacks and sticks. Sincero, vapoured with being so often confined at home, whilst we were visiting museums and churches, frisked about, in all the joy of liberty, and we ourselves not sorry to be again *en route*, set forward at a good pace.

The suburbs of Messina extend a long way, and the first part of the road is flat and not very picturesque. Instead of aloes, so much in vogue on the other side of the straits, the Indian fig forms here an impenetrable hedge to the vineyards, and the luxuriance of the vege-

tation, the variety of fruits and flowers attest the fertility of this favoured soil.

The costumes that we observed presented nothing new, except the peculiar Sicilian cloak, worn by men, with a hood, completely covering their head, and leaving only room for the face to peep out, *à la Greenlander*. The trappings of mules and donkeys are also remarkable, rich with broad yellow and red embroidered straps, tassels and fringes. The carts are rather more civilized than in Calabria, and the cart saddles boast a painted wooden peak, a couple of feet high, sounding with pendent bells.

By the time we had performed nine miles, we were glad to halt, at a house, which offered some chance of a breakfast. One large room, divided in the Sicilian fashion, with reed screens, formed the *osteria*, and we were soon occupied with the eggs, Spanish cured sardinias, and fresh curds set before us. The wine was white and strong, and the cigars, four for a grano, cheap enough, tobacco being a home produce, and duty free in this country.

Restored by our meal, we set out again, pur-

suing the windings of the coast, and gradually losing sight of the distant Calabrian mountains, until we reached the fortress of Sant' Alesso, which, perched upon a lofty and precipitous rock, advancing into the sea, commands the road passing under its threatening guns. It was too picturesque an object, with its bold crags, varied into a thousand hues, and diversified with the tenacious Indian fig, not to arrest our attention, and challenge our pencils; so, choosing our *point de mire*, we were soon at work; J—— and F——, who do not wield the brush, proceeding onwards. From the summit of this pass, the view is very beautiful in the direction we were taking. Across a wide bay we discovered, far stretching into the sea, a range of rocky hills, their summits fantastically crowned with villages and castles; amongst which ancient Taormina proudly preserves its lofty position; whilst Etna, visible everywhere, rose like a giant over all.

Many a weary step did we take, many a torrent, descending in haste to the sea, from some romantic mountain valley, did we cross,

many an ascent and descent accomplish, with many an unhappy whine from poor Sincero, disconcerted at the heat and lengthening way, before we reached the base of this long seen range; and the setting sun began to clothe all in glorious purple tints, ere, from the heights, we descried the resting place we had proposed to ourselves for the night, the village of Giardini, situated upon the coast, at the foot of the rocks of Taormina, thirty-five miles from Messina. At last, after having descended some time, a sudden turn brought us round an overshadowing mass, which had hidden the prospect for some way, and disclosed at once Taormina, seated aloft, with its ruined churches, convents and venerable stone pines, mingled with palms, and orange trees, glowing in the rich western light; whilst the mouldering castle, perched upon a domineering eminence above the town, numerous other commanding summits, crowned in the same manner, and above all, Etna, softened by distance, into a deep violet colour, testified alike the magic influence of the sun's departing rays. The road, the sea, the base of the moun-

tains and Giardini were already sunk into the obscurer tints of night, and the same sober hue had stolen over the whole scene by the time that we reached the village, at whose entry we were met by our two friends, and conducted to the inn their care had already provided for us. This important establishment is kept by the parish priest; he has provided us with beds, hung and covered with rich old yellow silk, and his entertainment, in the supper line, is good enough. He walks about the great room, with his hands behind his back, giving directions to the underlings for our accommodation, and perhaps calculating what charge he shall conscientiously make us, for out of respect to his cloth, we have not undertaken the usual hard task of bargaining. Adieu! *Ma chère mère, mon cher père, ma chère sœur, adieu!*

Giarra, June 14th.

WE set off early this morning, in search of antiquities, leaving our knapsacks in charge of our reverend host, and accompanied by a little boy who was dispatched to Taormina for macaroni,

and some other delicacies necessary for the dinner we had ordered, which the stores of the antique city could alone supply. The path which leads there is very picturesque. Following, at first, the course of a torrent, bordered with fig, olive, and mulberry trees, that afford support to the graceful vines, it soon quits it, to scale more rugged and lofty heights, and we had two miles of steep, laborious ascent to perform before, through a ruined gateway, we gained admittance to the town itself.

The houses are mostly built in the Saracenic style of architecture. F——, with all the delight of a connoisseur, examined the windows and doors, pointing out the different shades of Gothic, barbaric, and, here and there, some remnant of Roman columns, with which they abounded. Many of them are ornamented with arabesques, in black and white. After visiting the principal church, we proceeded at once to the grandest ruin Taormina presents, the ancient Greek theatre, which, situated upon an eminence, above the town, commands a most magnificent view of the sea, the coast, and the

surrounding mountains, of towering Etna, and the fertile regions which cover its base and sides. The town, the fortress, the remains of ancient tombs, the innumerable peaks and pinnacles, headlands, and promontories, all mixed up together in gorgeous confusion, make this extraordinary view like the reading of some old romance—every object recalls to view some classical association, or some great event of the middle ages: it might be contemplated for hours, and that in an atmosphere so delicious, under a sky of such cerulean blue, that an exquisite air of poetry is thrown over the whole, of which it is impossible to give any idea by description. We were much interested, too, by the theatre itself; the most perfect part remaining is the *scena*, which, as seen from what were once the principal boxes, diversified both as to form and colour, by the hand of time, that venerable lover of the picturesque, and with the admirable background spread behind, formed so delightful and striking a picture, that we were all immediately searching for positions, according to our several tastes, whence to seize

and commit it to our sketch-books. In this operation, however, we were for some time disturbed, by the perorations of an old grey-headed *cicerone*, who had followed us from the town, and who was now so eager to deliver his *call roll* of information, in all the accuracy of names, dates, and events, from the first construction of the *teatro*, by the Greeks, to its final destruction by the Saracens, that, detaining us by the button, he would not be satisfied without the most absolute attention on our part. At last a fortunate expedient was discovered, by which both parties were fully satisfied. The old gentleman, having mentioned the admirable proportions of the edifice, and its wonderful disposition for the conveyance of sound, proposed to give us a proof of the latter quality, by descending to the *scena*, and reciting, in Latin, a general history of Taormina and its ruins, of which, although pronounced in his natural tone of voice, and in spite of the distance that divided us, he declared we should not lose a word. On this assurance, you may imagine, we very willingly consented

to his leaving our immediate presence, and, aided by his crutched stick, he carefully descended the rugged remains of the seats which separated us from the grass-grown stage, whereon he presently made his appearance. It was, perhaps, less dignified than that of the buskined actors who once personated there the tragic heroes of Eschylus and Sophocles, but quite imposing enough for the share of attention which we, the audience, perched here and there, midst broken columns and crumbling corridors, with our books before us, and our heads incessantly moving up and down, in true sketching fashion, condescended to afford him.

What the history was about I cannot pretend to tell you, although, as had been promised, not a syllable was inaudible; however, after about twenty minutes' uninterrupted burst of eloquence, the old man, either unused to such a taciturn audience, or at a loss for the sequel of his tale, stopped to enquire whether we clearly heard him, and we assuring him that we were "all ear," he finished with an eulogium upon the skill of the architect, and bowing to us, th

pit, boxes, and gallery, made his exit by a side door, amidst "reiterated peals of the most enthusiastic applause," as the newspaper writers happily express themselves.

The whole neighbourhood of Taormina is wild and picturesque, and from the theatre alone many beautiful views might be taken. Turning our backs to the sea, we beheld the steep heights on which stands the Saracenic castle commanding the town: and, on an overhanging verge, so uncongenial to mothers' feelings, that children, till the age of four years, are tied by one leg to the door-post, lest their infantine rambles should extend over the fatal cliffs, is perched the village of Mola; round whose giddy precipices, as if waiting for his prey, a falcon sailed, with outstretched motionless wings, cutting the air in never ending circles. Upon the declivity, and at the foot of the same mountains, were ruins of former grandeur—stones hardly distinguishable from the rocks on which they were placed, were dignified by our talkative old friend, with the names of temples, walls, and aqueducts—and

the varied masses, remnants of arches, corridors, and pillars, overgrown with shrubs, thyme, and luxuriant Indian figs, amongst which we were wandering, formed a rich foreground to any distant subject we might choose.

Altogether the scene was of that surpassing loveliness, which leaves a lasting impression in the mind of the traveller; one of the few which stored in the memory, fully repay all the toils of wandering in search of them.

We descended again, after having finally re-examined the most perfect remains of the theatre, to the town, where we repaired to a wine-shop, to ascertain the quality of the Taormina grape; and very good we found it, when a jug of strong red wine was presented to our fasting lips. The room itself likewise afforded a characteristic group, of which I tried to get a hasty sketch *à la derobée*. A party of village gamblers, with their long scarlet and brown woollen caps, gay sashes, and dark features flushed with drinking, were playing at cards; some reclining upon, and others seated around the low table of tressel-supported planks,

which, by night, was adorned with a straw mattress, and transmuted into a bed. Upon a ladder giving access to the attic, a girl, with a pitcher in her hand, had paused to watch the progress of the game, which was sufficiently marked by the cries and oaths of the members interested therein; whilst the back ground of the picture was filled up with swollen pigs of wine, hanging above their heads; shelves loaded with jars, cheeses, and cooking utensils; linen hanging about, and a thousand other interesting details, which, with the distant figures at the open door, and the peep into the street, formed a most picturesque whole.

The costume of the women of Taormina is not very striking; the stuffs being dark, and the head-dress consisting of a white woollen cloth, falling from the head to the waist, and drawn in front so tight as to conceal the best part of the face. They looked at us shyly, and curiously, as we passed; but some ragged urchins less timid, after having clamourously, though in vain, solicited our generosity, revenged themselves for the refusal by pelting us from the widened

loopholes above, and the once formidable walls of the town, as bidding it farewell, we passed under the ruined portal, and retook the rugged descent to Giardini.

Our priestly host had prepared the dinner according to our directions, and through his attention we soon began to experience great internal comfort, after our morning's ramble. Sincero, having no taste for antiquities, had stopped at the inn, to complete his nap, and get his paws in good order again, as yesterday's long march had chafed all the skin off them. We ourselves were not sorry to have only eleven miles to perform, before reaching our destined resting place, the town of Giarra.

Our road lay over a plain at the foot of a chain of mountains running into the interior, the torrents of which we crossed, now and then, in their rapid course to the sea. The country was very fertile, and the heat so great, that we were obliged to rest under the shade of some olive trees, in order to enjoy the *siesta* we had not waited to take at Giardini.

About sunset we arrived at Giarra, a handsome

town, with a splendid long straight and wide street; the whole extent of which, as we traversed it in search of an inn, was crowded with groups of loungers, in their best clothes, waiting for the gay ceremonies prepared to terminate the day in honour of the *Fête Dieu*, which is celebrated in Sicily, with eight days rejoicings. One of these promenaders accosted us in French and offered to show us the *locanda*; he proved to be a Genoese, who had undertaken the direction of certain tanneries, at Giarra; and who was rejoiced to see some foreigners arrive, with whom he might exchange the news. Our appearance caused such astonishment and curiosity amongst the natives, that there was an amazing struggle, at the inn door, between the town boys endeavouring to enter with us, and the indignant inn-keeper and assistants roaring, threatening, and pushing, to keep them out. At last we got housed, our rabble ousted, and ourselves in quiet possession of a large balcony, overlooking and enjoying their discomfiture. Mine host's son, a lively boy, twelve years old,

was full of horrible tales of brigands, who were attacking travellers every day, he said, in the vicinity; indeed, he seemed very much surprised that we had seen nothing of the kind; he was a real Sicilian, all tongue, and formed a great contrast with a melancholy little fellow, about the same age, a Maltese, who was placed, in some capacity or other, with the tanner, and seemed infinitely to regret his own country.

Hearing that we were English, he edged up to J——, and me, and seemed glad to find two *fellow subjects*, so unexpectedly. Soon after we were confidentially conversing upon the vast superiority of the regimental bands on parade at Malta, over the Giarra musicians, then playing on the piazza, under the window; and passing from that to other comparisons, our opinions coincided so entirely with his, that the little Maltese presently brightened up under the cheering influence of our patriotic sympathy.

We strolled out, whilst supper was preparing, in order to witness the illuminations and fireworks going on. The church presented a brilliant spectacle; lamps were arranged in

pyramidical forms, at the three entrance doors, and the cupola above was one blaze of light; in the interior, white and gold draperies, behind the high altar, reflected, the rays of innumerable tapers, with which it was adorned—in the front were the women, filling more than half the church; the long thick white cloths that covered their heads and faces, and fell to the pavement, on which they devoutly knelt, gave them the appearance of some Arabian audience. Whilst we were admiring the *coup d'œil*, a grand crash of petards, at the principal entrance, announced the moment of the procession; the priests, accordingly, in splendid dresses, carrying the host, set off from the altar, preceded by torch bearers, and a military band, with drums and cymbals; and, issuing out of the centre door, marched down the long street, betwixt files of kneeling spectators; their progress marked, here and there, by exploding trains of crackers. A grand shew of fireworks terminated the festa, and set us at liberty, having seen all worth seeing, to come home to supper. The Genoese

was of the party. I was amused enough with the terms he made use of, to shew his gallantry to some pretty girls that waited on us. It would seem that, in Sicily, the fair sex think otherwise of that quality than in the rest of Europe; for the rudest and most revolting epithets, interlarded with frequent oaths, appeared to give them the greatest satisfaction; although, from all we heard of the frailty of the lovely Giarrans, I should have thought such appellations, generally too near the truth to please.

We have been thinking of quitting the road here, in order to ascend Mount Etna, and so re-descend thence upon Catania: but the difficulty of getting good mules, and guides, has obliged us to renounce the plan; and we have finally arranged to go to Catania first. Adieu.

Catania, June 15th.

GIARRA was wrapped in the tranquillity natural after a *fête*, when we set off at an early hour this morning for Catania. The aspect of the country, through which we passed, was of the same character as that we had already seen;

sandy roads, hedges of aloes, and Indian figs, with an immense luxuriance of vegetation, protected by these prickly ramparts ; and beautiful prospects, sometimes over the sea, sometimes towards Etna, whose summit we gradually left behind us, as we journeyed onwards. A muleteer, with his head surmounted by the straw hat peculiar to Sicily, consisting of a scull cap, with two side flaps raised or depressed at pleasure, as the sun may chance to strike, and costing only five grani, was conducting a string of five beautiful mules, not our way, but, unfortunately for us, towards Giarra ; otherwise the number would have been very convenient for our party.

After having trudged a few miles, we made a halt to breakfast, at a house that offered some appearance of hospitality. Our fare, which we discussed on the stone bench outside the door, under the shade of an ample vine, consisted of bread, hard eggs, and strong red wine ; this latter was contained in glasses equalling the " tappit hen," or the " bear of Bradwardine," in capacity. I had never seen such large ones ; they must have

contained a couple of quarts each, at least ; so that a glass and a half fully sufficed for our meal.

We soon after arrived at the town of Aci Reale, situated on an eminence nine miles from Giarra. Its broad streets, evenly paved with lava, its gay shops, *caffés*, and loungers, gave us a favourable impression upon entering ; and we paused to visit two or three of the principal churches, which, built with alternate columns of yellow and black marble, and hung inside with yellow silk, in *fiesta* uniform, presented a striking, although to us not a new appearance. Some of the public buildings were likewise very handsome, and the aspect of the whole town, save and except the prison, with its inmates *gloring* through the bars, upon one of the principal piazzas, was prepossessing and animated.

We left Aci Reale by a long descent, and after seven miles more marching, arrived in sight of Trizza, a little village upon the sea coast. The bay was covered with fishing boats, whose owners, seeming to have had bad success, hailed us to know if we would go with them

to Catania. We had already walked seventeen miles, and the heat of the day then coming on, in all its meridian force, we descended the broken coast, rugged with blocks of lava, in order to hold parley with the boatmen, who finally agreed, in consideration of one *tari* apiece, making in all a half piastre, to take us the remaining seven miles of Catania.

We were obliged to wait some time in the little port, whilst the authorities, who had just gone to take the *siesta*, were awaked, and induced to sign the paper permitting our embarkation; as our passports were made out for the land route. The formalities at last were completed, and we steered our way midst the "Scopula Cyclopum" of classic celebrity, which here form a picturesque group of islets, at a little distance from the coast; cutting with our prow through shoals of the *pinna marina*, which tinged the water with their purple hues. They are a gelatinous substance, in shape like a mushroom; and, when taken out of their element, are perfectly colourless. On being touched, they sting sharply, as P——, who fished one out with his hand, found, to his

cost. We amused ourselves with watching their manœuvres, and admiring the blue transparency of the water, by which we were enabled to discover the unequal rocks, covered with sea plants, and shells of every dye ; which, in some parts, rose so high as to grate against our keel, and, in others, showed their ragged heads, and softened tints, at a vast depth below us. Our *batellieri*, however, conducted us in safety from all these threatening points, “ above, about, and underneath,” and striking across a bay which, in times gone by, afforded shelter to the wandering Ulysses, we passed under the walls of the mouldering fortress named Castello di Aci ; from what particular circumstance I know not, unless it be some tradition connected with the beautiful story of Acis and his formidable rival, of which this part of Sicily was the scene. Perched upon a precipitous mass of lava, and overgrown with climbing verdure, it formed a very picturesque object ; and, together with the rocks of the Cyclops, rising from the clear sea, at a distance, and Etna, that ever-present feature in a Sicilian landscape, constituted too

tempting a scene for us to forbear a hasty sketch as we passed.

The coast farther on presents one unvaried aspect; black lava having overspread everything in its furious course to the ocean.

A light breeze sprung up as we neared Catania; exciting the waves, and impeding our course as much as it accelerated that of the *speronari* and other sail boats that rapidly shot by us; thanks however to the vigorous arms of our fishermen, we made the harbour, and rounding a breakwater of lava, were soon at anchor in the port of Catania, amidst Scotch vessels laden with sulphur, a very ominous sort of cargo for a nation whose motto is "noli me tangere;" *speronari* from Syracuse, or Augusta, anchovy boats, of very long build, always gaily decorated; with here and there a Leghorn or Genoa trader, and a Neapolitan brig of war. We had full time to contemplate these objects, as the abominable authorities not having risen from their mid day snooze, could not take cognizance of our papers, nor would the port guard

allow us to land *en attendant*. Our boatmen took all this very quietly, and sending a boy of the town for bread and wine, began to refresh themselves after their labours ; but we, scorched by the sun, and impatient to follow their example in a more solid manner, began to make a great outcry at the windows of the *Corpo di Guardia di Sanità*, insomuch that il Signore Abbate, host of the Corona hotel, passing by, kindly came to our relief, and rousing the directors in our behalf, a clerk was dispatched to us, who reading our papers, and finding that we had actually embarked at Trizza and brought neither the plague nor the cholera with us, suffered us forthwith to accompany mine host to the Crown.

After reposing, and refreshing ourselves, we went out in the evening to see the town, and the religious ceremonies still celebrating the grand *Fête Dieu*. These latter were as splendid as usual, and the gorgeous processions, followed by thousands of devotees, and spectators, marching up the Corso, a handsome street perfectly straight, and more than a mile long,

with all their accompaniments of banners, tapers, and bands of music, were very striking. Catania itself is well built, and regular in appearance. Its streets are surprisingly long, wide and straight; and presented at this moment a very gay aspect, from the numerous carriages and fashionables, intermixed with soldiers, sailors of all nations, Catanian peasants, and damsels, enveloped in long black silk mantillas, perambulating the town in the full enjoyment of a fine evening and *festa*.

We admired the whole scene, until approaching night began to dim its brilliancy, and then repaired once more to the sign of the crown, where I am in imagination joining your little circle, and pleasing myself with the idea that you will derive amusement from my epistolary labours.

Catania, June 16th.

WE have been conscientiously employing all this morning in visiting the curiosities of Catania, and I am, of course, prepared to tell you a great deal about the museum, the Greek theatre, the convent of the Benedictines, &c. The first

named establishment was founded by the Prince Ignazio Biscari, and his statue adorns the entrance. It contains a large number of vases, statues, coins, and *bassi rilievi*, with other interesting remnants of Egyptian, Greek, and Latin antiquities; amongst which some curiosities of natural history, stuffed or preserved in spirits, and some moorish scymitars, with pikes and mail shirts of the middle ages, seem strangely out of place.

From the *Museo* we proceeded to the *Monasteriò dei Benedettini*, a magnificent place, in every respect; where, under the guidance of one of the brothers, we had an opportunity of admiring all its interesting details. From the garden, which is well laid out, and kept in neat order, there is a good view of the destructive course of the lava of 1669. Our conductor made us remark, as a miracle, the narrow escape the monastery had had, from its overwhelming flood; the lava turned out of its red-hot way, through respect, as he said, to such sacred walls. It certainly did come marvellously near on both sides, without touching, and for aught I know,

the piety of the Benedettini may be sufficient to warrant the idea they entertain of a miraculous interposition having taken place in their behalf. They are at present about eighty in number, very comfortable in every respect, each monk having his private attendant; all, as indeed the laws of their order require, being born in the class of the nobles. From the convent we repaired to the handsome church attached, where mass was about to be performed; we had, therefore, the pleasure of hearing the organ, which is considered extremely fine, and after the service, the organist condescended to perform a piece selected from the Opera of *La Somnambula*, which, although from its associations it sounded somewhat strange in a religious subject, did great credit to his performance, and delighted us by exhibiting the power, tone, and variety of stops of this splendid instrument.

Our next visit was to the theatre, which has been partially excavated by Prince Biscari, an operation attended with great labour and toil, in consequence of the solidity of the lava, which

overwhelmed and filled up the structure. We were shown, by the light of torches, some remains of corridors and steps, whilst the *custode* descanted, with as much fluency as if he had seen the building in its primitive perfection, upon the number of *gradini*, seats for magistrates, dressing-rooms for actors, and all the minutest details of a place now swallowed up in darkness and lava; with the busy world above it, only moved a story or two higher, carrying on its traffic as recklessly as if forgetful that the same burning streams might, at a moment's warning, bring upon it the same dismal fate.

At noon we made a trial of the excellency of Catanian cookery, at the *trattoria del' Elefanto*; so called, I presume, from the sculptured elephant, which bears on its back a granite obelisk, adorning the centre of the Piazza del Duomo itself; we then returned to our inn, in order to take some repose, previous to undertaking the the ascension of Mount Etna; as we have agreed to start for Nicolosi about three o'clock this afternoon. I shall, therefore, say farewell, until my return from this arduous expedition, and

enjoy the indolent delight of the *siesta*, during the few sultry moments that intervene before our setting out.

Catania, June 17th.

AT half-past three, yesterday, we were summoned by our muleteer, who informed us that everything was ready for our departure; accordingly descending, we found a string of mules, provided with *demi pique* saddles, awaiting our arrival. We rode through the town, up the long street which joins the Messina road, until we came to a handsome fountain, where the new road to Nicolosi, lately finished, turns off. Our path lay through fields, gardens, and vineyards, here and there interrupted by bursts of lava. As we ascended, the view became very fine, and with picturesque farm houses for foregrounds, presented many perfect combinations. One I could not resist, as much on account of the figures and their occupation, as the loveliness of the scene itself. It was a small farm-house, built of blocks of lava, shaded with trees; vines, trained round the stone columns in front of the door, and entwined in the trellis-work

they supported, formed a beautiful natural portico often seen here. The farmer and his men were occupied in threshing, or, to speak more correctly, treading out corn. There is generally attached to every Sicilian farmer's establishment, instead of a threshing barn, an open circular area, where the ground is slightly raised, beaten hard, and covered with a kind of cement, in fact the true ancient threshing-floor. On this spot we now saw the corn spread, and four fine mules trotting ceaselessly round upon it; animated, ever and anon, by the cries, as well as by the long lash of their driver; who, in white shirt and drawers, long brown cap, and scarlet sash, officiated in the middle of the circle in the fashion of our horse breakers. One more labourer turned the sheaves with a rake, whilst the others, lying indolently at the foot of the mow, watched the progress of the mules. On the distance glittered the domes of Catania, and the clear sea and far stretching coast completed my sketch.

We proceeded at a slow pace, except when traversing villages; for then our drivers, one of

whom was a consequential boy, son of the *Padrone dei Muli*, anxious for the appearance and honor of their beasts, invariably attacked the rear without mercy, and pushed the whole cavalcade through, at a brisk trot. Thanks to these occasional runs, we arrived no later than seven o'clock at Nicolosi, a distance of twelve miles from Catania. We dismounted at the inn, and whilst the muleteers attended to their animals, we wisely ordered supper; employing the time of its preparation in seeing and deciding betwixt the various guides who claimed the honor of conducting us—no easy task, since they were all alike provided with testimonials of fidelity and attention. The difference of half a piastre fixed, at last, our wavering judgment; and we proceeded to fortify ourselves internally against the approaching cold with such viands as Nicolosi, poorly provided with delicacies of any kind, had to offer; contriving, however, to imbibe sufficient quantities of bread, cheese, and wine to inspire us with a laudable indifference as to the absence of other dainties.

We had reached the verge of social convivi-

ality, when we were informed that it was time to set out, in order to reach the summit by sunrise ; endossing therefore what extra clothing we had, which, however, consisted on my part of merely a spare *blouse* and a pair of gaiters, we got to horse about half past ten ; and taking care to follow, as nearly as possible, the apparition of our guide's white mule, a capital colour for a leader in a moonless night, we engaged joyously in the rough paths which form the ascent. Although the stars were brilliant, the darkness was sufficient to clothe all surrounding objects with that mysterious uncertain grandeur which they assume only at such a time ; the gloomy summit of the volcano appeared as high and as far off as ever, and the stunted fantastically shaped ilexes which clothed the region of the *Bosco* through which we were passing, might be seen now and then, with their black limbs in startling opposition against the sky ; whilst, disturbing the stillness of the scene, our guide, halted on an eminence, to display his conspicuous beast, as a rallying point halloed to call up the stragglers of our party, till the echoes rang

again to his voice. At one o'clock we arrived at the Refuge called *Casa del Bosco* or sometimes *Casa delle Neve*, where we dismounted in order to refresh the mules. Whilst the muleteers were giving them corn our guide collected wood, and made us a fire within the hut, under that half of the roof which remains; the smoke finding its way out at the uncovered half of the ceiling, and the gap left by the absence of the door, which fell a sacrifice, as we were told, to a party of German travellers, who passed the night here some years ago, and, in the frenzy of their cold, rent it off to serve as fuel. Not to lose any time, we lay down upon the ground, with our feet towards the flames, sorely missing our usual pillow, the knapsack, whose place was but ill supplied by a log of wood, and managed to get a "forty wink's nap," as Dr. Kitchener calls it, whilst our animals were supping. We were presently roused to continue our route; which we did along paths gradually increasing in roughness and steepness; indeed our mules stumbled continually, in spite of their reputed sure-footedness, and I wonder

that they did not more frequently come down. However no accident of the kind occurred, and leaving the Bosco region, we entered upon that dreary one covered with sand, snow and ashes which immediately surrounds the summit.

It was most bitterly cold, and heartily glad were we when, by the morning twilight, we descried afar off a hut, which our guide pronounced to be the second Refuge, or *Casa degl' Inglesi*. A long ascent over a rising plain of frozen snow, brought us to it, at a little after four. Upon dismounting, we ran to an eminence above the Refuge, in order to see the sun rise. We had not waited two minutes before we saw the glorious orb, of a deep crimson colour, rise cheerily above the mountains of Calabria, tinging their highest tops with his first brilliant rays, and giving immediate life and vivacity to the magnificent panorama at our feet. We resolved, nevertheless, to defer examining the details of the view, until our arrival at the summit of the cone should give us the most commanding view point possible for so doing; we, therefore returned to the *Casa degl' Inglesi*, a

comfortless place, half full of ice, and testifying, by its destitute appearance, the ingratitude of those inconsiderate travellers who have destroyed and burnt great part of the furniture with which it was once supplied; an outrage deplored in French and English, in a notice affixed to the wall, by the care of Signor Gemellaro, a scientific man residing at Nicolosi and better acquainted than any body in Europe with the history and nature of the mountain he inhabits. Here we kindled a fire again, and produced some provisions we had brought with us for breakfast; the cold was so great that ice in the immediate vicinity of the flames remained perfectly unthawed.

We set off again on foot, leaving our mules to discuss their provender, whilst we gained the summit of the cone; an operation which the loss of our usual night's rest, the steepness of the ascent and the increasing rarefaction of the air rendered very fatiguing. At first our way lay over an uneven track of lava, whose huge blocks gave us much trouble in crossing; but leaving this, we found the footing consisting of

snow and sand mixed with scoriæ far more agreeable. The sulphureous smoke burst forth from innumerable small orifices, melting the neighbouring snows, and warming our feet as we passed.

It took us an hour of laborious walking to reach the summit of the cone, but we were well repaid on our arrival by the magnificence of the prospect, and the awful grandeur of the vast crater, whose precipitous dark abyss sunk to an immense depth below us. Its sheer rocky sides are rent in various directions, affording escape to the impatient vapours that burst from every part; and the sun, which illuminated the one side whilst it left the other and the bottom in shadow and darkness, discovered in it a thousand beautiful variations of tint, caused by the exhaling sulphur. When we threw some masses of scoriæ down the crater, the thundering noise produced was frightful, as if old Etna roared at the insult; altogether, the impression produced by this stupendous volcano is one of the most powerful I have ever experienced. To attempt to give an idea of it upon

paper was ridiculous ; yet we did attempt it, though with fingers numbed with cold and ill-calculated to undertake such a task.

We next turned our attention to the surrounding prospect. Sicily lay, as it were, at our feet, bright and sparkling, except where Etna flung his gigantic shadows across the country. The sea was perfectly visible, encircling the whole island, even beyond Palermo and Marsala, so that we saw it at once as an island upon the map. The Pharos appeared a mere stream, and Calabria, with its Apennines, shrunk into insignificance, quite a near neighbour. The Gulph of Tarento, and the old high heeled boot form of Italy, might be easily traced ; whilst the isles of Lipari, Vulcano, and distant Stromboli, rising from the sea to the north, slightly misty in that quarter, and the bold heights of Malta, far south, seemed, at such an elevated horizon, like mountains suspended in the sky. The view of Etna itself was perfect ; with its various lower craters, and its eruptions, whose course we traced on every side ; particularly that destructive one which

poured in 1669 from the Monte Rosso, a dark double-headed eminence, rather above and westward of Nicolosi, and almost overwhelmed Catania, with its disastrous floods.

I could not forbear my favorite Swiss amusement of hurling stones from my exalted position. It really is one of the greatest pleasures of a mountain excursion. We united our efforts to set some huge masses in motion that reposed, half buried in scorixæ and sand. You would have laughed to see us up to our knees in the smoking soil, using our sticks as levers, struggling to launch our lilliputian rock, and half afraid ourselves of following its headlong rush down the steep sides of the cone.

Our descent to the *Casa degl' Inglesi* did not occupy us long. We found the two muleteer lads by the fire; but what took place in the hut I cannot tell; for, fatigued with the morning's work, I wrapped myself up in the guide's warm, hooded cloak, and choosing a spot of ground where the sun had cleared away the snow, was soon fast asleep. My friends awoke me when it was time to depart, and our whole cavalcade

set off homewards. The freshness of the upper regions gave place, as we descended, to an ardent heat. The aspect of every thing seemed changed. The Bosco was full of flocks of sheep and goats, guarded by jealous black dogs; as to crossing the plain of lava, preceding our arrival at Nicolosi, I can give you no idea of the amazing power of the sun's rays, reflected as they were from the hot stone around us, and descending with meridian fury upon the heads of us poor victims, perched helplessly *à dos de mulets*. I thought we could not possibly escape a *coup de soleil*. Nevertheless, we got safe to our inn, a little after noon, and had dinner served directly; to which having done all due honor, we lay down to enjoy the *siesta* we somewhat needed.

Our tired beasts were brought out again, after three hours rest, to convey us back to Catania. We entered the long street at six o'clock, the hour when the fair Catanians repair to their balconies, and the various promenaders in carriages, or on horse, ass, or mule back,

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make their appearance. The striking contrast our figures offered to the usual gay Sunday show attracted universal attention, but the consciousness of our exploit, and the passing murmurs of "tornano dal Gibello," kept us in good humour with ourselves, and prevented us from being disconcerted at so many wondering looks. We therefore rode magnanimously down the *Strada Ferdinanda* and the *Corso*, and dismounted at last at the *Corona*, well pleased with our interesting expedition.

Catania, June 18th.

WE have been trifling away the day in things not worth relating. Sketching the picturesque fishermen on the sands, with their white drawers and bare legs, dark brown Sicilian cloak, and long blue cap, spreading, drying and mending their nets. Nor have we neglected the women, who stand, with their garments tucked up, washing under the trees; in a beautifully clear stream which crosses the *Passeggiata*, a kind of public walk on the beach, and forms the principal *Lavatoio* of Catania. This same *Passeggiata*

is a place of great resort for the *beau monde*, in the summer evenings ; strings of lamps are suspended between the trees, an orchestra enlivens the company with its strains, and in so delightful a climate you may easily imagine how much these nocturnal fêtes are enjoyed. I have likewise been making a study of one of the black mantillas which give an air so decidedly Spanish to the Catanian women ; whilst receiving the visits of several *negozianti* with their specimens of wrought lavas, minerals, and Sicilian amber, collected, chiefly, in a *fumara*, or torrent, near the town ; seeing and bargaining with boatmen, at the port, for a fare to Syracuse ; and making various other little arrangements have occupied my friends the whole day ; the result of which is, that we have seen all that is worth seeing at Catania, and done all that is necessary to be done ; and shall, therefore, set off in a *speronaro* sailing for Agosta, at ten o'clock to-night ; from thence we shall proceed to Syracuse, where, unless we experience contrary winds, we expect to arrive about noon to-morrow. I am now

going to take a parting look at some of the religious ceremonies, which here seem almost endless. There is grand music in some of the churches, and the *petards* in the streets warn me that they have already begun. So adieu!

Syracuse, June 19th.

LAST night, at half-past ten, we embarked for Agosta, in our *Speronaro*, a long low-built boat, with a short mast very forward, on which were rigged one large lateen sail and a gib-sail. The stern was adorned by a small cabin, roofed with painted planks, in which your humble servants reposed; in company with a fellow passenger, a soldier, bound for his garrison at Agosta, whom we found stretched in sweet slumber when we came on board. Not being inclined at first to sleep, I entered into conversation with the master of the craft, and he related to me his recent misfortunes. He had tried to perform a stroke of contraband trade, by smuggling some cloth into Catania, but the *Doganieri* were too clever for him, discovered the cheat, and immediately seized the wares, and the unlucky boat also. It

was not worth while, as he said, for a matter of four piastres, all he would have gained had he succeeded, to run the risk of such a misfortune as this. He mentioned, however, with gratitude, that the authorities had allowed him to repurchase his *Speronaro* at a low rate, and he was now, once more, in possession of it, rejoicing to bring it back to his native port, although empty and disgraced.

The sea was not rough, and a light breeze bore us agreeably across its bosom. The scene that we were rapidly leaving was enchanting. Catania, her *passeggiata*, glittering with a thousand lamps; her vessels, the light streaming from her houses and churches; Etna rising darkly above, against a sky spangled with stars, were all reproduced, as in a mirror, upon the calm surface of the water. We gazed until the freshening air and falling damps bade us seek shelter for the rest of the night, under the gay roof of the little cabin; where we accordingly stowed ourselves with our knapsacks, our four-footed friend Sincero, and the soldier. Discordant sounds from various quarters soon marked

the heavy sleep of the party. As for me, my ill stars gave me for bedfellows the dog on one side, and the infantry man on the other ; so that the heat, the close package, and the inconveniences consequent more particularly in a southern clime prevented me from enjoying the repose I strenuously courted. I made my escape, therefore, once more upon deck, where all was still. The sailors, wrapped in their heavy hooded cloaks, slept side-by-side ; one, alone at the helm, shewed his long cap above the cabin. The breeze had sprung up stronger, and the little vessel lay over, leaving a train of brilliant phosphoric light behind her, as she dashed through the dark waves. The lights of Catania were still visible far, far off, but no sounds of her gaiety reached us. Whilst I stood delighted at the quiet and beauty of the night, a new object of admiration presented itself. The crescent moon, of a fiery crimson hue, rose from the sea to northward, so brightly that I, deceived by its colour and shape, for a moment imagined it to be an eruption from some distant volcano ; an error quickly dispelled, first by a remark from the

helms-man, and next by seeing it rise in the firmament, gradually losing the fiery tint which had so astonished me. Unwilling to re-enter the hot cabin, I stretched myself upon deck, and, with a sail for my coverlit, and my dear knapsack for my pillow, was soon fast asleep.

This morning we awoke early enough to witness a magnificent sun-rise. The wind had died away, and we were gliding almost imperceptibly along, two or three furlongs from a flat shore, with the fortified walls and distant battlements of Agosta before us, glowing under the influence of the warm orient light. Our crew, impatient at the little progress we made towards a port already in sight, reefed the sails, and heaving the short mast out, stowed the whole apparatus under deck, betaking themselves to their oars, as a quicker mode of arrival. Thanks to this manœuvre, we presently neared the bridge which gives access to Agosto from the mainland; the master, springing from the deck, as we passed under, caught hold of the wood-work, climbed over the parapet, and ran the shortest way into the town, to shew our

passports to the authorities, whilst we rowed on to wait for him in a magnificent, although deserted harbour ; the finest, after that of Syracuse, in all Sicily. Here we amused ourselves with bathing, until, tired of the water and of waiting, we sallied up to the gate facing the harbour, and entered the place in search of our boatman.

Agosta is regularly built and clean. One street, in particular, struck us by its arcades, its handsome length and straitness ; but an air of dulness pervaded the town, and shewed that its prosperity was gone by. Indeed we were told so, by a fair fruit vender, whose tempting establishment, under one of the arcades, arrested our progress. She had been very handsome, and seemed greatly to regret the times when Agosta was full of foreign troops. "When your countrymen were here," said she, taking us all for Englishmen, "we saw plenty of money, but trade has been getting worse ever since they left." We were cut short in our condolences by the boatmen, with a message from the judge, requesting to see us. We

waited on his lordship, answered to our names and having our papers signed, descended once more to the port. According to the terms of our agreement the master of the *speronara* was to convey us to Syracuse for half a piastre a piece, everything included ; so that, as he halted here himself, he had to hire another boat for the rest of the voyage. This was soon done ; our baggage was transported aboard, and four hardy, sun-burnt, rowers carried us, with their even sweeps, rapidly from Agosta.

The heat soon became insupportable, and, together with the monotony of the flat coasts, made us heartily glad when, towards noon, after pulling ten miles, the massive fortifications of Syracuse appeared in sight. We immediately landed, and passing over drawbridges, through guarded entrances, gates, and all the warlike impediments that separate the island on which it stands, from the shore, gained admittance into the town itself. The first thing we met, filling up, entirely, the narrow street, was a procession of priests, preceded by trumpets and

violins ; with some high dignitaries carrying the host under a rich velvet and gold canopy borne by robed assistants : rattling petards warning the people to kneel in time, and to clear all carts, fish-stalls, &c. from before the sacred march.

Having made our way through the attendant crowd, we proceeded to our present quarters, the *Albergo del Sole* ; a very good inn, where we have rooms overlooking the splendid harbour which once afforded shelter to hundreds of war-like galleys. but which is now almost entirely untenanted. The fact is, that Syracuse, at the present moment, is at a very low ebb. It has been for a long time upon the decline, but the consequences of the revolution attempted, and partially carried into effect, last year, have been so disastrous as to suspend, in a great measure, what commerce there was, and to put a finishing stroke to the internal harmony and activity of the town. I was conversing with one of the inhabitants upon the cause and origin of these disturbances, curious to learn the opinions of the place itself.

A rumour got abroad, it seems, among the lower classes, that the government, profiting by the presence of the cholera, at Syracuse, intended to *faire main basse* upon all those party leaders, who, by their uncompromising radical principles, had rendered themselves as obnoxious to their rulers as they were cherished by the people. One or two had already fallen a sacrifice, when the scheme was detected, and a quantity of poisoned bread, prepared for the purpose, seized upon and given up to the fury of the enraged populace ; who, unrestrained by a feeble garrison, were not slow in retaliating upon all whom they considered to be concerned in the plot.

Then came the short reign of a mob ; many of the principal inhabitants and authorities fled from their homes to Noto, and the place presented a continued scene of anarchy and excess until it was stormed and taken by troops sent from Naples to pacify the revolt. How far this account may be correct I do not know ; the wholesale poisoning appears rather improbable, although my informant assured me that he had

seen a dog die almost instantaneously, from a piece of the captured bread being administered to him, by way of experiment.

In the evening we went to visit the town. It is woefully deficient in the cleanliness and regularity we had hitherto admired in Sicily. I think what pleased me most was the number and richness of the balconies, sometimes made with stone balustrades, but more frequently with iron wires, wrought and twisted into a thousand ornamental devices. P——was delighted with some architectural specimens he discovered: he took me into the court of one house, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants, to show me the saracenic ornaments and columns which decked the interior square.

Syracuse presents many points of resemblance to an eastern town; particularly in its narrow streets, its high houses, and roofs sometimes ending with pilaster cupolas, sometimes perfectly flat, decked with flowers, and serving as an evening *promenade* or *gazebo* to the inhabitants. One view of these flat roofs with a couple of melancholy tufted palms rising above them, as

seen from one of the high windows of our inn, struck me as very characteristic.

The most remarkable antiquity to be seen within the walls is the quondam temple of Minerva, now transformed into a cathedral: its Doric columns, resembling those of Pœstum, are half concealed by the wall which has taken them in, and the ancient interior *Cella*, with arches cut through it, forms the side aisles of the modern edifice. Under another church we were shown, by the light of torches, some obscure remains reposing in darkness and damp, not really worth any better fate: and after lounging for some time in the principal street, and convincing ourselves of the excellence of the Syracusan ices, we retired early to our *Albergo*, where my companions are already in the arms of Morpheus, of whom I am also forthwith going to solicit the favor of refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams, so wishing you the same, I, for the present, say adieu!

Syracuse, June 20th.

THIS morning we all went on an expedition to the remains of ancient Syracuse ; it was a magnificent day, and we set out early, in order to avoid the great heats ; we purchased our breakfast, consisting of bread and delicious apricots, of which we got an immense number for a *grano*, at a sunny cottage by the way, and took with us two local ciceroni, perfect, as they assured us, in their parts, whom we found at the entrance of this venerable region.

Our path skirted the sea shore, then gradually rose to more commanding heights. The first ruin we fell in with, was one single column standing erect, near the road, like an out-post to the more important ones. It was once part of the temple of Ceres and Proserpine. The second object of interest we came to was the Amphitheatre, hewn chiefly out of the rock ; it is in tolerable preservation. Its dimensions we computed, by stepping, to be about one hundred and thirty feet by eighty. Our guides conducted us next to an excavation that appeared to us very much like a stone quarry

but which they affirmed was a burial place, or range of catacombs, appropriated to the victims of the Sicilian Vespers, and called *Catacombi dei Francesi*. A few fragments of bone were shown us as irrefutable evidence of the fact. We proceeded thence to the celebrated Ear of Dionysius. The external appearance of this prison does not answer to its name, unless Dionysius had an ear very much like that of an ass; for the opening in the rock, seventeen feet wide at the bottom, goes, gradually narrowing, like an elongated pyramid, to the height of fifty or sixty feet; but the arrangement of the interior, whether fortuitous or scientific, justifies its common appellation, by the astonishing clearness with which it conveys the smallest sounds uttered in its precincts, to the little apartment hollowed in the rock, and communicating by a winding channel with the main body of the ear. This eaves-dropping place is gained by means of a chair drawn up with ropes, by men stationed above. A whisper at the large entrance is perfectly intelligible at the other end; and louder sounds are so in proportion. We

were almost stunned with the prolonged peal produced by the discharge of a pistol.

The quarries which perforate this rocky strata in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ear are most picturesque. Their huge vaults, dark caverns, and rude arches and pillars magically illuminated from without, and animated with busy figures, a whole colony of ropemakers having fixed their residence in the cool retreat, offered a thousand varied subjects for the pencil; nevertheless we quitted them in order to visit the theatre.

Emerging from the stony depths we passed under an aqueduct and gained the heights upon which, in front of an admirable view, ancient rows of seats, sweeping in a semicircle, and enclosing in their *parterre* gardens and vineyards, instead of Grecian critics, still serve as monuments of bygone grandeur. The *Scena* is totally gone; a loss however atoned for by the loveliness of the prospect which now occupies its place. Reclining upon the stone *gradini*, we contemplated a scene far more beautiful than any that the utmost perfection of our modern theatres

could have presented. The harbour, the shipping, the fortifications and the town of Syracuse were immediately opposite. To our left the aqueduct with its tall arches, the mills turned by its waters, the bearded monks coming and going, their strings of mules laden with corn and flour for the convent, the antique fountain in the rock, the women washing; and to our right, the long reach of the bay, and the broken, half ruinous, half fertile country beneath us, added to a cloudless sky and glowing atmosphere, formed a delicious picture. The sun's scorching rays, at length, warned us to leave the enjoyment of it and to be upon our return before the meridian heats. After examining a narrow street of tombs, cut out of the rocks adjoining to the theatre, we repaired to the celebrated catacombs of San Giovanni, most interesting and extensive monuments of the dead; and thence midst fields and gardens, to a little subterranean ruin which our guides termed the baths of Venus, and which still displays some remains of Arabesque ornament upon its vaulted ceiling.

Not far off we had an opportunity of witnessing the Sicilian mode of irrigating the land. An ox, blindfolded and harnessed to a long lever marched sleepily round and round a post, setting in motion several pieces of creaking wooden machinery destined to turn a ponderous wheel. This wheel, suspended immediately over the well whence the water was to be drawn, had, passing over it, a long string of earthen jars, descending to the well and fixed, at about a couple of feet distance from each other, by withy ropes ; so that the whole string moving together, the jars came up full on one side, discharged their contents, when at the top of the wheel, into a trough placed to receive them, and descended on the other side, bottom upwards, for a fresh supply. The whole apparatus was situated under the thick shade of luxuriant vines, trained partly upon trellises, and partly borrowing support from the fig and palm trees which flourished near. From this primitive hydraulic engine we directed our steps, at once, homewards, and arrived at our inn, thankful for shelter and repose.

We took our mid-day repast at the *trattoria* of an old Palermitan, who lives a few doors lower down in the street ; and supplies the usual fare of *pesce spada*, thunny and *ragù* ; with their accompaniments of salads, fruits, excellent wine, and bread, the whitest and finest in the world. To these natural delicacies, however, he adds the real English beef-steak ; a wonder to be accounted for by his having served in one of our regiments, when, as he said, King George expressed his desire that each battalion in the island should be strengthened by a company of Sicilian recruits. He was well pleased with the English pay, and service, and, above all with the beef-steak ; and he regretted infinitely, when at the close of the war, he with his countrymen, was disbanded at Canterbury, without having ever been stationed in London, to see which metropolis was his highest ambition. The disasters of Syracuse had not left him unvisited, for all his best customers had fled the place, and he found the utmost difficulty in keeping up his tottering establishment. We gave him our custom and good wishes, and re-

turning to our rooms for the *siesta*, shut out the glaring day in the hope of soon being fast asleep.

I think I never felt such ardent heat as that which reigns here at noon ; although our windows had a northern aspect, and had been kept carefully closed against the burning external air, although we were fatigued, stretched upon good beds, and certainly not encumbered with clothing, although light was excluded, and a profound silence hung over the dormant city, although we were regularly accustomed to the *siesta*, we actually could not sleep a wink for sheer heat ; there we lay all the afternoon, perspiring, inert and exhausted ; and were heartily glad when the coolness of evening restored us to the power of enjoyment and exertion. The quay at this hour becomes the rendezvous of what fashionables we left in Syracuse. A new broad walk planted with trees, is thronged with promenaders in gay toilet, and the traveller becomes convinced that there are human beings in the town ; a fact he might feel inclined to doubt were he to stroll through the streets for the first time, at mid-day.

Syracuse, June 21st.

WE visited this morning the fountain of Arethusa of classic celebrity. The waters now supply a large *lavatorio*, and its nymphs are transformed into modern washer-women, who stand up to their knees in the sacred stream, scrubbing, splashing, chattering, and laughing, more sociably than poetically. We stayed to converse with them some time, and F—— delivered his *blouze* to be washed by the nymphs who promised to return it at two o'clock.

A little farther on are the Arsenal and batteries commanding the entrance of the port; where our farther progress was arrested by the sentry on the draw-bridge, and we returned to the inn to consult upon the farther prosecution of our tour. P—— announced his intention of crossing at once to Malta, and accordingly went out to procure his passport, and to bargain with the shipmasters for a passage. De W—— and F—— proposed visiting Girgenti and Palermo, and thence taking the steam-boat back to Naples; a scheme which coincided entirely

with our wishes, although not, alas ! with the limited means J—— and I had allotted to our excursion ; for, after consulting guides, muleteers, and maps, and calculating the period of the boats, leaving Palermo, we were obliged, reluctantly enough, to renounce the idea of further peregrinations for the present ; and to engage berths on board the Nettuno Neapolitan government steamer, which arrived in this harbour yesterday, and leaves to-morrow morning for Naples. The taking of this resolution, and the consequent arrangements of passporting, paying, packing, &c., kept us employed until noon, when the dinner and *siesta* speedily brought on evening, and we sallied out for one more ramble on the shore of Syracuse. The temperature, after the great heats of the day, was delicious, and the glassy smoothness of the sea ; undisturbed, save where some huge fish springing from its surface, and glittering a moment in the air, descended with such a splash as to send rippling circles widening far around.

We rambled on along the bay, until, by the opportune offer of a boatman, we enjoyed a

short trip across its tranquil waters, and landed again on the quay. After strolling awhile with the rest of the idlers, and indulging in some of the Syracusan ices, we returned home, took an affectionate leave of our three friends, whose good humour and gaiety have so much added to the pleasure of our rambles, patted on the head, old Sincero, who goes to Malta with P—, packed up our knapsacks, and finally lay down, in order to get a little repose before the early departure of the Nettuno.

Naples, June 26th.

HERE we are returned, thanks to modern inventions, in a very days from the extent to which weeks of toilsome marching had carried us. I could not help thinking, as we passed in rapid succession each mountain town or promontory that had hitherto arrested our progress, and interested our attention, how much more favorable for the observation of the scenery, people, and manners of a country, was our former mode of travelling than that which we were now forced to adopt. The vessel was very full, and the

accommodations very indifferent. The passengers were in general travellers returning from the East; many of them Frenchmen, quite orientalized in their appearance; with red Greek caps and blue tassels, long pipes and beards, sashes and slippers, distinguishing them from the Sicilians and Englishmen.

As it was not more than three in the morning when we started, we arrived at Catania before noon; a halt most ingeniously contrived by the captain; for although we pay for our meals on board, he manages to escape giving the breakfast by sending us all ashore at Catania, and shirks the dinner by getting into Messina before dark. At this latter place we took up our old quarters at the Aurora, amusing ourselves with sketching bathing, and walking, until the morning of the twenty fourth; when the Nettuno's bell gave notice of her approaching departure, and we found ourselves once more on her crowded and dirty deck, in company with many Messinese and Catanians bent on a trip to Naples.

The beautiful harbour and town quickly

receded from our view; the paddles dashed through the eddies of Charybdis, and leaving the straits, we passed Scylla, Bagnara, and Palmi, on the coast of Calabria, and the smoking Volcano Stromboli, rising from the sea to westward. About five o'clock we had the amusement of dinner; a thing no efforts on the part of our worthy captain could escape providing, in this portion of his voyage. A couple of large sword fish, and various other delicacies in the way of *umidi* and omelettes, were set before overpowering numbers of passengers, whose appetites sharpened by sea air, and long waiting, (for the captain gave us no breakfast,) soon shewed the meagreness of the dishes provided. Altogether the confusion, the quarrelling and the dirt rendered it a most disgusting scene.

About sunset we stopped at the little town of Tropea, to take up half a dozen original looking Calabrian priests, obliged by some strange combination of circumstances to visit the capital. They had ridden down from the interior, and

came on board in knee breeches, long riding boots, and cassocks tucked up behind ; their astonishment at every thing they saw on board the *Vapore*, plainly indicated by their wondering gestures. Night brought a little coolness and quiet, and we were able to sleep until early yesterday morning ; when we roused ourselves to witness the rising sun, a spectacle always beautiful and sublime at sea. We crossed the Gulf of Salerno at too great a distance from shore for us to descry the town of our hospitable Baron Parotti, and noon brought us to Sorrento, the bold rocks of Capri and the bay of Naples. The royal Neapolitan fleet, consisting of one man of war, a few frigates, and some smaller vessels, was at anchor, having just arrived from Palermo. I had neither time nor inclination to examine them very narrowly, for my attention, was more taken up with watching the boats that put off from shore on our arrival, fully expecting to see one of them occupied by yourselves.

Disappointed, however, in this hope, we disconsolately shouldered our knapsacks, and

landed. We passed with delightful facility through the *Dogana*, and whilst the more bulky luggage of the other passengers detained them in the usual squables and controversies, we proceeded at once to secure ourselves rooms, and order breakfast; of which latter we stood in much need; our wily Captain by no means conceiving himself called upon to provide us with a meal, so near the termination of our voyage. Our next care was to pay a visit to the post office, where I found your very welcome letters, and became reconciled to my disappointment in not finding you here, by learning that your detention at Rome is of so agreeable and profitable a kind. Having now invigorated myself externally by bathing, and making my toilette, and internally by a plentiful supply of maccaroni, fish, fruit, and iced water, I am going to pay my respects to the Duke di Cassarano so for the present, adieu.

Naples, June 27th.

Well, my dear mother, my visit to the Duke

yesterday is likely to produce certain results, which, as "our thread of life is of a mingled yarn," I contemplate with mixed feelings of regret, at seeming to turn my back upon you all once more, when I am comparatively so near beholding you again; and of exceeding satisfaction in the opportunity which has most unexpectedly presented itself of my seeing, and that too, under the most favorable auspices, the lovely Palermo, the gay capital of Sicily; the necessity of leaving which, unvisited, whilst we were in that enchanting isle, gave me more mortification than, at the time, I liked to dwell upon.

It seems singular that I should have come all the way back to Naples to effect this desired object; but so it has been. The Duke received me with his wonted kindness, and insisted on my spending the remainder of the day with him; adding that it would give him pleasure to introduce me to Prince Petrulla, at that time his guest, and a great admirer of everything English. Accordingly at dinner we met; and in the course of the evening his *Eccellenza* became so taken with

myself, more, my modesty suggests, from the influence of his anglo-mania than any personal merits of my own, that he gave me a pressing invitation to accompany him to Palermo; holding out as an additional temptation, where no further is needed, the prospect of employing my pencil on some subjects for himself; as he was pleased to say that he should have great pleasure in looking upon the productions of an English artist. The proposal was far too agreeable to meet with anything like a negative from me—particularly as J—— and I part here; he having made his arrangements, as we had previously settled between ourselves, to go to Genoa by steam; notwithstanding his internal detestation of that mode of conveyance. I hope we shall soon meet again; for I feel much reluctance in separating myself, even for a short time, from a friend whose goodness of heart and cultivated mind have been equally congenial to my affections and understanding. His modes of thinking, too, are so original, yet tempered with such entire simplicity of character, that I should be very long ere I could find a companion

in his place, whom I could regard with similar feelings of esteem. I am now going to repose, in order that I may rise early, to have a long day with him, in exploring these lovely environs ere we part.

Naples, June 29th.

The figures here afford admirable sketching. The carts drawn by beautiful white oxen, the venders of fruit and fish, the sailors, lazzaroni and infinite variety of boats tempt the pencil to continual exercise. I was amused yesterday, whilst we were passing an hour on the water, at the notion our boatman seemed to entertain of drawing. I wished to get a hasty idea of a market boat, returning under press of sail to Sorrento, but the rapid rate at which she cut through the waves, brought her up to us before I could nearly finish, and consequently changed the whole view. Our boatman, however, as she passed, seized a rope that was overboard, and calling out to me to continue my drawing, kept tight hold, and thus carried us swiftly in her wake; in spite of my assurances that I could do nothing, and the threats of the enraged

sailors; until a heavy oar, raised high in the air over his head, became an argument he could no longer pretend to dispute.

The divers for *frutta di mare*, a kind of small shell-fish found attached to the rocks under water, swim in perfection, and remain submerged an astonishing length of time, in pursuit of their prey. Their bodies are quite red with the action of the sun, and you may see them pass hour after hour in their search without once coming to shore; but every now and then putting a handful of shells into the bag tied round their loins, until its contents are sufficiently considerable to be brought for sale to the quay of Santa Lucia; where every evening quantities of these motley tenants of the deep are exposed and purchased. Adieu, to-morrow I embark—for Palermo—you shall hear from me immediately on my arrival.

Naples, July 6th.

I expected to have informed you ere this of my arrival at Palermo, having embarked for that city four days ago, on board the *Costanza*, a Neapolitan Schooner of about 100 tons.

Our motley crew and passengers crowded the deck, encreasing the confusion of setting off, and making the usual clamor, which a few hours of sea-travelling generally suffice to calm. Some of the prince's *suite*, consisting of a German fancy gardener, a Neapolitan veterinary surgeon, a Roman valet de chambre and a coachman with a carriage and pair of horses, formed part of the passengers; whilst soldiers, women, children and live stock made up so numerous a remainder as to cause me to regret not having hurried my departure in time for the steamer. However night came on, and all became silent. We crept along at about two knots an hour until near morning, when, a fresh breeze springing up, we carried it on cheerily the whole day. The passengers marvellously disappeared one by one, as the fatal sickness seized them; the Neapolitan veterinary surgeon looking very melancholy with a handkerchief round his head, and the German gardener silent and philosophical, even abandoning his pipe. Towards evening the weather became less favorable, but we still made way

near the wind, and the next day, after passing the volcanic island of Stromboli, the heights of Palermo became visible. But the change from *levante* to *sirocco* became more and more decided, and at last, we stood almost still, with our head to the wind; which increasing from a breeze to a gale, threatened a most determined opposition to our progress. In the evening we sprung a leak, and all night the melancholy monotony of the pumps boded on our ears, and the Madonna, whose image in the cabin, with a lamp suspended before her, is prized by Neapolitan sailors more than good seamanship, was entreated in our behalf with reiterated orations. The ship in the morning presented a very different spectacle from the evening of our departure. Not a soul but the pilot and helmsman were to be seen on deck, and indeed the seas which broke over her every minute were a sufficient hint to all who could be spared to go below. The captain, at last despairing of beating farther up against the wind, with an unsound vessel, and anxious to escape the coming

storm, put about the ship, and with the gale in poop, a few hours sufficed to bring us back again, within sight of Capri. We made the port of Naples about dark, in common with many other vessels, equally alarmed at the threatening *sirocco*; indeed so full was the harbour that we were obliged to secure ourselves as good a place as possible outside; in doing which we fell foul of a large heavily laden vessel, with a crash that carried away our spanker boom, and their bowsprit, amidst the yells and curses of both crews, the shrieks of the passengers, and the deafening roar and tossing of the sea. I was heartily glad to avail myself of the momentary occasion presented by a boat coming alongside; and when a wave hoisted her almost to a level with the deck, I jumped in with one or two more, and escaped to shore; leaving behind me the poor women with the veterinary surgeon, the fancy gardener and the rest of the passengers, who preferred another night's tossing to such a bo-peep mode of disembarking.

I must not, however, consider this, my forced

return, as an untoward event; as the Duke di Cassarano has had the kindness to present me to his Royal Highness, Prince Leopold, the Count of Syracuse, who has given me an order for a good sized picture, which I shall begin forthwith, and finish, before I lose sight of Naples. I waited upon the Prince this morning, at his palace on the Chiaja; and was received by him with the greatest affability. He conversed with me fluently in English, though he only commenced the study of it during his recent visit in England, and looked over my Calabrian sketches, with a degree of attention which I felt very encouraging. I shall inform you from time to time how my work progresses. I doubt not you will think I have done wisely, in attending to the commission without loss of time.

Palermo, Palazzo Angio, October 30th.

AT last I date from Palermo, having arrived here on the 25th, after a somewhat stormy passage. My letters from Naples have, of late, been so entirely filled with business details, and

my time so wholly occupied with the orders that so unexpectedly flowed in upon me, that I find it quite a relief to look around me, in new scenes, and once more have something to describe.

The entrance to Palermo is very striking; not so much from the appearance of the city itself, which is flat, and does not therefore tell so much as Naples, with its imposing castle of St. Elmo; but from the beautiful amphitheatre of mountains which form the bay; and more especially that of Santa Rosalia, generally called Monte Pellegrino, from the hermitage on its summit; which rises directly above the harbour, and is of a fine bluff form. I immediately repaired to mine host, the Prince Petrulla, and was put by him, in the kindest manner, into possession of an agreeable suite of apartments, which he has kindly placed at my disposition. The terrace on to which my windows open, commands a delightful view of Santa Rosalia, the harbour, the sea, and the *Marina*, or public walk, which runs along its shore.

I have occupied these first few days entirely in running about to see the lions, that most

fatiguing of all the fatigues entailed upon a traveller. Palermo, however, does certainly repay the trouble; both from the interesting objects to be found in the town itself, and from the exquisite scenery in its environs. I have paid repeated visits to the fine old Norman Cathedral, called by the Palermitans the *Matrice* or Mother Church, whose rich *ensemble* of Gothic architecture is strangely spoilt by the modern addition of a new Roman cupola, very white and clean. The interior, however, is far from answering the expectation excited by the exterior; the tombs of some of the Norman kings, and eight columns of oriental granite, form its most interesting objects. The chapel of the *Palazzo Reale* is literally covered with mosaics of sacred subjects, curious in design and execution, but entitled to veneration on no other score than their antiquity.

The city is dirty in the smaller streets: but two noble ones, the Strada di Cassero or Toledo, and the Strada Nuova, traversing it at right angles, in a perfectly straight

line from north to south, and from east to west, give it a regular and spacious appearance. Where these two streets cross each other, the four angles formed by them are adorned with four fountains and four statues of Charles V. Philip II. Philip III. and Philip IV. In rainy weather a temporary wooden bridge enables passengers to cross the tremendous torrents of combined gutters which fill this open space.

The houses are all furnished with balconies ; and round the upper stories, run long, commodious, but well barred ones, belonging to the nuns of different convents ; who hire or purchase them, together with the floor to which they appertain, for the purpose of witnessing thence the sumptuous religious processions for which Palermo is so celebrated. They have usually an underground communication with their convent, constructed in former times ; as the usage by which they attain their peeping positions, without passing through the streets, is of great antiquity, The Marina is a delightful promenade, and is crowded, in the summer

months, with evening loungers, tempted by the delicious coolness to sit under the lamp-lit trees, and listen to the band which plays there every evening.

The *Flora*, or public garden, presents also an agreeable strolling place, enlivened on Sundays and *Festas* with music; the botanic garden I have examined under the sage tutelage of the Prince's German gardener; who, constant to the *Costanza*, succeeded in getting here, after five day's passage, and a day's beating about in the bay.

Palermo, November 8th.

LETTERS with which the Duke of Cassarano furnished me, have given me an opportunity of seeing the interior of the best houses, and their style has very much pleased me. The rooms are generally lofty and well proportioned, and the ceilings all gracefully vaulted and painted. A saloon, in the house of the Princess Montevago fitted up *à la Pompeienne*, both as to furniture and decorations, peculiarly excited my admiration.

The Duke di Serra di Falco has also a very handsome palace in town, and an agreeable villa, at Olivuzza, about two miles from Palermo. His magnificent gardens are now in all the verdure of a Sicilian winter; for here the lawns are brown in summer, and only assume their *Arden* coat when the more burning months are passed. In the same village resides, for the winter, Sir Robert Dick and his family, to whom I am already indebted for many agreeable hours spent in their society. The *belvedere* on the summit of their house affords a perfect panorama. Northwards lies the city of Palermo, flanked by the stern old Moorish fortress of the Ziza; the port and shipping; the bay in all its blue beauty, enframed on one side by the Monte Santa Rosalia, on the other by Bagheria and its hills, over which and many another distant range, rises the far-off snowy summit of old Etna; whilst the horizon line of the sea, broken only by the faintly seen islands of Alicuda and Felicuda closes the scene in that direction. Southwards extends a fertile basin or plain, interspersed with villas and sheltered by lofty hills; which, however, allow

the sea again to peep through from the west. A mile farther on is the country seat of Prince Petrulla, where, at present, all is confusion; building, pulling down, laying out gardens and fields, &c., going on in such haste that it requires all the *sang froid* of a very honest Scotch farmer, whom the Prince has been fortunate enough to engage, to keep things at all together. I send you, with this letter, a case of dwarf oranges, from his Excellency's garden, the flavour of which I think you will find delicious. The trees that produce them are from a yard to a yard and half high. Asiatic plants here need no protecting conservatory, but grow freely in the open air; and the German gardener has grand projects in view, with such great natural advantages, wherewith to aid his science.

The neighbourhood abounds with magnificent olive trees, which date their origin from the time of the Saracens, and hence many of them are arrived at a size rarely witnessed. One, in particular, which I have been sketching, measured twenty-two paces round, at the roots, and has a head flourishing in proportion. You would

laugh to see me set out on a sketching expedition here ; for the Prince insists on sending with me one of his *campieri*, a sort of rustic guard, in the service of the nobility and large proprietors, as an escort. His ears are adorned with rings, his head with a long brown woollen cap, the tasselled corner of which descends half way down his back ; his sturdy legs are clothed in green velvet breeches and blue stockings, the long embroidered tops of which are turned down from the garter to the ankle. His jacket carelessly flung over one shoulder, leaves his bare arms free for his weapon, and his munition is carried in a cartonche belt, bestowed on him as a keepsake, by his old friend and crony, the famous brigand, Paolo, surnamed Cucuzzo.

Wherever I stop the long gun of my friend Marmoreano may be seen watchfully circling about the neighbourhood ; for there is still some degree of danger in the environs of Palermo, and the activity and courage of the Neapolitan gendarmes are not very highly esteemed. Seven of them, the other day, captured a brigand, and were taking him to town when

eight of his companions appeared, and immediately rescued him from the unresisting soldiers. Yesterday another, employed in preventing the contraband introduction of bread, which may not be brought within a certain distance of Palermo without paying duty, had his gun taken from him, and his person ignobly kicked, by a peasant, who was offended at some suspicion being expressed as to the contents of his pockets. The peasant is now in prison, but the commandant is advised to let him go, in order not to spread the story of the superiority of an armed peasant to a *gendarme*.

Palermo, November 20th.

I have been hard at work the last ten days for the Prince; yesterday the British Consul, Mr. Goodwin whose kind attention contributes greatly to render my stay here agreeable, took me with him to Monreale, a town seven or eight miles from Palermo. After examining the cathedral built by William II., surnamed the good, fourth Norman King of Sicily, and admiring its gothic architecture, and rich interior decorations af

mosaic, we repaired to the Benedictine convent, the adjoining cloister of which adorned, with upwards of two hundred columns, each of different device, and inlaid with mosaic, excited my utmost admiration. The mosaic, however, has suffered from the idle industry of the soldiers quartered in the convent, in the time of the troubles, for they amused themselves with picking out a great part of it.

We then went to the rooms of one of the monks to whom the Consul introduced me, and whom I found to be a very well informed agreeable man, a Scotchman by birth, a brother of Sir William James, of Edinburgh. He gave us an exceedingly good dinner in an apartment called the *forestura*. The Benedictines are celebrated for good living, and our bill of fare will not bely their fame; although you will perhaps think the preponderance of sweet dishes, somewhat *de trop*. Imprimis — No soup — *Piattini* of anchovies, ham, olives in sauce, and *salame*; a dish of sweet *fritelle*; then a large lobster, or rather a fish like a gigantic shrimp, for it has no claws; *Pasticcio di Maccheroni con regaglio*, an *infreddo* (something

like brawn) with jelly; roast fowls, and salad; a dish, a sort of sponge cake, adorned with red sweet and white cream, which cake, to my surprise, I learned was made of potatoes; trifle and dessert: the oil was the finest I ever tasted; it was from the immediate neighbourhood, and the choicest part of the olive; being extracted merely by the pressure of men's feet; trodden out, in fact. The same olives are afterwards subjected to the press, and produce an inferior though still a fine oil. The various points of view from the convent, which situated on the slope of a hill, commands the plain of Palermo, and its accompanying beauties of sea and mountain, are truly exquisite. We took leave early of our kind host, from prudential motives, and returned to Palermo before dark.

Palazzo Angio, December 11th.

ON Sunday last, the 8th, we had a grand *fiesta* in honor of the *Santissima Madonna Immacolata*, and the Duke di Serra di Falco had the goodness to invite me to witness the procession from his balconies. I went in the

morning to the church of St. Francis, and saw a large silver statue placed in the middle of the church, receiving the adoration of the multitude. Palermo is richer in this kind of property than most places on the Continent, from the circumstance of its having entirely escaped the ravaging hand of the French, in their anti-monastic walks through Europe; and the number of valuable silver statues at the different shrines is very great.

At four o'clock I went to the palace of the Duke, situated in the *Strada di Cassero*, the whole length of which the *Immacolata* performs, on her way from the church of St. Francesco, her habitual residence, to the *Matrice* or cathedral, whither she goes to spend a week; at the end of which period, should her peculiar servants, the monks of St. Francesco, fail to come and fetch her back again, with all due pomp, she will infallibly be claimed and detained by the monks of the *Matrice*. There is, however, I should apprehend, but little fear of their being forgetful on so important an occasion.

The first symptoms of the procession were torches, fifteen or twenty feet high, made of dried reeds, which were carried flaring up the street, and followed by peasants playing upon bagpipes, tambourines, and castagnets. The bagpipes are very large, the great pipe being three or four feet long; some of them are of handsome black wood, with silver keys. The tambourines, on the contrary, are very small, and made entirely without parchment, being merely hoops with jangles; they are grasped in the right hand, and played by being rapped, in time, upon the left wrist and fore arm. After these rustic musicians came a confraternity of Penitents, bareheaded and barefooted, with cords round their necks, and crowns of thorns on their heads; accompanied and enlivened, nevertheless, by bagpipes, tambourines, and castagnets. Next came a confraternity of Gentlemen Sweepers, dressed in black, and bareheaded; their hair nicely curled, and their tucks up trousers displaying bare legs and feet. These gentlemen had new brooms in their hands, with which they swept and pre-

pared the street for the coming of the *Immacolata*; a precaution by no means unnecessary here, if she wishes to walk without soiling her feet. Then another confraternity, furnished with baskets of herbs and flowers, strewed the street thus newly swept, and were followed by a body of white Penitentiaries, with white shoes and white-hooded masks. Then came a band of black monks; then a band of *bourgeois*, with silver bannerets; then different confraternities and congregations; and then the city volunteers with their band, and a most curious cavalry corps they were. A very handsome panoply of gold brocade followed, under which walked the church dignitaries, with their archbishop carrying the host; and immediately after, with her altar and wax lights complete, came the Immaculate Statue, carried bodily along, by sixty supporters, and accompanied by sixty more in the same uniform, to relieve guard. Directly following the statue, a candle in one hand, his cocked hat in the other, walked his Excellency General Tschudy, Govenor-general of Sicily, and actually performing the office of Viceroy

of the kingdom. Behind him walked, uncovered, the Prefect or Provorst, the nobles, counsellors, senators, and other public personages; followed by a regiment of guards and dragoons; whilst the state carriages of the governors, senators, and other grand people brought up the rear. The grated balconies belonging to the nuns were crowded, and the thought of the contrast which the gay world below afforded to their own dull cloisters, would have been enough to make me quite melancholy had I had time to indulge in it.

The Duke having regaled his company with those delicious *pictacchio* ices, for which Palermo is justly famous, and which in spite of its being December are a real luxury, nay almost a necessary article in this climate, we took our leave.

Yesterday I had the honour of going with the Consul to the Governor, who was sitting at a large table with his counsellors deliberating, I presume, on affairs importing the welfare of the kingdom, and who received me very kindly. In

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the evening I went to the Princess di Montevago whose rooms, with the addition of lights and company, looked beautifully brilliant. The Princess, with the utmost *naïvete* told me that as a painter's eye would be of course delighted with lovely forms, she would introduce me to the handsomest women her salons afforded; which she accordingly proceeded to do, descanting on their various styles of beauty with an eloquence and enthusiasm which seemed increased by the confusion of the fair objects of her praise.

Cards, which are very much the fashion at present at Palermo, soon engrossed the attention of every one, and I took my departure. I shall in a day or two set out with Prince Petrulla upon a visit to the Prince Partana who is at present residing at his country residence at Zucco, about twenty miles from Palermo, and I expect to be very much gratified, The weather is heavenly and exactly calculated for such a trip.

I am every day drawing or painting in the open air, and can stand or sit for hours in the shade, without the slightest inconvenience;

indeed, in the court-yard of the palace women with their spinning wheels, or embroidery frames, sit and sing the whole live-long day. The trees are yellow with oranges and lemons and they are now gathering them chiefly for exportation. I had fifty four fine ones the other day for a carlini, (four pence) and have since heard that, they are occasionally, twice as cheap. I am learning to eat that entirely Sicilian fruit called the *cactus*, or Indian fig; but cannot, as yet, comprehend the enthusiastic love of it, which enabled our friend C—— to eat seveuty for his breakfast. The plantations of *cactus*, in the neighbourhood of Palermo, present a curious appearance: small footpaths traverse them in various directions, but to turn to the right or left is rendered quite impossible, by the formidable prickly briar these solid vegetable masses present. They seldom rise a greater height than fourteen or sixteen feet.



Zucco, in the Valley of Partenico, December 15th.

You will see by the date of my epistle that I have changed quarters. I came here, on Friday, with Princes Petrulla and San G——, and had a most delightful ride of about nineteen miles. The road is flat, traversing the valley, until six miles from Palermo; when it commences the ascent of a high and barren ridge of mountains, from whence, at every winding, the views of the plain, the bay, the rocks, and the town are most exquisite. We, however, turned our backs upon this lovely scene, when we arrived at the summit of the heights that afforded it, and posted for several miles over a barren stony country; now catching a glimpse of the sea through the hills to the right, and then again shut in from all prospect by their rugged heights, until we arrived at a little town, I forget its name, which, situated on the slope of the hills westward, commands the whole fertile valley of Partenico, or as it is sometimes called dell' Inferno, with the distant bay of Castellamare and its bold Promontory of San Vito. Here the road became so bad that we were

obliged to have our horses led, but consoled ourselves with the prospect of soon riding more conveniently, as Prince N——, who has a house at the village of Giardinello, to which we came presently after, intends opening a road for carriages as far as his own house. The venerable old olives which form the boundary of Prince Partana's property soon appeared, and under their shade we came soberly to our journey's end. The Prince's family are numerous, well informed, and amiable, and upon Prince Petrulla's introduction I was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality. The house, though small, is very much like a handsome English country seat, and is furnished with a greater attention to the combination of comfort and elegance than is generally found in Italian country residences. The drawing-room opens on the right into a billiard-room, on the left into a *salle à manger*: the ceilings are handsomely vaulted and decorated. Our day passes off very agreeably, and the division of time is more in the French or English fashion than in the truly Sicilian. We assemble about nine

and breakfast altogether; commencing *à la fourchette*, and finishing *à l'Anglaise*, with tea and coffee. A general break-up takes place after this meal. The young ladies repair to their studies, the young men and the visitors resort, some to the stables, some to the billiard-room, others read or play; I roam out, alone, or in company, to explore the picturesque capabilities of the neighbourhood; whilst the Prince Partana retires to a shady arbour, where he has a private consultation with his French cook; and the result of their combined taste and skill, about four o'clock, is truly astonishing. We form rather a numerous party at dinner, and sit down more than twenty in number. I am the only plebeian guest amongst them. The Sicilian nobility is one of the oldest in Europe, and six princes, with a proportionate number of dukes and marquises, are present at the table. It is useless to give you a bill of fare, as it would be nearly the same as any other well dressed French dinner: the only custom which seems to me to present any national peculiarity is that of invariably eating iced melon immedi-

ately after the soup. After dinner we repair to the saloon, where coffee is served, and soon after iced lemonade and iced water; tea and cakes follow, and a slight supper of rusks, butter, sandwiches, and liqueurs terminates our "eating cares." Meantime music, dancing, billiards, and whist are varied by talking English, for the young people understand it, and have an admirable example in Prince Petrulla, who speaks like a native, and by general conversation, of which the Sicilians are as fond as the Italians: various *jeux innocens* also combine to pass off the evening, until about midnight, when we all retire, and are put to bed by the respective valets assigned us. Mine, a tall, grave, *chasseur* looking man, insists upon undressing me at night, and attends my early levee in the morning with coffee, assisting my toilet with various officious services, which, by degrees, I am teaching him, more or less, to dispense with.

Zucco, December 24th.

THE prince's farmers and vassals are very much occupied, just now, in getting in the crops of olives. He possesses upwards of twenty two thousand of these valuable trees, which will yield this year, a profit of about five thousand ounces, (£2,500) all expenses paid; since they expect to make eighteen hundred *cantaras* of oil, (a measure containing 250 pounds, Italian,) of which rather more than a thousand will fall to the share of the Prince; the other being adjudged to the farmers, for their trouble and expense, in cultivating, gathering, and pressing the olive, which is no trifle, when we consider that they will not have finished their task until the month of May. The fruit is first shaken or beaten down from the trees, and then gathered from the ground by boys and women, called in the dialect of the country, *sciurmi*, they go from tree to tree under the direction of the *capo sciurmo*, or overseer, who in gaiters of goat's hair, and with a long gun over his shoulder, gives the signal of change of place, by starting solemnly himself the first; playing with

one hand upon a small conical shaped drum, with which sweet music he also deigns, from time to time, to relieve the tedium of his underlings' occupation. The olives thus collected are put in bags, and brought on mules to the mill, where they are first pounded under a stone roller, turned by a horse, and then subjected to the press in flat rush baskets, which retain the pulp of the fruit, but let the oil escape into the vessels prepared for its reception. It reposes about a month, and is then fit for use.

The weather still continues heavenly, and I am actually suffering from the heat, when painting abroad. The landscape around offers many charming points. The windows of the saloon face the valley, and the towns of Partenico and Borghetto, whilst the solitary temple of Segiste is discoverable with the aid of a good telescope, which stands ready pointing towards it. Our friends in England will, I think, form a very flattering idea of the delicious temperature of a Sicilian winter, when they hear that the other

evening we had a dance by moonlight upon the lawn, before the drawing room windows, which (being on the ground floor) were all thrown open, in order to give us the advantage of music, in the regulation of our moonlight revelry. Our grim guardians, the *campieri*, who sit round the house at night, wrapped in brown-hooded monk-like cloaks, forming the most picturesque groups imaginable, with their dogs and guns, shouldered arms in admiration at the sylph-like performances of the young Countesses, whilst a distant shot heard now and then in the stillness of the night, warned intruders of their presence, and alertness. However infested the neighbourhood may once have been, and indeed, positively has been, since the rocks behind the Princes's residence have frequently afforded shelter in the caverns with which they are every where perforated, to desperate and known bands of robbers, there would be very little danger from them at present for besides the *regular troops of Campieri*, there are, including the olive gatherers and other farm labourers, more than two hundred persons

who sleep on the premises every night ; so that the dwellings presents quite the appearance of a patriarchal village. The Princes, however, generally proceed in a mild way with the outlaws, who sojourn in their neighbourhood ; preferring to treat them rather as unruly servants, than as actual enemies ; and they, on the other hand, content themselves with small presents, now and then ; reserving their full fury for unhappy travellers, whom no one cares for ; or persons of known hostility, whom vengeance prompts them to make away with as fast as possible.

A few years ago a band of brigands took refuge for some time in a cavern very near here, and were actually dining in the Prince's house, when a party of soldiers, with an officer, arrived from Palermo to arrest them. The brigands seeing they were not known, invited the soldiers to partake of their meal, whilst the lieutenant was hospitably entertained by the Princess. The secret was inviolably preserved, and the military party, after a useless promenade in the environs, returned to the city.

Yesterday we all went to Giardinello, to a grand entertainment given by Prince N——, on the completion of the road which conducts to his house. The guests, between forty and fifty in number, sat down to a very excellent dinner and afterwards came back with us to Zucco, where the grounds were beautifully illuminated, and the road lined with peasants, who, with long flaring reed torches, lighted our return. The general Vialla, Commandant of Palermo, came in a great state coach, with body-guards, in grand style. A very pleasant ball concluded the evening's entertainment, and about twelve o'clock those who could not stay here returned to the residence of Prince N——.

This evening we are to have two of Scribe's farces. The saloon is prettily arranged as a little theatre, and I dare say every thing will go off very well. To-morrow I intend taking leave of this amiable family, and returning to Palermo. They themselves will be but a few days behind me. Adieu!

Palermo, Jan. 17th.

I left, not without regret, Prince Partana's house, although consoled by the hope of seeing the family again, at Palermo, in a few days, and returned in company with the Duke of M——. The farces, I must tell you, went off admirably, being much aided by the delightful acting of a certain Prince di Leon Forte, a very amiable young man, who has the goodness to declare a great friendship for me; which, however, I am afraid may expire as easily as it took birth, when we are no longer under the same roof. I spent Christmas day with Sir Robert Dick, and had a delightful sketching drive in the environs.

My time has been a good deal employed in going backwards and forwards to Perpignano, the country house of Prince Petrulla, where I am occupied with a couple of small pictures. I generally go there after breakfast, and return to town about sunset; nor are these walks and rides altogether without danger. The day before yesterday, I had hardly left the villa when one of the Prince's *Campieri*, precisely my friend

Marmoreano Catardo, arrived on horseback, full gallop, in a tremendous fright, to tell the household to get armed, as he had seen a troop of brigands very near, and an attack might be expected in the night. *Jamie*, the Prince's Scotch farmer, in consequence, loaded three guns and a blunderbuss, for his garrison, and was peeping through the shutters all night, expecting, every time the dogs barked, to see the robbers approach. These pleasing gentry were, however, engaged in robbing a house about a quarter of a mile off, and having stolen all they could find, and beaten and maltreated the inhabitants decamped. They had been stationed, during the afternoon, at the foot of the Zucco road, and attacked some men engaged in stone cutting, beat them severely; and were then going to tie them to trees, and leave them, but, changing their minds, drove them off with blows. Some carters, who met the discomfited stone cutters, were frightened, and turned back to give the alarm at Palermo.

The *Campiere*, who was on guard, on the face of an opposite hill, saw the whole affair,

and the brigands, twelve in number ; so, scrambling down as fast as possible, he mounted his mare, and galloped to convey the intelligence, not to the police, as that would have insured his murder at the next visit of the brigands, but to the Prince's farmer and household. I arrived, however, without accident, yesterday morning, and, in the evening, was equally fortunate in returning home to Palermo, although the same brigands had been employed, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in robbing a man of nine golden *ounces*, upon the very road between Perpignano and Palermo by which I had to pass. In crossing the *Piazza del Mercate*, I stopped awhile to listen to the various virtues of a certain image, upon which a Franciscan monk was eloquently descanting. He had little engravings of it to sell, at a *tari* a-piece, and the miracles which he assured us these prints had wrought were truly astonishing. One sailor alone, of a shipwrecked crew, was saved because he had one of them about him. The burning of a fine palace was arrested by the throwing of another into the flames, which, rather than con-

sume so holy a picture, renounced the destruction of the palace, leaving it only half burnt, and the print intact. The servants at the Prince's palace assure me that it is all fact, and entreat me to provide myself with one or two, both for the perils of the brigands, and for my approaching *sea-voyage* homeward.

I have been enjoying the hospitalities of the season both in the English and Sicilian societies, for they rather form bodies apart. The colony of English, French and other foreign merchants is tolerably numerous, and at a very agreeable ball given, on New year's day, by the British Consul, they mustered to the number of seventy or eighty. The Princess Partana had a ball the same evening, and her rooms made a splendid appearance. The loftiness and beautiful frescoes of the vaulted ceilings give a nobility to the Sicilian palaces which I should very much like to see introduced in England; both on account of the great improvement it would be to the edifices, and of the encouragement it would give to so fine a branch of art.

The Princess receives company every even-

ing, except during the season of the Opera, when she is at home on Fridays only, as on that night there is no music. All the other evenings she passes at the Opera, where she is visited by her friends, either in her box, or in a pretty little *salon*, divided from it by a glass door, where cards and refreshments diversify the evening's amusements.

All Palermo is split into two factions just now, by a difference of opinion as to the merits of the two *Prime Donne* the *Pixis* and the *Alais*, the former of whom, a fine contralto, triumphs in the *Norma* (transposed for her voice), and the latter displays her pure soprano tones in the *Anna Boleyn*. The two adverse parties actually had a combat in the pit, some evenings ago; so great is the acrimony with which these ladies inspire their respective partisans. I am rather disposed to become an upholder of the *Pixis*, who is decidedly the most finished singer of the two; but perhaps this is from my having always heard her on the stage, and been only able to judge of the ability of her younger rival from having heard her sing at

the French Consul's; for though I have been frequently at the Opera, by a curious fatality, it has been always on Norma evenings. On gala nights, the Viceroy appears in the royal box, and, as at Naples, when the King goes to the Opera, a sentinel of the guards appears on the stage, whose duty it is never to take his eyes off his royal master. The same ceremony is likewise observed in the audience not being allowed to applaud until the Viceroy has first signified his condescending approbation. The theatre is prettily built and decorated, and seems very well attended.

I have lingered so long that I find my departure to-morrow, by the steamer, will be impossible—I, therefore, intend employing a few more days in the environs, and as soon as this fine north wind, which keeps the sky so blue, condescends to abate, I shall once more entrust myself to a merchant brig, which, however, I learn is a good vessel and a constant trader.

There is a particular *café* in the Toledo, where the master of the ship is always to be found at a certain hour in the morning; and thither the

anxious passengers resort daily to hear his oracular predictions concerning the weather and probability of sailing. The Toledo is a very animated street, and presents, sometimes, most picturesque groups. The Lettiga (a sort of large sedan chair, like the body of a *vis-à-vis*, resting on poles, and carried by two mules) is frequently seen arriving from some mountain province, with two priests, or ladies inside; attended by their guide, who rides at the head of the convoy, and their assistant muleteers or armed servants, who bring up the rear with strings of baggage mules, more or less long, according to the importance of the passengers. The gaudy fringes and trappings of the horse furniture, and the ceaseless jangle of the bells are well calculated to arrest the attention of a stranger, were he not already sufficiently surprised by such a strange looking vehicle. The badness of the mountain roads, however, renders it the only mode of conveyance for those who are averse to long journeys on horseback: still the motion is fatiguing, and if one of the carrier mules stumble, the two unfortunate

passengers who sit face to face, come together with no small concussion. The very harness of the cart horses is here of the gayest kind; tufts of yellow and crimson worsted adorn it in every part, and the cart saddles have a scarlet peak, two or three feet high, with a grand tuft at the top, and fringe and bells dependent from its sides.

Groups of peasants from the remoter provinces frequently form a strange contrast to the Palermitan dandies. They are dressed very much like the Calabrians, substituting, however, the Sicilian woollen cap for their sugar loaf hat and velvet ribbons. I saw eight or ten of them brought into the town the other day, in chains, for some misdeeds committed in the mountains; and if an estimate of their character were to be formed from their looks, I am afraid it would be a very unfavorable one. Then the fishermen form another feature in the population, particularly when they wear their gay hooded boat cloaks, which are made of brown cloth, closely embroidered with gaudy colors, and lined with scarlet and green. The hood, which, over the woollen cap, they never lay aside, must keep

their heads tolerably warm, is adorned with a colored tuft, and shows the much greater esteem in which they hold the upper than the lower extremities of their persons, for their feet are generally bare and unprotected.

The ox-carts, too, are here very striking, and the beasts themselves present a noble appearance, as much from their size and shape as from the spreading grandeur of their horns. I have made a drawing of a yoke of oxen belonging to Prince Petrulla one of which measured four feet and a half between the tips of the horns.

It is rather unpleasant to meet a herd of these animals on the roads near Palermo, especially, as sometimes occurs, between two walls; for their drivers are almost always mounted, and with long pointed sticks urge them forward at a good round trot, regardless of the comfort or safety of the foot passengers.

I have a few more spots to visit of which I intend to commit recollections to paper, and then, after making my farewell visits, I shall be at the disposition of the wind, and of the captain of the *Duca di Calabria*. *Addio*.

On board the Duca di Calabria, Jan. 22nd.

You may judge by the date of my letter how fine the weather is which permits me to epistolize on board ship. I have had however to wait for it some time. A week ago our captain resolved to set sail, and we all embarked accordingly. It was in the evening, and after supper, I betook myself to my berth, and was very much surprised on awaking early next morning, and going on deck to behold the lighthouse exactly as near us as the day before. Another ship, in whose company we were to have sailed, had set out to try its fortune in spite of the faithless wind which had again chopped about. Our captain, however, did not think it prudent to hazard the experiment, so we all went on shore again; and the event justified his conduct, for it came on to blow a perfect hurricane from the north, and in two days our unfortunate consort came driving back with many other vessels, amongst which was a French steamer bound to Malta, to seek shelter in the port.

The night before last we made a fresh attempt, and were more successful. A gentle

land breeze carried us softly from the delicious shores of Sicily, to which I bade adieu, with feelings of regret, easily to be imagined on leaving a place, even less endeared to me by its own natural charms than by the uniform kindness I had experienced, as well from the natives as from my own countrymen settled there. All yesterday we were assisted by favorable gales, and by night fall, when the wind died away, we had accomplished about half the passage. Last night we were motionless, and have continued so all to-day. A perfect calm reigns; it is very hot, and the dolphins perform their unwieldy gambols around the ship, with the utmost confidence. Our passengers consist of a detachment of Sicilian infantry, conveying recruits to the head quarters of the regiment, at Naples. As the conscription does not exist in Sicily, there is some difficulty in procuring soldiers; consequently the recruits consist principally of reprieved convicts, who take service in the regiment rather than in the galleys. They are somewhat noisy and unmanageable in the fore part of the ship, and one of them has been

trying for these last two hours to suit his coarsest of voices to the discordant jangling of an old guitar. The captain (who is fat, and snores atrociously), his lieutenants and their ladies, a Neapolitan miniature painter, a monk, the captain and mate of the brig, with two or three others, whose occupations I have not as yet discovered, form my cabin companions. We dispel the tedium of the calm as we best may, with a few songs from the lieutenants' ladies, and a great deal of conversation, card-playing, and eating and drinking. In this respect our captain treats us much better than that horrid master of Costanza. The quantity of fresh vegetables he has provided for us is truly edifying; a boat slung astern is used as a magazine for salad, brocoli, and fennel root, and hitherto I see no perceptible diminution of its ample stores.

San Germano.

You will perceive by the date of this, that I am on my road homewards. We had a fine passage, and arrived in the *Bay of Bays* yesterday afternoon, in the full blaze of sunshine and

azure, which makes Naples show, to the eyes of the admiring traveller, like some glorious creation of enchantment. Still my impatience to see you all again gave me strength to resist the allurements of this *Circean* abode; and immediately on my arrival, I went to Parete's to enquire after any conveyance he might have for Rome by the upper road, a route I was desirous of seeing. I was fortunate enough to find a coach setting off that very night, and to secure the only place unoccupied: I had barely time to make a few flying calls on the Duke of Cassarano, and other friends, and get myself ready to depart.

We set off from the Largo del Palazzo as the clock struck twelve. Our party consisted of a French gentleman, his two daughters, and a Florentine old woman, inside; myself and a Neapolitan in the cabriolet, and a Genevese musician, retired from the Neapolitan service, occupied the little driving box in front. Of the inside passengers I saw very little during the ride, and it was, therefore, only at dinner

that we had any conversation. Mr. de Bioncourt is a very polite, gentlemanly man, and has letters of recommendation to the Abbot of Monte Casino, the celebrated Benedictine Monastery, which stands on a lofty hill above San Germano. We are all going to visit it to-morrow morning, as Mr. de Bioncourt is kindly desirous that we should share the good reception certain to be produced by his letters.

Our inn, unused to the arrival of so many travellers, has but very poor accommodations; and there has, in consequence, been a general grumbling about beds, suppers, &c. all which I am now going to forget. Adieu.

Ceprano July 2nd.

Me voici, once more arrived in the Roman states. We spent so much time at the convent, that we have not been able to come more than eighteen miles to-day; an arrangement favourable to the poor horses, as they went fifty miles yesterday.

Mr. de Bioncourt sent his letters this morning to the Abbot, who, being old and infirm, lives at San Germano, in order to avoid the sharp

mountain air of the convent. He could not therefore give us his society, but sent us a letter for the Prior, with many compliments. The daughters of Mr. de Bioncourt soon appeared, mounted on donkeys, and we all left the town by a winding ascent towards Monte Casino. The prospects ever varying, the frowning old castle which commands San Germano, the flat plain watered with numerous streams and shut in by lofty mountains, and the rugged hill before us, rendered the walk beautiful and interesting. We arrived in little more than an hour at the summit, and entered the noble convent by a low archway, through a long and obscure corridor of rough stones, which, according to tradition was once inhabited by Saint Benedict. Emerging from this dark entry we came to a large and handsome court, with porticoes of granite columns, under which, at the foot of a fine flight of steps, leading up to the church, are colossal statues of the Founder of the order, and of his sister Saint Scolastica.

The church itself is a brilliant specimen of

the highly ornamented Italian architecture of the seventeenth century. The centre bronze door, which was cast at Constantinople in 1066 by command of Abbot Didier, bears upon it, in letters inlaid with silver, a list of the lands, castles, and villages belonging at that period to the monastery. The paintings are chiefly of the Neapolitan school, and did not please me much; but the columns, and above all the profusion of marble inlaid with a thousand devices struck me as very beautiful. We examined and admired the high altar adorned with marbles, precious stones, lapis lazuli and alabaster, under the guidance of an amiable young Benedictine, sent to do us the honors, in place of the Prior, who was confined by indisposition, and after having judged of the merits of the celebrated organ we proceeded to the interior of the convent. The two demoiselles de Bioncourt, not being permitted to enter the cloister were obliged to await our return upon a terrace without the sacred precincts, enjoying the magnificent prospect it commanded; whilst the Neapolitan and Genevese, whose curiosity was

not so strong as their appetites, sharpened by the walk and the mountain air, declared themselves satisfied with what they had already seen, and descended to breakfast at San Germano. For my part, surmounting as well as I could some sympathetic yearnings, I repaired with Mr. de Bioncourt, and our obliging cicerone to the deservedly famed library and archives, where, although no *bibliomaniac*, I beheld with delight and reverence the various charters, grants, diplomas, missals, bulls, and manuscripts, many of them upwards of ten centuries old, in the different Greek, Latin, Gothic, or Lombard characters, or in the comparatively modern black letter, which were shewn to us by the erudite librarian.

We afterwards proceeded to visit the site of St. Benedict's habitation, the most ancient existing part of the convent. A moderate collection of old pictures occupied the few rooms that compose it. The refectory is a magnificent hall, one end of which is entirely covered with an immense and finely coloured picture of the Miracle of the loaves and fishes, by Bassano.

By a strange anomaly the painter has introduced a group of reformers in the foreground, amongst whom Calvin is very conspicuous, seemingly disputing the fact of the miracle, even though it takes place before his eyes. As the refectory was unfortunately shut against the ladies, our conductor had ordered dinner to be served to us in the receiving rooms allotted to such occasions, and we accordingly all resorted thither, and had soon reason to admire the elegance and abundance of the monastic bill of fare. An excellent soup made way for fish, game, *bollito*, *frittelle* in perfection, tarts, confectionary and fruit from the convent gardens. Excellent wines also of different vintages were not wanting.

We took an affectionate leave of the Benedictine, grateful for his polite and hospitable attentions, and set off homewards, mounted upon donkeys belonging to the monastery which he had insisted upon having saddled for our accommodation.

From San Germano ten miles of rich and beautiful country brought us to the inn of La Melfa, and thence eight more to the Papal

frontier. Ceprano is picturesquely situated on the Liris, and the women are handsome; but the beautiful Neapolitan costumes of the Terra di Lavoro disappear on entering the town.

There have been the usual troubles and turmoils at the Custom House, but I, with my knapsack, laugh at them all.

Valmontone, July 3rd.

We left Ceprano early and arrived in a couple of hours at the picturesque old town of Frosinone, and soon after at Ferentino, a very ancient place seated upon an eminence and displaying considerable remnants of polygonal walls. The road thence to Valmontone, nineteen miles in length, passes over a barren plain, the flat lines of which are relieved here and there, by tall, half-ruined Roman watchtowers. Crowds of Neapolitan reapers passed us, returning from the Roman harvest fields to their own mountain villages in the Abruzzi. Their hats were adorned with wheat ears and flowers, and their lively songs, quick pace, and discordant flourishes upon the bagpipes testified their joy at escaping from the feverish mal'aria districts.

I experienced a kindred feeling with them, for going homewards is always the same delight, in whatever direction it may lie.

We arrived at this place about dark. My two cabriolet companions, learning that the air here is not very good, have closed the door and windows of our common apartment and commenced vigorously smoking, assuring me that there is no better preventive from mal'aria. With such a wholesome fumigation and the hope of being with you before this time tomorrow, probably, like the Irishman, bringing my letter in my hand. I cannot fail to sleep well. Adieu.

THE END.

T. C. NEWBY, Printer, 65 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.



