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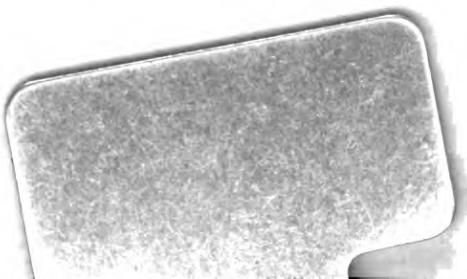
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Benjamin Prescott

Bull Case



Chart

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(11)

# LETTERS

## FROM AN ARTIST,

SOJOURNING ON THE CONTINENT.

---

He who would aim at excellence in art,  
Should view, and view again, and study well,  
The works of master-spirits,—drinking deep  
Their inspiration, and, in generous mood  
Of emulation, striving to attain  
A higher still and still a higher pitch  
Of excellence.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

---

HALIFAX:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION,  
BY HENRY MARTIN, UPPER GEORGE YARD.

1841.

204. e. 56



TO MR. THOMAS HUGHES,  
OF HALIFAX.

---

MY DEAR SIR,

To you, as the early friend and patron of Mr. Joshua Horner, I respectfully inscribe this volume.

The custom of prefixing to a work a lengthy and fulsome dedication, has long ago been consigned to merited contempt; and I neither wish to revive the objectionable usage, nor to approach you with even the appearance of flattery.

The encouragement which you, though only a private individual, have bestowed on the fine arts; the kind patronage with which you fostered the rising genius of a young and modest artist; and the general benevolence of your character; entitle you to receive, at my hands, the humble testimony of respect conveyed by this dedication of a volume of which that artist is ostensibly the writer. In using this expression, I have no intention to detract from his share of the work, and thereby to give undue prominence to my own. The letters are the joint production of that artist and myself; and it is only fair that I should explain their origin, and narrate the mode of their preparation for the public eye.

In the summer of last year, my friend, Mr. Joshua Horner (the only son of Mr. John Horner, of this town, landscape painter), made arrangements for spending a year or two on the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, with the view of studying those works of the ancient masters with which that classic land of poetry and painting abounds; and of thereby improving himself in his favourite art as a portrait painter. He had, on three former occasions, visited Paris; and had copied several paintings, by Titian, Guido, Murillo, Rubens, and others, in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre. Some of those copies were expressly taken for your collection, and at your expense. He now wished to spend a winter in Rome; and there to examine, to admire, and to study, the immortal works of a Raffaele and an Angelo. A friend of his, an architect, agreed to accompany him thither, with a similar object,—the acquirement of professional knowledge, amidst the splendid structures which rear their heads beneath an Italian sky, and which have immortalized a Palladio, a Fontana, and a Vasari.

They left England together in August; and, before their departure, I obtained from Mr. Joshua Horner permission to make extracts from the letters which he should, from time to time, address to his father; and to publish, in the columns of *THE HALIFAX EXPRESS*, of which paper I was then the Proprietor and Editor, such particulars of his travels, and so much of his opinions of the various works of art which came under his

#### DEDICATION.

notice, as I might consider to be worthy of publication, or, at least, likely to be interesting to the readers of my newspaper.

With this understanding, Mr. Horner allowed me to extract from his son's letters, those portions which I deemed suitable for my purpose ; and he pointed out to me, at the same time, any additional information or illustrative matter which lay within his reach. These extracts I threw into the form in which they appeared in *THE EXPRESS* ; having carefully rewritten the whole, and having added, as opportunity offered or occasion required, such classical, historical, or poetical illustrations as might serve to enhance the interest of the letters, and to add to their utility as vehicles of information.

The publication of *THE EXPRESS* having been discontinued, the series of letters was brought to a close at an earlier period than had been originally contemplated ; but it has been brought down to that point where the artist has given a general account of much that he had seen in Rome ; and to a time when he might be fairly supposed, as was really the case, to have seen enough of the sights and wonders of the " eternal city," and to have settled himself down to the copying of some of the celebrated works of those mighty minds, whose immortal productions grace that metropolis of all that is splendid in painting, beautiful in sculpture, and magnificent in architecture.

After the letters had appeared in the columns of the newspaper, the present volume was printed, from the same type; a limited impression being struck off, not for publication, but chiefly for the private gratification of Mr. Horner's and my own personal friends.

After the earlier part of the series had appeared in print, additional illustrations of some of the matters touched on, fell in my way; and such of them as I have thought it either important or interesting to add, I have thrown into Supplementary Chapters,—a form which I consider preferable to that of Notes, or of an Appendix.

It was satisfactory to know that, at the time of their first appearance, the letters attracted, within the sphere of their circulation, a more than ordinary degree of attention and approval. To myself, their preparation for the press was a grateful relief from the dry details and the angry strifes of the political arena; for, could I consult entirely the dictates of my own taste, I prefer to wander by the gentle waters of Helicon, or to stroll through the still groves of Academus, rather than to fight the battles, and to mingle in the factious conflicts, of selfish and self-interested parties. I have had experience of the latter, as well as of the former; and can feelingly exclaim, with Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.*

My connexion with the newspaper press has now ceased, under circumstances of a painful character; and it is yet very uncertain whether I shall continue to



reside in Halifax, or shall have to remove to some other town, there to form new friendships, and to seek, perhaps in some other kind of employment, the opportunity, denied me here, of earning an honest livelihood, by the exercise of such talents as I may possess. Wherever my lot may be cast,—to whatever distance I may have to travel, I shall always retain a lively and grateful recollection of many happy hours spent in Halifax, and of some valuable friendships formed amongst its inhabitants. In the number of these friends I have the pleasure of counting Mr. John Horner and his son, Joshua; and, through an intimacy with them, I am proud to add your name to the list; not from any particular personal kindness shown to myself, but, first, because you had the sagacity to perceive merit, and the generosity to patronize it; and secondly, because you have been the long tried and much valued friend of those whose friendship I value, and whose good opinion I treasure up as worthy of my highest esteem.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Yours truly,

HENRY MARTIN.

Bedford Terrace, Halifax,

March 3rd, 1841.



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## LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST.

### LETTER I.

BOULOGNE.—FEMALE PORTERS.—ABBEVILLE.—A  
FRENCH DINNER.—BEAUVOIS.—JEANNE HAT-  
CHETTE.—ST. DENIS.—PARIS.—THE LOUVRE.  
—THE EXHIBITION OF THE BEAUX ARTS.—  
THE LUXEMBURG GALLERY.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Paris, Aug. 31, 1840.

Dear Sir,—Before I left Halifax I promised to furnish you, from time to time, with a few remarks upon the scenery through which we should pass, and the Galleries that we might visit, during our continental tour ; but whether any thing that I can say will be sufficiently interesting for the columns of your journal, must be left entirely with yourself.

We left London on the 8th of August, and had a most delightful sail down the Thames, and across the Channel. We landed at Boulogne ; and our luggage was carried for us by females. The inhabitants of my native town would be quite amazed to see hardy looking, elderly women waiting to carry the luggage of travellers ; but at Boulogne, strange as it may seem, female porters carry packages more fit for strong men. While we were waiting at the Custom House, we saw them eating their dry bread, and chattering with a volubility which would amuse you. I have often felt very uncomfortable in letting them carry my trunk ; for it did not seem to me to be right or becoming that a woman should load herself with the travelling luggage of a young man, while he was going empty-handed ; but custom recon-



ciles us to many things which at first appear very unnatural ; and so we let the women have their own way.

We quitted Boulogne, for Paris ; and, on our journey, the *diligence* stopped at Abbeville, on the river Somme. We dined there ; and, to give you some idea of a French dinner for coach passengers, I will describe the repast. In the first place, we had soup ; then *bouille*,—that is, the meat from which the soup is made ; then larded veal ; next fish ; then fowls ; after these, mutton cutlets, with vegetables and salad. Pastry followed, and a dessert of apples, pears, almonds and raisins, butter and cheese, wine, &c. The whole was finished with coffee. Some of your readers may say that so many dishes were unnecessary, and that no individual could partake of them all. Neither I nor my companion ate from every dish ; but there were, at the table, several persons who partook, more or less, of each. You will see that travellers are not likely to be starved between Boulogne and Paris.

Abbeville is a town of some size, and contains 20,000 inhabitants. Its situation is pleasant, and also advantageous for commerce, as the river there admits vessels of one hundred tons' burden. It is a fortified town ; but I should not say that it is remarkable for strength. It was, formerly, a place of some consequence ; and, before the Revolution, its environs were adorned by many fine seats belonging to the gentry. The effects of that unhappy period are still very visible. The Cathedral, or Church, which is dedicated to St. Wulfrom, is a fine Gothic building. Before the disturbances, it had two beautiful colossal statues at its front gates ; but, at that time, they were mutilated and spoiled by the brutal barbarism of an infuriated populace, which always spreads devastation on all within its reach. In times of the ebullition of popular fury,—in an *emeute*, as they call it on this side of the water, the venerable temples raised by the piety of former ages, are wantonly injured. No respect is shown to the sanctity of the place, or to the monuments that cover the remains of our forefathers. The portal of this Cathedral,

and the two lofty, square towers which rise above it, are still objects worthy particular attention.

Near Abbeville is a mound called Cæsar's Camp. The intrenchments may be seen very distinctly; and the site commands a fine view of the adjacent country. We were told that Roman coins and other antiquities were frequently found near this place.

We passed through several villages, and then we came to Beauvois, which is memorable for the siege which it sustained in the year 1472, when Jeanne Hatchette headed the females of the town, and defended it against the Duke of Burgundy, whom they compelled to raise the siege and abandon his enterprise. There is a procession on the 10th of July, in commemoration of the event; and the women take precedence of the men, in compliment to their bravery on that occasion.

The Cathedral of Beauvois merits notice; and, although unfinished, is a fine building. The painted glass of its windows is exceedingly good, and gives a fine effect to the interior. The choir is much admired for its elegant proportions. A most beautiful specimen of tapestry is shown here. The subject is the Cure of the Paralytic.

The country between Beauvois and Beaumont is rich in vineyards and corn fields; and the same may be said of the scenery all the way to St. Denis.

Long before reaching St. Denis, you may perceive that you are approaching Paris. The population becomes greater; there are many gentlemen's seats; instead of corn fields, there are villages, with gardens; while the parks and demesnes of the nobility enrich and vary the scenery. St. Denis is only six miles from Paris; and, being so near the metropolis, its population has a very bustling appearance.

The Cathedral here merits attention; and we were told that a curious stranger would be amply repaid in viewing the interior, as it is the burial place of the French monarchs; but we had not time to see the memorials of these great men.

To attempt to give you an epitome of what is to be

seen in Paris, is impossible. Its splendid buildings and public monuments cannot fail to please every one. However fastidious a person's taste may be, he may have his desires satisfied, even to satiety; but what especially charms the eyes of strangers, in the French capital, is a beautiful belt, called the Boulevards, which encircles the town. It consists of drives and walks, bordered with forest trees. Owing to an immense number of handsome shops, and a profusion of flowers, it has a peculiar air of gaiety; and possesses, during summer, a salubrious coolness rarely met with in a large metropolis.

The Louvre is, to me, the most attractive object in Paris. Its beautiful paintings and its exquisite statuary are most charming. It was here that I first gained knowledge, by studying the ancient masters; and, whenever I enter this noble building, the splendid paintings that hang upon its walls, throw over the scene a fascination and an enchantment which overpower my feelings, but which it is not in the power of language to describe.

Such sensations as these may have been felt by other persons; but it is the artist only who can duly appreciate the benefits that arise from studying in such a gallery. Here are the golden hues of Titian, the speaking eyes of Raffaele, the splendour of Rubens, the gorgeous gloom of Rembrandt, the elegance of Vandyke, and the silvery landscapes of Claude. These are all favourites of mine. I feel in transports when I stand before them; and I hope for life and health to be enabled to emulate their beauties. I frequently wish that my friend and patron were here, that he might enjoy, with me, the pleasure such splendid works inspire.

The old masters appear to have looked at nature, with a feeling for purity, both in design and colouring, which cannot be too much admired. The expression of the different passions is so ably and so forcibly depicted in their works, that they almost amount to reality; and they seem to be surrounded with a halo of thought and sentiment. To study amongst such admirable works, is,

to the young artist, an invaluable privilege; for they throw us back into the presence of men who cause us to feel how much we have to learn, and also to feel that, unless we are willing to make our pleasures bend to our studies, it would be better for us to forsake the arts altogether, and learn some mechanical trade.

Yesterday, we visited the Exhibition (*Exposition*) of the *Beaux Arts*, to see the works executed by the French students at Rome. These students are sent to the Imperial City, by the French Government; and are obliged to send to Paris an original production, every year, for exhibition. We did not consider the *Exposition* equal to that of last year. On that occasion, the students had given to them a subject, from which they had to make a design. This plan is, in my opinion, better than leaving the students to choose for themselves, as it causes more emulation.

The subject of one of the paintings now exhibited is Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise. As a work of art, it is very good. The loneliness of our first parents is well depicted; and their forlorn condition is so feelingly expressed, that the sympathy of the beholder is excited by their painful situation, when they,

With wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

The artist has only been one year at Rome; and there is no doubt but, if he persevere in his studies, he will attain eminence in the art.

The subject of another painting was a man chained to a rock, and his four daughters. The artist has been five years in the imperial city; but, in our opinion, his production did not show equal ability to the Adam and Eve.

There were a few good chalk drawings; and a marble statue of a nymph, holding a shell to her ear to listen to the sound, was very well executed. Two bas-relief medals also were excellent. The architectural drawings were of the first class, for finishing; and showed the students to be persevering and industrious.

Taking it altogether, the *Exposition* of 1840 is inferior to some that I have seen in former years.

We afterwards paid a visit to the Luxemburg Gallery, but did not find that many new pictures had been added since last year. This collection consists, principally, I might almost say exclusively, of productions of the French school; and, although there was little novelty, we had great pleasure in looking at those we had seen before,—our “old, familiar friends.” Some of them are examples of good drawing; and that, as every artist knows, is of the first importance.

The French school is not noted for attention to colour; and this I am rather surprised at, for the Louvre contains, amongst the works of the ancient masters, as fine specimens in that department of the art, as could be wished for, as studies.

There was one new picture, of first-rate excellence,—Cato and the Assassin. The stern Roman looks the villain in the face, and appears to bid him do his worst. The steadfast look and firm demeanour of an innocent man,—of one, too, who has done his duty to his country, abash the hardened ruffian and unnerve his arm. He hesitates, and appears unable to strike the blow. As a work of art, the painting is good. The artist has chosen evening as the time of the occurrence; and the orange tinge thrown upon the different objects, by the setting sun, gives them a sombre hue,—producing a powerful sensation upon the beholder.

We purpose leaving this city to-morrow.

I am, Dear Sir, your's truly,

J. H.

## LETTER II.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS.—FONTANBLEAU.—MELUN.—DIJON.—GENLIS.—AUXONNE.—DOLE.—THE JURA MOUNTAINS.—LES ROUSSES.—THE ALPS.—GENEVA.—ROUSSEAU.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Geneva, Sept. 6th, 1840.

Dear Sir,—We left Paris, by the *diligence*, for Geneva, on the 31st of August. We took our seats in the *coupée*, which is in front of the coach, immediately behind the *conducteur*, or driver. This is a very good situation for seeing the country; and, being like a covered gig, it protects the passengers from the weather.

We found, occupying the third place, a gentleman who had resided for five years in Manchester. He made himself very agreeable, and our journey was pleasant.

The coach did not pass through Fontanbleau, but left it on our right. This we regretted, as the buildings there are very ancient, and a sight of them would have been gratifying. The palace is, we were informed, a low, straggling mass of very old buildings. It was erected by St. Louis, in the twelfth century; and he used to date from it his rescripts,—“From my deserts of Fontanbleau.”

We were told that the inmates of the palace show the table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication in 1814; but we did not much regret not seeing it. Our regret arose more from not being able to see the surrounding country, which is very fine. It is remarkable for its craggy precipices and rugged hills; and these are more attractive to the taste, as well as more in accordance



with the feelings, of an artist, than the sight of a table, even though it may be one upon which a great man has written.

We dined at Méhun, where there was a fair, and a market for corn. The coach had great difficulty in getting through the town, as sacks of grain were spread about the streets, in every direction, without any regard to order; and the farmers did not seem to consider that it was at all necessary to pull a sack to one side, to let the carriage pass.

The country through which we had passed, on our way from Paris, we considered to be much better cultivated than that between Paris and Boulogne. The scenery is more hilly; and it is, in many places, richer in woods and pasturage, corn fields and vineyards.

During the night, we passed through several small towns; and we breakfasted at Troyes. After leaving Troyes, the road became more hilly, and increased in interest every stage. The chateaus that we passed were, for the most part, delightfully situated; but they appeared to be much neglected. A kind of disorder, and want of care in keeping them in proper trim, seemed to pervade most of them.

Alpine scenery continued the greater part of the way to the post-house at Pont-de-pany,—a bridge thrown over the river Ouche, near the head of the Canal of Burgundy. The road from this place passes, for a short distance, between rocky mountains; and afterwards it traverses a fine country, till it reaches Dijon.

We observed, during our route, that Indian corn was extensively cultivated. Walnut trees were very plentiful, by the road-side, and yielded fruit in abundance. The picturesque beauty of this tree can scarcely be imagined by persons who have seen those only of our own country. You have a fine specimen at Elland Hall; but it is not to be compared, in point of size, with those that we saw. The vineyards, too, were both extensive and luxuriant; yet, as we approached the Jura mountains, we perceived a difference in the size of the fruit.



Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, contains more than 20,000 inhabitants, and is situated between the rivers Ouche and Souzon. This city suffered greatly during the revolution; and nearly all its public buildings received more or less injury. The Church of St. Benigne fortunately escaped. Its spire is 375 Paris feet in height, and is considered the finest piece of architecture in Europe. Dijon possesses a Museum, which is open for the benefit of the inhabitants. Strangers, also, are admitted. It contains a few good paintings; but we could not be allowed time to examine them.

Soon after leaving Dijon, we occasionally came in sight of the Jura mountains, and witnessed many fine effects, upon the grandest scenery I had hitherto beheld.

On approaching the town of Genlis, we passed a chateau belonging to the family of the Countess de Genlis, the distinguished writer. The town is pretty, for its size. It is little more than a village, and contains many neat houses. The people seemed very happy.

The next town that we came to was Auxonne, where a bridge has been erected over the Soane. We were told that a battle was fought here between Napoleon Buonaparte and the Allies. The ground on which the principal part of the action took place, is pointed out to the traveller; and as much as possible is made of the circumstance.

All the way to the next post, Dôle, the road continued hilly; and, of course, afforded fine scenes for the pencil. At Dôle we had to change coaches; and there our Manchester friend left us.

On starting from Dôle, we had a contention with Monsieur le Conducteur, who had nearly filled with luggage, our places in the *coupée*. We thought this was in order to oblige us to take inside places: but as our intention, in riding outside, was to see the country, and as we were now about to ascend the Jura hills, we did not feel disposed to forego the pleasure of obtaining the best view of the scenery that we could have; and therefore we put up with the annoyance.

The ascent of the Jura exhibits bold, Alpine scenery;

and, as we had to walk up the hills, we had a good opportunity of viewing the country from different points. In some places there were craggy rocks, overhanging the road ; and in others there were frightful precipices, without any parapet to protect the traveller from accident. To most persons, such dangerous places could not be otherwise than alarming. In some parts of the ascent, we met with patches of grass, and trees intermixed.

After ascending for a considerable way, we came to a turn in the road, and a beautiful valley, of great extent, burst upon our view. It was covered with vineyards ; and in most places, as far as the eye could reach, it was cultivated even to the very summits of the adjacent hills. Having proceeded a few miles farther, we came to one of the wildest scenes imaginable ;—the rocks towering to the very clouds, and impressing the mind with ideas of loneliness and desolation.

Such were our enjoyments until night closed these scenes from our view ; and then we arrived at the village where dinner was waiting for us, although it might well be called supper-time.

When we were about to proceed on our journey, two gentlemen requested to have our places in the *coupée*, for the night ; and they had bought a bottle of champagne to treat the Conducteur. Of course, we could not refuse ; and we were consequently put into the *rotondo*, where we got a very comfortable night's sleep.

In the morning, we resumed our own places ; and we soon came in sight of another fine valley, surrounded by rocks, of the most picturesque forms imaginable, and clothed with firs to their summits. This sublime scenery continued until we reached the romantic village of Maison-neve. The road from this village was, for a considerable way, pleasantly ornamented with cottages and vineyards. We occasionally drove through woods of beech and fir ; and we came, every now and then, to openings that were enchantingly beautiful. Sometimes we saw spread before us, an extensive plain, surrounded by hills of different heights. Then we had a more

confined view, showing us a dreary wilderness. Some of the hills have steep declivities, as if their sides had been smoothed, or crushed flat by the rolling of some tremendous weight over them ; and their summits were generally crowned with firs. As we had to walk up the hills, I occasionally took the opportunity to make a sketch of some of the interesting scenery through which we were passing.

On our way through Morez to Les Rousses, we ascended a very steep hill, of the wildest description ; and down one side of the road ran a noisy brook, casting about its spray, and dashing from declivity to declivity in fine style. This part of our journey lay in the midst of Alpine desolation ; and the sounds from a succession of waterfalls, gave to the ascent an interest which made it delightful. The immense rocks over-hanging our heads, and towering towards the skies, would create, in the minds of some persons, an unpleasant sensation of danger ; but, if the tourist can divest himself of fear,—and there is no real danger from the rocks over-hanging the road,—he may turn his attention to the many interesting productions of nature by which he is surrounded ; and enjoy, in these wild scenes, the sight of plants and flowers of the most beautiful description. Many of these, peeping out from the crevices of the rocks, will be quite new to him ; and if he be a florist or botanist, these off-springs of the rugged and dreary mountain must afford a rich treat. The road is certainly too narrow for a timid person to feel quite composed upon it ; and, as I have observed before, there are, in many parts of the ascent, no walls to protect the passenger from falling down the precipices, in case of an accident ; so that it can scarcely be considered safe,—especially in the night.

Les Rousses is the frontier town of France. On quitting the kingdom, travellers are not subjected to search ; and therefore we drove forward. Our way lay between two mountains of considerable magnitude, until we came to an abrupt turn of the road, and then the Alps burst upon us, in all their splendour. Before our

astonished gaze were the Pays de Vaud, the Lake of Geneva, and the stupendous glaciers, with Mont Blanc, whose majestic peaks were covered with clouds, and towered above them all.

It is not in my power,—language fails me,—I am utterly unable to describe,—the effect that was produced on my mind, and the feelings that arose in my breast, on witnessing this magnificent scene. The Jura hills, that we had so recently ascended, were very fine ; but the first burst of the Alps was magnificent beyond description. The colouring of the mountains was so delicate, and the varieties of grey on the lower hills were so rich and full of tints, as to confuse the beholder, in settling their general harmony. The mountains, covered with snow, on which the sun was shining, had a warm glow, of a species of grey, the tone of which is indescribable. The Lake of Geneva, too,—so clear in its reflections, and of a blue-green colour, with here and there a boat skimming along, with its white sail,—made the whole scene a treat of the most touching kind, and brought to my mind those fine lines of Thomson's,—

But who can paint  
Like nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows?

The descent from this elevated situation to the Lake of Geneva was soon accomplished. Passing, in our way, many beautiful cottages and luxuriant woods of beech and fir, we arrived at the inn where we had to show our passports ; and, while the horses were changed, we strolled down to the margin of that celebrated lake, the appearance of whose pellucid waters had afforded us so much delight, when seen from the elevated position upon which we had just travelled.

Our road from this charming spot, to the gate of Geneva, wound along the margin of the lake ; and we enjoyed many fine views of the surrounding country. At the gate of the city, we had to leave our passports ;

and cards were given to us, to present on our departure from the valley, and thereby entitle us to have our passports restored. Shortly afterwards, we were safely moored in our hotel. We were seventy-five hours on the road, and our journey cost us ninety-six francs each.

On the following evening, we visited the Island of J. J. Rousseau, on which there is a good statue of that celebrated apostle of French infidelity. It is the only work of art that I have seen since my arrival here ; but, however excellent it may be, it is only a work of art, and it sinks into insignificance in the midst of the sublime scenery of this interesting district. Oh ! it is painful to contemplate that, amidst these grand works of the Almighty Architect of the Universe, the eye of the Christian should be insulted by a monument to one who blasphemously denied the existence of that Great First Cause !

The majestic scenes through which we have recently passed, and those amongst which we are now sojourning, are of such magnitude and beauty, as to astound the beholder, and throw into the shade even the proudest monuments of human genius. The grandeur and magnificence of these mountains are unspeakable. The poet,—the painter,—yea, every man that feels within his bosom the feeblest ray of genius, must be struck with astonishment on beholding the works of that Being, who spreads before his creatures, the mighty Mont Blanc, with its ice-clad throne,—surrounded by its tributary Alps, of such a variety of hues,—and, at their feet, the clear waters of the blue lake of Geneva. Well may we exclaim, in the devout language of the first of bards,—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !  
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above the heav'ns,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowliest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness, beyond thought, and power divine.

To stand before such scenes impresses upon the mind a solemn feeling of reverential awe for Him "who wills and it is done;" and at the same time, who may not say, with the Psalmist, "How terrible art thou in thy works?"

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,  
J. H.

### LETTER III.

AUBONNE.—FERNEY.—VOLTAIRE.—GENEVA.—  
PICTURE GALLERY.—ROUTE TO CHAMOUNI.—  
BONNEVILLE.—CEREMONIES OF THE ROMISH  
CHURCH.—MONT VERANS.—NANT D' ARPE-  
NAS.—ST. MARTIN'S.—MONT BLANC.—PONT  
PELLISEUR.—THE GLACIER OF BOSSONS.—  
COLERIDGE.—CHAMOUNI.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Geneva, Sept. 14, 1840.

Dear Sir,—I closed my last letter with an account of our arrival in this city, and our visit to the Island of Rousseau. Since then, we have made several pleasant excursions to other places in the neighbourhood.

We spent two days at Aubonne, a small town, about twenty miles from Geneva. My companion has a friend there. He is a son of the Prefect of the place; and he took us to see the chateau where the Court of Judicature holds its sittings. The ceiling and the walls are painted, and divided into pannels. On one wall there are three pannels, one of which, that in the centre, has upon it a landscape, a view of the residence of the present Judge of the Court; and the other two are not filled up. On the wall behind the prisoner's dock there are two pannels, and the same number on that opposite. The twelve chairs for the jury are covered with crimson damask. The arrangements, throughout the building, are very complete; and its motto is "Liberty and Country."

On leaving the hall, we ascended the tower, and had a fine view of the Alps. Mont Blanc was surrounded with clouds and storms. We afterwards walked in the grounds of a neighbouring chateau which was to be let. A more beautiful place could scarcely be wished for.



The walks, amongst trees, shrubberies, and waterfalls, are extensive ; and the views, from different points, are very fine. There are seats, in different parts of the grounds, for the accommodation of visitors. We walked to the highest part of the hill, and thence we had a view of the opposite Alps.

The next day we went to Ferney, and visited the house formerly occupied by Voltaire,—the man who boasted that he would, by his single exertions, overturn our holy religion, and prove to the world that one man could undo what the Saviour and His Apostles had established. We saw a bust of the Arch-Infidel, and a few paintings that are hung on the walls, but which are only copies from originals in the Louvre. There are, also, a few portraits of celebrated men ; but they are very indifferently executed. A piece of needle-work, by Catharine the Second, of Russia, hangs in the bed-room ; and many persons admire it, because it is the work of a great personage. The bed has a plain wooden head and foot-board, with a French top. A few tattered curtains, of blue figured damask, still remain ; but they have been so cut to pieces by visitors, that the little which is left has a very forlorn appearance. The furniture is good ; and the walls of the sitting room are hung with crimson figured velvet, which gives the apartment an air of richness. In this room, the chairs are upholstered, and covered with needle-work. From the grounds at Ferney there are many fine views of the surrounding country ; and, during our visit, Mont Blanc was free from clouds, which added greatly to the splendour of the scenery.

Geneva is said to contain more than 25,000 inhabitants. The city is delightfully situated on the banks of the lake, and may boast of having, in its vicinity, more lovely prospects than any other city in Europe. The number of handsome villas which surround the lake, add to the interest and animation of the scenery ; and the places usually visited by strangers, are numerous.

Here is a Museum of Natural History ; but it is not very extensive. We expected that it was much larger, and more choice in its collection.

The Picture Gallery does not contain many works of first-rate character ; but there are a few worth attention. Two by Salvator Rosa are very fine ; and there is a very good one, by Dominichino, of David carrying the head of Goliath, and girls dancing before him.

Several paintings by Swiss artists attracted our notice ; the best were by Horning, Ordie, and Dilcy. There was, also, a picture by Angelica Kauffman ; and another by Danby, A. R. A. I saw Danby, when I was in Paris. His picture is a fine rocky scene, with trees. There is great richness in its colouring ; and the effect is very bold and powerful.

The Death of Calvin, by a Swiss artist, whose name we did not learn, is a very good painting. The Genevese Reformer is surrounded by many persons ; and as the figures are on the same level in the plane of delineation, the artist must have had great difficulty in arranging the composition. He has, however, succeeded in producing a fine picture, which, as a work of art, does him honour.

Two ladies were copying, in the Gallery. The rooms underneath are appropriated to Sculptures and Casts from the Antique, which are arranged with great care and attention, so as to give to artists every facility in pursuing their studies.

We afterwards saw the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve. The two streams run parallel to each other, without mingling, for a considerable distance, after they have come into the same channel. The Rhone is very rapid, and of a clear blue colour. The Arve has a whiteish appearance, and comes from the glaciers, through the valley of Chamouni.

On our return to the inn, we passed the house in which Rousseau was born, in 1712. The external appearance of the building has been altered, and it is now occupied by a clock-maker.

On the 8th instant, we made an excursion to Chamouni. We soon passed the Sardinian frontier, where we had to show our passports ; and, after proceeding but a very short distance, we had to stop again, to get them signed.

The country through which we travelled is composed of hill and dale, and studded with corn-fields and vineyards. The summits of the hills are crowned with woods, which mostly consist of beech and fir. We crossed the river Menoge, which rises at the base of the Voirons, and falls into the Arve, after having passed the villages of Nangy and Contamine. We saw the Castle of Fossigny; it is situated on a hill, which commands the valley.

The road kept parallel with the river Arve until we reached the town of Bonneville; and there we had to stop nearly two hours, partly in consequence of a festival, or holiday, on which a procession took place, to commemorate, we were told, the deliverance of Milan from the enemy; but from what enemy we could not learn.

We witnessed the ceremony, and were much pleased with it. The procession was headed by young girls, neatly dressed, and with white veils over their heads. The matrons followed, two abreast; next came the priests, and afterwards the laymen. The procession was closed by the military, whose band was very well dressed, and gave us most delightful music.

There is something very imposing in the religious ceremonies of the Roman Church; and, when accompanied by good music, they have a wonderful influence upon the feelings. Their harmonious strains soothe the mind; and, in many cases, their powers are so great as to absorb the whole soul. Such ceremonies may not accord with our ideas; but still every person pretending to common civility should pay proper respect to the institutions of the country in which he is sojourning, and should endeavour to conform to its customs,—at least, so far as to give no offence to its inhabitants. He ought, at all times, to let the people see that he is possessed of good manners. A gentleman in appearance, standing not far from us, did not take off his hat, when the cross was passing. One of the clergy saw it, and was coming to the place where he stood, when some one, perceiving the neglect, uncovered him. The priest, on seeing this, returned to the line; and all passed off quietly.

Beyond Bonneville, the road crosses the river Arve,

over a very long bridge, and then passes through the town of Cluse. The valley is cultivated throughout, and is encircled with hills of the most picturesque forms. The Alps increased in grandeur as we approached nearer to them; and the valley became narrower. Before arriving at St. Martin's, we passed Mont Verans, which has its strata of rock, &c., very much diversified; some being oblique, others perpendicular, and others horizontal,—as if some convulsion of nature had placed them in those positions, for the amusement of geologists. About one-third from its summit, there is a very pretty waterfall, called Nant d' Arpenas. It comes from between two rocks, and, losing itself in spray, gives the idea of a rocket being fired off. A little lower down, it collects again, and forms two small rivulets, which water the ground, and diffuse around a most refreshing coolness.

On the opposite side of the valley is Grange Douay, a high hill, the summit of which is formed of craggy rocks, and which is cultivated to a considerable distance from its base. The few houses that we saw in the valley appeared but small, in contrast with the magnitude of the surrounding hills.

At the bridge of St. Martin, there is a fine view of Mont Blanc; and, on a clear day, it must be magnificent, as, from that point, the traveller can see to its summit, which is said to be a distance of twelve miles in a direct line. We were sorry to find this view obscured by clouds; yet the gloom thrown over the scene by the rolling elements, left the mind at liberty to form some conception of what must be the vastness of the prospect, when seen through a clear atmosphere. As we proceeded on our way, the clouds occasionally parted, and allowed the mighty monarch of the Alps to peep over their rolling volumes, and to give us, for a moment, a splendid sight of his august majesty.

After leaving St. Martin's, the road crosses a torrent called Nant Sauvage, and passes through a wild country. At times, Mont Blanc appeared very brilliant, from the powerful rays of the sun, contrasted with the grey

colours of the clouds which continued to roll, in large dense masses, down his stupendous sides, and often parted,—allowing a view of the majestic mountain, where you would expect that nothing but the blue expanse could be seen. At these openings in the clouds, other clouds were seen, in long perspective, behind; and their bright edges, when contrasted with the deep azure, gave a wonderful effect to the snow on the minor hills. The bare craggs did not offend the eye; but, from their great distance, added solemnity to the scene.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

From where we stood, one of the hills near the foot of Mont Blanc, appeared, in the distance, to be clothed with verdure to its summit; but, judge of our surprise when, on arriving at it, after travelling many a weary mile, we found it covered with large trees and high rocks; and what we had supposed to be a rivulet, was a mighty torrent. Its grandeur was such, that we gazed in astonishment at the gigantic objects before which we stood.

On ascending the hill, we met with one of those interesting scenes that are so frequently witnessed in this country. At a turn of the road, we saw before us a large rock, which appeared to block up our way, and around which a number of goats were picking the scanty herbage. At a distance was a girl driving two cows and a few goats. She had a long stick, and was sounding a horn, which is peculiar to this country, and to which the animals come, as dogs do to a whistle. These formed a group; and the surrounding hills added to the living picture,—strongly reminding us of the subjects of Cuyp and Berghem.

After winding up the hill for a considerable time, we again crossed the Arve, at Pont Pelliseur, which is situated amidst Alpine scenery of a very bold character. In an abyss below us, was a roaring torrent, forcing its way amongst rocks of the most frightful appearance,

and by trees, whose branches and trunks,—the growth of ages, had been broken into the most picturesque forms, by the falls of avalanches. As we advanced, the scenery increased in wildness, which the evening twilight made more awful, and in some measure prevented us from seeing in all its magnitude and grandeur.

We passed the Glacier of Bossons. It is of dazzling whiteness; and the passing clouds allowed us to enjoy, for a short time, the fine effect of the moonlight upon the snow and the glaciers. The Mer de Glace was visible from where we stood, though the distance was more than a league. The hills assumed a variety of forms and hues, to which the soft and clear light of the moon imparted grandeur; and Coleridge's fine description of these very scenes rushed upon our minds, with all the invigorating enthusiasm of true poetry.

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely clad!  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shattered, and the same for ever?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came)  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?  
 Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,  
 Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?  
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer; and let the ice plains echo, God!  
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice,  
 Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sound.  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Shortly afterwards, we arrived at the far-famed valley of Chamouni; and, from the fatigue of our day's journey, we were very willing to leave scenery so enchantingly grand and sublime, to recruit exhausted nature by a good fire and a comfortable bed at the Hotel de l' Union.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.



## LETTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.—MONT FLEGUIRE.  
—MODE OF ASCENDING MONT BLANC.—FALL  
OF AN AVALANCHE.—MONTANVERT.—THE MER  
DE GLACE.—THE MOUNTAINEERS.—THE COL  
DE BALME.—MARTIGNY.—THE PISVACHE.—  
THE SALT MINES.—LAUSANNE.—THE SALEVE.  
—RETURN TO GENEVA.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Geneva, Sept. 21, 1840.

Dear Sir,—My last letter left us at the Hotel de l' Union, in the Valley of Chamouni. The valley is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by mountains, of great height, and covered with snow. Gloomy forests of fir trees grow upon the hills; but the mountains above them are entirely barren. In the more sheltered situations there are small hamlets; and in the glens are brawling brooks and picturesque waterfalls. The glaciers are of a brilliant white; and from their surfaces rise pinnacle-shaped pieces of ice, which, when illuminated by the sun, have their reflections of a beautiful green. By moonlight, these masses of ice display a rich variety of colours.

Early on the morning of the 15th instant, we set off for Mont Fleguire; and had, from its summit, an extensive view of the Mer de Glace and the surrounding hills. Our guide pointed out to us the different resting-places at which travellers stop in their ascent of Mont Blanc. The ascent requires many guides to be engaged, even for a small party; as tents, ladders, charcoal, provisions, &c. for the journey, have to be carried along with them. Each individual is provided with a



long pole, with a spike at the end of it, to assist him in finding and retaining a firm footing. Our guide also informed us that the danger does not commence until the travellers arrive at the newly fallen snow.

While we were admiring this scene, we heard a noise like thunder. It was the sound of an avalanche falling from the stupendous mountain on which we were gazing. The spray that rose from it was not unlike the steam of boiling water; and its whiteness, differing in tone from that of the snow, produced a fine effect.

The next day, we ascended Montanvert, which is more than two thousand feet higher than the Vale of Chamouni. On our way, we passed through forests of fir-trees, of a large size; and here and there lay ponderous rocks which, our guide informed us, had been brought from the higher hills, by the avalanches. In many instances, these falling masses had uprooted immense fir-trees, which lay prostrate, and enabled us to form some idea of the devastating and destructive character of the storms which take place in these Alpine regions.

On reaching the summit of the Montanvert, we found it covered with herbage. From the *chalet*, we looked down upon the Mer de Glace, which is the upper part of a glacier, the bottom of which ends in the Valley of Chamouni. The surface has the appearance of a frozen sea; and looks as if the chafed billows had been suddenly arrested, by the fiat of the Almighty, and chained in the fetters of Alpine frost, in the position in which they were at the moment of their being arrested. The traveller cannot, however, entertain a very adequate conception of its magnitude, unless he descends into it, and walks upon its surface. We found that the ridges,—which, when seen from the hill, appeared like waves,—were large masses of ice, from twenty to thirty-feet high; and the spaces between them were like small valleys. In these valleys there are deep cracks and chasms, which are dangerous to pass; and great caution is necessary, in order to avoid accidents. Our guide was particularly attentive in pointing out

our way ; and he warned us to be especially cautious on those places where the sound of rushing water was heard under our feet.

Who could have expected that these dreary regions would have been inhabited ? Dreary as they are, man finds a dwelling-place amongst them, during one part of the year ; and then the farmer is found upon the hills, attending to his cattle. It is said that he is contented with his situation ; and our guide, who appeared to be a man of good understanding, was of opinion that the mountaineer is better satisfied with his lot, than most of those in the same grade, who reside in the valleys. Being a pastoral people, flocks and herds are their principal riches : and they pay particular attention to the comfort of their animals. No sooner does the summer sun melt the snow on the higher grounds, than the farmer drives his cattle to the hills, and takes his family to the *chalet*, or wooden hut, on the mountain. There he attends to his dairy, during the season ; and lives amidst wild solitudes, where nothing is heard but the noise of the torrent, the raving of the storm, and the thunder of the falling avalanche. In these circumstances, the mountaineers do not often meet, except on the Sunday, at church ; and their hours must pass heavily, during their separation from each other and from the rest of mankind. How great, then, must be their pleasure, on coming within " the sound of the church-going bell ! " To them the Sabbath is a real day of enjoyment. When the pious minister meets his flock, he listens to their sorrows, and sympathises with them in their sufferings. He enters into all their cares and anxieties ; aiding them with his advice, and, as far as his means give him the ability, assisting them in their necessities. Such a minister is, in the strictest sense of the words, the shepherd of his people.

Having spent three days at Chamouni, we left the valley, by way of the Col de Balme, a very high hill, which we walked up, and we were five hours in walking from the Hotel to the *chalet* at the top of the hill. During our ascent, we had fine scenery, all the way.

Crags reared their awful heads, as if to oppose our passage; and large masses of fallen rocks impeded our progress; so that, although we managed to climb the hill, it was with considerable labour. The distant mountains showed their precipitous sides, in every variety of form; and all around us was truly appalling, both from the size of the objects, and from their rugged wildness. When we were in the valley, the crags were barely perceptible to us; but we found that they were immensely large, when upon a level with the eye. The glaciers, too, when viewed from an elevated situation, were very interesting, as they seemed to emerge from the ravines. They contrasted most beautifully with the sombre foliage of the firs and the more lively green of the other trees. The whole scene afforded us a rich treat; but, whilst we were taking a sketch of it, from the top of the Col de Balme, clouds overshadowed the mountains, and the rain compelled us to take shelter in the inn. This prevented our seeing the great St. Bernard, the Passages of the Cenis and the Simplon, with St. Gothard, and the Alps of Berne and Unterwalden. All these can be seen, on a clear day, from the top of the Col de Balme; and our disappointment was very great.

After waiting for two hours, in the hope of seeing the clouds clear off, we went down the other side of the hill. The road was the steepest that I ever descended. The trees and rocks were of an amazing size, and made us look very diminutive figures. The *chalets* here are roughly constructed, without any ornament, and even without being painted, as those in the Valley of Chamouni are.

When we arrived at the bottom of the hill, we crossed an Alpine bridge, over a torrent very much swollen with the rains. We then had to ascend another hill, though not so steep as the Col de Balme; and from its summit, a descent of two hours and a half brought us to Martigny. We passed the Pisvache, a fine waterfall, which, during the morning of a clear day, exhibits a rainbow. The grandeur of this fall is very much increased by two minor

falls, at the back ; and they become visible to the spectator, on his going a short distance towards St. Maurice. The trees which cover the lower hills in this valley are beech, walnut, and oak ; the fir inhabits the higher grounds. Around St. Maurice and Bez there are many fine views ; but, the rain continuing, we were not able to enjoy them.

On our way to Aigle, we went into the salt mines, and were shown the reservoir in which the rock salt is placed, to prepare it for use. This operation is performed in a large cavern, in which there is a pool of water, surrounded by a platform to walk upon. Our guide went first, with a lamp ; and we followed, with another. The first shaft, up which the material has been brought, is four hundred feet deep ; and, on coming to it, our guide lighted a quantity of oiled paper, and threw it down. We saw it alight at the bottom ; and then it appeared but a very small flame. We afterwards walked along a horizontal shaft, six feet high ; and, after proceeding a mile and a half, we came to where the miners were at work. Long before we came to them, we distinctly heard the strokes of their hammers ; and they seemed to be just over our heads. We were told that it would take two hours more to view all the internal curiosities. We, therefore, declined going farther ; and made the best of our way towards Aigle. Our road lay amongst Alpine scenery, all the way to Villeneuve, where we found a comfortable inn.

On the 17th, we took the packet to Lausanne, where we saw the Church and the Museum. The interior of the Church is worthy the attention of strangers, for its neatness and the regularity of its arrangements. The founder of the Hospice of St. Bernard is buried there. The Museum is a good one ; the geological specimens are very fine, and of great variety. Some very good water-colour drawings were hung over the cases, and were on sale. They were executed by an artist resident at Naples ; and were views in that locality. There were a few old paintings in oil, but none of great interest.

We left Lausanne, for Geneva, by the packet; and you will be surprised to learn that we had a very rough voyage, on that usually calm lake. The rain fell in torrents; and the vessel heaved quite as much as any I ever sailed in on the open sea.

After we had recruited ourselves for a day, the rain cleared off, and we went to the top of the Salève, which is five miles from Geneva, to take another view of Mont Blanc and the surrounding hills. As we approached the Salève, the rocks on its summit had the appearance of regularly built walls, with herbage between them; but, when we were wandering amongst them, we were astonished to find that they were large craggy rocks. Part of the way up the hill, are the remains of an old castle, or hermitage; and, near the summit, steps are cut in the rocks, to make the ascent more easy. While rambling about, I saw many flowers and plants familiar to me at home, such as London pride, polyanthus, blue bells, alpines, shamrocks, laburnums, pinks, and roses. There were many others that were quite new to me.

The day was very fine; but, in the distance, clouds rested on the hills, and prevented us from seeing their forms. From the Salève, the Lake of Geneva was seen to great advantage. Its colour was a beautiful blue; and, on its surface, the reflections of the mountains were softened into those aerial tints that are so difficult to describe by words. The Jura mountains were not sufficiently distinct for sketching; and, from their great distance, they appeared more like the continuation of one mountain, forming a back ground to the lake, than like separate hills. We could distinctly see Lausanne, Vevey, and Geneva. The opening where the Arve meets the Rhone, on its passage to Lyons, was not very clearly seen; but the road from Paris, by Gez and Ferney, was distinctly visible, winding into the valley of Geneva. We thought the scenery from this point, superior to that from the tower called the Signal, at Lausanne.

Yesterday, we heard the Rev. Mr. Hare preach, at the English Church; and we afterwards walked to see the house in which Calvin died. To-day we pursue our journey towards the Simplon.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER V.

DEPARTURE FROM GENEVA.—THE LAKE OF GENEVA AND ITS SCENERY.—LAUSANNE.—BRIGG.—THE SIMPLON.—THE REFUGES.—THE BARRIER.—THE HOSPICE.—THE VILLAGE OF SIMPLON.—GONDO.—THE SCENERY OF THE SIMPLON.—OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE SIMPLON.—DUOMO D' OSSOLA.—ISELLA.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Isella, Sept. 23, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—We left Geneva, for Milan, the day before yesterday, at noon, and arrived at Lausanne by six in the evening. We were delighted with our route, which lay along the margin of the Lake. The fineness of the day, and a beautifully clear atmosphere, contributed greatly to our enjoyment, as we were thereby enabled to see the loftiest peak of Mont Blanc; and this is a rare privilege to travellers; the summit being generally enveloped in clouds. The placid surface of the lake was unruffled; and its pellucid waters showed very distinctly the reflection of the hoary monarch of the Alps. It was not without a sigh of regret that we left this truly sublime scenery; and all nature appeared as if arrayed in her most lovely and captivating garb, when we were taking our farewell glance. The country through which we were journeying was pleasingly diversified by the neat Swiss cottage, the elegant villa, and the gloomy chateau; while the weeping willow gracefully contrasted with the sturdy oak. The peasantry were gathering walnuts from the trees which line the



road-side for many miles. Our time passed very agreeably ; for we had no sooner quitted one pretty object, than another presented itself to our view.

We were detained at Lausanne until midnight, waiting for another *diligence* ; and we had got a considerable distance up the valley before day-break. We had travelled over this part of the road, the week before, during very heavy rain. When the sun arose, we perceived that a large quantity of snow had fallen upon the higher mountains, since we had seen them before ; and the verdure of the lower hills and in the valleys appeared the more lively by the contrast. We saw many fine effects ; and the autumnal tints gave a rich variety to the scenery.

Towards the close of the day, after passing through a flat, uninteresting country, we arrived at Brigg, which is situated at the foot of the Simplon ; and we stopped there all night. We resumed our journey at four o'clock the next morning, and had been on the road nearly two hours before daylight enabled us to see the large pastures and the farm-houses that we had passed in our ascent. The road is very good, for many miles ; and the rise is so gradual, that it would be pleasant walking for the pedestrian. I should, indeed, very much enjoy walking over it ; for then I should have better opportunities of using my pencil.

On the Simplon, there are houses of refuge for travellers to take shelter in, when the weather is tempestuous. On arriving at the second of these, the *diligence* stopped a short time, and we made a hasty sketch of the snow-clad mountains which we had to pass, after traversing a long valley clothed with fir trees and herbage. We then proceeded along another valley ; and, winding round the base of a mountain, we came to a view of a fine waterfall, near a bridge over the river Kanter. We were then within a short distance of the third Refuge, and we stopped there, to partake of some excellent coffee and honey. The trees that we passed were principally larch and spruce firs. On entering that part of the road which is considered the most dangerous



in winter, we had a fine view of Brigg, which appeared at a great distance in the valley. It was then five hours since we had left that place. It appears to me that a mountain seems to be of greater magnitude, either when you are at the summit, and look down on the valley ; or when you are midway up, and the eye can take in the height at two distinct points.

From the third Refuge, we continued to ascend a winding road ; and, at every turn, we had fine views of the Alpine scenery by which we were surrounded. The first glacier gallery that we came to, had a waterfall conducted over the centre of it, and rushing into the chasm below. This produced a fine effect. The engineer who constructed it must have been a man of taste and a lover of the picturesque. The gallery is excavated through a lofty mountain : and there are apertures in the sides, to admit light. In some of these galleries, the roof is awfully grand ; and the rocks seem as if they would overwhelm the traveller. The sides have the appearance of massive walls, so solid that nothing but an earthquake could possibly move them. These galleries, or grottoes, are so admirably constructed, that the avalanches slide over them, and fall into the abysses beneath.

We were now coming to where nature wears a dreary and chilling aspect. We had been travelling, for some hours, amongst fine old firs and gigantic pines ; but we were now amongst stunted trunks, and we soon came to where even these were no longer to be seen. No flowers reared their gay leaves in that desolate region, and scarcely any herbage was visible. Shortly afterwards, even that scanty relic of vegetation had ceased to flourish, and all was barren rock ; the higher grounds being covered with snow. We were not able to see the summits of the mountains, which were concealed by the clouds that rolled in large volumes down upon us, and brought rain with them.

The sixth Refuge is called the Barrier ; and we had not got far beyond it when we came in sight of the Hospice, which is a large pile of buildings, capable of

affording accommodation to a very large number of persons. Napoleon ordered it to be erected; but it is not yet completed. It is kept by the monks of St. Bernard. We met one of them. He had a long beard; and his dress was of dark brown cloth. He was without stockings; and he wore a kind of sandal, instead of shoes.

From the Barrier, the road descends, through a wild country, to the village of Simplon. At the post-house there, we found a well-aired room; and the keen air of the mountain gave a relish to the plate of soup that was set before us. In consequence of the great height of the hills by which the village is surrounded, its inhabitants do not enjoy much of the cheering warmth of the sun. It is too bleak and cold a spot to grow many vegetables; and provisions are generally brought from Switzerland or Italy.

After leaving this village, which gives its name to the whole route, we entered upon scenery of an awfully grand description. Excavations are carried through the hardest rocks, at the base of which rush impetuous torrents, dashing amongst large masses of rock that have fallen, from time to time, and have been rolled along by the current. Of late there have been high floods, principally caused by the heavy rains which fell on the 18th and 19th instant; and the waters have carried away many bridges and some parts of the road itself; so that we were sometimes obliged to walk over temporary embankments, and at others to cross fields covered with pebbles left by the flood.

The hills here were of immense altitude, and approached so near to each other, that the road between them was very narrow. The light, too, was so scanty, that the scene had all the gloom of twilight; and this added to the awfulness of its grandeur. We passed over several fine bridges; and one or two were most stupendous erections. The road is carried through several galleries or grottoes; and we saw many cascades. Some were light and elegant; falling to the ground like small rain, or mist: and others rushed impetuously down, making a noise like thunder.

We were driven along the descent with such rapidity, that I cannot possibly describe any particular scene on this part of the Simplon. It was by far the wildest part of our journey.

The village of Gondo consists of very few houses, and their appearance is most wretched. There is an inn, several stories high. Its small grated windows give it a gloomy aspect; but it is in keeping with the surrounding scenery. The glacier galleries through which we passed, had been, to a considerable extent, formed by chiselling and blasting. The largest of these subterranean excavations, and the most boasted work of the whole road, has been chiselled through the solid mass of rock. Its length is 206 yards; and it required eighteen months' constant labour, night and day, with workmen at both ends, to complete this single excavation. The mountains are solid granite; and their tops often project so much, as nearly to touch those on the opposite sides of the chasms that lie between them.

We only just saw the Bridge of Gondo and its magnificent cataract. The torrent issues from the gorge of Zwischenbergen, and falls almost perpendicularly, with such force, close to the bridge over which the traveller has to pass, that it is not possible to look at the dashing of its spray, without feeling a dread of being overwhelmed by it.

The Valley of Chamouni and the environs of Mont Blanc presented to me the finest and grandest scenery I had ever beheld; but this part of the Simplon surpasses it. It is, however, totally different in its features. Here there is a savage grandeur, as if the Almighty Creator had been heaping rocks upon rocks, to impress his creatures with an awful sense of his power. Scenes like these strike the beholder dumb with astonishment; and, viewed with the eye of a painter, they generate an enthusiastic feeling of admiration mixed with awe. The head becomes dizzy with looking down the abysses where the enraged torrents conceal themselves, as if the dark caverns were best adapted for their wild uproar. We hear their thunder, when we cannot see

them; but, when the descending rains have increased their fury, they burst the barriers of their confinement, and carry destruction on every side; uprooting, in their turbulent career, the stately trees that have withstood the shocks of many winters, and whose massive trunks are tossed along the flood, as the feather is wafted by the gentle breeze.

From Divedro, we continued our descent through a narrow glen, of a wild and desolate aspect; and, before we passed through the last grotto, we crossed the torrent twice, over strong and well-built bridges. At Crevola, we again crossed the river Vedro, by a handsome bridge, which is a very fine piece of architecture.

We now began to emerge from these wild and savage scenes, to others of a more sylvan character, enlivened by villages and vineyards; and we soon found ourselves on the classic plains of Italy.

On quitting the Simplon,—a work which does more honour to the name of Napoleon than all his battles,—I have extracted, from the “Memoirs of the Bureau of Longitudes,” the account given of it by the French authorities. It cannot fail to interest the scientific, as well as the picturesque, tourist:—

“The width of the road is uniformly 24 feet, and its slope of ascent and descent varies from 2 to 7 inches for every 6 feet in length; to preserve this gentle slope, the road follows all the inequalities of the mountain, consequently, lengthening the distance travelled over, but rendering the passage easier.

“If, in comparing with each other divers monuments of the same kind, we consider the quantity of labour which they have required, and the art with which they have been planned and executed, with regard to their destination, we ought to place in the first class of roads that have ever been constructed, those of Mont Cenis and of the Simplon.”

“In setting off from Brigg, on the French side, to cross the Simplon, we ascend to the height of 1304 mètres,\* as far as the Barrier, near where the Emperor

\* The French metre is a measure of 37½ inches English.

has ordered a hospital to be built, in traversing an inclined length of road of 22,500 mètres, the direct horizontal length being 10,490 mètres.

“From the Barrier we descend 1707 mètres to the lowest point on the side of Italy, at Duomo d'Ossola, in traversing an inclined length of road of 41,400 mètres, the direct horizontal length being 29,980 mètres.

“The works of art, in walls of support, in bridges, and in subterranean galleries, are greater on this road than on that of Mont Cenis.”

Duomo d'Ossola, where the road of the Simplon terminates, is a place of some bustle; and its market is resorted to by all the neighbouring villagers, both Swiss and Italian. It is situated in the richly cultivated valley of Ossola, and is surrounded by mountains of stupendous grandeur. Their snow-clad summits, when seen glistening in the setting sun, give the scenery a splendour that cannot be described by words.

In a short time we arrived at Isella, the Sardinian frontier, where I am now writing. The scenery by which this place is surrounded, is fine; but not to be compared with that which we have passed during the day. We stay here to-night, and have been making ourselves acquainted with a few of the more interesting particulars of the neighbourhood. The houses here are covered with red tiles; and, as the walls are built of light-coloured marble, the contrast of the roofs is very pleasing.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM ISELLA.—ARONA.—CARLO BARROMEIO.—SESTO-CALANDE.—MILAN.—THE DUOMO.—ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—THE TOMBS IN THE DUOMO.—AGRATI'S STATUE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—THE PAINTINGS IN THE PALAZZO DELLE BELLE ARTI.—RAFFAELLE'S MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.—THE SCULPTURE ROOMS.—THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.—THE AMPHITHEATRE.—THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY.—THE CONVENT OF ST. MARIA DELLA GRAZIE.—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Milan, Oct. 3, 1840.

Dear Sir,—My last letter was written from Isella. We left that place on the 24th of September; and, pursuing our journey, we soon came to the ferry over the river Tocia. Formerly there was a bridge here; but it was destroyed by a flood, in 1834.

It was lamentable to behold the extensive damage done to the corn-fields and vineyards, by the late rains and the inundations which they caused. The effects of this calamity were painfully visible all the way to Fariola, and thence till we reached the Lake Maggiore. I fear that the peasantry will be great sufferers by this visitation.

We arrived at Arona, to dinner; and we stayed there all night, as the *diligence* went no farther. By this delay, we were enabled to make a few sketches of the scenery of the Lake Maggiore, and of the statue of Carlo Barromeo. The statue is placed on the summit of a hill, and the approach to it is through a fine avenue of



trees, which give it a striking effect. The height of the figure is 66 feet, and that of the pedestal is 46 feet ; making a total height of 112 feet. The head, feet, and hands, of the statue are of bronze ; and the body is of thick sheets of copper, over a stone mould.

The Barromeo family is one of the most ancient and opulent of the families in the north of Italy. Carlo Barromeo, in honour of whom this statue was erected, was born in the year 1538, at the Castle of Arona. From infancy, he was destined for the church ; and his uncle, Cardinal de Medici, having been elected Pope under the title of Pius IV., his prospects of preferment were highly flattering. At the early age of twenty-two, he was created a Cardinal, and nominated to the Archiepiscopal see of Milan. At the invitation of his uncle, he went to reside at Rome, and was there entrusted with the chief administration of the pontifical affairs. For a while he was led away by the dissipations of the capital ; but he had the wisdom to perceive that these were derogatory to his clerical profession, and he withdrew from them, to devote his time and wealth with greater zeal to the service of his fellow-countrymen, whose esteem and veneration he obtained, by spending the remainder of his life in relieving the poor and the necessitous, and in the foundation of colleges, and establishments for the indigent. This colossal statue was raised to his memory, by public subscription, as a tribute to his virtues, and as a testimony of the esteem in which his services were held by those who were most benefited by them, and whose intimate knowledge of his character, rendered them the most fitting judges of his worth.

We left Arona by a *car-a-banc* ; and, after riding for an hour, were ferried over the river, to Sesto-calande, the Austrian custom-house. Passports are very strictly examined here ; and we had to wait three hours, for a *diligence* to Milan. On leaving, we had with us an Austrian soldier, who sat on the coach, with fixed bayonet, as guard. The country through which we passed is regarded as classic ground ; Scipio having fought a battle with Hannibal, on the banks of the Ticino, near

Somma. All the way from this place to Milan, the country is well cultivated, and rich in pasturage. The acacias and other trees flourish luxuriantly.

At Milan, the first object of attraction is the Duomo, or Cathedral. It is a splendid building, and is constructed of light marble, which forms a pleasing contrast to the deep azure of the Italian sky. It is said to be the largest church in Italy, with the exception of St. Peter's, at Rome; and it surpasses all others in grandeur. The length is 490 feet, and the breadth 298 feet. It is divided into five parts,—a nave and four aisles. The pillars are 90 feet high, and 8 feet in diameter. The height of the cupola is 258 feet within and nearly 400 outside. There are 99 pinnacles; and the number of statues and bas-reliefs employed in the decorations is not less than 4,400. The pinnacles are surmounted by statues; and some of the windows and doors have four statues on each side.

In the interior, a very fine effect is produced by the coloured glass of the windows. The variety of colours reflected upon the marble pillars, has a beautiful appearance. The floor is laid with marble of different colours, and has a show of great richness. Between the groined arches, the roof is painted in imitation of carved work; and the painting, although very well executed, is easily detected.

It was in the centre of the transept of this Cathedral that Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, on the 26th of May, 1805; and it was on that occasion that he snatched the crown from the hands of the Archbishop, and placed it on his own head,—making use of that remarkable expression which afterwards became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown:—*Dio mi diede; guai a chi la tocca*. “God gave it me; woe to him that touches it.”

Many of the tombs in this Cathedral are beautifully sculptured, and enriched with ornaments. One of the most striking is the shrine of Saint Carlo Barromeo. It is placed under the altar, in a crystal sarcophagus; and on the sides are his crosier and mitre, which are



superb. The principal events in the Saint's life are represented in basso rilievo, executed in silver by Rubini, after the designs of Cerano. Behind the choir stands the famous statue, by Marco Agrati, of Saint Bartholomew, flayed alive. Earl Fitzwilliam, you will remember, contributed to the Halifax Exhibition, a painting, by Spagnoletto, of the martyrdom of this Saint, who is there represented as undergoing the horrible process of flaying alive. In this statue, the martyr is represented as having had the whole of his skin taken off: and it is thrown over his arm, as men frequently carry a coat or cloak. All the muscles, &c. of the body are exposed to view; and the sculptor has executed his task with great anatomical truth: but the impression which the statue produces, is one of horror rather than of pleasure,—the subject being one of so revolting a description.

The prevailing character of this building is Gothic; and so far as it has been built in conformity with the general principles of that style of architecture, it may be considered a good specimen of what the art was capable of producing, in the middle ages. It is impossible to form a just idea of the exterior decorations of this venerable pile, without ascending to the roof, which is reached by a flight of 468 steps. Every spire, or pinnacle, is crowned with a statue rather larger than life.

After visiting the Duomo, we went to the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, which contains a large collection of fine pictures. They fill twelve rooms of considerable size; and as our time would not admit an examination of them all, I can only give you a description of a few of the principal.

The First Room contains frescoes, by artists of the Milanese school; and many of them have been sawn from the walls on which they were originally painted. The greater part of them are by Barnardin Louvino, as he himself wrote it; but he is better known by the name of Luini. He was the principal pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, and the most distinguished imitator of his great master. He was a native of Luino, on the Lago Maggiore. These frescoes are worthy of the Milanese school.

No. 10, by Vandyke,—the Virgin and child, with a monk in a devotional attitude,—is an excellent painting.

No. 18, by Dominichino, is very good. Every figure is correctly drawn, and finely disposed both in place and action.

No. 27, is by A. Carracci. The subject is, Christ and the Woman of Samaria. There is a companion picture by the same artist. In both paintings, the figures are gracefully drawn. The depth of tone gives great force to the lights on the flesh, and makes the figures appear to stand out of the canvass.

In the Second Room, No. 26, by Bresciano, is an attractive picture, partly on account of the arrangement of its composition. A Madonna and child are in the clouds; and four monks, dressed in rich brown robes, in the foreground. These figures give a wonderful effect to those in the sky.

No. 70, by Tintoretto, I thought much weaker than a painting by Titian, hanging near to it; but in the pearly tints, it resembled No. 71, by Paul Veronese, which I considered the best picture in the room.

The Third Room is occupied by a good collection of the very early masters, except one,—Christ and the Pharisees, by Paul Veronese. There is, in the Louvre, the same subject painted by him; but that is a much better picture than this.

In the Fourth Room, No. 134, by Murillo, is a very fine head of an old woman. It is spirited in the handling, and beautiful in expression. No. 146, by Paul Brill, is painted in a singular style, but is a good picture.

The best picture in the Fifth Room is by Martino; the subject is St. Sebastian.

In the Sixth Room, No. 186, Albano's Dance of Loves, is a fine picture, and in excellent preservation. The subject is one that pleases every body. A number of Cupids are dancing round a tree, and some are in the tree, playing to them.

The picture which took our attention from every other, in the Seventh Room, was Raffaello's Marriage of the Virgin. This painting is closed up with green velvet

doors ; and, when they were opened to us, it was indeed a treat. It is a most beautiful painting. The expression of Christ's, the Virgin's, Joseph's, and several other heads, is excellent. The composition, and the drawing of the figures, are very good. The dark mass of shade in one corner of the painting would have been heavy, but for a figure in red drapery, and who is breaking a rod. This has a wonderful effect in clearing up the mass of shade, by diffusing the light. The yellow mantle of Joseph, and the white one of the Virgin, unite with the background, still leaving them sufficiently distinct. The temple, and the pavement behind the figures, appear, at first sight, too harsh and cutting ; but the perspective is correct, and therefore the want of aerial tones is less felt.

In the Eighth Room, No. 234, is a fine head, in profile, by Titian. It is the head of an old man, and appears to have been a study for one of his large pictures. In No. 238, by Guido, St. Peter and St. Paul are painted larger than life ; and the execution is fine.

Nos. 246 and 248 are excellent landscapes, by Canaletti. The execution is crispy and clear. The long lines in the architecture of the buildings are very exact, and are finished with neatness. The pencilling throughout has been done with care, and the effect altogether is very good.

No. 251 is the portrait of a female, by Rembrandt. Her hair flows over her forehead, and she wears a mantilla behind ; her dress is of black velvet, edged with gold lace. In this rich painting, the greys are clear and well preserved, particularly in the shadows. The light enters the picture from the side, and gives a fine effect, which this master knew how to manage with superior skill, and in a manner quite peculiar to himself.

No. 254, an old monk asleep, by Velasquez, is very freely painted, and apparently finished at the second painting, by glazing upon the dead colouring.

No. 279, in the Ninth Room, is by Salvi, called, from his birth place, Sassoferrato. The subject is the Madonna and our Saviour, with a number of Saints. This

artist painted with a flowing pencil. When we were there, a lady and gentleman were copying it; and, for their accommodation, it had been taken from the wall and placed on an easel, as was the case with other paintings. I counted above twenty persons copying in these rooms.

The Virgin and Child, with saints, and a group of angels, cherubs, &c.—No. 280, in the Tenth Room—is by Luca Giordano. This very large and fine picture had been taken from the wall, to be copied. The handling is very bold; and it has been painted with a very stiff colour. The painting has not been injured by the picture-cleaner. From its size, I should say it had been painted for a church, and consequently not coloured in a natural style. It is related of this painter, that he was not solicitous about his colouring; and that he did not recommend his own style to his scholars, but, on the contrary, reproved them when he saw them disposed to imitate him.

The subject of No. 332, by Salvator Rosa, is Saint Paul, the first hermit. The scene is in the grand and wild manner of that artist. The trees are finely executed; and the clouds seem rolling in large masses over the distant mountains. Both the clouds and the mountains are exquisitely formed. The Sainted Hermit has one leg over the stump of a tree; and underneath it are broken branches, hanging over water.

No. 293, by F. Snyders, is a hunting piece, in composition something like that in the Halifax Exhibition.

No. 376, in the Eleventh Room, is a firm and well painted picture by C. F. Navalone. In the fore-ground is a group of virtuosi, with music; and, in the background, is an artist employed in painting.

The Twelfth Room contains a few good water-colour drawings; but there were none of which I can speak particularly. Indeed, our visit was so short, compared with the extent and value of the collection, that we must have passed over many paintings of first-rate excellence; and from which, on farther examination,

we should have derived great pleasure, and also profitable instruction in our favourite art.

We afterwards visited the Sculpture Rooms. In the first room were a number of copies, in plaister, made, from a statue, by the students of the Academy. Some Basso-Relievos, the work of these young artists, and for which they had received prizes, were beautifully executed. They were distributed throughout the different rooms; and each had attached to it the name of the artist, and the date when the prize was awarded.

Amongst the many statues, casts, &c., were two fine colossal horses. There was, also, a beautiful casting of gates, with the creation, the first sacrifice, Noah, and other scriptural subjects, in basso-relievo. On the walls of these rooms were fixed casts of the Elgin marbles.

On the 29th, we went to the top of the Arc de Triomphe, at the termination of the Simplon route, at the entrance of Milan. The arch is built of white marble. The two facades are supported by four columns, taken from a quarry on the Simplon, and each hewn out of a single block of marble. The bases of the columns have beautiful figures upon them; and the whole is surmounted with bronze statues of horses, &c. From the top, there is a fine prospect of the city and the surrounding district. The country appears flat, except to the left, where mountains are seen in the distance.

The Amphitheatre is a fine building. It was erected by Napoleon, from the designs of Canonica; and it is said to hold more than twenty thousand spectators. The principal entrance is deserving of attention, for its beautiful workmanship.

We visited the Ambrosian Library, where there is a fine drawing, by Raffaello, of the School of Athens; it is done in Italian chalk, and is of the same size as the original. There are, also, some sketches by Michael Angelo, for his fresco of the Last Judgment. We also saw there some very fine sculptures from the antique, and a very good bust of Canova, by himself.

We went to the suppressed Convent of St. Maria della Grazie; and saw, in the refectory, Leonardo da Vinci's

fresco of the Last Supper. Many persons who examine this picture, feel surprized to see the head of the Saviour finished in the same perfection as those of the Apostles ; for the anecdote which has been circulated by many writers is, that the artist left it unfinished, as he despaired of being able to execute it according to the ideas which he had formed of the superior nature of the Redeemer. The head of Christ, and one of his hands, are in the best preservation. The flesh has been stippled up with the greatest care. The expression of the Saviour's countenance is mild and dignified. There is thoughtfulness, mixed with resignation ; contrasting finely with the figure on his left, and with the dark countenance of Judas, who has the bag. I was very forcibly struck with the difference in form between the engravings from the picture and the original. The painting appears higher in proportion. There is a cornice, which makes part of the ceiling, and which must have been left out of the engraving ; but, when seen with the rest of the composition, it takes away from its length, and gives it a more pleasing form.

The authorities of the city appear to be taking more care for the preservation of this celebrated work, than they formerly did. Some attempts have been made to saw it from the wall, but without success. A platform, about six feet high, and ascended by a flight of steps, is erected close to the picture, and gives an advantage to those who wish to examine the painting closely.

It is a lamentable circumstance that the quadrangular court, of which the refectory forms one side, is occupied as a litter-yard for the Austrian horse soldiers. The cloisters go round the square ; and the walls underneath are painted in fresco, with religious subjects.

The church belonging to the convent is a large brick building, in the Byzantine style of architecture. It was erected in 1492 ; and, from its size, we concluded that the establishment must have been very extensive.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.



## LETTER VII.

JOURNEY FROM MILAN TO GENOA.—THE CITY OF GENOA.—COLUMBUS.—CHAINS TAKEN FROM THE VENETIANS.—THE ROYAL PALACE.—THE CATHEDRAL.—THE PALAZZO DURAZZO.—PAINTINGS BY TITIAN, GUIDO, AND VANDYKE.—THE PALAZZO BRIGNOLE.—PAINTINGS BY VANDYKE, CARRAVAGGIO, RUBENS, AND PAUL VERONESE.—THE PALAZZO PALLAVINCINI.—THE PALAZZO SPIGNOLA.—PAINTINGS BY RUBENS AND VANDYKE.—THE ALBERGO—THE GRAND HOSPITAL.—LEGHORN. THE DUOMO—GIOVANNI'S STATUE OF FERDINAND I.—THE JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.—PISA.—THE DUOMO.—THE LEANING TOWER.—THE CAMPO SANTO AND ITS TOMBS.—FLORENCE.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Florence, Oct. 13, 1840.

Dear Sir,—We left Milan on the 5th instant, at four o'clock in the afternoon; and we arrived at Genoa at eight o'clock the following morning. We passed Pavia, on our way, and crossed a river, by a bridge of boats, to the Sardinian frontier, where we were kept waiting for two hours, and underwent the most minute search that I was ever subjected to.

After leaving the custom-house, we crossed the river Po, by a very long bridge of boats. The country is flat, but very productive; abounding in corn-fields and vineyards. We passed through several towns, on our route; and to our regret, we had to travel amongst the Appenines during the night, and were thereby deprived of all opportunity of enjoying the scenery.

In Genoa, we found excellent rooms at the Hotel d' Italia ; and from that inn we had a good view of the sea and harbour ; but the fine prospect had its alloy,—for, when looking out from the window, we could not help seeing a number of convicts, in chains,—men who, for having violated the laws of their country, had been condemned to be chained to the implements with which they were employed in clearing the docks.

The houses in Genoa are well built ; but the streets are narrow, and not to be compared with those of the large towns in England. The city is remarkable for the splendour of its palaces ; and the vicinity is studded with villas belonging to the rich Genoese. Genoa has given birth to some distinguished men, amongst whom was Columbus. A statue of this celebrated navigator is placed in the vestibule of the Palazzo Ducale. Admiral Andrea d' Oria is another Genoese of whom his countrymen have reason to be proud.

Over the gates of the city, and in several of the streets, we saw large massive chains hung up, as trophies of a victory over the Venetians, who used these chains to close their harbour ; but, at the siege of Chiazza, the Genoese fleet broke these chains asunder, and brought them home as memorials of their triumph. They serve to remind the Genoese of their former greatness, and to make more galling the present degraded position of those Italian states, which were, a few centuries ago, the flourishing seats of commercial enterprise, and the nursing-cradles of political freedom.

The light-house is built upon a promontory, and is a strong building. During the night, its light is very serviceable to the vessels in the bay. The fortifications are a massive pile of masonry. The new mole, which is defended by batteries, extends towards the old one, on the east, and leaves an entrance to the harbour, of the width of seven hundred yards. The harbour is capable of receiving first-rate men of war, and is one of the best ports in the Mediterranean.

The first visit we made was to the Royal Palace, belonging to the King of Sardinia. There are not many



fine pictures to be seen in the collection there. The Magdalen washing Christ's feet, by Paul Veronese, is said to be of first-rate character, as a work of art; but it is not allowed to be exhibited. We saw a good copy from it; but this did not compensate us for the disappointment in not seeing the original. We saw a painting of a boy blowing a firebrand. It is by Leandro Bassano; and it caught our attention, more from its curious effect, than from any great merit it possesses as a painting.

The Cathedral is a fine Gothic structure, built of black and white marble. It contains a few good paintings and other works of antiquity. In the sacristy is the celebrated salver, of emerald, sixteen inches in diameter. It is said to have been one of the vessels belonging to King Solomon, and to have been formerly in the temple at Jerusalem. The Crucifixion, by Barrocio, is a very good painting. It has a curtain before it, but is opened to visitors, for a fee. The statues by Francavillia are well executed. The marble tomb of Saint John the Baptist, who is said to have been interred here, was covered with a pall; and permission from the Governor of Genoa was required before it could be uncovered for the inspection of visitors. The canopy of the altar is very splendid, and is supported by four columns of porphyry, the pedestals of which are enriched with basso-relievos by Giacomo della Porta.

We saw the Palazzo Durazzo, built by the celebrated Milanese architect, Domenico Fontana. It has a fine portico, through which we pass to a splendid staircase, each step of which is a single block of marble. The staircase leads to a suite of magnificent rooms, rich in paintings and in ancient furniture.

Amongst the pictures in the first room is the Magdalen, by Titian. It is painted in his best manner. There is a good portrait, by Carracci; and I was much pleased with Roman Charity, by Guido. The old man's head is very good, and contrasts finely with the breast of the female. The back-ground is painted of a stone colour, and enlightened behind the figures, but does not make them obtrusive.

In this room there are five paintings by Guido, and all of them excellent. One, in particular, we were very much struck with. It is a female figure, coloured in a very cold style, and with a blue curtain behind the head.

This collection is rich in fine paintings by Vandyke. One is of a little boy, dressed in white satin, and leaning against a red chair. The chair has red fringe on the bottom, and a blackbird stands upon it. There is fruit in one corner of the picture. Another painting, by the same artist, is of a boy dressed in blue satin, and I did not consider it so well managed as that in white. A third picture, also by Vandyke, contains portraits of three children of the Durazzo family. One of them is dressed in crimson, another in white, and a third in black. There is a dog, also, introduced into the composition. To make such opposite colours harmonize, when seen as principal objects in the same painting, requires first-rate powers; and this work of art shows Vandyke's talents to great advantage. There is another painting by him,—portraits of a lady and two children of the Durazzo family. It is a fine specimen of his talents as a portrait painter.

The Palazzo Brignole also contains some valuable paintings. Vandyke's portrait of the Marchese A. G. Brignole, on horseback, is a splendid production. The attitude is very spirited. The Marchese appears to be riding into the room, and taking off his cap to the spectator. His dress is black, and the horse is grey. This fine painting may be pronounced a perfect specimen of the higher branch of portraiture. It is correct and natural; finished in every part; rich in detail, and effective as a whole. The head and the face of the Marchese appear as vital as though they were real flesh; and every moment you expect to hear the snorting of a high-mettled charger.

There are two paintings by Carravaggio,—one, Christ driving the buyers and sellers from the temple; and the other, the resurrection of Lazarus. They are very strongly coloured. Their character is force and energy

of chiaro-oscuro, with a vividness and abruptness of effect. A portrait of Rubens, by himself, is a very good picture. He has introduced his wife and a satyr. It is painted in the florid style of that master. Judith giving the head of Holofernes to a slave, painted by Paul Veronese, is the best picture I have seen since leaving Milan, or even since I left Paris. Here is, also, a fine picture, by Guercino, of Cleopatra with the asp; and a small one, the martyrdom of a saint, by Paul Veronese. Both of them are very good.

Although the Palazzo Pallavicini is the smallest we have yet visited, it contains the best selection of paintings that we have seen in this city. The interior decorations of this palace are in a superb style, and the furniture is of the most beautiful description. Fine old china vases are supported by cupids in marble; and, in some of the rooms, the bookcases and the ornaments are of very superior workmanship. Bathsheba bathing, painted by Franceschina; Mutius Scævola holding his right hand over the fire, in the presence of Por-senna, painted by Guercino; and Veturia entreating Coriolanus to save Rome, painted by Vandyke, are fine pictures.

In the Palazzo Spinola, one of the greatest ornaments of the gallery is a Madonna and child, by Vandyke. It is a very fine picture; and I remember seeing a copy of it, a few years ago, in the Leeds Exhibition. A Bacchanalian scene, by Rubens, is painted with all the voluptuous effects of that artist's general manner. A crucifixion, by Vandyke, is a very superior production. The expression in the countenances is extremely fine, particularly in that of the Saviour. The tone of colour, throughout the picture, is in accordance with the awful event, when darkness came over the earth: and the white drapery at the right hand of Christ is painted so as not to attract the spectator's eye, which is intended to be kept on the Saviour, as a principal object. The gradation of the other figures is admirable, and a beautiful harmony is kept up throughout. In the distant horizon are the spires and buildings

of Jerusalem ; they are very indistinctly made out, but sufficiently so for every purpose of good painting.

Amongst the other buildings at Genoa is the Albergo, a magnificent hospital, affording an asylum to more than a thousand of the infirm poor. In the chapel is a basso-relievo, by Michael Angelo, of the Virgin and dead Saviour. It is justly considered a work of the highest merit.

The Grand Hospital is another considerable building, for the sick of every nation. It has contained a thousand patients, besides as many as two thousand foundlings ; and it is, perhaps, the most magnificent establishment of the kind in Europe.

We left Genoa, by the packet ; and, after a pleasant sail of twelve hours, arrived safe in Leghorn. This city contains more than 50,000 inhabitants. Many of the streets and houses are handsome ; and, from its bustling appearance, it must be a place of considerable trade.

The Duomo is a handsome specimen of architecture. It was designed by Vasari, and is built of black and white marble. The interior is rich ; but the ceiling is finished with too much gilding, which gives it the appearance of a town-hall.

In the dock-yard is Giovanni's statue of Ferdinand the First, with four slaves, in bronze, chained to the pedestal. As a work of art it possesses great merit.

The Jews' Synagogue here is considered the finest building used for that purpose in Europe. We could not see the interior ; as we found the door closed, when we got to it.

We made an excursion to Pisa, and saw the Duomo, which is a very rich architectural structure. The entrance to the Baptistry has a remarkably echo. The man who shows it sang a few notes ; and we heard them distinctly, after a few seconds, as if they were at a considerable distance.

We went to the top of the leaning tower, which excites the astonishment of all travellers. It is circular ; it has an elevation of 180 feet, and overhangs its base fifteen feet.

It is composed of eight galleries, each surrounded by columns of marble and granite, whence spring the arches that support the entablatures of each gallery. From the summit of the tower there is a good view of Pisa, and of the surrounding country, which is flat, for many miles. In the distance we saw Leghorn, and the sea.

The Campo Santo is surrounded by a cloister of sixty-two arcades, built of marble. The walls are adorned with paintings in fresco. In the centre of the quadrangle is placed the earth which was brought from Mount Calvary, in the year 1189, by Archbishop Ubaldo Lanfranci. The statues over the principal door are by Giovanni Pisano; and amongst them is a figure of the sculptor himself, kneeling to the Madonna. In this ancient burial ground there are very many antiquities. On the sarcophagi are basso-relievos of excellent workmanship; and the tombs of many celebrated persons are placed around the cloisters; being arranged with the greatest care and attention. It is said that there are more than five hundred marble tombs, containing the ashes of the noble and the learned who have here found a resting place. Our stay was too short to allow us to examine these beautiful sculptures, frescoes, and other memorials of the departed; but we were highly gratified with our trip.

The next morning we left Leghorn for Florence, and arrived here in about twelve hours.

The chief employment of the peasantry, in the district between Leghorn and Florence, is the manufacture of straw used for hats and bonnets, and known by the name of the Leghorn plait; but the article is one so governed by fashion, that the people are not always in employment.

The inhabitants of some of the villages make terra cotta vases; and boast of having manufactured them ever since the days of the Etruscans; but I must leave this to be settled by the antiquary.

The road winds along the Val d' Arno, and we did not see much of the city, until we came near to it,

when the cupola of the Duomo made its appearance, towering above the other buildings. The Campanile, too, and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, rose above the trees; and other buildings came in sight, having a fine back-ground in the distant Appenines.

We entered the city at the Porta di Santo Fridiano, where the custom-house is situated. We are very quiet here. The streets are not so noisy and bustling as in many other places. They are paved, too, with flag-stones, and that prevents, in some measure, the endless and disagreeable jolting we too often are subjected to. It also makes them more pleasant for pedestrians.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER VIII.

FLORENCE.—THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO.—THE OLIVE TREE.—THE BRIDGES IN FLORENCE.—THE FOUNTAINS.—THE PALAZZO VECCHIO.—BENVENUTO CELLINI'S PERSEUS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—DANTE.—THE CAMPANILE.—THE BAPTISTRY.—THE UFIZI GALLERY.—THE VENUS DI MEDICIS.—THE HALL OF NIOBE.—THE CHIESA DI SANTA CROCE, AND BYRON'S LINES ON IT.—THE CASTELLANI AND BARONCELLI CHAPELS.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Florence, Oct. 19, 1840.

Dear Sir,—My last letter gave you an account of our arrival in this city. Florence is situated in a most lovely valley, through which flows the river Arno. The plains are well cultivated,—abounding with corn-fields, vineyards, and olive-grounds; but the brown soil is so generally ploughed up between the vines and the trees, that the country has, at a distance, the appearance of a want of cultivation.

The olive is not so attractive an object, in the landscape, as the fir and other trees. It is of a lighter and colder colour; and grows something like our willow, in form, except in the trunk, which, in old trees, is divided, close to the ground, into five or six different stems, which unite into one stem, at a height of five or six feet, and then throw out branches like the willow.

Byron, in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, speaks of Florence as the "Etrurian Athens;" and notices the fertility of its soil.



But Arno wins us to the fair white walls  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims, and keeps,  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
 Her corn, and wine, and oil ; and Plenty leaps  
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,  
 And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.

There are four bridges over the river,—the Rubacone, the Vecchio, the Ponti di Trinita, and the Carraria. The Trinita is the most beautiful. It is composed of three arches ; and at each end are placed statues of the seasons. The Vecchio is one of those ancient bridges which have buildings upon them ; giving a heaviness to the masonry, but, when contrasted with the surrounding scenery, adding variety to the prospect. La Trinita is so slender in its structure, or at least in appearance, that carriages are not allowed to pass over it.

In many of the streets and squares, there are statues and fountains, which add to the splendour of the city. One of the fountains, in the Piazza del Grand Duca, is very fine. It consists of a colossal figure of Neptune, in marble, with sea-horses and tritons ; and it is surrounded by bronze statues of nymphs.

The Palazzo Vecchio was built in the thirteenth century, by Arnolfo. It has a lofty tower ; and on each side of the entrance are statues, in marble,—on one side, David slaying Goliah, by Michael Angelo ; and, on the other, Hercules slaying Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli. In the hall is an unfinished statue, by Michael Angelo ; and the authorities have wisely allowed it to remain unfinished, rather than risk any part of that great man's work.

Here, also, is Benvenuto Cellini's celebrated bronze group of Perseus, in the casting of which that eminent artist had to encounter every kind of opposition that the envy of his cotemporaries could invent, in order to prevent his success. In Roscoe's translation of the Life of Cellini, there is an interesting account of this work,

and of the circumstances attending its production. The basso-relievo on the pedestal is very much admired,—perhaps more so than the group itself. You will recollect that one of Cellini's works—a bas-relief, in silver, of the Martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, was contributed to the Halifax Exhibition, by C. Rawson, Esq. It was a fine work of art, and formed an attractive object in the Hall of Antiquities.

At the entrance to this palace stand two lions, very finely executed, in marble.

The Cathedral is dedicated to Santa Maria del Fiore, and was built after the designs of Arnolfo di Lappo, a pupil of Cimabue; but the dome is the work of Brunelleschi. It is said that Michael Angelo took, from its cupola, his idea for the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome.

The interior of the church is gloomy; and this is partly owing to the deep colours of the stained glass in the windows; but architects consider that it is also to be attributed, in a great measure, to the windows being too small, in proportion to the other parts of the building. The choir is of the Ionic order, and is lined with the Last Judgment, by Zuccherò; but the want of more light prevents the decorations from being seen to advantage. The pavement is from a design by Michael Angelo, and is composed of a variety of coloured marbles, tastefully disposed. In the side aisles are many monuments and busts of celebrated men.

Here is, also, an old portrait of the poet Dante, who was born in this city, in 1261. This Milton of Italian poesy was, like our own Milton, much mixed up with the politics of his day. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. Joining one of the factions which then disturbed the Florentine state, his party proved the weakest, and he was banished. He died in exile, in 1321, at Ravenna, and was buried there. "The offence or misfortune of Dante," says Byron, "was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech

and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church; and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral." The picture which Byron here mentions, is that which we saw.

On the altar of this church are three marble statues, by Bandinelli, representing the Eternal Father, before whom is the body of the Saviour, supported by an Angel. Behind the altar is a sketch, by Michael Angelo, of the Virgin weeping over the body of Christ. The subject is finely handled; but, owing to the death of the artist, the work was left in an unfinished state; and no unhallowed hand has been allowed to make any attempt to complete the production of so great a master.

The Campanile was built after a design by Giotto, and is a fine piece of architecture, rising to the height of three hundred feet. It is built of different coloured marbles, in compartments, which give it a singular appearance; and in its galleries are placed statues by Donatelli, Artino, Pisano, and Roblia. From the top of the building, which is reached by a flight of 406 steps, there is an extensive view of the city and the surrounding country. The Arno is seen winding through the valley; and its banks are strewed with villas belonging to the gentry.

The Baptistry, opposite the entrance to the Cathedral, has the celebrated gates designed by Arnolfo, and executed by Ghiberti. Michael Angelo admired these gates so much, that he used to say they deserved to be the gates of Paradise. The altar is adorned with a statue of John the Baptist, supported by Angels. This fine piece of sculpture is the work of Ticiati. The interior is lighted from above; and a very rich, though singular, effect is produced, by the gilt Corinthian capitals, placed on columns of porphyry. The dome is finished in mosaic; and the floor is of marble. In the interior are many good statues by Donatelli.

The Ufizi Gallery was built by Vasari, and the archi-

ecture is of the Doric order. It has two fine porticos, united by an arch, over which is a statue of Cosmo the First, by Giovanni. On the staircase leading to the Gallery, is the statue of a child, in marble; and opposite to it is the antique Bacchus, which was a great favourite with Michael Angelo; it is larger than life. This Gallery, or rather Galleries, was commenced by the Medici family, and consists of two long corridors, nearly five hundred feet in length, and united at the top, by a third corridor, about one hundred and fifty feet long. Opening out of these galleries are saloons, which contain the finest specimens of antique gems and works of art that are to be seen anywhere.

To describe to you the works contained in a collection of such magnitude, and occupying more than forty spacious rooms, is not possible. Every thing we saw delighted us; and it is our intention to spend the next summer, if all be well, in this city. I shall then have an opportunity of speaking more about these splendid gems; and, at present, I will only mention a few of them.

At the top of the grand staircase are arranged busts of the several Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and other members of the House of Medici; together with bas-reliefs and other sculptures. Amongst these are the Grecian figure of Ganymede, restored by Benvenuto Cellini; Cupid and Psyche; and many busts, celebrated either as works of antiquity, or as being representations of eminent individuals. One of the Saloons is devoted to works of the Tuscan school.

The Saloon called the Tribune contains some of the best pictures and statues in Italy, and consequently in the world. Amongst the statues is the celebrated Venus di Medicis, so called from having been placed in the gardens of the Medici family, at Rome. This famous specimen of the arts of ancient Greece was discovered in the sixteenth century; and, after remaining, for a considerable time, at Rome, was brought to Florence. Many of your readers will recollect that this celebrated statue was one of those which Napoleon seized and sent to Paris, whence it was removed, and restored to its

original place here, in 1815. The whole of this statue is not original; for the left arm is the work of a Florentine sculptor. It appears that the ears were found marked, as if they had, at some time, been ornamented with ear-rings.

Other statues, equally celebrated, are placed in this room, viz.—the Wrestlers; the Apollo di Medicis, generally called the Apollino; the Listening Slave; and the Dancing Faun. There are, also, many celebrated paintings, viz., A Holy Family, by Michael Angelo; Pope Julius the Second, by Raffaello; the Virgin and Child, by Correggio; Venus, by Titian; Magdalen, by Annibal Carracci; Hercules with Minerva and Venus, by Rubens; the Virgin and Child, by Andrea del Sarto; and many others by Parmegiano, Vandyke, &c. One of the paintings, a Holy Family, by Parmegiano, is placed behind the Venus di Medicis, and is a duplicate of that which was in the Museum at the Halifax Exhibition. I like the legs and feet of the Infant Saviour, in the one at Halifax, better than in that at Florence. Though there are different touches in this, and more execution, yet there can be no doubt of both being originals from the hand of the same master.

In another room are pictures of the Venetian, Lombard, and Neapolitan schools. The best are by Albano, Salvator Rosa, Annibal Carracci, and Carravaggio. Those of the Dutch school are by Teniers, Mieris, Vanderwert, Gerard Douw, Ostade, &c. Those of the Flemish and German schools are by Denner, Albert Durer, and Claude Lorraine. Of the works of the latter artist, there are some fine specimens.

The painters of the French school, whose works we find here, are Poussin, Borgognone, Vernet, &c. In the room devoted to this school, are two celebrated pieces of sculpture, a Venus, and a boy plucking a thorn from his foot. There was a good cast of the latter, in the Halifax Exhibition.

Two rooms are filled with works of the Venetian masters; and amongst them are to be found some of the finest productions of that school.

In another room are more than four hundred portraits of celebrated painters, executed chiefly by themselves. That of Sir Joshua Reynolds is esteemed one of the best in the collection; and amongst the number we recognized Northcote, Harlow, Angelica Kauffman, Brockedon, Hayter, Salvator Rosa, Guido, Titian, Paul Veronese, three members of the Carracci family, &c.

Another room contains a large collection of ancient inscriptions, busts, idols, &c.; and in other rooms are Etruscan antiquities, comprising terra cotta vases, bronzes, &c.

One of the Saloons is called the Hall of Niobe, and contains the celebrated Grecian statues of Niobe and her children. Those who are versed in the lore of classic mythology, will recollect that, according to the poets, Niobe and her children were turned into stone, by Apollo and Diana, because the presumptuous mortal had, in the fondness of maternal pride, compared herself to the Goddess Latona. These statues were discovered at Rome, near the Porta di Santo Giovanni, in the year 1538; and were placed, by order of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, in the gardens of the Medici. They were afterwards removed to this city, and placed in their present situation. It has generally been conjectured that these are the identical statues which Pliny so greatly extolled when he said that it was doubtful whether Scopas or Praxitiles executed the Niobe dying with her children,—*Scopas an Praxitiles fecerit Niobem cum liberis morientem.*

The original arrangement of these statues was, for many years, a subject of dispute; some imagining the group to have been disposed in a circle, and others in a variety of different positions; but the question was ultimately set at rest by Mr. Cockerell, who made a design of the whole, arranged as a pyramidal group, ornamenting the pediment of a Grecian temple; the figure of Niobe forming the centre of the group. "This idea," it has been well observed, "has been sanctioned by the universal approbation of all connoisseurs, either in the arts, or in the lore of antiquity."



We visited the Chiesa di Santa Croce, in which is placed the tomb of Michael Angelo. The bust of that "mighty master" is surrounded by three figures, representing Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. In the same church is a bust of Lanzi, the writer of the Lives of the Italian Painters; and another of Aretino, the friend of Titian.

In 1839, a large monument was erected here to the memory of Dante. The central figure is that of the poet, sitting in a thoughtful attitude, with his cheek leaning on his hand. Below, on his left, is a weeping muse; and, on the other side, is an erect figure of Italy, looking up to the bard whose works have brought so much honour to the land of his nativity.

This is the burial ground which is so conspicuously pointed to in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold."

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
Even in itself an immortality,  
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,  
The particle of those sublimities,  
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
The starry Galileo's, with his woes;  
Here Machiavelli's earth, returned to whence it rose.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!  
Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
And hath denied, to every other sky,  
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;  
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

But where repose the all Etruscan three,—  
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of Love,—where did they lay  
Their bones, distinguished from our common clay  
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,  
And have their country's marbles nought to say?  
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?  
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?



Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,  
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;  
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
 Their children's children would in vain adore  
 With the renown of ages ; and the crown  
 Which Petrarch's laureat-brow supremely wore,  
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifed,—not their own,

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed  
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed  
 O'er him who formed the Tuscan's siren-tongue,—  
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 The poetry of speech ? No ; even his tomb,  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna blgot's wrong,  
 Nor more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom* !

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
 The Cæsar's pageants, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her more :  
 Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire ! honoured sleeps  
 The immortal exile :—Arqua, too, her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banished dead, and weeps.

In the Castellani chapel is a painting, by Vasari, of the Last Supper. The Baroncelli chapel has, on the walls, a painting by T. Gaddi ; and the altar piece is by Giotto ; the subject of the latter is the Coronation of the Virgin. In the chapels of this church there are several paintings, and many statues, of considerable merit. The tomb of Galileo, whose bust is placed on the top of it, will be viewed with sympathy by the intelligent visitor. The remains of this eminent astronomer were refused interment in consecrated ground, because he was suspected of heresy, solely on account of his philosophical discoveries ; and, even after the lapse of a century from the time of his death, the executors of Viviani (the celebrated Florentine mathematician, and one of the disciples of Galileo,) had great difficulty in

obtaining permission for the remains of the reputed heretical astronomer to be brought into the church, in order that they might fulfil the desire of his grateful pupil, by erecting this monument to his memory.

Yesterday, being Sunday, we went to the English church; but we found that the service did not begin until about twelve o'clock, and we took a walk to some of the other churches. By service-time, however, we found ourselves so far from the English church, that we did not attempt to return to it.

In the church of the Santa Annunciata, we saw some frescoes done by Andrea del Sarto.

We leave this city to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, for Rome, by way of Perugia and Terni.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER IX.

ROUTE FROM FLORENCE.—AREZZO.—CORTONA.—  
THRASYMENE.—PERUGIA.—ASSISI.—THE VALE  
AND TEMPLE OF CLITUMNUS.—SPOLETO.—  
BANDITTI.—OTRICOLI.—THE WATERFALL OF  
TERNI, AND BYRON'S LINES ON IT.—BOR-  
GHETTO.—CIVITA CASTELLANA.—ROME.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Oct. 28, 1840.

Dear Sir,—We left Florence, yesterday week, on our way to the “Eternal City.” An Italian artist joined us; and, in conjunction with him, we took the whole of the inside places in the *voiture*, that we might be to ourselves.

Our route was along the vale of the Arno, until we came to Incia, where we crossed the river; and then passed through several villages,—travelling, for many miles, amongst most delightful scenery. The country is very rich in vegetation; and may be said to be unrivalled in picturesque objects for the pencil. We were told that the hills which rise from the valley of the Arno, produce finer grapes than any other part of Tuscany; and that the wine made here is of a very superior kind.

We stopped near Arezzo, where the road crosses a canal, which was made by order of Pope Clement the Seventh, at the same time that he ordered the Val Chiana to be drained, and thereby turned a pestilential marsh into fertile land. Arezzo is a town of some celebrity, having been the birth place of Mæcenas, Vasari,

and Petrarch. The Custom House there, and the Church, are the works of Vasari. In the Church there are a few good pictures, and particularly one, Judith showing the head of Holofernes, by Benvenuto, a modern artist.

The road from Arezzo to Cortona passes through one of the finest plains in Italy. Cortona is situated on a mountain, the sides of which are covered with vines and other fruit trees. The city has an Academy, with a Library and Museum. The Cathedral is a fine old building, and contains a celebrated painting of the Nativity, by Pietro di Cortona, who was a native of this city.

Soon after leaving Cortona, we ascended a hill, on the summit of which is the frontier Custom House. At this spot we quitted Tuscany, and entered the dominions of the Pope. We had to pay one paul each for having our passports signed; but, after that, we had no trouble, in this respect, until we reached the gates of Rome.

The Romans appear to have built their cities on the tops of hills;—at least, that is the case on this route; and generally they are strongly fortified. On descending the hill, from Cortona, we came in sight of the Lake of Perugia,—the ancient Thrasymene. It was in the vicinity of this lake that Hannibal obtained his memorable victory over the Romans. Byron finely contrasts the scene which this spot presented, after that sanguinary conflict, with its present peaceful aspect.

I roam

By Thasymene's lake, in the defiles

Fatal to Roman rashness.—

For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles

Come back before me, as his skill beguiles

The host between the mountains and the shore,

Where courage falls in her despairing files,

And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,

Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er.

Far other scene is Thrasymene now;

Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain

Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;

Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—  
A little rill, of scanty stream and bed,—  
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.

In the prospect beyond the lake, we had a view of some fine mountains; and the tops of those in the extreme distance were covered with snow. We passed many fine scenes, on our way to the lake, along the shore of which the road winds, and then ascends another hill. As we walked up this part of the road, we often looked back, to gaze on the lovely views behind us; and we had beautiful scenery all the way to Perugia.

The city of Perugia is very strongly fortified, and its massive walls are of immense strength. The Cathedral does not contain any painting of first-rate merit; and this surprised us, as it is known that Pietro Perugino was born here. In the Town Hall there are some frescoes by that artist; and in one of them he has introduced, in the character of the prophet Daniel, a portrait of his pupil, the celebrated Raffaele.

The descent from Perugia towards the Tiber is, in many parts of the road, very steep; and it consequently affords those extensive prospects which always interest the traveller who is viewing them for the first time. Between Perugia and Foligno, we passed several towns, one of which, Assisi, is celebrated as the birth place of St. Francesco and of Metastasio. The town is situated on a rising ground, and has in it an extensive building, which, we were informed, is occupied by the nuns of St. Clare.

Shortly after leaving Assisi, we entered the vale of Clitumnus, through which the road passes; and, before we arrived at La Vene, we came to the small temple which was formerly dedicated to the river Clitumnus. It is built of white marble; and, having been consecrated for the religious services of the Church of Rome, it has been thereby preserved from injury. Architects consider it a perfect gem; and it is situated in one of

the most lovely spots that can be well imagined. The portico is towards the river; and, as the road goes behind the building, the traveller may easily pass by without observing it.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave  
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
 The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave  
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear  
 Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk-white steer  
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!  
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear;  
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,—  
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy upper shore a temple still,  
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
 Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps  
 Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps  
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps:  
 While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails  
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

The next town at which we stopped was Spoleto. It is surrounded by beautifully coloured mountains, with craggy precipices; and the interest of the scenery is greatly enhanced by the towers of its castles, with ancient trees about them. One of the principal points of attraction here is a lofty aqueduct, which crosses a ravine, and affords, with the adjacent scenery, fine subjects for the artist's pencil.

At Spoleto, two monks took the outside places on our *voiture*, and their company rendered our travelling more secure. One of them was the Superior of a Convent at Rome; and both were very pleasant gentlemen.

On our way to Terni, we descended into a wild and picturesque glen, some parts of which were so gloomy as to excite fears of banditti, and raise in the mind rather disagreeable ideas of violence and murder. Just as we were in the midst of these cogitations, we met a cart, loaded with men chained together, and guarded by two

horse soldiers. We had not gone more than two miles farther, when we met another cart, with a similar load; and, a few miles farther on, we found foot soldiers, stationed on the high road, for the protection of travellers, even during the day.

On arriving at Otricoli, we made a short stay there, in order to visit the waterfall of Terni. From one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, we learn that this waterfall was not the work of nature, but of art; and that the channel which conducts the stream to the precipice, was made under the direction of Marcus Curius, in order to drain the marshes of the country above. The inhabitants of Reate,—considering that, whatever benefits might have accrued to others, they were themselves injured by the loss of the water,—retained Cicero to plead their cause against the inhabitants of Interamna. The river above the cataract is the Velino; and that below, which receives the cascade, is the Nera.

We took a guide from the inn; and, after walking halfway towards the falls, we were obliged to take shelter, in a cottage, from a shower of rain. The inside of the house was neat and clean; and an elderly female was spinning on the distaff. The woman's employment, long ago exploded in the land of our nativity, was quite new to us; and we were very much pleased with the scene altogether.

After the shower was over, we walked forward, through a grove of orange trees, which filled the air with a fragrance that was most delightful. We then arrived at the entrance to a private garden, through which we had to pass, to get a view of the fall. Our feelings became excited, as we drew near the sound of the water; and every step we advanced, the noise became louder and louder, until we stood before the mighty cascade, and heard the full thunder of its "hell of waters."

The torrent falls a distance of three hundred feet, into an abyss which the spectator almost dreads to look into. It is the grandest object, of the kind, I ever saw. The mass of water rushing from its channel into the gulf below,—the tremendous roar of the cataract,—



and the spray ascending in volumes from so amazing a depth,—are all truly appalling. Visitors who have sufficient firmness of nerve, may descend, by a path that winds down amongst the rocks, to a small summer-house, which has been erected opposite the fall, and about a hundred feet below the summit. This building seems to be perched on very questionable ground,—the rock on which it stands, projecting so very far over the abyss, as to raise a fear whether it is quite safe to be ventured upon.

After we had seated ourselves in the summer-house, and had had time to compose our excited feelings, so that we could view the surrounding scenery with some degree of calmness, we perceived that, when the sun shone, a beautiful iris was playing over this “gulf of terror.” On the rocks near the fall, there is a rich verdure, which is kept in perpetual bloom by the spray that is continually descending. The colour of the foliage is very bright; and no language can describe the effect produced by the combination of tints, in connexion with the iris, when seen from the window of the summer-house. To say that it is sublime scarcely conveys a proper idea of it.

A path leads down to the valley; and when you arrive at the bottom, the scene before you is, in the fullest sense of the expression, magnificently grand. “I saw the ‘cascata del marmore’ of Terni, twice,” says Byron, “at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but, in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together. The Staubbach, Reichenbach, Pisse-Vache, fall of Arpenaz, are rills in comparative appearance.”

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height,  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
 The fall of waters!—rapid as the light,  
 The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters!—where they howl and hiss,

And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound  
 The gulf!—and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent,

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
 With many windings, through the vale :—Look back !  
 Lo! where it comes, like an eternity,  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful!—but on the verge,  
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

After we quitted Terni, our road lay occasionally upon high ground, which gave us extensive views of the winding Tiber; and, as we advanced, the scenery often changed from highly cultivated grounds to the wild scenes of nature.

Before we reached Borghetto, we crossed the Tiber, over a fine bridge built by Augustus; and, on approaching Civita Castellana, we came to a deep ravine, through which runs one of the tributary streams of the Tiber. The ravine is crossed by a very high bridge; and the

effect of looking from the height of the bridge into the depth below, is such as to make the traveller shudder as if he were in some dangerous situation.

After leaving Civita Castellana we passed through several villages, and over many hills which were not cultivated. We enjoyed the prospects very much ; and the rugged forms of the trees and shrubs formed beautiful contrasts, in the autumnal tints. Before we left Baccano, the monks who had taken outside places, were kind enough to allow us to exchange seats with them, that we might enjoy the scenery of the Campagna. About eight o'clock in the morning we came to some high ground ; and there we saw, for the first time, the object of our desires, the dome of St. Peter's. The sight caused me to indulge in a train of reflections of the most exhilarating description. I was about to enjoy the sight of works of art performed by men who possessed first-rate powers, and whose labours had been stamped with the unqualified approbation of ages. I was about to behold, and to examine, works finished upon principles which I was desirous to understand, and executed in a style which I was anxious to attain.

From the transparency of the Italian atmosphere, the city appeared nearer to us than we found it ; as we still had to ride for many hours before we entered its walls.

As we approached the city, we found the country better cultivated, and more thickly studded with dwellings ; but the villas which we passed had not so imposing an appearance as those which we had seen in the vicinity of other cities, and many of them seemed to be unoccupied.

We entered "the great queen of earth, imperial Rome," by the Porta del Popolo, about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon,—having set out from Florence on Monday morning. We generally stopped, for the night, about six o'clock ; and we were on our way again at four the following morning.

The moment you pass through the city-gate, an obelisk, with a fountain at its base, faces you. Three streets radiate from this point ; that in the centre, the

Strada del Corso, leads direct to the Capitol; that on the right, the Strada di Ripetta, leads to the Tiber; and that on the left, the Strada del Babuino, leads to the Piazza di Spagna. In front of these streets are the Churches of St. Maria di Monte Sante and St. Maria di Maracoli. These objects make a very fine entrance to the imperial city.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER X.

ROME.—ST. PETER'S; THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK; FOUNTAINS; HISTORY OF ST. PETER'S; THE INTERIOR; VISIT TO THE DOME.—THE BORGHESE PALACE AND ITS PAINTINGS.—FUNERAL OF THE PRINCESS BORGHESE.—THE PALAZZO SPADA AND ITS PAINTINGS.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Nov. 7, 1840.

Dear Sir,—My last letter informed you of our arrival in this city, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th ult. After we had dined, we went to the Caffé Greco, where the English artists generally meet in the evening; and I saw several with whom I had become acquainted while I was in Paris. The readiness with which they answered our inquiries, and assisted us in procuring apartments, was very gratifying, and I shall ever remember it with pleasure.

The next morning, being Sunday, we went to St. Peter's. As we approached that celebrated structure, we much admired the circular colonnade, which is very grand, and is considered the finest of Bernini's works. It is composed of four rows of columns; each column being forty feet high, and five feet in diameter. These columns support the entablature, which is surmounted with 192 statues; each statue being eleven feet high. The area of this front is 728 feet in length, and 606 feet in breadth.

In the centre of this area, is placed the celebrated Egyptian obelisk, which once adorned the centre of the

Circus of Nero, and was removed to its present situation by Domenico Fontana. It is one unbroken piece of granite, eighty-four feet long; and is placed upon a pedestal forty-eight feet high.

On each side of the obelisk is a large fountain. The basin of each of these fountains is thirty feet in diameter; and a pillar, which rises from the centre, supports two granite basins, the uppermost of which is smaller than that below it. The water rises through tubes carried up the centre of the pillar; and is thrown up, in a jet, to a height of seventy feet from the ground. It falls into the uppermost basin, which overflows, and then the stream rolls over from basin to basin, producing a magnificent cone of falling water. The effect of these fountains is strikingly beautiful; and is much superior to that of the fountains at Versailles, which only play at stated times, whereas these never cease. The supply of water is brought, by an aqueduct, from the Lake of Bracciano, which is nearly seventeen miles from Rome.

Some idea of the vast extent of St. Peter's may be formed from the fact that the distance from the extreme line of the ellipses of the colonnades, to the portals of the church, is 900 feet, which, added to the outside length of the church, including its massy walls, give a distance of nearly one-third of a mile covered by this splendid edifice.

Whole quarries must have been exhausted in that part of the superstructure which meets the eye; yet architects tell us that there is a larger quantity of stone unseen in the depths of the foundations, than is seen above the surface of the ground. The walls of the foundations are of immense thickness.

The first stone of St. Peter's was laid by Pope Julius the Second, in the year 1506; and the front was completed in the year 1662, during the Pontificate of Paul the Fifth, who was the seventeenth successor of Julius. Although the building was constantly advancing, with all the means which the wealth and the extensive influence of the Roman Hierarchy could then command, it took the reigns of eighteen Popes, a period of one

hundred and sixteen years, to see the temple alone finished. The splendid additions and accessories occupied one hundred and fifty years more in their erection.

Whether it was that, in approaching the entrance to the church, the sight of its external grandeur had so powerful an influence on my feelings, I cannot say; but certainly I felt disappointed with the first view of the interior, which did not impress my mind with the idea of its being so large a building as I had been led to expect. Indeed, it was not until a person stood by the side of the statues of children which hold the fonts, that their colossal size became apparent: and then, when seen in contrast with a man, their arms appeared as thick as his thighs: yet, when nothing by which to make a comparison was near them, they did not seem to be larger than nature. The proportions, throughout the building, are colossal; but they are so well balanced, that the mind is taken by surprise, and becomes unconscious of the difference between them and the natural size of the object represented. The distance, too, of most of the statues, from the eye of the spectator, is so great as materially to lessen them in appearance. There are an immense number of statues, in niches, and all of gigantic stature. The inside of the Cupola is decorated with figures of the Evangelists; and, when seen from the floor, they do not appear larger than life, although the proportions are of such magnitude, that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is six feet long!

“The Cupola,” exclaims Forsyth, “is glorious! Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves nothing but the sublime to feast on,—a sublimity peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect. Standing on the pavement of the Church, immediately beneath the vast concave, and gazing upwards, through a wide uninterrupted void, to the height of 386 feet, the effect is almost overpowering. The man shrinks, as it were,



into nothingness, beneath the wondrous works of men. Architecture can boast of nothing so sublimely impressive as this."

The clear length of the Church, inside, is 615 feet; and the breadth, in the transepts, is 448 feet. The extreme height, from the level of the piazza before the temple, is 464 feet, and it is nearly one-fourth higher than St. Paul's, in London. It has, indeed, been said that St. Paul's could stand inside St. Peter's!

When the excitement that naturally attends a first visit to this imposing spectacle, has had time to cool a little, and when the spectator has begun to compare one part of the structure with another, his admiration will be raised to the highest pitch of astonishment. The many splendid monuments by Michael Angelo, Bernini, Canova, and others;—the numerous fine mosaics, after paintings by Raffaele, Dominichino, and Guido, and which are scarcely to be distinguished from paintings;—the great altar, of brass, by Bernini:—the hangings, of crimson silk;—the chair of St Peter, supported by statues of colossal size;—the pavement composed of the most rare and curious marbles;—all these form a whole that may be pronounced incomparable. What will be the effect, upon this magnificent interior, of the ceremonies on Christmas day, I cannot tell; but, no doubt, it will be exceedingly grand.

A few days after we had paid our first visit to this wonderful structure, we had an invitation to join a party who were about to ascend to the top, and take a view of it from the dome. We gladly accepted the invitation; and we ascended by a broad paved path, which winds up to the top of the edifice, and on which horses and mules are employed to carry up materials for repairs. On reaching the roof, we were astonished at the immensity of the building; and we there saw, what we could not obtain a sight of from below, a number of small cupolas, belonging to the side chapels. On the roof of the nave there is a fountain of clear water; and sheds containing the requisites for the illumination of the edifice.

The day was beautifully clear; and we had a very

distinct view of the surrounding country. A cloud, like a sheet, appeared to hang over the Campagna; but the mountains in the distance were quite clear. In walking round the dome, we saw the sea, very distinctly, as the sun shone upon it. Tivoli and the mountains beyond it were covered with snow. The city of Rome appeared like a map at our feet.

We walked round the dome, inside, and were very much astonished at its appearance. The concave surface,—which is well lighted from above, as well as from below,—is divided into compartments, which are enriched with colossal figures of Saints, in mosaic. The mosaics are made with coloured stones, half an inch square; and the cement used for fixing them is not brought to the surface, so that, when you are close to them, they have a raised appearance. And only think of the outlines of a figure being half an inch thick, as some of them are; yet, when seen from the opposite side of the dome, all appears quite correct, and as soft as any finished drawing.

The people walking beneath looked very small; but, when we had gained the higher gallery, it was awful to gaze from the dizzy height, as we had then reached a position more over the centre; but the most awful view is from the top of all, where we looked through a window.

We were then over the centre of the dome, and could see the first and second galleries, or rather the projections of their cornices and other ornaments.

We visited the Borghese Palace, which contains some magnificent paintings. The Three Graces, with Cupids, is the finest of Titian's paintings that I have ever seen. The Danaide, a large picture, by Correggio, is very fine; and here is, also, the Magdalen lying on the ground, by the same master. The Magdalen has often been engraved, and prints of it are very common, so that the figure and the attitude are well known. The figure is beautiful; but the attitude is one of the most ungraceful that the artist could have chosen.

A Sybil, by Dominichino, is a fine picture, and is a general favourite with artists. The taking down from

the cross, by Vandyke, is very good ; but some of the figures are in singular attitudes, partly in consequence of the position of the corpse. The death-like colour of the body is well managed. A portrait of Pordenone is excellent ; it is a half-length, sitting in a chair, leaning back, and holding one wrist over the other. The execution has a force, a spirit, and a depth of colour, that are not often met with in portraiture. In St. Cecilia, by Correggio, a beautiful light emanates from a group of angels, and spreads itself all over the picture. Here is a fine painting, by Raffaele, of Cardinal Borgia and Machiavel. It is a half-length ; the parties are standing, and the artful politician is looking steadfastly at the Cardinal, as though he had just put to him some important question. The colouring is forcible ; and the picture is in good preservation.

On the 31st of October, we were present at the funeral of the Princess Borghese. She was the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the few Roman Catholic Peers of England ; and she died, in the prime of life, after an illness of a few days only. The day before, we had seen the corpse lying in state, at the Borghese Palace ; and twelve priests were then saying masses for the soul of the deceased. On the evening of the 30th, the corpse was carried, by torchlight, to the church of St. Maria Maggiore.

The service of the interment commenced the next morning, at ten o'clock. The music and singing were excellent. The bier was surrounded by members of the Prince's household, bearing wax tapers in their hands ; and, at different parts of the service, the tapers were lighted, and at other parts, they were extinguished. The priests and the higher functionaries sat on a raised platform, nearer the altar ; and they, also, had lighted tapers. Two priests commenced chanting the masses ; and they walked up to the higher dignitaries, who first sang two or three words ; and each did so, according to his rank. This was repeated, lower down, by the priests ; and it had a very solemn effect, although the service was very much prolonged by it. The singers

were first-rate vocalists ; and the service throughout was very solemn. After this was concluded, the bishop retired to change his robes ; and, on his return, he sat between two attendants. He then took the sacrament ; and afterwards again changed his garments for others of black and gold, which were very rich indeed. All the tapers were then lighted ; and the crucifix was carried from the altar, in procession, down to the bier ; the bishop going last. Then commenced a most beautiful solo, which was followed by a semi-chorus, from the singers near the altar. Whilst this was proceeding, all the Prince's household and the priests stood round the bier ; and, when it was finished, the bishop walked round the corpse, sprinkling it with holy water. The corpse was afterwards removed to the chapel belonging to the family. The chapel is very rich in its decorations ; and it is said to contain a portrait of St. John, but there was too little light for us to see it. On this occasion, black drapery, with gold lace, was hung between the pillars of the church ; and a most beautiful awning was suspended from the ceiling, over the corpse. The windows were darkened with yellow curtains, which gave to the church a solemn appearance, and produced a very rich effect. When this part of the ceremony was over, we left ; and soldiers were stationed round the corpse, which would afterwards be removed into the vault.

We have visited the Palazzo Spada, and saw some excellent paintings. Giordano's celebrated picture, the Death of Dido, is in the gallery ; and there is a fine portrait, by Guido,—a whole length of Cardinal Belardino Spada. The chiaro-oscuro is excellent. The face is, as it ought to be, made the principal. The light descends gradually, and sweetly spreads itself throughout. All is enlightened, but with due regard to the principles of harmony. The face has great relief, though it is upon a broad light ground. Behind the figure is a curtain, of a pink colour, which Guido frequently made use of. The flesh is warm ; the shadows are clear and transparent. No hair is seen ; he wears

a red cap ; and the drapery, which is of crimson satin, is well painted. The Cardinal is seated at a table, with a pen in his hand ; the other hand is on his knee, and his face is turned up from the writing.

The German fresco-painters, Overbeck, Schnorr, and Cornelius, have each painted a room in this palace. The subjects are taken from the poems of Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. I thought those executed by Overbeck were the best painted ; but they were not equal to what they had been represented to me. The drawing is faulty, and the lines are hard. The colours have faded, in several of them ; although they have not been executed more than twelve years.

This palace contains some fine sculptures. In one room there are eight basso-relievos, said to have been found in the temple of Bacchus. There is, also, a colossal statue of Pompey. He holds a globe in one hand, and the other hand is stretched out, as if he were making a speech. The figure is very fine. This statue was found, in the time of Julius the Third, in a vault under the Strada de Lutari, near the Piazza di Pasquino.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER XI.

### THE VATICAN.—RAFFAELLE'S FRESCOES.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Nov. 16, 1840.

Dear Sir,—In my last I gave you some account of St. Peter's; and I now sit down to describe to you a few of the many wonderful paintings in the Vatican. The building itself, which is of great extent, is the residence of the Pope; and I cannot now give you a particular description of it. It is a vast pile of building, partly ancient and partly modern. According to some authorities, it was originally built by Nero, and given, by Constantine, to the Bishops of Rome. Others think that it was built by Constantine, on the ground which had been occupied as the gardens of Nero. Since its erection it has been constantly receiving additions, from the different Popes; and it is stated to be about seventy thousand feet in circumference.

The Sistine Chapel, which contains Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, is in the Vatican; and there are in it four apartments called the Stanze di Raffaello, containing some of the most splendid frescoes that were ever painted, and which immortalize the artist whose name is given to these magnificent rooms. I have had the gratification of examining these paintings; and they delighted me beyond measure.

The room which is said to have been painted first is that called the Chamber of the Signature, or the Hall of the School of Athens. It contains four principal paintings, the general design of which is to display the



powers of the human mind, and to show its capability of attaining the noblest sciences,—divinity, philosophy, civil law, and poetry. Each of these sciences forms the subject of one of the four paintings; and there are smaller paintings illustrative or explanatory of the larger designs.

It is generally understood that Raffaele was in the habit of asking the advice of the learned, as to the propriety of introducing certain characters into his compositions; for, having from his infancy devoted himself to painting, he had not had time to read extensively, or to acquire the learning necessary for the work in which he was engaged. On one occasion, he wrote to Ariosto, to obtain his assistance in the picture of Theology. He wished the poet to suggest to him what personages should be introduced, to what countries they belonged, &c. in order that his work might be made as perfect as possible.

Each of the four sides of the room is occupied with one of the four subjects I have mentioned, and I will begin with that on Theology. Over the arch of a window is the Eternal Father, presiding over the universe. The figure is not more than a half-length, and is looking over the arch. In his left hand is a globe; and the right hand is stretched forth, as in the act of giving the benediction. Under the arch is the Saviour, with a countenance expressive of the utmost benignity. His head reclines a little; and he seems ready, with open arms, to receive the supplications of mankind. On the right of the Saviour is the Virgin, in a supplicating posture; and on his left is seated St. John the Baptist. These figures, with cherubs, compose the upper part of the picture.

The lower part of the painting consists of an assemblage of Divines. The principal figures are four Fathers of the Romish Church,—two on each side of an altar; and the others are all laymen, in various attitudes. Some are writing, and others conversing. The poet Dante is introduced amongst them, on account of the theological character of his great poem.



I cannot tell upon what principle we are to reconcile the effects of the light and shade which Raffaele has given to this picture. Each of the three persons of the Holy Trinity is represented as surrounded with his own peculiar glory ; and they neither receive light from each other, nor diffuse any to the other parts of the painting. All the lower figures partake of daylight, as if the brightness which is above them were not in the picture. Perhaps Raffaele, by not making use of the lights which he might have made to issue from the Sacred Personages in the upper part of the painting, prevented more or less confusion in the composition of the lower part, and therefore of two evils he chose the least.

This design is commonly called the Dispute of the Sacrament. The business of the picture seems to be to set forth, in a noble and lively representation, the great mysteries of religion, and to excite sentiments of piety and devotion. The expression in the different countenances is very just, and is executed with all that grace and nobleness of style which Raffaele knew so well how to impart to his productions.

The painting which represents Philosophy, is usually called the School of Athens. It is a very fine picture, and contains a great number of figures, many of which are portraits of the most celebrated philosophers of ancient Greece. Near the base of the picture is a pavement, from which arise four steps, leading up to a magnificent building consisting of three arches. Under the farthest arch, and near the middle of the picture, stand Plato and Aristotle, each of whom is surrounded by his disciples. On the right of Plato is Socrates, in conversation with Alcibiades and two or three others. A little to the left of the picture is Diogenes, seated on one of the steps ; and on the pavement below, to the right, is Pythagoras, with his disciples,—a large group reaching to the middle of the picture. On the other side of the painting is a smaller group of figures, of which one of the most conspicuous is Archimedes, who is engaged, with his compasses, in forming a mathematical figure on a tablet laid on the ground. Zoroaster and

another are holding globes,—one the celestial and the other the terrestrial. Each of them has his disciples.

Statues of Apollo and Minerva, together with the bas-reliefs on the building, illustrate the subject of the design, as referring to moral philosophy and the arts and sciences.

The whole of the figures are represented as being in action, suitable to the several characters. Plato is pointing to heaven, as indicative of the general character of his theory; and the most conspicuous place is given to him, because he was always considered as approaching nearer to Christianity than any of the other heathen philosophers. The next place is given to Aristotle, whose system of philosophy held sway over the minds of men, and was taught in the schools, for centuries, until it was exploded by the Inductive Philosophy, introduced by Bacon. The manner of Aristotle is particularly expressive. He holds the forefinger of his left hand between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, and seems as if he were assuming that the party in dispute with him had acceded to one of his propositions. The disciples of Archimedes show, by their looks and behaviour, the satisfaction they derive from the demonstration of his problem; and those of Pythagoras are characterized by great thoughtfulness, as indicative of the mysterious nature of his doctrines. The figure of Socrates is very beautiful; he is engaged in reclaiming a youth, and pointing out to him the paths of virtue. At one extremity of the picture an old man with a staff is approaching the building; and, at the other, is a child in the arms of a man. These are to signify that none are either too old or too young to learn.

Poetry is the subject of the next picture; and it is treated in a style so different from that of the other three principal pictures, as to form a beautiful contrast. The Divinity painting has its scene partly in heaven and partly on the earth;—its figures consisting of the Sacred Trinity, angels, saints, and men. The Philosophy painting has for its scene a magnificent building; and its personages, thought equally grave, are not so

awful and sublime as those in the other. This,—devoted to Poetry, has for its scene a hill, a fountain, and trees; and for its actors fictitious deities, with the poets who created them. Apollo is seated on Mount Parnassus. Helicon flows out from under his feet. The laurel flourishes above and around. Two of the Muses are seated, one on each side of the God; and the rest of the Aonian maids are standing behind. On the lower parts of the hill, are many of the principal poets, in different positions.

“Divinity, Philosophy, and Poetry,” says Bellori, “enrich and adorn the mind of man; but the welfare of society is not sufficiently provided for, if the precepts these teach relating to it, are not explained and enforced by positive human laws.” Civil Law, then, is the subject of the other picture, which is opposite to the Parnassus. In the upper part of the painting are Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude,—virtues necessary to every man who would be just and honourable. On the right side of the picture is Pope Gregory the Tenth, surrounded by Cardinals, and giving his benediction to a lawyer, who is kneeling. On the left side is the Emperor Justinian, delivering his celebrated code of laws to Trebonius, who is on his knees, and is surrounded by lawyers.

On the ceiling of this room are figures representing the sciences; and in the angles are smaller pictures, illustrative of the subjects of the large pictures which occupy the four sides of the room.

The next room also contains four principal paintings,—one on each of the four sides. They are, the Heliodorous, the Miracle of Bolsenna, the Attila, and the Delivery of St. Peter.

The story of Heliodorous pillaging the temple of Jerusalem, in the days of Onias the High Priest, and of his being driven out by the Angels of God, is narrated in the Apocrypha,—in the third chapter of the second book of Maccabees. The picture which represents this event, was painted during the pontificate of Julius the Second, as a delicate compliment to that Pope, who prided himself

for having, by his arms, driven his enemies out of the territories of St. Peter, as the angels drove Heliodorus out of the temple. To complete, as it were, the compliment to that Pontiff, the artist has perpetrated the anachronism of introducing his Holiness into the scene; and has placed him on one side of the picture, sitting in his chair, which is borne on the shoulders of men who are attired in modern apparel. Raffaello has, also, in another respect, deviated from the facts of the narrative in the Apocrypha. It is there told us that two young men stood by Heliodorus, one on each side, scourging him; but the artist has introduced two figures, without wings, in swift motion, through the air, towards the sacrilegious intruder. This impresses the mind of the spectator with a feeling of sublimity worthy of the painter and his subject. The architectural part of the picture is as fine as that of the School of Athens.

The Miracle of Bolsenna is painted around one of the windows. The history of the miracle is this. About the year 1264, and in the pontificate of Urban the Fourth, a priest was celebrating mass in the church of St. Christina, at Bolsenna, a city of Tuscany; and, having consecrated the host, he was doubtful of the transubstantiation; but his scepticism was immediately removed by blood spiriting out of the wafer, as he held it in his hand. The annual feast of Corpus Domini was instituted in memory of this miracle.

Over the window is the incredulous priest, performing the sacred office, and convinced, by the miracle, of the fact which he had doubted. On one side of the window are the assistants and spectators; and on the other side is Pope Julius the Second, attended by two cardinals and other ecclesiastics. The Pontiff is on his knees, with his hands in a devotional attitude; and he seems devoutly intent upon the sacrifice of the mass. These figures are all portraits, and they give dignity to the picture; but the introduction of the Pope is quite out of character, as well as a gross anachronism.

On the wall opposite the Heliodorus is the Attila, a

scene in the fifth century, during the reign of the Emperor Valentinian. About the middle of that century, Attila, king of the Huns, had ravaged a considerable part of Italy, with excessive cruelty, and was on his march to Rome. Leo the Great, afterwards canonized as St. Leo, was then Pope, and the Emperor thought it expedient to send the Pontiff, attended by his Cardinals, to meet the ruthless invader. They met ; and whilst the Pope was addressing Attila, the barbaric monarch was suddenly terrified by the appearance of two horsemen, with drawn swords, threatening him with instant death if he did not obey the Pontiff, and withdraw his army from the territories of the Emperor. Attila, thus supernaturally frightened, desisted from his purpose, and marched into Pannonia.

Raffaelle has told the story very finely. The supernatural figures are not horsemen, but are in the air, threatening the king, with great dignity of manner. The artist has chosen the moment when the mysterious visitors first caught the eye of Attila, and before they were seen by any of his attendants. The countenances of Saint Leo and his companions are expressive of great composure of mind and firmness of purpose. They have the air of confident assurance of the success of their mission. A town on fire, in the distance, is introduced as showing the cruelties and devastations which attended the march of the invader.

The other large painting in this room is the delivery of St. Peter out of prison ; and it is understood to have some complimentary allusion to the imprisonment of Leo the Tenth, about twelve months before he was elevated to the papal chair. He was then Cardinal Legale, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna ; but afterwards escaped.

In this picture there are two compartments. In the first, St. Peter is sitting, in the prison, and two soldiers are standing by him. An Angel appears to him, inviting him forth. On the outside of the prison, on the steps, are four soldiers, two of whom see the Angel, and are terrified. In the other compartment the Apostle

and the Angel are outside the prison, having passed through the gates.

In this fine composition there are four lights,—two from the Angels, one from the moon, and another from a torch in the hand of one of the soldiers. In each compartment, the principal light is from the radiance of the Angel; and neither picture can have any light from the moon or from the torch. Nor can one compartment receive light from the other, on account of the intervention of the prison walls.

The effect of light and shade in this composition is astonishing. The lights are managed with such proper subordination, that they do not interfere with one another, nor do they offend the eye of the spectator. The supernatural light from the Angel, in the centre of the first compartment, flashes through the iron gate behind which the figures appear, and is very well managed; giving a good idea of a prison, by the dark lines cutting the brightness behind them into small parts, and producing a flickering and a dazzle that nothing else could have given.

On the ceiling of this room Raffaele has painted four scripture pieces, to correspond with the larger works on the walls. Over the Heliodorus is God appearing to Moses, in the burning bush; over the Attila is Noah saved from the deluge; over the Miracle of Bolsenna is the Sacrifice of Abraham; and over the Delivery of St. Peter is Jacob's dream.

Yesterday, we went to the English church, which is near to our apartments. Two soldiers stand at the door, with fixed bayonets, during the service; and several others are in attendance, to keep order amongst the carriages. Besides the morning service, there are prayers every Sunday afternoon.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.



## LETTER XII.

RAFFAELLE'S FRESCOES.—THE SISTINE CHAPEL.  
—MICHAEL ANGELO'S FRESCOES.—THE LA-  
OCOON.—THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Dec. 9, 1840.

Dear Sir,—In my last letter, I gave you an account of the frescoes painted by Raffaele in two of the rooms in the Vatican; and I shall now describe to you those in the other two rooms.

In the third room, the first painting is the Justification of Leo the Third. That Pope had been accused, by his enemies, who are understood to have aimed at deposing him from the Chair of St. Peter, of many grievous crimes; and the Emperor Charlemagne, who was then in Rome, instituted an inquiry. He demanded of the prelates and clergy an account of the life and manners of the Pope; but they refused to render any account, and insisted on the privileges of the church,—denying that the clergy, and especially the Supreme Pontiff, were accountable for their actions, to any but to God, and certainly not to the laity. The matter was set at rest by the Pope himself, who voluntarily took an oath, in the presence of the Emperor and a large assembly, that he was innocent of the crimes of which he had been accused. This was about the close of the eighth century. The picture is finely conceived. The artist has given to the Pontiff all the appearance of zeal, piety, innocence, and humility. To the assembly he has imparted an air of dignity and solemnity; and he



has beautifully expressed the effect produced, by the scene, upon the minds of the spectators.

The Coronation of Charlemagne, by the same Pope, is the subject of another picture in this room. The scene is magnificent, and the artist has done justice to the grandeur of his subject.

The third painting has for its subject a terrific conflagration which occurred in Rome, when Leo the Fourth occupied the papal chair. It broke out in the Borgo di Santo Spirito, and the devastating element approached so near to the Vatican, as to threaten the safety of that building. The tradition is that the flames were miraculously extinguished, on the Pope making the sign of the cross, and pronouncing the benediction. Raffaele has chosen, for this picture, the moment in which the principal action was performed. The Pope is at the window of his palace; and the attention of the populace is directed towards his Holiness, whom they are imploring to assist them in their extremity. The extent of the calamity is indicated more by the distress of the people, than by the raging of the flames. Men, women, and children,—the old and the young,—the robust and the feeble,—are employed in different ways; and the whole scene conveys the impression of a vast and overwhelming calamity; consequently exhibiting the greatness of the miracle. The artist has finely expressed the effects of the high wind which prevailed at the time, and which appears to be rudely blowing about the streaming hair and garments of the parties engaged in the scene. All the figures appear as if in motion, and under a high degree of excitement.

The fourth picture represents the Battle of Ostia, a naval victory gained over the Saracens by Leo the Fourth. The principal figure in the painting is the Pope, who is devoutly raising his hands and eyes towards heaven, in adoration of the goodness of God in delivering him and his people from their enemies. Some of the captured Saracens are brought before him; but he is too intent upon his devotions to take any notice of them. The painting is of surpassing excellence; the

colouring is beautiful; the drawing correct, and executed with a free pencil.

The last room is usually called the Hall of Constantine, because the subjects of the pictures are all taken from the life of the first Christian Emperor. Very little of the painting in this room was executed by Raffaello himself; but it was chiefly the work of his pupils, Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni, and Raffaello del Colle, by whom it was finished, from his designs, after his death.

The first painting represents the Vision of the Cross. Constantine is making an oration to his soldiers, just before the battle with Maxentius; and the artist has selected the moment when the cross appeared in the heavens, with the motto "Conquer by this."

This fine piece was coloured by Giulio Romano; and at the sale of Sir Peter Lely's collection, Raffaello's sketch of this scene was sold for one hundred guineas.

The battle which followed this miraculous vision, is the subject of the next fresco. It was fought near the Ponte Molle, in the year 312; the army of Maxentius was signally defeated, and he himself was drowned in the Tiber.

This was also coloured by Giulio Romano; but Raffaello has painted, in oil, two figures, which his pupil respectfully left untouched, and finished the rest in fresco.

The composition, the extent, and the grandeur, of these frescoes are beyond all praise. The battle piece, with its numerous figures,—full of fine drawing,—composed and finished as if it were an easel-picture,—is indeed superb. Not a single figure appears to be out of its place; and there is not one but seems so essential to the composition, that its removal would spoil the effect of the whole. No one can examine these splendid frescoes without entertaining an exalted idea of the extraordinary powers of the artist by whom they were designed, as well as of the illustrious pupils by whom they were completed.

The battle piece takes up one side of the room. It is 84 feet long and 15 feet high, and is elevated ten feet from the ground.

The next painting is the Baptism of Constantine. It was coloured by Francesco Penni, and is an admirable contrast to the battle. The scene represents a mighty Emperor, surrounded by his victorious troops and at the height of worldly glory, humbly enlisting himself under the banner of the cross. Naked, and with a meek aspect, he is kneeling, and receiving baptism at the hands of Pope Sylvester.

The last picture in this room is the Donation of the Patrimony of the Church, or, in more explicit terms, Constantine presenting the city of Rome to the Pope. The scene is laid in a magnificent church. The Pope is seated on an elevated throne, beneath a splendid canopy. The Emperor, kneeling on one knee, on the steps of the throne, places one hand on his breast, and with the other offers to the Pontiff a small image which represents the city of Rome. The Pope is accepting the present, and giving his benediction. Behind the Emperor are two ecclesiastics, kneeling; and behind them are two laymen, also kneeling. The Emperor has a few halberdiers in his train, and three or four priests are in attendance upon the Pope. There are many subordinate figures, and some of them present interesting episodes. This painting was coloured by Raffaello del Colle.

The Sistine Chapel is the finest and the most celebrated part of the Vatican. It was designed by Baccio Pentelli, a Florentine architect, and was built by Pope Sextus the Fourth. It is only used for religious services on great occasions, as on the first Sunday in Advent and during the Holy Week. It is the place where the Cardinals meet, in conclave, when a new Pope is to be elected. The principal attractions of this chapel are the frescoes of Michael Angelo; but, at first sight, the room appears so gloomy, and so deficient in light, that the visitor must remain a little time, and get accustomed to it, before he can perceive the grandeur of the paintings.

It is said that Michael Angelo painted the ceiling in twenty months, entirely with his own hands, and without even an assistant to grind his colours. The subjects are taken from the old testament. They are treated in a most sublime manner, and with an effect that is truly astonishing. The prophets and the sybils, over the windows, are considered some of the finest of his works.

Above the altar is the same artist's celebrated painting of the Last Judgment, which is said to have occupied a considerable portion of his time for eight years. It is a most surprising production ; and its effect upon the spectator, as he enters the great door of the chapel, is very imposing. It occupies the entire end of the chapel, from the ceiling down to within six feet of the floor. When standing before this wonderful creation of human genius, the spectator feels a kind of awe or dread. The figures appear to be gifted with supernatural powers,—they seem to possess a superiority over the common lot of humanity. An accurate knowledge of anatomy, and a thorough mastery of fine drawing, are displayed in the figures ; and the arrangement of the different groups is managed with extraordinary ability.

On the sides of the chapel, near the entrance, are several sacred histories, painted by Pietro Perugino ; and, could we view them by themselves, they would appear to advantage, and reflect credit on the artist ; but, when contrasted with the Last Judgment,—when compared with the Prophets and the Sybils, —they seem tame and spiritless.

The frescoes of Raffaele, and those of Michael Angelo, are of a very different character, although none but a consummate master of the art could have produced either. In the productions of Raffaele, we have dignified and exalted representations of the human form ; but in those of Michael Angelo there is something super-human, impressing the mind with awe or dread.

The Capella Paolina, another chapel in the Vatican, contains two other frescoes by Michael Angelo,—the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. These are said to have been his last works, and

to have been executed when he was seventy-five years old. They are very splendid efforts of genius ; but they appear to have been darkened by the smoke from the tapers burned in the chapel.

The number of galleries, porticos, halls, museums, and libraries,—containing paintings, statues, and antiquities,—which form the suite of public rooms in the Vatican, almost exceeds belief. It has been calculated that they cover a million square feet ; and I cannot possibly attempt to give you any thing like a regular description of them. I will, therefore, name a few of the works which have caught my attention, and which are selected from the contents of more than five hundred rooms.

The Transfiguration, by Raffaele, and the Assumption, by the same master, are in the same room. They are perfect contrasts in their colouring. The former is dark and heavy ; the latter is rich, clear, and forcible. The Assumption is much superior to any of Raffaele's easel pictures which I have seen here ; for most of them are painted in the dark style of the Transfiguration. Dominichino's celebrated picture of a Priest administering the consecrated wafer to a dying man, is very fine.

None of the antiquities which are, from time to time, discovered within the territories of the Pope, are allowed to be exported ; and therefore the vast collections in the Vatican are constantly receiving additions of antique statues, bas-reliefs, &c. The Court of the Belvidere contains an immense number of bas-reliefs, columns, baths, and sarcophagi. In the angles of this Court there are four compartments, which contain the most valuable statues in the Papal collection,—I may say, in the world.

In one of these compartments is the Laocoon, a splendid group, full of action and of interest. The expression of the father is admirable. Entangled in the coils of the serpents, and unable to extricate himself, he still makes a desperate effort to disengage himself from their deadly folds. One of the sons is looking up to his father, for help, and is endeavouring to follow his

example, by struggling for freedom. The other son seems to have given up all hope of escape ; and despair is fully depicted on his countenance.

The Apollo Belvidere is a beautiful figure, full of action ; but it did not, at first sight, produce in my mind that feeling of admiration which some artists have felt. The Laocoon had more effect upon me. Muscular and powerful men, interwoven with serpents, form a beautiful composition, which is really a perfect specimen of art.

The Perseus and some other fine statues by Canova, occupy another compartment ; and in another is the celebrated Antinous.

This gallery of statues was commenced by Clement the Fourteenth, and the collection was greatly increased by the late Pope, Pius the Sixth.

If I were to notice all the works of art, of all kinds, —paintings, statues, mosaics, bas-reliefs, &c., which attract the visitor's attention in the Vatican, I should fill a large volume, even in their bare enumeration. For the extent of the collection, and the choiceness of its specimens in all departments of art, the palace of the Popes far outstrips all the other palaces in the world. Indeed, all the rest united could not make up an equally valuable collection, and probably, in some departments, not one equally extensive.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.



### LETTER XIII.

PAIN- TINGS IN THE PALAZZO SCIARRA.—PAIN- TINGS IN THE COLONNA PALACE.—THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.—THE PALATINE HILL.—THE ARCH OF TITUS.—THE COLISEUM.—THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.—THE BATH OF JULIUS.—THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NUOVA.—THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.—COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR.—THE CAPITOL.—CANOVA'S BUST OF PIUS VII.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Dec. 17, 1840.

Dear Sir,—Some of the finest and best pictures in this city, are to be found in the churches and the palaces; and these buildings can only be visited at stated times. We have visited the Palazzo Sciarra, which contains many paintings that are said to have formerly belonged to the Palazzo Barberini. In one of the rooms is the portrait of a lady, by Titian. It is in good preservation, and the colouring is very rich. The lady is dressed in a crimson silk scarf, which comes in contact with the flesh, and, having a blue lining, gives richness to the complexion. This picture has been painted with very thin colour, and the dark ground of the canvas shines through many parts of the painting.

A portrait of a youth, by Raffaello, is very finely executed. The youth has long brown hair, and wears a black cap; he is dressed in a green cloak, with a fur collar, and trimmed with black velvet. The colour of



the back ground is very light, gradating to the sides of the painting ; and the expression of the countenance is very good.

Vanity and Modesty, by Leonardo da Vinci, is a very attractive picture. The paintings of this master are highly laboured ; and I consider this one of the finest of his productions that I have seen. I have sometimes been pained to see exquisite works from his hand, nearly ruined by damp and dirt. Gamblers cheating a youth, by Carravaggio, is an excellent picture ; and there are, in this room, many of Guido's works,—some of them good, and others very indifferent. There are several by Claude ; one is a very small but very excellent painting.

The Colonna Palace is a very large building. At the entrance is a basso-relievo, in porphyry, of the head of Medusa ; and on the staircase is a statue of a captive, said to have been taken from the forum of Trajan. The gallery is a fine apartment, more than two hundred feet long, and thirty-six wide. The ceiling is well painted, with a view of the battle of Lepanto.

Amongst the paintings which embellish this apartment is a fine one by Guido, in his first manner, very strong and round. There is, also, a kit-kat portrait of a monk, by Titian. The face has the appearance of real flesh, and has upon it a beautiful glow, as if the person had been taking exercise. There is not much appearance of shade ; and yet it has great force and strength of colour. The back-ground is of a grey tone, inclining to olive.

Portraits of the two leaders of the Reformation, Luther and Calvin, were hardly to be expected in Rome itself ; yet here they are, in this room. Both are the work of Titian ; but they are not so good as that of the monk. Perhaps the artist was too good a Catholic to exert his abilities to the utmost upon the portraits of these heresiarchs.

A full-length portrait, by Vandyke, of a member of the Colonna family, is very fine. He is on horseback, and habited as a military commander. There is another fine full-length, by the same artist, of a man dressed in

black, with his hand upon a table covered with cloth of a yellow tone. The cloth hangs in large folds, and fills up the lower part of the back-ground, to which it gives great breadth.

There is a good painting of Twilight, by Claude. A few figures in the fore-ground, give great effect to the scene. Several paintings in distemper, by Nicholas Poussin, are very well executed; and the colouring is more natural than in many of this artist's works that I have seen. The subject of one of them is from Boccacio,

The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of Love.

In this picture the naked parts of the figures are as finely coloured as could be wished. A female, clothed in deep olive and red, is seated on the ground. Above her is another lady, of a delicate complexion; and near her is a man, dressed in deep-toned red; and appearing to be in profound admiration of her beauty. A little cupid is coming towards him, in swift motion, which is so well expressed, that you might almost fancy that he was actually moving. In the back-ground is an old man, asleep, and quite in the shade.

Another picture, by the same artist, is St. John preaching in the wilderness. There are many figures in the fore-ground; and the colouring and grouping are very fine. Two very fine pictures, by Salvator Rosa, attracted my attention. One of them is a landscape, in which the reflections on the water, and the boldness of the distant mountains, are very well managed. The other is St. John. The figure is as large as life, and is well coloured.

A painting of a boy, by Titian, is well coloured, as that master's works generally are. The rich tones of the flesh, and the beautiful greenish tones on the shadow side of the body, are very transparent. The Assumption, by Rubens, is very fine; it is placed on an easel. There is, also, a fine painting by Paul Veronese.

Several paintings by Vasari are very well drawn, but

they are of too gigantic a size for the situations which they occupy ; and, not being at a sufficient distance from the spectator, they appear unnatural.

One of the Cabinets in this palace contains a number of subjects carved in ivory. They are truly wonderful for execution ; and particularly the Last Judgment, after Michael Angelo. In another Cabinet are many bas-reliefs, and a number of precious stones set in a variety of forms.

We have visited a few of the many interesting ruins of ancient Rome.

Behold the pride of pomp,  
The throne of nations fall'n, obscured in dust,  
E'en yet majestic. The solemn scene  
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun  
Flames on the ruins, in the purer air  
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,  
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference ;  
Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifed moles,  
Fanés rolled on fanés, and tombs on buried tombs.  
*Dyer's Ruins of Rome.*

To enjoy fully the scenes which these vast ruins present, you should wander amongst them yourself. To you they would be interesting from their classical associations ; and to my father, as furnishing materials for landscape painting. The variety of tints discoverable on the mouldering walls, and the pendent weeds with their rich green leaves, give effects and contrasts that are very pleasing ; but I cannot convey to you, by language, an adequate idea of their peculiar beauties.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,  
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,  
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,  
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein  
Of orient jasper. pleased I move along,  
And vases bossed, and huge inscriptive stones,  
And intermingling vines ; and figured nymphs,  
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,  
Cheering the darkness ; and deep empty tombs,

And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay  
 Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,  
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.  
 A solemn wilderness! With error sweet  
 I wind the lingering step, where'er the path  
 Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot  
 O'er sculptures maimed has made.

*Dyer.*

We ascended the Palatine Hill, which stands between the Tiber and the Campo Vaccino. The view from this hill is extensive, and many of the modern villas may be seen from it. The Villa Spada was occupied, some years ago, by the late Sir William Gell. There are still remaining, in the gardens of this palace, some fine apartments which belonged to the imperial residences; but the vaulted halls are so nearly buried in ruins as to appear subterranean. The whole is now overgrown with trees and shrubs, in rich luxuriance, and forming an interesting ruin, the features of which are singularly wild.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search  
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,  
 Curious and modest, from all elimes resort.  
 Grateful society! With these I raise  
 The tollsome step up the proud Palatin,  
 Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pines,  
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,  
 On numerous arches reared; and frequent stopped,  
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,  
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound  
 Of aisles and halls, within the mountain's womb.

*Dyer.*

“Your walks in the Palatine ruins,” says a modern writer, “if it be one of the many days when the labourers do not work, will be undisturbed, unless you startle a fox, in breaking through the brambles in the corridors, or burst unawares through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half-buried chambers which the peasants have blocked up, to serve as stalls for their beasts, or as huts for those who watch the gardens.” In some parts of these ruins we could still trace the remains

of the frescoes that once adorned the "halls of pride" that now lie desolate and tenantless. Who that stands amidst this scene, and views it with the eye of a philosopher and the heart of a philanthropist, can refrain from tears?

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day,—  
 A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown  
 Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped  
 On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown  
 In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped  
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,  
 Deeming it midnight:—temples, baths, or halls?  
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped  
 From her research hath been, that these are walls,—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

*Byron's Child of Harold.*

The triumphal arch of Titus still stands, a lasting memorial of the complete subjugation of Judæa to the Roman yoke, and the utter destruction of the Holy City. It was erected by Trajan, in honour of the Conquerer of Jerusalem; and it is one of the best of the remaining specimens of the architectural sculpture of ancient Rome. Within the arch are two bas-reliefs, one representing the triumphal procession of Titus; and the other exhibiting figures of the spoils, the principal of which were the sacred vessels of the temple, and the most conspicuous is the seven-branched candlestick. Forsyth considers that this arch is too much crowded with sculpture; and he gives the preference to the arch of Constantine, which is loftier and of a purer style of architecture. The arches of Severus and Gallienus are inferior to both of them.

The Flavian amphitheatre, generally called the Coliseum, is a stupendous pile of ruins,—a magnificent heap of desolation. It was erected by Vespasian, for the exhibition of gladiatorial combats; and was capable of seating fifty thousand persons, as spectators of those brutal scenes,—the delights of a savage and warlike people. It is of an oval form; upwards of five hundred feet across, and upwards of six hundred in length. The erection of this enormous structure employed fifteen thousand men for ten years. As late as the thirteenth century, it was sufficiently perfect to be used for the exhibition of games, which attracted within the circuit of its walls the nobility of Italy; and, but for the depredations of an ignorant and unsparing barbarism, it might have stood unmutilated and uninjured to this day. The exterior is decorated with a triple row of eighty arches, with three orders of three-quarter columns; and, over these, a fourth series of pilasters crowns the elevation, which rises to the height of one hundred and seventy feet.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,



Her Collseum stands ; the moon-beams shine  
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
 Should be the light which streams here, to illum  
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night,—where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,—  
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
 Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,  
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
 And magic in the ruined battlement,  
 For which the palace of the present hour  
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

The church of St. John Lateran is said, by some, to have been the original church of the Popes, as Bishops of Rome ; but others assert that the churches of St. Martin and St. Luke are both of greater antiquity. However this may be, the church of St. John assumes a priority, as the first church of the Christian world. Under the great portico is a statue of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. The interior of the church is divided by four rows of pilasters, into five aisles,—one large and four small ones. The centre aisle is adorned with statues of the Apostles. In this church there are several chapels, the richest and most attractive of which is that belonging to the Corsini family. On one side of it is the monument of Pope Clement the Twelfth. It is said to have been originally the tomb of Agrippa, and was taken from the Pantheon. It is of a most beautiful form.

In this church we were shown many antiques, relics, and other curiosities. One of them is a table, said to be that at which the Saviour sat, with his disciples, when he instituted the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It certainly has a very ancient look, and appears to have been formerly covered with some kind of metal. Other relics were the steps which belonged to the house of Pilate ; and the wood-work, cornice, and pulley, which hung over the well of Samaria.



We were much interested by an excavation beneath the cloisters of this church, where, within the last few years, a subterranean room has been discovered. It is called the Bath of Julius. A building, used for the dressing of marble for the repairs of the church, has been erected over the aperture leading to this room; but we were able to obtain an entrance. The sides of the room are covered with frescoes, which are very well executed. The colours are quite fresh; the reds and greens clear and very brilliant. They appear to have been painted upon a wet ground; and we found the surface of the colour impervious to a scratch with a sharp instrument. The floor of the room was partly covered with rubbish; and the excavation has not yet been completed, on account of the interference of the temporary building which stands above it.

Attached to the Olivetan Convent is the church of Santa Maria Nuova, also called the church of Santa Francesca Romana, from a canonized female who is buried within its walls, and whose tomb is the work of Bernini. This church contains the mausoleum of Gregory the Eleventh, who, upon his election to the Papal chair, in the year 1377, brought back the seat of the Holy See from Avignon to Rome. His entry into the eternal city is represented upon his tomb.

The ceiling of the nave, the cupola, and the tribuna, of this church, were painted by Pietro di Cortona. The subject painted on the tribuna is the Assumption. In the chapels of this church are some good paintings by Rubens, Carlo Maratta, and Pietro Perugino. In one of them is a portrait of St. Felippo Neri, in mosaic, from the original by Guido.

The principal fortress in Rome is the Castle of St. Angelo, so called because it is surmounted with the figure of an angel. The castle and the bridge below it were anciently called Elio, from the Emperor Ælius Adrian, as whose mausoleum it was erected; and the change of name arose out of the miraculous vision alleged to have been seen by Pope Gregory the Great, in the year 593. The plague was, at that time, devastating

the population of the city; and the Pontiff had, one night, a dream, in which he saw an angel standing on the castle, and in the act of sheathing a sword. This his Holiness hailed as an omen of the staying of the plague; and, as the pestilence soon afterwards ceased its ravages, he placed the figure of an angel, sheathing his sword, upon the castle, in memory of the deliverance. The building is ornamented with ten marble statues, from the designs of Bernini, and carrying representations of the different instruments of the Saviour's sufferings, viz., the nails, the cross, the lance, the scourges, the crown of thorns, &c.

The castle is an elegant structure, of a circular form, and is surrounded by colonnades and statues. The walls are exceedingly massive; and the situation of the fortress is most commanding, in a military point of view. Belisarius is said to have been the first to avail himself of its advantages, in this respect. The castle has a communication with the Vatican, by a long subterranean corridor; and it has often furnished an asylum for the Supreme Pontiff, in times of danger.

I have been very much pleased with the fragment of an ancient portico, in the Forum Romanum. It consists of three columns, which some antiquaries consider to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter Stator. Others are of opinion that they formed part of the temple of Castor; others assign them to the ancient edifice of the Concilium; and the celebrated architect Palladio is said to have supposed that they belonged to the temple which Augustus erected, and dedicated to Mars. These questions I do not attempt to settle. I leave them to the antiquary; and look upon these beautiful columns with the eye of a painter. I consider that, both for style and execution, they are amongst the most attractive of the remains of ancient Rome. Architects regard these columns as of excellent proportions, and the most elegant specimens which have been spared by the devastations of ruthless barbarians, and "the wild waste of all-devouring years!"

The Capitol, which is the seat of the municipal au-

thorities, contains a museum, in which are collected numerous treasures of art and antiquity, the property of the city. There is, also, a considerable gallery of paintings and statues. Amongst other curiosities shown here is the bronze statue of the Wolf of Romulus, which was struck by lightning at the time of Julius Cæsar's death.

Amongst the modern works in the gallery, are many busts, some executed by Canova, and others under his inspection; there are busts of poets, painters, architects, and men of letters. A bust of Pope Pius the Seventh, by Canova, is most admirable. The sculptor has imitated the surface of the flesh, and also kept a polish upon it. The expression is very good. The mouth is a little open; and the nostril is so deep that there is a reflection through the cartilage, which, although it is marble, has a very natural effect, and the transparency is well managed. Sir Thomas Lawrence, it will be recollected, went to Rome, by command of George the Fourth, to paint the portrait of this Pope.

The paintings in this collection are generally good. Some by Guido are fine, but weak in comparison with those of other painters. In one of the rooms I saw the original painting of a battle piece, a copy from which, by Mr. Palmer, of Burnley, was in the Halifax Exhibition. It is, I believe, the battle of Arbela, in which Alexander the Great, with fifty thousand men, defeated the Persian army, commanded by Darius, and consisting of a million of men. This was the decisive victory which placed Alexander upon the throne of Persia.

In this valuable collection there is much to admire, much to study, much to learn. To understand and to reap all the advantages to be gained by studying in it, will require much time, close attention, and patient perseverance. These I am determined to give.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

## LETTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA MAGGIORE, AT ST. PETER'S, AT THE JESU CHURCH, AND AT THE GREEK CHURCH.—FIGURES OF THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.—EXHIBITION OF MODERN ARTISTS.—CONCLUSION.

*To the Editor of the Halifax Express.*

Rome, Jan. 8, 1841.

Dear Sir,—The ceremonies observed, at the festive season of Christmas, by the Catholic church, in this the centre of her dominion, have now been brought to a close; and I have been too much occupied with seeing them, to write to you until after their termination. I now take up my pen to give you some account of these splendid and attractive exhibitions.

At four o'clock on the morning of Christmas-day, we went to the church of St. Maria Maggiore, and we thought that we were in good time; but the service had already begun, and the procession of the cradle was passing into the chapel, when we arrived. We were, therefore, only in time to see the latter part of it, consisting of Cardinals and Bishops. Over these dignitaries was held a canopy, of white satin figured with gold, and supported by six golden rods. The effect was most splendid.

After the parties who formed the procession had seated themselves, we were admitted; and we saw the remainder of the service. Some parts of the singing were very plaintive, and soothing to the feelings; and other parts were grand and sublime. The Bishop had

two mitres on a table before him ; and, at different parts of the service, he placed one or other of them on his head. One was studded with thirteen jewels in the front ; the other appeared to be covered with golden cloth ; and, when not upon his head, it was laid flat on the table. The communion plate was all of gold ; it was taken out of a cabinet covered with scarlet leather ; and with places made to fit each article.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, there was another service in the same church. The procession,—when seen in the chapel, behind the high altar, was not so grand as that we saw in the morning ; but the music was the finest I ever heard, even in this city, where the singing and music, with which the ecclesiastical services abound to profusion, are proverbial for excellence. Upon the high altar, surrounded by six large candles, was placed the cradle, in the situation usually occupied by the golden cross. I was informed that it was the original cradle, or manger, in which the infant Saviour was laid, in the stable at Bethlehem ; when the Virgin Mother “ wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.” (Luke ii. 7.) The vessel in which this relic is enshrined, is supported by a pedestal of massive silver, and is in the form of a large urn, with an angel on the top of it.

At the head of the procession was the officiating Bishop, who wore his mitre, and was dressed in white satin with a gold pattern upon it. He went into a chapel, at the opposite side of the church to that at which the procession entered in the morning ; and he afterwards returned to the chapel behind the high altar. Seven Cardinals, clothed in purple and wearing ermine tippets, followed him ; and they were succeeded by priests and others. The church and its chapels were lighted with tapers, placed in beautiful glass lustres, one of which was suspended from the centre of each of the arches down the nave ; and which had a fine effect.

In the evening we went to St. Peter's, and were greatly disappointed, on our arrival, to find that we had

been misinformed as to the time of commencing the service, which had begun before we got there. We, therefore, lost the opportunity of seeing the entrance of the Pope; and also had the mortification of not being able to get so good a situation as we should have obtained had we been earlier.

A large space in the nave was kept open by soldiers; and this open space being in a line with the platform and the high altar, that part of the audience who were in that situation, were able to have a distinct view of the august ceremony. On each side of the high altar, a place was reserved for the ladies; and those that I could see were neatly dressed. All of them wore veils; some white and some black. Near the altar were the Pope's body guards, mixed with soldiers. The guards were dressed in very ancient style. They wore steel helmets, and their bodies were cased in armour, which covered the arm down to the elbow. The other parts of their dresses were of yellow, red, and blue stripes, giving them a most singular appearance, and looking as if made of a number of pieces of cloths of different colours, to show how far variety could be made ornamental. Their stockings fitted tight to the leg; but above the knee the dress was full, something like that worn in England, in the higher circles, about the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Around the high altar stood a number of Cardinals, dressed in scarlet, and some of them wearing white tippets, variously striped. Many bishops and priests were in attendance. The whole scene, as beheld at one view, presented a most imposing appearance. Four mitres were laid on the altar table; and on the floor, around the throne, was a carpet of most exquisite workmanship. The space behind the altar, and that behind the throne on which the Pope sat, were covered with green cloth; and the steps of the throne with cloth of a dull red. On each side of the throne were long seats for the Cardinals, Bishops, Ambassadors, and other distinguished personages. Behind them were their attendants.

Between the large massive pillars on each side of the



throne, galleries had been erected for the families of the nobility and foreigners of distinction. The gallery on the left of the Pope was divided into six boxes, in one of which was the Duchess of Cambridge, with the young princesses her daughters; and in another was the Ex-Queen of Spain. On the opposite boxes was a kind of gold trellis-work, which hid from view the persons who were inside. The fronts of these galleries were hung with curtains of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and beautifully festooned. The curtains were continued behind the throne of the Pope, and there the festoons were supported by four angels. Behind the throne was seen the window on which are the descending dove and other figures; and these, uniting with the temporary erections, formed altogether a most magnificent spectacle. The canopy of the high altar is ninety feet high, and towered majestically over the Cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

There are so many distinct grades of ecclesiastics, from his Holiness downwards,—each having a different and peculiar dress; and I am so little versed in these matters, that I should only run the risk of making innumerable and egregious blunders, if I were to attempt to give you particulars of the various parts of these ceremonies.

When the Pope quitted his throne near the high altar, and left the church, he was carried, in his chair, on the shoulders of men dressed in figured crimson silk. The gentry held over him a canopy of white satin, with a gold pattern, and supported by rods of gold. The procession was surrounded by a number of the Pope's body guards, carrying two-handed swords, and wearing muslin frills. The frills were three deep; one standing close to the chin, another falling down to the shoulder, and the other standing stiff between them. The procession was closed by a number of the military, who wore cocked hats. As the Pope passed down the church, he gave his blessing to the people whom he passed. I did not consider that the music at St. Peter's was so fine as that at St. Mary Maggiore's, in the morning.



In the afternoon of New Year's day, I saw a most interesting ceremony at the Jesu Church. It was very splendid, although the officiating Cardinals were not so numerous as at some of the other ceremonies.

On the 6th instant,—the Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, I went to the Greek Church, to see the service of blessing the water performed by the Bishop of Areopolis. That prelate is very tall, and looked very well in his robes. At the commencement of the service, he entered the church, and seated himself on his throne. He was then attired in a very plain dress, and wore round his neck a gold chain, to which was suspended a beautiful cross. In a short time, a small procession of priests brought him richer vestments, of white and gold, which he put on in the presence of the people. His mitre, which was in the form of a crown, was then given to him, and he put it on his head. He next received the crosier, the top of which was in the form of two serpents' heads.

Having laid his crosier upon the altar, he took up five candles,—three in his right hand and two in his left; and crossing his arms over his breast, he stood opposite to the congregation, and repeated a prayer. This he did on each side of the altar, and also before two paintings; at each time bowing with reverence, and the attendant priests doing the same.

At different parts of the service, the Bishop went into an inner temple; and, on those occasions, curtains were drawn across the entrance, so that the congregation could not see what was passing within. At these times, a priest came out of the temple, and stood before the middle of the entrance, reading, from a book, part of the service. The Bishop afterwards read other parts of the service, while seated on his throne; and then he mixed the incense. Subsequently, while one of the priests read, the Bishop stood in the entrance to the temple; and he next walked round a table, upon which was placed a large silver basin containing water. Lighted tapers stood around the basin; and gave the place an appearance of much splendour.

The Bishop then re-ascended his throne, and went through the prayers appointed for the occasion. After this, he returned to the high altar; and, taking in his hand the censer of incense, he walked round the table on which the water stood, and, sprinkling the incense on each side, he repeated a prayer. He next took a small cross, inlaid with precious stones, and dipped it three times in the water. After that, he took a small silver bowl, and filled it with the consecrated water, from the basin; then, with a sprig of evergreen, he sprinkled the priests, and afterwards the laity.

At different parts of the ceremony, we had singing; but it was not particularly fine. Some parts of the service were in Greek. During the service, the Bishop administered the sacrament to five young men, who went up to the altar, bowing low. He afterwards gave them, in a small silver instrument, something which he took out of a communion cup.

When the consecration of the water was concluded, the people went up to the Bishop, and knelt on the steps before him. He touched their foreheads and hands with holy water, and gave to each a piece of bread. Don Miguel, of Portugal, was one of the number. He had been sitting on a chair in front of the altar, during the ceremony. He is a little man, of dark complexion, and wears his beard. The Ex-Queen of Spain was also present; but she sat in a side gallery, above the people, and out of sight of the congregation. Several of the priests wore robes of silver cloth, which had a brilliant effect, when the light fell upon the more prominent folds.

We have been to the chapel of St. Maria d'Arcoli, at the Capitol, to see the transparencies and wax-figures representing the Adoration of the Magi. They were very well executed. The foliage and rocks behind the principal figures, were lighted with a blueish flame, that gave a day-light effect to the scene, and appeared very natural; contrasting very beautifully with the yellow tones of the clouds. Behind the figures in the foreground, were several dromedaries and some trees. The

rocks which appeared in the distance, gave, by their grey colours, much richness to the effect. In the front of all was the Madonna, with the infant Jesus in her arms. Both mother and child were dressed in very rich costume, and bedecked with jewels. A procession of monks came into the church, and marched round it, playing the most lively strains I ever heard in a place of worship. One of the priests very unceremoniously took the infant Christ from the lap of the Virgin, and left the mother's hands in the same position as when she held him on her knee. The effect produced was exactly as if she was bewailing the loss of her child. The child was carried to the high altar, and left there.

Near the Populo gate, there is an annual exhibition of modern artists; and it contains a few works worthy of notice. Amongst them I saw a portrait of Dr. Wiseman, painted by an English artist. The back ground is the best part of the picture. It consists of a white curtain, with a gold pattern upon it. The golden hooks that hold up the curtain are in the shade; and a good effect is produced by the introduction of a crucifix and an inkstand on the table. These accessories are very neatly and spiritedly touched.

There was a figure in plaster, as large as life, by a Spanish sculptor. The subject is a man carrying a female out of the sea. A girl plaiting her hair, and a fisherman drinking out of a flask, were both very good. Three drawings, by a deceased Scotch artist, named Dunbar, were very fine; one of them, a mountainous scene, was particularly beautiful.

The Exhibition is conducted in this way. Every exhibitor pays five or ten pauls, according to the value of his picture, which must be in a gilt frame. The picture remains in the room during the whole of the season, or may be removed by the proprietor. A person is appointed to take care of the room; and any person may be admitted, without charge, between eleven and three o'clock, every day except Monday. On Mondays, the room is closed, for the purpose of allowing the

proprietors of paintings to remove those which have been sold, and also for the introduction of other works.

I have had such a thorough round of sight-seeing, this Christmas, that I begin to get heartily tired of public spectacles; and I must cease from running after them, at least until the commencement of the Carnival. I must now set myself to study in good earnest. Fourteen of us, students in the arts, have engaged one of the principal surgeons in Rome, to prepare subjects for us, and to deliver lectures on anatomy, with practical demonstrations. Each of us is to draw the subject, after the lecture; so that, what with these lectures on anatomy and the drawings which they will require,—my studies from the antique,—attendance at the academy to draw from life,—and proper attention to the minor branches of my profession,—with all these, I shall not have much spare time, either for sight-seeing, for visiting the galleries, or for letter-writing. I will, however, as opportunity offers, continue my observations; and, if you can make any use of them, they will be at your service.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H.

**SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS.**



## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—THE HALIFAX EXHIBITION.—  
BEAUVAIS.—FONTAINBLEAU.—SHORTNESS OF  
THE REIGNS OF THE POPES.—ANDREA DORIA.

On re-perusing the preceding Letters, after they had been printed in their present form, I found some passages which appeared to require the aid of notes, and others which were capable of additional illustration. I had, also, while the letters were, from time to time, appearing in the columns of the *Express*, collected much matter which related to one or other of the subjects already passed, and which had consequently fallen into my hands too late for insertion in its proper place. With the view, therefore, of enhancing the usefulness, as well as the interest, of the volume, I have embodied in this and the following chapters, such portions of the matter referred to as seemed to be desirable; and I have chosen to give it in a continuous and connected form, rather than in detached notes, because I am of opinion that the vast majority of readers seldom refer to notes, and that they will peruse these chapters with an interest little inferior to that excited by the letters themselves. I shall not attempt, in these supplementary pages, to adhere to the order of the Letters; but shall take up the different topics, as I may be able to complete my arrangement of the illustrative materials that I have obtained; and a reference to the table of contents will obviate any inconvenience on this account.

In the sixth Letter, and in several others, reference is made to the Halifax Public Exhibition of Paintings, Antiquities, Machinery, and other works of nature and of art. This Exhibition was projected by the Directors of the Halifax Mechanics' Institution, in the autumn of 1839; and was ultimately opened to the public, for



the joint benefit of three societies,—the Infirmary, the Literary and Philosophical Society, and the Mechanics' Institution. The Committee of Management consisted of thirty-six gentlemen,—twelve having been appointed by each of the three institutions; and the labours of that committee extended over a period of more than twelve months. The Exhibition was opened on the 18th of May, 1840, and closed on the 9th of September. It was visited by upwards of one hundred thousand persons; and, although the proceeds amounted to about two thousand pounds, yet the establishment was so extensive, and the expenditure upon so liberal a scale, that the receipts were about a hundred pounds less than the expenses. Consequently, the three institutions were not benefited, in a pecuniary point of view, by the undertaking; but they sustained no loss, as each of them had been protected by a guarantee fund.

In other respects, the Exhibition was far from proving a failure. The Report of the Directors of the Mechanics' Institution, read at the annual meeting, which was held a few weeks after the close of the Exhibition, thus spoke of it:—

“At their first meeting after being elected to office, they began to carry out their intention, intimated at your last annual meeting, of having a Public Exhibition of works of art, philosophical apparatus, models of machinery, &c.

“Not being in possession of premises sufficiently ample for such a purpose, they appointed two gentlemen of their body to wait on the Council of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and solicit their co-operation. After some correspondence, an arrangement was effected for the opening of an Exhibition, in the Museum of that Society, and the New Assembly Rooms,—the two buildings being connected by a covered archway,—and the profits, if any, to be equally divided between your Institution, the Literary and Philosophical Society, and the Infirmary. Each of those three Institutions appointed twelve gentlemen, and the united body of thirty-six formed a Committee for conducting the proposed

Exhibition, which was ultimately opened to the public on the 18th of May, and closed on the 9th of September ; having continued open for sixteen weeks and a half.

“Of the pecuniary results of this Exhibition the Directors are not able to speak with certainty, as the accounts are not yet made up ; but they cannot hold out any expectation of a large surplus, as the expenses of an undertaking of such magnitude have unavoidably been considerable. The beneficial influence, however, of the moral and intellectual improvement derived from the opening to the public, at a very moderate charge, of so extensive, so valuable, and so varied, a collection of the works of nature and the productions of art, cannot have been inconsiderable ; and the Directors are led to hope that, in this respect at least, the result of the Exhibition has realised the expectations of its promoters. Its general character—the richness of its materials, and the great interest of the numerous contributions in the different departments of science and art—placed the Exhibition amongst the first of its class ; and it is admitted to have been, on the whole, superior to any ever yet opened in a town of similar size and importance.

“The Directors have great pleasure in bearing their testimony to the cordial co-operation and valuable assistance of the gentlemen appointed by the other two Institutions, as part of the united Committee. The labours of that Committee were neither light, nor free from great responsibility ; and the universal satisfaction expressed by the visitors, and by the public generally, affords gratifying evidence of the manner in which the duties that devolved upon them, were discharged.”

The annual meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society was held in December ; and I extract from the Report that portion which refers to the Exhibition. It is as follows :—

“It is needless to remind any of the gentlemen now present, that the most remarkable feature of the past year, in connexion with the history of this Society, is the *Public Exhibition*, which has recently closed, after a season of nearly four months, and after having occupied,

—we may almost say *absorbed*,—the attention of its most active promoters, for a much longer period. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to go at much length into a detailed account of the origin, preparation, and subsequent conduct, of this undertaking, with which the members of this Society generally cannot but be well acquainted. We were tempted to embark in it by the great success which had attended a similar enterprise in several other places, whose exhibitions of this kind had taken place on a considerable scale, and, it was understood, had not only furnished a large portion of innocent amusement and valuable information to great multitudes of visitors, but had realized no small amount of pecuniary advantage for the institutions on whose behalf they had been set on foot. In our own case, we were sanguine enough to hope that in both these respects we should not be less successful than others had been; more especially since, by combining with the resources at our command, the interest and influence of the Halifax General Infirmary and of the Mechanics' Institute (from which, in fact, the proposal emanated), there seemed reason to believe, on the one hand, that a large proportion of those objects of interest and curiosity which the town and neighbourhood could supply, would be placed at our disposal,—and, on the other, that a regard to the prosperity of these valuable institutions would furnish an additional inducement to the public in general to patronize the scheme. In some points of view,—and those perhaps, after all, the most important,—we have not been disappointed in these expectations. A large amount of most valuable property was entrusted to the care of the Exhibition Committee, with a confidence highly creditable to all the parties concerned; comprising a vast variety of objects connected with almost every department of the fine arts, of natural science, of natural and civil history, and the mechanical arts. These were arranged, in the extensive suite of apartments prepared for the purpose, (including the whole of the building in which we are now assembled, the Assembly Rooms, and the temporary erection provided for the reception of machinery,) in such a manner

as to enhance the general impression of the whole collection, and facilitate the examination of the several parts. On the whole, there is every reason to believe that it gave almost universal satisfaction, both to those who viewed it chiefly as a source of innocent and agreeable recreation, and also to those who, with higher aims, resorted to it as a place where much information might be obtained in various branches of useful knowledge, and where a taste for the curious and the beautiful, in the works both of nature and of art, might be not only gratified, but cultivated and refined. In this point of view there is good reason to hope that it will be found to have been a source of permanent and important advantage to many among its most frequent visitors, who, from their other occupations and condition in society, have but few ordinary opportunities of acquiring knowledge, or cultivating tastes, of this kind. And surely it will not be questioned by any one, that whatever tends to introduce and gratify a thirst for useful knowledge, for mental cultivation and refinement, in the numerous classes alluded to, in lieu of more sordid pursuits and sensual pleasure, is in itself of no trifling value in the estimation of every well-wisher to the best interests of his fellow creatures.

“ So far, therefore, the Committee feel that they are entitled to look back upon their labours with great, though perhaps not unmingled, satisfaction. That they are not also enabled to contribute, from the proceeds of the Exhibition, to the pecuniary resources of the three institutions concerned, is undoubtedly a subject of regret. In laying their plan, and fixing the scale of their operations, it must be admitted that they did not sufficiently consider, on the one hand, the greater proportionate expense which many of their arrangements necessarily involved, and, on the other, the limited population of their own immediate neighbourhood, as compared with the large towns in which alone attempts of this kind had hitherto been successful. The consequence has been, that instead of reporting a considerable balance of profit to the institutions on whose behalf they were appointed,

they are constrained to announce that the result is a little, though *but* a little, on the opposite side. So far however as *this* society is concerned, the Council feel it their duty to remark that among the items of expense which have led to this result, is included that of replacing this building in the state in which it was previously to the Exhibition; which has been faithfully done, and in a style which they think must be highly satisfactory to the members.

“The Council are happy to announce, as one result from the late Exhibition, several valuable accessions to their Museum; various contributions which had been sent for this temporary purpose, having been allowed to remain permanently. Among these, the most curious and important is the collection of relics discovered on exploring the tomb of a Peruvian princess, presented by J. Egan, Esq., of Liverpool. There appear to be sufficient grounds for referring these remains to a period antecedent to the Spanish conquest of that country; and if so, the light which they cast on the arts and customs of the natives is very remarkable; and the speculations suggested by some very singular coincidences with respect to a probable communication between the eastern and western hemispheres, at some remote and unascertained epoch, are most deeply interesting to the antiquary and the physiologist.”

I may add that it did not come within the scope of the customary proceedings of the Infirmary Board, to notice the Exhibition, in their annual report.

The city of Beauvois, or Beauvais, mentioned in the first Letter, is celebrated for the beauty of its tapestry. Woollen cloth and serge are also manufactured there, to a considerable extent. A portrait of the brave Jeanne de Hachette is preserved in the town-house.

Fontainbleau, mentioned in the second Letter, and there mis-spelt Fontanbleau, is a small town, containing about eight thousand inhabitants. Henry the Third, of France, was born at the palace there, which is rather a combination of four palaces, than one uniform structure. It has five courts, of different orders of architecture;

and the number of apartments is about nine hundred. The forest which surrounds the palace extends over a space of about twenty five thousand acres.

In the account of St. Peter's, at Rome, in the tenth Letter, it is remarked that "it took the reigns of eighteen Popes, a period of one hundred and sixteen years, to see the temple alone finished." It is truly melancholy to follow out this remark, by an inspection of the list of the Pontiffs who have succeeded each other, during any given century. Take, for example, the thirteenth century. At its commencement, the chair of St. Peter was filled by Innocent III, who was elected Pope in 1198. The Pontiffs who succeeded him, and the dates of their succession, are as follow :—

Honorius III.....1216	Adrian V. ....1276
Gregory IX.....1227	John XXI. ....1276
Celestin IV.....1241	Nicholas III.....1277
Innocent IV.....1243	Martin IV. ....1281
Alexander IV. ....1254	Honorius IV.....1285
Urban IV.....1261	Nicholas IV.....1288
Clement IV. ....1265	Celestin V. ....1292
Gregory X. ....1271	Boniface VIII.....1294
Innocent V. ....1276	

Boniface died in 1303 ; and thus we see that there were eighteen occupants of the chair within one century. This, too, is not a selected period, but one taken at random ; and I find, on counting those of the fourteenth century, that they amounted to thirteen ; in the fifteenth century there were fourteen ; and in the sixteenth, there were eighteen reigning pontiffs. This is a painful spectacle of mortality in high places,—a melancholy illustration of the transitory nature of human glory ; but it is probably to be accounted for, in a great measure, by the circumstance that men of advanced age were usually elected to the Pontificate.

Andrea d'Oria, or Doria, is mentioned in the seventh Letter, as a Genoese of whom his countrymen have reason to be proud. He was born in 1466, or 1468, at Oneglia, of which his father, a noble Genoese, was feudatory lord. "At an early period," says the brief



biography in Rees's Cyclopædia, "he exhibited a strong inclination for a military life, which was checked and discouraged by his parents. At their death, he entered into the service of the Pope, as a man at arms. He next engaged in the service of the King of Naples. In Venice, he undertook the guardianship of Francis Maria, whom he secured against the attempts of Cæsar Borgia; and then repaired to his own country, Genoa. Twice he subdued, and brought to their allegiance, the revolted Corsicans.

"His enterprising spirit by land obtained for him the office of captain-general of the Genoese galleys, about the year 1513. His first essays on the new element were upon the African pirates, with whom he engaged, and by the conquest of whom he was so far enriched as to become master of four galleys in his own pay. At this period, Genoa was the prey to contending factions; and the city had, by one of them, been put into the hands of Louis XII., of France, from whom it afterwards revolted. Doria attempted to compose the distractions of the republic; but, finding his efforts ineffectual, he entered into the service of Francis I., of France, to which country he was exceedingly useful; but, being neglected by the ministers, he joined himself to Pope Clement VII., and became admiral of his galleys. In this situation he did not remain very long, for, upon the capture of Rome under the constable Bourbon, Doria was persuaded to return to the service of Francis, who received him with open arms, and appointed him his admiral in the seas of the Levant.

"Doria had, at that time, eight galleys of his own; and, notwithstanding his engagements to a foreign prince, he still maintained the independence of his mind; and when the French attempted to render Savona, long the object of jealousy of Genoa, its rival in trade, Doria remonstrated against the measure, in a high and animated tone, which so irritated Francis, that he ordered his admiral to sail instantly to Genoa, then in the hands of the French troops, to arrest Doria, and to seize his galleys. Doria was apprised of their intentions, retired



with all his vessels to a place of safety ; and, while his resentment was thus raised, he closed with the offers of the emperor Charles V., returned his commission, with the collar of St. Michael, to Francis, and, hoisting the Imperial colours, sailed with his galleys towards Naples, not to block up the harbour of that unfortunate city, but to bring it protection and deliverance.

“ The ruin of the French army before Naples was the immediate consequence of this change. This was an important object, but Doria’s highest ambition was to deliver his country from the power and dominion of foreign sovereigns. The moment favourable to this project seemed to have arrived. Genoa was afflicted with a grievous pestilence ; the city was, in a manner, deserted ; and the French garrison was greatly reduced and very ill paid. Doria seized the opportunity ; sailed with thirteen galleys to the Genoese coast, landed a body of 500 men, and took possession of Genoa itself, without the loss of a single man on either side. The French garrison retired to the citadel, where they were soon glad to capitulate ; and, upon their departure, the people rushed to the fortress, and levelled it with the ground, as a monument and instrument of their servitude.

“ To the honour of the hero let it be mentioned that he scorned to take the advantage which his situation gave him, by making himself the master of the country. He nobly assembled the body of citizens, disclaimed all pre-eminence, and restored into their hands the right of establishing such a form of government as they should think best. Twelve persons were appointed to new model the constitution, which was settled nearly in the form in which it existed till within these few years. Doria was greeted by the titles of the deliverer and father of his country ; and the highest honours were conferred upon him. He was exempted from all public burdens ; and a palace was assigned to him for his habitation, purchased at the charge of the state. A marble statue was erected in his honour, on which was a

Latin inscription, proclaiming him the founder of public liberty. He lived to the advanced age of 92 or 94, leaving behind him a name that can never die, while a spark of public spirit and public liberty survives."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LAOCOON.—THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

Towards the close of the twelfth Letter, mention is made of the Laocoon, which my friend admired more than any sculpture he had ever seen.

Laocoon, one of the sons of Priam and Hecuba, was a priest of Apollo and Neptune. Towards the close of the Trojan war, when the Greeks resorted to the clumsy though successful artifice of the wooden horse, there was much difference of opinion, amongst the Trojans, as to the propriety of entertaining the proposition that the wooden horse should be conveyed into the city, as a trophy of the raising of the siege and the departure of the Grecian army. Laocoon was one of the few who objected to the proposition. He expressed himself strongly as to the hostile projects of the besiegers, and threw his spear against the horse. Minerva, who espoused the cause of the Greeks, punished him for this act; for, some time afterwards, while he was on the shore, offering a sacrifice to Neptune, she sent two immense serpents, who came out of the ocean, and wound themselves round Antiphates and Thymbraeus, his two sons, who stood near the altar. Laocoon flew to their assistance, and was himself involved in the fatal folds of the reptiles, who destroyed him and his offspring.

The story is beautifully told by Virgil, in the second book of the *Æneid*, where *Æneas* relates to *Dido* the circumstances that attended the destruction of his native city. I extract the original passages, and also *Dryden's* translation of them.

*Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva,  
Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce;  
Et procul: O miseri, quæ tanta insania, cives?  
Creditis avectos hostes? Aut ulla putatis*

Dona carere dolis Danaum ? Sic notus Ulysses ?  
 Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi ;  
 Aut hæc in nostros fabricata est machina muros,  
 Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi ;  
 Aut aliquis latet error. Equo ne credite Teucri.  
 Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.  
 Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam  
 In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum  
 Contorsit. Stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso,  
 Insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dedere cavernæ.  
 Et, si fata Deum, si mens non læva fuisset,  
 Impulerat ferro Argolicas fœdare latebras ;  
 Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,  
 Solennes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.  
 Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta,  
 Horresco referens, immensis orbibus angues  
 Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt ;  
 Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque  
 Sanguinæ exsuperant undas ; pars cætera pontum  
 Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.  
 Fit sonitus spumante salo ; jamque arva tenebant ;  
 Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine, et igne,  
 Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.  
 Diffugimus visu exsanguis. Illi agmine certo  
 Laocoonta petunt ; et primum parva duorum  
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque  
 Implicat, et miseræ morsu depascitur artus.  
 Post ipsum auxilio subeuntem, ac tela ferentem,  
 Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus ; et jam  
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum  
 Terga dati, superant capite, et cervicibus altis.  
 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,  
 (Perfusus sanie vittas, atroque veneno,)  
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :  
 Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram  
 Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim.  
 At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones  
 Effugiunt, sævæque petunt Tritonidis arcem ;  
 Sub pedibusque Deæ, clypeique sub orbe teguntur.

Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,  
 Ran from the fort ; and cried, from far, aloud :—  
 " O wretched countrymen ! What fury reigns ?  
 What more than madness has possessed your brains ?  
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,  
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known ?  
 This hollow fabric either must inclose,

Within its blind recess, our secret foes ;  
 Or 'tis an engine raised above the town,  
 To o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.  
 Somewhat is sure designed, by fraud or force.  
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse."  
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw  
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
 Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood,  
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.  
 The sides transpierced returned a rattling sound,  
 And groans of Greeks inclosed come issuing through the  
 wound.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy designed,  
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,  
 Enough was said and done to inspire a better mind :  
 Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,  
 And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,  
 With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer.  
 When, dreadful to behold, from see we spied  
 Two serpents, ranked abreast, the sea divide,  
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.  
 Their flaming crests above the waves they show,  
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below ;  
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,  
 And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.  
 And now the strand, and now the plain, they held ;  
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled :  
 Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,  
 And licked their hissing jaws that sputtered flame.  
 We fled amazed. Their destined way they take,  
 And to Laocoon and his children make ;  
 And first around the tender boys they wind,  
 Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies  
 grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid  
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade.  
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes rolled,  
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.  
 The priest thus doubly choked, their crests divide,  
 And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.  
 With both his hands he labours at the knots,  
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots ;  
 His roaring fills the fitting air around.  
 Thus, when an ox receives the glancing wound,  
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,  
 And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.

Their tasks performed, the serpents quit their prey,  
And to the tower of Pallas make their way;  
Crouched at her feet, they lie protected there,  
By her large buckler and protended spear.

The celebrated work of art referred to in these Letters, and now amongst the treasures of the Vatican, is a fine representation of the vain struggles of the unhappy Laocoon and his sons, to extricate themselves from the deadly folds of the serpents. It is generally believed to have been executed, during the reign of Vespasian, by three famous sculptors of Rhodes,—Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander.

During the protracted convulsions which devastated Italy and made Rome one heap of ruins, this beautiful group was mutilated and lost; but, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, during the pontificate of Julius the Second, it was found in the ruins of the palace of Titus. At that time, it was deposited in the Farnese palace, and was afterwards removed to the Vatican, where it still remains.

This statue, it has been observed, “exhibits the most astonishing dignity and tranquillity of mind, in the midst of the most excruciating torments.” Pliny gives it a preference over every other production of the arts of ancient Greece, and says of it—*opus omnibus picturæ et statuariæ artis preferendum.* (lib. xxxvi. c. 5.)

About the commencement of the present year, a letter from M. Valmore, an artist at Brussels, was published in a Lyons newspaper, and copied thence into *Galig-nani's Messenger*. The following extract from it furnishes some interesting information upon the subject now before me. “In the gallery of the Duke d'Arenberg,” says M. Valmore, “there are many things which are not known to any but the initiated. Among them is the original head of the Laocoon. This fine group, when first discovered in Italy, was without the head of the father, and an arm of one of the sons. The head was supplied by a celebrated artist, who copied it from an antique bas-relief. Some time afterwards the original was found by some Venetian connoisseurs, and was ulti-

mately sold to the grandfather of the Prince, for about 160,000f., and brought to Brussels. When Napoleon, during the Consulate, had the group transported into France, he knew that the real head was in possession of the Duke, and offered him its weight in gold for it. This was refused; and as it was known that Napoleon was not scrupulous in gratifying his desires, the Duke d'Areberg sent this *chef d'œuvre* to Dresden, where it remained concealed for ten years, but was brought back again into Brussels when Belgium became tranquil. It expresses, in the highest and most admirable degree, moral grief mingled with physical pain. The compression of the teeth and the contraction of the under jaw are almost too horrifying to be long contemplated, and yet in this intense expression of suffering there is not the slightest grimace. The pupils of the eyes are so exquisitely executed that they actually seem to flash from the marble. A cast from the head now on the statue is placed by the side of the original, and the vast difference between the two is at once evident."

I cannot, perhaps, more appropriately close this notice of the Laocoon, than with the beautiful description of it which the poet Thomson has introduced into the fourth book of his "Liberty." Describing the restoration of the arts, and the revival of learning, at the close of the dark ages, the bard of "the Seasons" represents Sculpture as searching amongst the ruins of Rome, and finding there some of the finest productions of ancient art. I transcribe the whole passage.

Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,  
 Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,  
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race  
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,  
 And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,  
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.  
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils,  
 The well-known hero\* who deliver'd Greece,  
 His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,  
 Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,  
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,  
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;

\* The Farnese Hercules.



The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;  
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd  
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.

The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd  
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole  
Show'd what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.

Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth  
The Gladiator.† Pitiless his look,  
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,  
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.

The dying Otho‡ from the gloom she drew.  
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,  
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,  
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath  
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,  
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,  
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.

All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came  
The quiver'd God.§ In graceful act he stands,  
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow.  
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays  
A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods  
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.  
His features yet heroic ardour warms;  
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,  
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,  
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.

On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs  
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.

The queen of Love ¶ arose, as from the deep  
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.  
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside  
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix  
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense  
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.  
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,  
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,  
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.

At last her utmost master-piece ¶ she found,  
That Maro fir'd \*; the miserable sire,

† The fighting gladiator.

‡ The dying gladiator.

§ The Apollo Belvidere.

¶ The Venus di Medicis.

¶ The group of Laocoon and his sons, destroyed by serpents.

\* See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227; the passages quoted above.

Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.  
 The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds  
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here,  
 Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,  
 Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,  
 That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.  
 Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,  
 That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,  
 On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize:  
 The father's double pangs, both for himself  
 And sons convuls'd: to Heaven his rueful look,  
 Implo'ring aid, and half-accusing, cast;  
 His fell despair with indignation mixt,  
 As the strong-curling monsters from his side  
 His full extended fury cannot tear.  
 More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons  
 All the soft rage of younger passions show.  
 In a boy's help'ess fate one sinks oppress'd!  
 While, yet unpiere'd, the frighted other tries  
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

The leaning tower of Pisa is mentioned in the seventh Letter, and some account is given of the Artist's visit to it. It has been a matter of dispute whether its inclination from the perpendicular was originally designed by the architect, or the effect of accident; but the prevailing opinion seems to be that it was intentional. This singular structure is the campanile, or belfry, of the Cathedral. "The form and proportion of this tower," says a writer in Rees's Cyclopædia, "are graceful, and its materials, being of the finest marble, add to its beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work, though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty forcibly arrest the attention; we allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular." The same writer, in alluding to the immense number of elegant pillars employed in the construction of this tower, the cathedral, the baptistry, and the cemetery,—says, "it does not appear that they belonged to any edifices in this city or its vicinity. They may have been imported by the Pisan galleys, in their triumphant returns from Majorca, Sardinia, Corsica, Carthage, Sicily, and Naples; and may, perhaps, be con-

sidered rather as monuments of the victories of this once powerful republic, than as remains of its municipal magnificence under the Romans."

Captain Basil Hall, in his recently published book called "Patchwork," speaking of this leaning tower says,—“I established, completely to my own satisfaction, that it had been built from top to bottom, originally, just as it now stands. My reasons for thinking so are, that the line of the tower, on that side towards which it leans, has not the same curvature as the line on the opposite, or what may be termed the upper, side. If the tower had been built upright, and then been made to incline over, I conceive that the line of the wall on that side towards which the inclination was given, would be, more or less, concave in that direction, owing to the nodding or 'swagging over' of the top, by the simple action of gravity acting on a very tall mass of masonry, which is more or less elastic, when placed in a sloping position. But the contrary is the fact, for the line of wall on the side towards which the tower leans, is decidedly more convex than the opposite side. I have, therefore, no doubt whatever, that the architect, in raising his successive courses of stones, gained or stole a little, at each layer, so as to render his work less and less overhanging as he went up; and thus, without betraying what he was about, really gained stability.”

### CHAPTER III.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.—RAFFAELLE'S SCHOOL OF ATHENS.—LEONARDI DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.—ANACHRONISMS OF PAINTERS.—THE BATTLE OF ARBELA.—THE GREEK CHURCH.—CONCLUSION.

The Apollo Belvidere, spoken off in the twelfth Letter, is very well known as a most exquisite production of the chisel, and casts of it are very common. Some particulars respecting it, collected from different sources, may not be uninteresting.

This statue is esteemed, by the majority of artists, the most excellent and sublime of all the ancient productions. It is a standing figure, almost naked, and about seven feet high. It has, in the whole attitude, and especially in the turn of the head, a freedom, a grace, and a majesty, that surpass any other known antique. The god is represented with his quiver hanging behind his right shoulder, and his pallium, or cloak, over his left arm, which is extended. The left hand holds the remains of a bow, from which he is supposed to have just discharged an arrow at the serpent Python. On this account the statue is sometimes called the Apollo Pythius. The whole soul of the god seems to be bent upon the success of his aim, which he appears to be watching with majestic confidence. On the stump of a tree, introduced in order to strengthen the figure, is a serpent, the symbol of medicine, of which Apollo was the presiding deity. The figure of Apollo, in this statue, has been graphically described as "a complete composition of sublimity, elegance, activity, and youthful beauty."

When West, the painter, first saw this celebrated statue, he was struck with its resemblance to the figure

of a Mohawk Indian; and it has been remarked that the Mohawks are a particularly fine and well proportioned race of men. Galt, in his *Life of West*, gives an interesting account of that artist's first view of the Apollo. West, who was an American and a Quaker, had arrived in Rome, and had been introduced to Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham. At an evening party, to which Mr. Robinson conducted him, West was introduced to Cardinal Albani, who was blind. The notice taken of him by his Eminence, "occasioned," says Galt, "inquiries respecting the youth; and the Italians,—concluding that, as he was an American, he must, of course, have received the education of a savage,—became curious to witness the effect which the works of art in the Belvidere and Vatican would produce on him. The whole company, which consisted of the principal Roman nobility and strangers of distinction then in Rome, were interested in the event; and it was arranged, in the course of the evening, that, on the following morning, they should accompany Mr. Robinson and his protégé to the palaces.

"At the hour appointed, the company assembled; and a procession, consisting of upwards of thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view, because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome, and consequently the best calculated to produce that effect which the company were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, inclosed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it at once to full view. West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and the spectators arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection altogether different from the gratification which he had expected; and, without being aware of the force of what he said, exclaimed, 'My God! How

like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians, observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were exceedingly mortified to find that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chase, dilates the nostrils with that apparent consciousness of vigour which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. 'I have seen them often,' added he, 'standing in that very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue."

This statue was found, about the close of the fifteenth century, at Capo d' Anzo, in the ruins of the ancient Antium, about twelve leagues from Rome. Cardinal De la Rovera, afterwards Pope Julius the Second, purchased it, and placed it in his palace, which was near the church of Santi Apostoli. After his election to the pontificate, he placed it in the Belvidere of the Vatican, and thence it obtained the name by which it is usually known.

This master-piece of art has been supposed to be the work of Agathias, or Agasias, an Ephesian sculptor; but there is no authentic information as to who was the artist whose work has immortalized itself but not his own name.

There has been much idle disputation about the kind of marble from which the statue is chiselled. Most sculptors incline to the opinion that the marble is Grecian, but some say that it is the marble of Luni or Carrara. At all events, it seems to have been taken from a quarry that is not now known.



When the statue was restored to light, in the fifteenth century, it was in a sadly mutilated condition; the left hand and the right fore-arm having been lost. These were added by Giovanni Angelo da Montosorli, who was a pupil of Michael Angelo.

When Napoleon plundered Italy of the finest treasures of art the world can boast, the inauguration of this statue, in Paris, was attended with much of that show of which the French are so fond. Bonaparte was present, and was accompanied by Lebrun, the third consul. A bronze tablet was presented, on the occasion, by Citizen Vien, in the name of the French Artists, and was placed on the pedestal, on which was engraved the following inscription:—"La statue d' Apollon, qui s'élève sur ce pedestal, trouvée à Antium sur la fin du XVe siècle, placée au Vatican par Jules II. au commencement du XVIe., conquise, l' an V. de la République, par l' armée d' Italie, sous les ordres du général Bonaparte, a été fixée ici le 21 Germinal, an VIII., première année de son consulat."

The statue is called the Apollo Belvidere, because, as has already been stated, it was placed, by Julius the Second, in the Belvidere of the Vatican. The Belvidere is a term unknown in English architecture, but is in common use in Italy. Its literal meaning is "beautiful view;" and it is applied to edifices which are erected principally or solely with the view of enabling their possessors to enjoy a fine prospect of the surrounding country. They are either detached buildings, or cupolas, raised on the tops of houses, which they terminate ornamentally. Belvideres of the former description are attached to most of the palaces and pleasure-grounds of the great, in Rome; and almost every house in that city has one of the latter description. The Belvidere of the Vatican is the most celebrated edifice of the kind. It was erected by Bramante, as a separate building; but has since been connected with the pontifical palace, by two long galleries.

In France, Belvideres are common. They are generally single saloons, open to the air, or inclosed with



doors and windows. In this country, the name is not used ; but the edifice itself may be often found in the "summer-house," erected upon an elevated spot in the gardens attached to some of our ancient mansions, and in some of the ornamental buildings which decorate the pleasure-grounds of the nobility and gentry.

Byron, in the fourth Canto of his "Childe Harold," has the following beautiful description of this elegant statue :—

The lord of the unerring bow,  
The god of life, and poesy, and light,  
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft has just been shot,—the arrow bright  
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

Fuseli, in his "Aphorisms," quotes, from the works of A. R. Mengs, the following remarks on the Apollo and the Laocoon :—"The Apollo is altogether composed of lines sweetly convex, of very small obtuse angles, and of flats, but the soft convexities predominate ; the character of the figure being a compound of strength, dignity, and delicacy. The artist has expressed the first by convex outlines, the second by their uniformity, and the third by undulation of forms. The convex line predominates in the Laocoon, and the forms of the muscles are angular at their insertions and ends, to express agitation ; for by these means the nerves and tendons become more visible ; straight lines, meeting with concave and convex ones, form the angles which produce violence of action. The sculptor of the Farnesian Hercules invented a style totally different ; to obtain fleshiness, he composed the figure of round and convex muscles, but made their insertions flat, to signify that they are nervous and unincumbered with fat, the characteristic of strength."

Raffaello's fresco of the School of Athens, mentioned in the eleventh Letter, is spoken of, with just though exalted eulogy, by Fuseli, in his "Aphorisms." The

seventy-fourth Aphorism runs thus :—“ Metaphysical composition, if it be numerous, will be oftener mistaken for dilapidation of fragments than regular distribution of materials.” To this Aphorism is subjoined the following Corollary :—“ The School of Athens, as it is called, by Raffaele, communicates to few more than an arbitrary assemblage of speculative groups : yet, if the subject be the dramatic representation of philosophy, as it prepares for active life, the parts of the building are not connected with more regular gradation than those groups : fitted by physical and intellectual harmony, man ascends from himself to society, from society to God.”

The apocryphal story that Leonardo da Vinci had left unfinished the head of Christ, in his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, is mentioned, and contradicted, in the sixth Letter. Fuseli, in a Corollary to one of his “ Aphorisms,” observes,—“ Those who have asserted that Leonardo, in finishing the Last Supper, was so exhausted by his exertions to trace the characters and emotions of the disciples that, unable to fix the physiognomy of Christ, he found himself reduced to the necessity of leaving that head unfinished,—either never saw it, or, if they did, were too low to reach the height, and too shallow to fathom the depth, of the conception.”

Mentioning the Last Supper of Leonardi da Vinci, I am reminded of the gross anachronism which that artist has committed, in this celebrated picture. He has represented the Saviour and the Apostles sitting at a table, with their feet on the ground, according to the custom of modern times ; whereas every one at all acquainted with the customs of the ancients, knows that the posture in which they “ sat at meat,” in those days, was not like our sitting, but a recumbent one. The table was surrounded by couches, on which the guests reclined, with their feet turned outwards, and their heads towards the table ; and they leant upon one arm, using the other to help themselves to food. Christ was thus reclining, when the woman came *behind* him, and anointed his feet. “ And, behold, a woman in the city,

which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus *sat at meat* in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and *stood at his feet behind* him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment." (Luke vii. 37, 38.) This she could not have done, had Christ been sitting at table, after the modern fashion.

The anachronisms of painters would furnish a fruitful and amusing theme, were it pursued with a little diligence. I once saw, in Halifax, a good painting, by a foreign artist whose name I do not now recollect. The subject was the miracle of the water turned into wine, at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee. The company were seated on handsome and well-cushioned arm-chairs, covered with leather and studded with gilt nails! The water-pots were elegant vases, apparently of the finest porcelain; and the wine was handed to the guests by a chubby cupid-like little angel with wings!

These anomalies remind one of the absurdities of the French stage, some century or so back, when Agamemnon, Ajax, Cato, Scipio, and other heroes of Greek and Roman story, were represented by persons wearing full-bottomed wigs, and dressed in the first style of Parisian fashion.

Not long ago, I saw a print of the mother of Zebedee's children making her request that her sons should sit, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left, of the Redeemer. The artist had represented her as attended by two little boys; but the scripture narrative informs us that the "children," on whose behalf the request was made, were grown-up men,—two of the Apostles; for we find it stated that the request brought down upon them the indignation of their fellow Apostles. So little attention is paid, by some artists, to the real circumstances of the narrative which they select as the subject of a picture.

The picture of the battle of Arbela, spoken of at the close of the thirteenth Letter, was painted by Pietro di Cortona, who has been mentioned, several times, in

the course of the Letters. It is a fine and spirited battle-piece, full of animation and incident.

The Greek church, at which the ceremony of blessing the water, described in the fourteenth Letter, was performed, is not a church of the Greek faith, but a Roman Catholic church for the Greeks in Rome.

My materials for the farther illustration of subjects introduced into the Letters, are far from being exhausted; but I find that the work swells so much under my hands, as I proceed, that it is necessary to fix some point at which to stop. Here, then, I lay down my pen; and close my task, not without regret, as it has furnished me with an agreeable occupation, and has led me to revisit, for a short season, those fields of literature which ever must afford delight, but from which the scenes of active life had long estranged me.

H. M.

