TOUR THROUGH ITALY,

EXHIBITING A VIEW OF ITS

SCENERY, ITS ANTIQUITIES, AND ITS MONUMENTS,

PARTICULARLY AS THEY ARE OBJECTS OF

CLASSICAL

INTEREST AND ELUCIDATION

RESENT STATE OF ITS CITIES AND TOWNS;

AND OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS ON

THE RECENT SPOLIATIONS OF THE FRENCH

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

VOL. II.

Hæc est Italiæ dis sacra hæ gentes ejus populorum

Plin Nat Hist iii 20

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ERRATA.

VOL. I

Page xv line 2, dele "as"
17, — 7, for 'stinted," read "stunted"
38, — 2 from the bottom, for "consciousness of "Authority," read "conscious Authority"
41, — 21 for 'Pinchana," read "Pinchana."
41, in Table of Contents, for "Bexico," read "Berico,"
185, line 24, for "Rosea," read "Rosea"
190, last word for "Perfect," read "ΠΕΡΙΗΓΗΣΙΣ"
243, line 8, correct the punctuation thus—"became deserted, and Christian "princes,"
256, line 8, correct the punctuation thus—"with "surprize and delight;"
306, dele the note; as the ground plots are in their proper places
327, line 14, dele the comma between "Hannibal and Carthage," and read "Carthage"
339, line 18, for "Laternanensis," read "Laternensis"
425, — 7, from the bottom, for "Mecænas's," read "Mæcenas's"
469, Note, for "Ova," read "Ora."
494, line 8, from the bottom, for "appears," read "appear"
520, note, line 1, accent the last syllable of the word "respecte"
530, note, line 15, for "mairs," read "mains."

VOL. II

Page 1, in Table of Contents, for "Nucoria" read "Nuceria"
2, line 4, for "Chimæra," read "Chimæra."
5, note, for "et magnum oleo," read "atque oleâ magnum"
11, note, for "Æstrum" read "œstrum"
23, — for "gandere," read "gaudere"
57, line 8, for "Panuli pi," read "Panulypi"
76, (Roads) dele the asterisks
124, line 20, for "transactions," read "transactions"
167, — 15, for "of," read "with"
202, — 25, for "paida," read "paida"
205, — 7, for "of" read "off"
217, — 9, for "incurabula," read "incunabula"
231, note, for "Anthologia," read "Anthologia"
233, line 1, for "high," read "height"
252, — 18, for "brown," read "browner"
240, — 23, for "institution," read "institutions"
244, — 1, for "characterize," read "characterizes"
250, last line but one in note, for "sideling," read "sidelong"
260, line 1, for "Roma," read "Romæ"
3rd, fifth line from the bottom, for "over," read "under"
301, line 26, for "burst," read "bursts"
451, last line, for "prize," read "prey"

THE Author has to regret that a very serious Weakness in his Eyes prevented him from paying to the Publication of this Work all the Attention he wished.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Eight Plates are to be placed in the First Volume.

A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

EXCURSION TO BENEVENTUM-----FURCÆ CAUDINÆ-----MOUNT TABURNUS----BENEVENTUM, ITS TRIUMPHAL ARCH----EXCURSION —PÆSTUM—NUCORIA—CAVA—SALERNUM—MOUNT ALBURNUS—PÆSTUM, ITS HISTORY AND TEMPLES.

OUR next excursion was to *Beneventum*, an ancient city now belonging to the Pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. The road passes through *Acerra*, and about five miles beyond enters the mountains that border the plains of *Campania*. Some beautiful scenery here amuses the eye as it wanders over the hills. To the right on the summit of a bold eminence covered with wood stands a Gothic castle; an object which not only from its appropriate site, but its magnitude, and antiquity, might be deemed interesting beyond the Alps; but in Italy, such an edifice appears misplaced, and incongruous. It reminds us of the irruption of barbarians, the fall of the arts,

the desolation of the finest region in the world, and the many ages of disaster that have since passed over it. The eye is soon relieved from the frowns of this feudal prison, by a scene better suited to the character and general features of the country. In the middle of a sylvan theatre formed by the bending of a hill, carpeted by deep verdure and shaded by thick foliage, swells an eminence; on that eminence rises a rock, and on the summit of the rock under a spreading olive-tree stands an hermitage, that seems from its situation to be the cell of one of the holy solitaries of times of old.

Ch in aeva magion fa dimoranza. *Tasso.*

Shortly after we passed through *Arienzo;* it forms a long street at the foot of hills branching out from the *Monti Tifatini*, and contains some good buildings intermingled with groves, orchards, and gardens. This town stands at the entrance of a defile, which contracts as it advances, and almost closes at the village, called *Le Forche d'Arpaia*. *Arpaia* is generally considered as the ancient *Caudium*, and the defile is supposed to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. If this supposition be well founded, time and cultivation, aided perhaps by earthquakes and torrents, must have made a considerable alteration in its original appearance. The former have long since levelled the forests that once clothed the sides of the mountains: the latter may have swept away the sand and loose soil from the declivities, and thus lowered the hills; while the ruins of *Caudium*, and the formation of the *Via Appia*, in conjunction with the preceding causes, may have filled, raised, and widened the narrow path in the middle. Thus the difficulties of the passage may have been removed, and the gloom that hung over it, dissipated. The bordering mountains are indeed on one side steep and naked; but

on the other they are covered with olive, ilex, and corn fields; the interval between is, in the narrowest part of the defile, at least three hundred feet, and on the whole, it presents nothing to alarm any, and much less a Roman army.

On stopping at *Arpaia*, we were accosted by the pastor of the place, a venerable old man, who immediately concluding that we wished to examine the defile, took us first to his house to shew us an Italian work on the subject, and thence conducted us to the convent of the Capucins; it stands on an eminence called *Giogo (Jugum) de Sta. Maria* on the right, where from a threshing-floor we had a very distinct view of the ground, and could compare appearances with the description of Livy. Our worthy guide cited the historian with great volubility, enlarged upon the critical situation of the Romans and the generosity of the Samnites, whom he considered as his countrymen, and called *Nostri Sanniti*, and inveighed with great vehemence against the ingratitude and cowardice of the former, who, returning with superior numbers, almost exterminated their generous adversaries. It was amusing to see passions so long extinguished revive, and patriotism, which had lost its object for more than two thousand years, and been absorpt in well-grounded attachment to a more glorious and more extensive country, glow with useless ardor in the bosom of a solitary individual. In truth, these generous passions that long made Italy so great and so illustrious, and turned every province and almost every city into a theatre of deeds of valor and achievements of heroism; that armed every hand, first against the ambition, and afterwards for the glory of Rome then the capital and pride of their common country; all these passions exist still in Italy, burn with vigor even in the bosoms of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them

into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.

Upon an attentive inspection of the valley now before us, it is impossible for the candid traveller, notwithstanding popular tradition* strengthened by some great authorities, to consider it as the defile described by Livy, or consequently admit it to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. "Saltus duo," says the historian, "alti, angusti, sylvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti, jacet inter eos satis patens clausus in medio campus herbidus aquosusque per quem medium iter est. Sed antequam venias ad eum intrandæ primæ angustiæ sunt, aut eadem qua te insinuaveris via repetenda; aut si ire pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum †. In this *picture* we may observe, that the valley of *Caudium* is closed at both ends, and watered by a stream. The valley of *Arpaia* is open at one extremity, and has no stream. Besides, the vale of *Arpaia* lay out of the way, which the Consul, whose object was dispatch, could not be supposed to wish to lengthen. These reasons given by Cluverius, and confirmed, as we thought, beyond contradiction by the inspection of the ground, obliged us to resign, though reluctantly, the pleasure of believing ourselves on a spot described by such an historian, and ennobled by such an event‡.

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* Popular tradition, when very ancient and very constant, may be considered as almost decisive on such subjects; it then becomes uninterrupted remembrance. In the present case, it is neither ancient nor constant.

† L. IX. 2.

‡ Cluverius places the *Furcæ Caudinæ* a little higher up, and near the town

When we had passed the defile, we observed on our right a noble ridge of mountains covered with verdure, and broken into various rocks and precipices; and on our left another of a less beautiful but bolder form, lifting its stony surface to the clouds, that rolled in thick mists over its brow, and added to the majesty of its appearance. Naked, craggy, and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides, *Mount Taburnus*, which we are now contemplating, either never possessed, or has long since resigned, the olive forests with which Virgil *wished to robe* his gigantic mass*. The road thence becomes stony and indifferent, but continues to wind through a country less fertile indeed than *Campania*, but finely varied with hill and dale, and presenting in every view a pleasing mixture of wildness and cultivation.

We were now once more on the *Via Appia*, and passed two rivers over two Roman bridges, still in good repair. From the first we had a delightful view of the mountains which we had passed, as the evening sun cast a strong golden glow over the shining verdure of their sides and summits. After having crossed the *Sabato*, which still retains its ancient name, we entered *Beneventum* about sun-set. This city is of so ancient a date as to claim Diomedes for its founder; however, though well known

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of *Sta. Agatha*, where a defile, watered by the *Faenza*, anciently the *Isclerus*, and closed at both ends, is said to answer the description of Livy, and correspond with the direction of the Consul's march. The town of *Airola* he supposes to be the ancient *Caudium*. This defile almost joins the *Forche d'Arpaia* at one end.

* Neu segnes jaceant terræ: juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, et magnum oleo vestire Taburnum. *Georg.* II.

and much frequented, it never seems to have acquired any celebrity. It long bore the inauspicious appellation of *Maleventum*, which it changed when made a Roman colony into *Beneventum*, a name well suited as a happy omen to the occasion. After the fall of the empire, it was, with the rest of Italy, possessed by the Goths, then upon their expulsion by the Greeks, and afterwards became an independent principality under the Lombards. Thence it rose to a dukedom, and after having been governed by various princes, Lombard, Greek, and Norman, and been the subject of many contests and intrigues, at length passed under the peaceful domination of the Roman Pontiff.

Beneventum stands on a gentle elevation, at the foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the *Calore*, still proud of its ancient name. A lofty bridge crosses this river, and gives a very pleasing view of its banks, lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of Trajan; it consists of a single arch, is of Parian marble, and entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Both its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part, both without and within the arch, are covered with rich sculpture representing some of the achievements of the Emperor in whose honor it was erected. This triumphal arch is by many considered as the most perfect of the kind existing—to me, I own, it did not appear in that light. The decorations though all of the best and purest style, are yet so compressed and crowded together as to leave no vacant space for the eye to rest on, no *plane* to contrast with the *relievo* and set it off to advantage; they seem consequently to encumber the edifice, and thus de-

prive it of the first of architectural beauties, *simplicity*. How inferior in this respect is the monument we are now contemplating to that of *Ancona*.

The cathedral is a large fabric in the Gothic or rather Saracenic manner, but of ancient materials; it is supported within by fifty columns of Parian marble, forming on each side a double aisle. The inward row has only half as many pillars as the outward, a circumstance which with the arches springing from the pillars lessens the effect of a colonnade, in other respects very magnificent. *Beneventum* has on the whole a good appearance, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and seems to have passed through the vicissitudes of so many turbulent ages without much glory indeed, but with few reverses. The inn is not remarkably good, though superior probably to that which harbored Horace and his friends, if we may guess from the repast prepared for them, the accident that alarmed them, and the haste of the guests to snatch their portions from the flames *.

I need not inform the reader that *Beneventum* is in *Samnium*,

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* Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Pene macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igne.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cænam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.

There are few inns in modern Italy that cannot afford better fare and better accommodations.

and was considered as one of its principal cities, or that the *Samnites* were the most warlike people of Italy, the most attached to independence, and the most devoted to the cause of liberty. Their stubborn opposition to the predominant fortune and genius of Rome employed the talents, and called forth all the skill and all the energies of the *Fabii* and *Papirii*, and with many intervening reverses furnished the materials of four-and-twenty triumphs. Their resistance, prolonged beyond the bounds of prudence, and the means of success at length assumed the features of a war *ad internecionem*, and terminated during the dictatorship of Sylla, in the almost total annihilation of the *Samnite* race. The army perished in the field, or in confinement at Rome; the survivors were driven into exile, and one of the most populous provinces of Italy was almost turned into a desert.

On our return we alighted at the *Forche d'Arpaia*, and proceeded through the valley on foot; the heat was great, but a strong invigorating wind blowing full in our faces rendered it tolerable. The harvest was going on, and the fields around were crowded. Among other lively scenes, we particularly noticed a set of harvest-men amusing themselves with the notes of a *bag-pipe*. Mirth and music are the passions of the climate, and of course did not excite our surprize; but we were rather astonished to hear the drone of a bagpipe in a *Campanian* valley, and almost wondered how an Italian echo could repeat a sound so heavy and inharmonious. The road was lined on each side with groves of cherry-trees, and several women and children were employed in gathering them. Overtaking an old woman who was carrying a large basket full of

cherries on her back, one of the party took a handful, and stepping before her, asked how she sold them. She shook her head, and smiled; but on the question being repeated, replied, that *God had given enough for all, and that we might take as many as we pleased for nothing.* She was afterwards with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept a trifle. Shortly after as we were sitting on the wall of one of the orchards, a hearty looking man came up, and observing that the day was sultry, begged us to step in and make free with his fruit, which he assured us was particularly wholesome and refreshing. We returned to Naples very well pleased with *Samnium* and its inhabitants.

Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples, *Pæstum*, though the most distant, is perhaps the most curious and most interesting. In scenery, without doubt, it yields, not only to *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*, but to every town in the vicinity of the *Crater;* but in noble and well preserved monuments of antiquity it surpasses every city in Italy, her immortal capital Rome alone excepted. It is generally supposed, that the ruins of *Pæstum* were for many ages unknown even in the neighboring country, and at length accidentally discovered, some say, by a shepherd, and others, by a young painter in the course of a morning's ramble from *Capaccio*. This discovery is said to have been made about the middle of the last century. The fact is, that the attention of travellers was first directed to them about that period, and views and descriptions published then for the first time. But they were perfectly well known at all times, not to the peasantry of the immediate neighborhood only, and to the fishermen of *Salerno* who passed within view of them almost every day, but to the bishop and canons of *Ca-*

paccio, who take their titles from *Pæstum*, and may look down upon the ruins of their original residence from their windows. That it was not much visited, we know, but this was owing rather to the indifference than to the ignorance of the learned, and perhaps a little to the state of the country, ever lawless and unsafe while under the domination of absent sovereigns. We are too apt to conclude, that nobody had seen what we did not see, and that what travellers have not recorded, was not known to exist; without reflecting that the ignorance of the latter is often the consequence of the little acquaintance which many of them have with the language and natives of the countries which they undertake to describe.

The road to *Pæstum* leads through *Resina*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre del Annonziata*, and passing the gates of *Pompeii* gives a transient glimpse of its solitary streets and lonely theatres, extending at the foot of steeps crowned with vines and mulberries. Continuing our course over the exuberant plains of *Pompeii*,

Quæ rigat æquora Sarnus.

We traversed the town of *Scafati*, drove along the banks of that river still the *Sarno* beautifully shaded with poplars, and entered *Nocera*, formerly *Nuceria*, a town of the highest antiquity, but remarkable only for its unshaken attachment to the Romans at all times, and the sad disasters to which it has been exposed in consequence of that attachment*. Its

* Liv. xxiii. 15.

fidelity to the republic during the second Punic war drew down upon it the vengeance of Hannibal, who, after some vain attempts to seduce its inhabitants into his party, plundered and destroyed their city. Its adherence to the cause of a Roman pontiff during the great schism roused the fury of a still more irritable enemy, *Ruggiero* king of Naples, who again razed its walls, and dispersed its citizens. They instead of rebuilding the town when the storm was over, as their ancestors had done before, continued to occupy the neighboring villages. Hence the appearance of the modern *Nocera*, which instead of being enclosed within ramparts, spreads in a long line over a considerable extent of ground, and displays some handsome edifices intermingled with rural scenery. It is still a bishopric, and derives the additional appellation *dei Pagani*, from the circumstance of its having been for some time in possession of the Saracens.

Not far from *Nocera* we entered the mountains, where the scene improves in beauty, without losing much either in fertility or animation. Various villages, castles, and churches adorn the defile, an aqueduct intersects it, and the town of *Cava* occupies the most elevated and most picturesque point. Behind this town, the mountain *Fenestra* swells to a prodigious elevation; its steep sides are covered to the very summit with one continued forest of chestnuts, forming a mass of foliage of the deepest shade, and most beautiful verdure, and presenting to the eye one of the most refreshing views imaginable during the heats of a *Campanian* summer.

O quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra

is a wish which often bursts from the lips of a traveller panting up the acclivities of the Apennines under the beams of a meridian sun, and looking round with a longing eye for some hospitable thicket. In such a sultry hour the sight and the fancy repose with delight on the *immensity of shade* suspended over the defile of *Cava*. This town is not ancient, at least, not classically so. It seems to have been formed gradually, like many considerable towns, not on the continent only but in England, by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. Its origin is usually dated from the invasion of Genseric, and the destruction of the neighboring town of *Marciana*, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and at the persuasion of the abbot settled around the monastery of the Trinity, and built *Cava*. It has several manufactories at present, and has an appearance of life and prosperity. It stands on the borders of *Picenum*, and opens a fine view of *Salernum*, its bay, the opposite coast, the plains around, and the mountains beyond *Pæstum*. The declivity is steep, but the road which runs along the edge of the precipice and looks down upon the sea, is well guarded by a parapet wall, and excellent all the way.

As we had set out very early we entered *Salerno* about noon with an intention of proceeding to *Pæstum;* but the unexpected want of horses detained us, and indeed obliged us to stop for the night. We had however no reason to regret the delay, as *Salernum* presents a sufficient number of subjects for observation and amusement. Its antiquity is acknowledged, though the date of its foundation and the names and countries of its founders are equally unknown. It became in its turn a Roman colony, but does not appear to have risen to any conse-

quence; the mildness of its air during the winter seems to have been its principal distinction*. It is supposed to have stood formerly on the hills, and is ranked by Pliny among the inland towns of *Picenum*. But this writer is perhaps more eloquent than accurate in his geographical descriptions, and I doubt whether his authority is a sufficient argument to induce us to conclude with Cluverius that *Salernum* has changed its original position. It is the see of an archbishop, has an university once celebrated for medicine, and various schools and academies. Its streets are as usual narrow, and the buildings high; some few seem to deserve notice. The court before the cathedral is supported by eight-and-twenty ancient granite columns with Corinthian capitals of good workmanship, but apparently not made for the columns which they now adorn; the church itself though built of ancient materials, and decorated with some good pictures, is a tasteless edifice. The most remarkable objects in it are the two *ambones* or ancient pulpits, one each side of the nave before the steps of the chancel; they are both of marble, the largest is covered with beautiful mosaic, and supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of granite. The inn stands almost on the beach, and our room opened on the bay, which appears beautiful even when compared to that of Naples.

The promontory of *Surrentum*, which bounds it on the west, increases as it projects in boldness and elevation, presents various craggs crowned with towns, and terminates in a long

* Horat. lib. 1. ep. 15.

lofty ridge covered with a forest. In the centre and half way up the declivity stands *Amalfi*, once so famous for its skill in the medical art, while the little town of *Vitri* seems to hang from the rock as if ready to fall into a torrent that tumbles through a deep dell below.

On the opposite side of the bay the coast gradually sinks into a plain, that extends without interruption to *Pæstum*, whose grey temples are dimly discernible, at the distance of fifteen miles. This plain is bounded by a ridge of mountains. In the bosom and centre of the bay, at the foot of a fine ridge of well cultivated hills, stands *Salernum*, equally well situated for beauty and commerce, if the neighborhood of such a vast mart as Naples did not attract and absorb all the commerce of this coast. There is a mole to cover the harbor and protect the shipping from the south wind, which sometimes raises a considerable swell. During the afternoon some of the party took a boat and rowed about the bay, which in the creeks and windings of the western coast furnishes objects for many delightful excursions. Such are the *Capo d'Amalfi*, the *Punta di Conca*, and, above all, the *Syrenusæ* islands, once the abode of the Syrens, famed in ancient story, and proverbial in modern languages. They are three in number, about eleven miles from *Salerno*, and four from the point of the promontory of *Minerva* (now of *Surrentum*) but one only from the nearest land. They are now called *Galli*, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens, and are still, as described by Virgil, barren rocks, without other inhabitants than sea-fowls, or other sounds than the murmurs of the waves echoing amid the craggs and caverns.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam multorum que ossibus albos;
Tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant. *Lib.* v.

It seems singular that Virgil, while he alludes to Homer's account of these islands, instead of adopting, and as usual improving the instructive fiction of the Greek poet, should upon this occasion in particular have abandoned him, and in order to avoid the appearance of imitation, fallen into a poetical anachronism. Such at least a direct contradiction to Homer, the great oracle of mythological chronology, must be deemed. In fact, while he admits the fable itself, he represents these islands as deserted at the very time, or rather before the time, when according to Homer, they were the residence of the Syrens. Æneas passed them before Ulysses, and if the Syrens had forsaken them at that period, we see no reason why they should return to them at a later. The truth seems to be, that Virgil inadvertently describes them as a geographer; Homer paints them as a poet—but why should the former in this single instance descend from the regions of poetry, and by an incongruous mixture of reality, banish one of the most moral and amusing illusions of fable?

A temple of the Syrens is supposed to have stood upon the opposite shore; the precise spot has hitherto been unexplored. Farther on, and on the most advanced point of the *Surrentine* promontory rose the temple of Minerva, supposed to be founded by Ulysses, an object so conspicuous as to have given its name to the promontory itself in antient times.

. . . . . e vertice Surrentino
. . . . Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundi.
Stat. Syl. lib. v. 3.

The road beyond *Salerno* intersects a rich plain, bordered on the right by the sea, on the left by fine hills, which as they wind along present on their sides and amid their breaks, a perpetual succession of varying landscapes.

About six miles from *Salerno* we went through the little town of *Vicenza*, supposed to be the antient *Picentia*. About six miles further, during which we had Mount *Alburnus* rising full before us, we came to *Evoli (Eburi)*, then turning to the right we entered a vast plain wild and uncultivated, but neither naked nor barren. Large herds of buffaloes, that fed on the heath and wandered through the thickets seemed to be its only inhabitants. The royal chace, called *Di Persano*, covers a considerable part of this solitude, and gives employment to two hundred gamekeepers, who not only guard the game but serve to escort travellers over these wastes, almost as much infested by banditti at present as was the *Gallinaria Pinus* in antient times.

We had now reached the *Silaris* (*Silaro* and *Sele,*) whose banks are bordered by fertile fields, and shaded by groves and thickets. This river forms the boundary of *Picenum* and *Lucania;* it receives the *Carole* in the forest of *Persano*, and higher up the *Tanagro*, which, with the addition of other lesser streams, make it a considerable river. Mount *Alburnus* inseparably united with the *Silaris*, in Virgil's beautiful lines, and consequently in the mind of every classical traveller, rises in distant perspective, and adds to the fame and consequence of the stream by the magnitude of his form and the ruggedness of his towering brow. Ilex forests wave on the sides of the mountain, and fringe the margin of the river, while herds innu-

merable wander through their recesses, and enliven the silence of the scene by perpetual lowings*.

As the country still continues flat and covered with thickets, the traveller scarce discovers *Pæstum* till he enters its walls. We drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion. The good bishop had been so obliging as to send one of his chaplains to meet us, and provide every thing requisite for our comfortable accom-

* The resemblance may be carried still farther, as the same insect, if we may credit the observation of a most accurate and indefatigable traveller, Cluverius, confirmed by the authority of some Italian authors, still continues to infest the same forest, and to terrify and disperse the cattle over the whole mountain and bordering plains. I cannot vouch for the fact upon my own observation or inquiries. The circumstance is trivial in itself, but it is classical because connected with the scenery of the following beautiful lines, that is, the scenery which now surrounds us.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
Romanum est, æstrum Graii vertere vocantes;
Asper acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus æther,
Concussus, sylvæque et sicci ripa Tanagri.

Georg. III.

modation, a commission which that gentleman performed with great punctuality and politeness.

Obscurity hangs over, not the origin only but the general history of this city, though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched out perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Mazzochi*, *Pæstum* was founded by a colony of Dorenses or Dorians, from *Dora*, a city of *Phenicia*, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan*, which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters *Pæstum* assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia*, of the same import as its Phenician name, became a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed to have extended from the present ruins southward to the hill, on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Acropoli*. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia*, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly. Vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino*; the original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans *.

* U. C. 480.

From this period *Pæstum* is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness, and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats,

Victura rosaria Pæsti,

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn, plundered *Pæstum*, and at length compelled its few remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio Vecchio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of *Pæstum*.

It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of *Pæstum*, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: not to the Romans, who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighboring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian manner, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter. In fact, the temples of *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the com-

mencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.

The first temple that presents itself to the traveller from Naples is the smallest; it consists of six pillars at each end, and thirteen at each side, counting the angular pillars in both directions. The architrave is entire, as is the pediment at the west end, excepting the corner stones and triglyphs, which are fallen, and the first cornice (that immediately over the frieze) which is worn away. At the east end, the middle of the pediment with much of the frieze and cornice remains; the north-east corner is likely to fall in a very short time. The *cella* occupied more than one-third of the length, and had a portico of two rows of columns, the shafts and capitals of which, now overgrown with grass and weeds, encumber the pavement and almost fill the area of the temple.

The second temple has six columns at each end, and fourteen on each side, including those of the angles; the whole entablature and pediments are entire. A double row of columns adorned the interior of the *cella*, and supported each another row of small pillars; the uppermost is separated from the lower by an architrave only, without frieze or cornice. Of the latter, seven remain standing on each side; of the former, five on one side and three on the other. This double story, which seems intended merely to support the roof, rises only a few feet higher than the external cornice, and on the whole produces no good effect from the great disproportion between the under and upper columns. The *cella* had two entrances, one at each end, with a portico formed of two pillars and two antæ. The whole of the foundation and part of the wall of this *cella*

still remain; under it was a vault. One of the columns with its capital at the west end has been struck with lightning, and shattered so as to threaten ruin if not speedily repaired; its fall will be an irreparable loss, and disfigure one of the most perfect monuments now in existence. It might indeed be restored to its original form with little expense and labor, as the stones that have fallen remain in heaps within its enclosure, and might be replaced without difficulty.

The third edifice is the largest; it has nine pillars at the ends and eighteen on the sides, including the angular columns as before. Its size is not its only distinction; a row of pillars, extending from the middle pillar at one end to the middle pillar at the other, divides it into two equal parts, and is considered as a proof that it was not a temple. Its destination has not been ascertained; some suppose it to have been a Curia, others a Basilica, and others a mere market or exchange. In the centre there seems to have been an aperture in the pavement, leading, it is said, to vaults and passages under ground; there is indeed at some distance a similar aperture, like the mouth of a well, which, as our guides informed us, had been examined, and was probably intended to give air and light to a long and intricate subterranean gallery, which extended to the sea on one side, and on the other communicated with the temples. Such are the peculiar features of each of these edifices. In common to all it may be observed, that they are raised upon substructions* forming three gradations (for they

* These substructions are observable in all the Doric temples of Italy and Sicily, and seem essential to give a corresponding support as well as relievo to the massive forms of that order. Ordinary steps seem to sink under the weight, and

cannot be termed steps, as they are much too high for the purpose) intended solely to give due elevation and relievo to the superstructure; that the columns in all rise without bases from the uppermost of these degrees; that these columns are all fluted, between four and five diameters in height, and taper as they ascend, about one-fourth; that the capitals are all very flat and prominent; that the intercolumniation is a little more than one diameter; that the order and ornaments are in all the same; and the pediment in all very low; in fine, that they are all built of a porous stone, of a light or rather yellow grey, and in many places perforated and worn away.

In the open space between the first and second temple, were two other large edifices, built of the same sort of stone, and nearly of the same size. Their substructions still remain encumbered with the fragments of the columns and entablature, and so overgrown with brambles, nettles, and weeds, as scarcely to admit a near inspection. It is a pity that neither the government of Naples, nor the proprietor of *Pæstum*, have public spirit enough to remove the rubbish that buries the monuments of this city, and restore to their primitive beauty edifices which, as long as they exist, can never fail to attract travellers, and not only redound to the glory, but contribute very materially to the interests of the country.

All the temples which I have mentioned stand in a line, and border a street that ran from gate to gate, and di-

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are quite lost in the cumbrous majesty of the Doric column. I need not observe that the second temple is the most beautiful of the three, and the nearest to the proportions of the temples of Agrigentum.

vided the town into two parts nearly equal. A hollow space scooped out in a semicircular form seems to be the traces of a theatre, and as it lies in front of the temples gives reason to suppose, that other public buildings might have ornamented the same side and made it to correspond in grandeur with that opposite; in which case few cities could have surpassed *Pæstum* in splendid appearance. The walls of the town remain in all the circumference, five at least, and in some places twelve feet high; they are formed of solid blocks of stone, with towers at intervals; the archway of one gate only stands entire. Considering the materials and extent of this rampart, which encloses a space of nearly four miles round, with the many towers that rose at intervals, and its elevation of more than forty feet, we must acknowledge that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence. Within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa, and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of the *biferi rosaria Pæsti**, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year in May and December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable

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* Virgil Georg. iv. 1. Virgil and Ovid just mention the *Pæstan* roses—Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison. Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Pæstano gandere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
Idyll. xiv.

for their fragrance. Amid these objects, and scenes rural and ordinary, rise the three temples like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.

It was now dusk, and on our entrance into the bishop's villa we found a plentiful repast, and excellent wines waiting our arrival. Our beds and rooms were all good, and every thing calculated to make our visit to *Pæstum* as agreeable in its accompaniments as it was interesting in its object. The night was bright, the weather warm but airy, a gale sweet and refreshing blew from the neighboring hills of *Acropoli* and *Callimara;* no sound was heard but the regular murmurs of the neighboring sea. The temples, silvered over by the light of the moon, rose full before me, and fixed my eyes till sleep closed them. In the morning the first object that presented itself was still the temples, now blazing in the full beams of the sun; beyond them the sea glittering as far as sight could reach, and the hills and mountains round, all lighted up with brightness. We passed some hours in revisiting the ruins, and contemplating the surrounding scenery.

Pæstum stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the west by the Tyrrhene Sea, about a mile distant on the south by fine hills, in the midst of which *Acropoli* sits embosomed; on the north, by the bay of *Salerno*, and its rugged border; while to the east, the country swells into two mountains, which still retain their ancient names *Callimara* and *Cantena**, and behind them towers

* These hills and the neighboring plain were the theatre of some bloody skirmishes between the Roman armies and the bands of Spartacus.

Mont Alburnus itself with its pointed summits. A stream called the *Solofone* (which may probably be its ancient appellation) flows under the walls, and by spreading its waters over its low borders, and thus producing pools that corrupt in hot weather, continues, as in ancient times*, to infect the air, and render *Pæstum* a dangerous residence in summer. As the heats were increasing, and the season of *malaria* approached, we did not deem it prudent to prolong our excursion, and left *Pæstum* without accomplishing the whole of our object, which was to examine the ruins of *Posidonia*, visit the island of *Licosa* (the ancient *Leucosia*, which like Naples takes its name from a Syren) and the *Cape Palinurus*, explore the recesses of *Alburnus*, and wander over the vale of *Diano* watered by the classic *Tanagro*. The ruins of *Posidonia* which, as I have already mentioned, cover the plain that extends from *Pæstum* to *Agropoli* cannot but exhibit, if duly examined, some valuable monument, or at least some instance of the opulence and refinement of its founders, the luxurious Sybarites. These people, when enslaved by the Lucanians, and afterwards subjected to the Romans, still retained a fond attachment to the name and manners of Greece, and are said to have displayed their partiality to their mother country in a manner that evinces both their taste and their feeling. Being compelled, it seems, by circumstances, or the will of the conquerors to adopt their language and manners, which Aristoxenus, who relates the anecdote, emphatically calls being *barbarized*, they were accustomed to assemble annually, on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to revive the memory of their Grecian origin, to speak

* Strabo, Lib. v.

encomiums of Galen. The *Sarnus*, though not unhonored by the ancients has yet been celebrated with more complacency by the modern poets. Sannazarius, whom I have before mentioned with due applause, frequently alludes to it, and on one occasion describes the river and the scenery that borders its banks with much truth and beauty.

> Vitabant æstus qua pinguia culta vadosus
> Irrigat et placido cursu petit æquora Sarnus,
> Grata quies nemorum manantibus undique rivis
> Et Zephyris densas inter crepitantibus alnos.

These fertile plains have been often stained with hostile blood, and once witnessed the defeat and death of a Gothic monarch. Narses was the Roman general. Teia the barbarian chief. *Stabiæ*, now *Castell à mare di Stabia*, had in Pliny's time disappeared as a town and given place to a villa*. It is now once more a populous town, and surrounded with rural retreats. At the very gates of Naples, under the *Ponte de la Maddalena*, flows the *Sebethus*, with all the honors of its ancient name, but too inconsiderable a rill to be represented, as it seems to have been formerly, as a characteristic feature of Naples.

> Doctaque Parthenope, Sebethide roscida nympha.

As we continued our route without stopping at *Salerno*, we arrived at Naples on the same day, but very late.

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* It was destroyed by Sylla, and never seems to have revived.

> Quod nunc in villam abiit. *Plin. Lib.* III.

CHAP. II.

RETURN OF THE KING TO NAPLES—REJOICINGS—ORNAMENTAL BUILDINGS—COURT—CHARACTER OF THAT MONARCH—OF THE QUEEN—ILLUMINATIONS—LAZZARONI—CHARACTER OF THE NEAPOLITANS—RETURN TO ROME.

WE had now made all the excursions which are usually pointed out to travellers, or rather, all which the time of our arrival and the advanced season would permit us to make with convenience, and perhaps safety. Our curiosity however was far from being sated. The south of Italy, *Apulia*, *Bruttium* and *Calabria*, which still retain the forest wildness that attracted the Romans, when they were sated with the softer beauties of *Latium* and *Campania**, now lay before us, and presented so many interesting objects, that it was impossible not to feel a most ardent desire to continue and extend our excursions. The lake *Amsanctus* was within our reach; *Mount Vultur* rises not very much farther, on the banks of the *Aufidus;* numberless lakes ex-

* Seneca de Tranquillitate 2.

pand, forests spread, and cities flourish in the windings of the Apennines, as they stretch their ramifications over the southern provinces, which have never yet been visited by travellers, and scarcely noticed by geographers. In these unexplored haunts what a harvest awaits the classic traveller! how much of the languages, manners, names, and perhaps even buildings of ancient Italy may be hereafter discovered! Some villages are known still to retain the Greek language, and are even said to speak it with more purity than the modern Greeks themselves; a proof that they have not been much visited by the successive invaders that have overrun the more open and frequented parts, and a presumptive argument that their manners and blood may have hitherto been but little adulterated.

But it was vain to long after new excursions; circumstances strong enough to control our classical projects called us homewards, and obliged us to abridge our stay at Naples. Being thus under the necessity of departing, we wished to be at Rome for the festival of St. Peter, in order to see the illumination of the dome, one of the grandest ideas of Michael Angelo, and supposed to be the finest exhibition of the kind in the world. But the return of the Neapolitan court from Palermo, and the festivities and rejoicings which were to accompany that event, induced the party to remain a week longer at Naples. This determination has since been a subject of regret, and with reason. Kings and courts are objects neither uncommon nor very curious; illuminations and balls are ordinary amusements. But the mausoleum of Adrian turned into a volcano, and the dome of the Vatican enveloped with fire, are spectacles sublime and wonderful, exhibited at Rome alone, and seldom beheld

more than once by an *ultramontane*. These however we did resign, and the court of Naples we have seen.

Preparations had been making for the reception of the royal family for some time, and temples and triumphal arches, superb porticos and splendid theatres, all on the ancient model, had been erected in the widest streets and most frequented squares. Opposite the palace stood a Corinthian, on the road to *Portici*, an Ionic temple: on the *Largo del Castello* a theatre, which, with a Doric colonnade and some imitations of the *Pæstan* ruins, formed the principal of these temporary edifices. Their proportions, style, and decorations were in general in very good taste, and gave them an air of antique grandeur admirably adapted to the name, the history, and the scenery of the place. Every reader must have observed, that in theatrical decorations, artists have a great facility in catching the manner of the ancients, and copying the *simple* and *beautiful*, while in solid and permanent fabrics they almost invariably lose sight of these qualities, and give us whim and deformity in their place. The truth seems to be, that in trivial and occasional works they content themselves with a display of knowledge only, while in grand and lasting undertakings, they aspire to the higher praise of invention and genius, and scorning to imitate, endeavor to surpass their masters. In vain! failure has hitherto been their invariable fate.

But to proceed—the inscriptions on these ornamental buildings by no means corresponded with their appearance; long, strained and inflated, they betrayed either the barrenness of the subject or the dulness of the writer.

On the twenty-seventh of June (Sunday), early in the morning, the King's ships appeared off *Capræ* accompanied by the *Medusa* Captain Gore, and a few English sloops. About ten the royal family landed at *Portici*, and between five and six the King set out on horseback to make his public entry into Naples. The multitudes that crowded the road, and their frantic demonstrations of joy, impeded the procession, so that it was nearly sunset before it entered the palace, when he immediately hastened to the chapel, and attended at the *Te Deum.* Thence he proceeded to the hall of audience, where a numerous and brilliant assembly, composed of all the nobility of the country, and of all the foreign ministers, were waiting to receive him. On his entrance the ladies rushed forward, and kissing his hands with tears and exclamations of joy, prevented him for some time from advancing. The king received these effusions of loyalty and personal attachment, not with kindness only, but with emotion, and returned them with many affectionate expressions and inquiries.

As he passed towards the upper end of the hall, he spoke to his old courtiers with great affability and ease, and taking his usual place in the circle instantly addressed himself, with visible satisfaction, to Mr. Drummond, the English Minister; asked him several questions with that rapidity of utterance which great joy occasions, and without waiting to hear the names of the persons presented, exclaimed, with great condescension, politely at the same time directing his looks to each person—*They are English, and of course my friends; I am very glad to see them all, and bid them welcome to Naples.* After some conversation, perceiving the French Minister, who stood close by him, visibly

mortified at such a marked preference, he seemed to recollect himself, and turning to him, asked the usual questions, with common politeness. About half past nine his majesty retired.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and strait, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long, his hair and eye-brows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me if I presume to mention it as a compliment) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency, a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederic, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and direct it; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling

him, to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles, known among us to every person above daily labor, and it not unfrequently shows itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed, that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour.* Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe: the King asked with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, what king of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course answering Charles I. his majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation—*No, Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime.* He added; *depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us!*

On this occasion my readers may be disposed to excuse the King's incredulity, which, however great the ignorance it supposes, arose from a generous attachment to the glory and credit of his allies. The following anecdote may, in some degree,

palliate the lamentable defect of which I am speaking, by shewing that it is to be ascribed rather to the arts of others than to any natural indifference or levity in the monarch himself. A French Minister, being secretly commissioned by his court, in a very early period of the King's reign to call his attention, if possible, to serious and becoming occupations, took an opportunity of enlarging upon the pleasures of reading in his presence, and did it with so much effect, that the young King some days after told him that he was determined to try the experiment, and asked him what book he would recommend as at once useful and amusing. The minister ventured to mention the life of Henry IV. as a work well calculated for the purpose, and begged leave to present it to his Majesty. A month passed, during which the minister was waiting with impatience for the result, and expecting at every levee to hear the royal opinion of the book he had recommended. In vain; the book and subject seemed utterly forgotten. At length being admitted into his Majesty's apartment, he saw the life of Henry lying on the table, and fixed his eye upon it, which the King perceiving, said, with a smile—*There is your book untouched; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up.* So far the royal mind appears to disadvantage; we will now place it in a more favorable light, and point out some features that never fail to delight even in the absence of intellectual accomplishments. Though nursed in the bosom of majesty, and almost cradled in the throne, of course flattered and idolized, that is, hardened against every feeling but that of self-interest, he is yet reported to have shewn upon all occasions a tender and compassionate disposition. The following instance would do credit to the feelings of a private citizen, and when it is considered how seldom public distress penetrates the palace, and is felt within the circle of royalty, must

be acknowledged to be doubly honorable and praise-worthy in a prince.

In the year 1764, when a great scarcity prevailed at Naples, and the misery among the lower classes was extreme, some of the courtiers agreed together to give a supper and ball at *Posilypo*. The king heard of this ill-timed project of amusement, and though then in his thirteenth year only, observed, with some ill humor, that parties of pleasure were unseasonable in such circumstances, and that it would be more becoming those who were engaged in it to share than insult public distress. The hint was of course taken, and the arrangement given up. Upon another occasion, while almost a child, he is said to have been prevailed upon by one of his attendants to beg the Council of Regency to set a certain criminal at liberty: the Council very properly rejected the King's request upon which he went to his apartment, and with a sort of boyish resentment threw open a cage of canary birds, saying—*At least I will give liberty to these prisoners, since I cannot free any others.* These instances of benevolence, strengthened and developed by an affability and good humor that seemed to increase as he advanced in life, added considerably to the partiality and attachment which the Neapolitans had conceived for him, from the circumstance of his being destined to remain with them, to govern them in person, and deliver them from all the evils of delegated authority. This popularity, though founded at first rather upon the hopes and wishes than the experience of the people, he has had the good fortune never to forfeit, and after a reign of more than forty years, the latter part of which has been marked by reverses and disaster, he still continues to enjoy the affection and reverence of his subjects.

The Queen is an archduchess of the imperial family, sister to the late Queen of France, and to the archduchess Christina, who once governed the Low Countries. In countenance and manner she resembles the latter; in spirit I believe the former, and has always been supposed to have a very considerable share in the management of public affairs. That queens should have influence, is natural, and howsoever mischievous, perhaps unavoidable; but that they should be admitted into the privy council and take their place at the board, is a phenomenon first witnessed I believe at Naples, at the marriage of the present queen. As the sex is very generally, without doubt unjustly, supposed to be influenced by personal considerations, and guided rather by the feelings of the heart than by the dictates of the understanding, every obnoxious and unsuccessful measure is invariably attributed to queens, where their influence is visible and acknowledged. Thus has it happened at Naples: every amelioration in the laws, every indulgence in government, are supposed to flow from the natural and unbiassed goodness of the monarch, while every unwise regulation or oppressive measure is constantly ascribed to the predominance of the queen. But the Neapolitans are by no means an ill-humored or discontented race, and till the late French invasion they seem to have been strangers to complaint and faction. Nor indeed was there much room for either.

The kingdom of Naples had for ages labored under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of viceregal administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population; while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country with a view, not to its own into-

rests, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature, proud, suspicious, and vindictive. From the last of these evils the accession of Ferdinand IV. delivered the Neapolitans. King of the Two Sicilies only, he had no distant realms to look to as a more brilliant and engaging inheritance. Naples was not to him a step to a more elevated situation; it was his home, and his and its interests became too closely interwoven in his mind and feelings to be ever separable. The feudal system was an evil that had taken deeper root, and entwined itself with so many institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, that to disentangle them without danger required time and delicacy. Those who lost by reform, and who, though few in numbers were yet far the most powerful part of the community, of course opposed it at every step, and retarded its progress. Much however, or rather what must appear much when due regard is had to circumstances, has been done by the present king since his accession, first under the administration of *Tanucci*, who, from the chair of law in the university of Pisa, was advanced to the dignity of first minister at Naples; and afterwards of Sir *John Acton*, who has pursued and enlarged the beneficial plans of his predecessor. But in a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions and customs taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled or invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller; while the reform, whose operations are slow and silent, sometimes reaches him only as a report, and sometimes entirely escapes his notice. Certain it is, that since the commencement of Ferdinand IV.'s reign, the power of

the barons has been checked, the number of ecclesiastical establishments diminished, the surplus of the income of the church applied to objects of public utility, many academies and schools established, a marine and an army almost created, the police better regulated, and the morals and manners of the common people raised and refined. Now these improvements, great in themselves, and still greater because they lead naturally and unavoidably to other ameliorations, are sufficient to entitle the reigning monarch to the love and gratitude of his people.

To return to the court—The assembly, as has been remarked above, was numerous and brilliant, and its brilliancy augmented by the number of stars and ribbons that blazed in every direction. The multiplicity of these honorary badges, for where almost every individual is graced with them they can scarce be called distinctions, may contribute to the splendor of the show, but must diminish the value of the ornament; insomuch indeed, that the absence of all such decorations seemed to confer a more honorable distinction on the English minister, than any that could be derived from the united lustre of all the stars of all the orders.

It was dark when the court broke up, and as the whole city was illuminated we directed our course to the principal squares and ornamental buildings, all of which were lighted up with a profusion of lamps, arranged in such a manner as to shew the form and ornaments of each edifice to the best advantage. In illuminations both the French and Italians surpass us, and on this occasion the Neapolitans, I thought, shewed more taste and magnificence than I had witnessed before in any country. The most splendid, and to us the most novel, object was the

Carthusian Abbey of *San Martino*, which stands on the same hill as the fortress of *St. Elmo*. The regularity of this edifice, its magnitude, and its elevated situation, adapt it in a peculiar manner to the display of well combined lights, and shew off to advantage the whole plan of a regular illumination. This abbey is perhaps in the most beautiful site in the vicinity of Naples; it stands so high, and is placed at the same time in so central a point that it commands the whole city, which spreads immediately under it, the bay with all its borders, islands, and windings, Mount *Posilypo*, and the promontory of Misenus on one side; and on the other, Mount *Vesuvius*, and the promontory of Surrentum; a view that might charm solitude itself, if the tediousness of *ever-during* solitude was susceptible of any charm. When the immense front of this edifice is illuminated, and all its divisions are traced in light, when its windows are framed in flames, its pillars become masses of fire, and their capitals so many crowns of stars; when its cornice is converted into one long lambent blaze, and its roof glows from end to end with brightness, it appears like a fairy fabric seated in the clouds, or a palace of fire suspended in the sky, the residence of some genius superintending the welfare of the city below. A vast mass of darkness immediately under and around it forms a strong contrast, while a few lamps scattered here and there down the side of the hill, seem to mark the way from this aerial mansion to the earth. The effect of this, and indeed of the general illumination, might be seen to most advantage from the bay, a little beyond the *Castel del Uovo*, whence the eye could take in at once the whole city and its vicinity, with the towns of *Portici* and *Castel à Mare*, the lights of which spread over the hills were reflected from the bay, and played in long lines on the surface of the water.

The illuminations were renewed for three successive nights, during which the streets were thronged with a population surpassing even that which swarms in the most frequented streets of London, at the very hour of business. On account of this crowd, carriages, with the exception of those belonging to the court and to a few privileged persons, such as foreign ministers, strangers, &c. who, it must be owned, did not abuse the exemption, were prohibited, a precaution both prudent and popular. Yet notwithstanding this pressure we witnessed no disorder, not a single scene of riot, drunkenness, quarrelling, or indecency. In many streets, particularly in the *Strada di Toledo* and along the *Chiaia*, there were little tables and cook-shops, where the passengers stopped and supped as appetite prompted them; these tables, with the parties grouped around them in different attitudes and dresses, with their gestures and lively tones, gave a sprightliness and animation to the scene quite peculiar to the place and climate. It is impossible to witness the general good humor that reigns amid such an immense populace at all times, and particularly when the joy of the moment lays them most open to sudden impulse, and not conceive a good opinion of their temper, and not reflect with surprise on the very unfavorable accounts given of the Neapolitans, as indeed of the Italians in general, by some hasty and prejudiced observers, who have not hesitated to represent them as a nation of idlers, buffoons, cheats, adulterers, and assassins. Of these imputations some are common, I am afraid, to all countries, and others are grounded upon misconceptions, ignorance, and sometimes a quality still less excusable, a propensity to censure and misrepresentation. That animation of gesture, and that imitative action so much recommended by the ancient orators when

under the management of taste and judgment, is the result of deep sensibility and common both to the Greeks and Italians. In the higher class, when polished by education, it is graceful and pleasing; in the lower it is lively and natural, but sometimes apt, at least in the opinion of a *phlegmatic northern*, to degenerate into buffoonery. Yet even this buffoonery shews great quickness of apprehension, and constitutes the groundwork of that pantomime which was a favorite amusement among the ancients, even during the most refined ages. To reproach them therefore with it is only to say, that the lower class in Naples has not sufficient discernment to employ the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and that their talents are not improved and perfected by education.

The imputation of idleness cannot be founded on the appearance of the country, cultivated as it is on all sides to the highest degree of perfection; it seems rather to have arisen from the manners and appearance of the *Lazzaroni*, a class whose very existence has been represented as a political phenomenon, a reproach to the government and the character of the country. The fact is, that this peculiar tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the laboring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but willing to work at all, and to take any job that is offered. If in London, where there is a regular tide of commerce and a constant call for labor, there are supposed to be at least twenty thousand persons who rise every morning without employment, and rely for maintenance on the accidents of the day; it is but fair to allow Naples, teeming as it is with population and yet destitute of similar means of supporting it, to have in proportion a greater

number of the same description, without incurring the censure of laziness.

The *Lazzaroni* are the porters of Naples; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *Facchino della Casa*, to perform commissions for servants, and give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers; their diet maccaroni, fish, water melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food, and simple habits. Yet these very circumstances, the consequences or rather the blessings of the climate, have been turned into a subject of reproach, and represented as the result of indifference and indolence in a people either ignorant of the comforts of life, or too lazy to procure them. It would be happy however if the poor in every other country could so well dispense with animal food, and warm covering.

The name or rather nickname by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar; its derivation is a subject of conjecture; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacero*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn or ragged, pronounced by the Spaniards as by us, *lassero*, and converted by the Neapolitans into *lazzero*, *lazzaroni*. It

ill became the Spaniards after all to give contemptuous appellations to a people whom they oppressed, pillaged and degraded, and to ground those appellations on the misery, nakedness, and general poverty, produced by their own injustice.

Several anecdotes are related of the *Lazzaroni*, that redound much to their credit, and imply feelings which do not superabound in any rank, and would do honor to the highest. They are said to have shewn a rooted aversion to the inquisition, and by their resolute and unabating opposition, prevented its establishment in the kingdom of Naples, while the other inhabitants submitted to the measures of the court, and received it without reclamation. They have manifested, whenever an opportunity enabled them to express their feelings with energy, a warm attachment to the cause of liberty, and an abhorrence of oppression and injustice, which have more than once checked the career of government in its way to despotism. In these exertions they had the danger and the glory entirely to themselves, and may with reason boast that where the nobles yielded they made a stand, and by their perseverance saved from utter hopeless slavery, that country which their superiors were ready to betray. Even in the late invasion, they generously came forward, and offered their persons and lives to their sovereign, and finding neither chiefs to command, nor officers to lead them on, they reluctantly submitted to inaction, but with a surly silence and threatening aspect, that awed the invaders, and checked for once the insolence and rapacity of a French army. Such is their public spirit—their private feelings have oftentimes been displayed with equal advantage.

When in 1783, the coasts of Calabria were desolated by a most extensive earthquake, and thousands of families reduced to absolute misery; while the court, the nobility and the clergy at Naples, exerted themselves with becoming zeal to alleviate their distress, and supply them with clothes, provisions, and other articles of absolute necessity; the *Lazzaroni* gave all they could command their daily labor, and volunteered their services in collecting, transporting and accelerating the conveyance of the different stores to the place of their destination. The truth is, if we may believe some Neapolitan writers, the *Lazzaroni*, properly so called, are the most laborious and disinterested part of the population, attached to religion and order, simple and sincere in their manners and expressions, faithful to those who trust them, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood sooner than betray the interests of their employers. It is however to be observed, that they confine these encomiums to the true born Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*, who are to be carefully distinguished from a set of beggars, who infest the churches and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places, endeavoring to procure by begging what the others earn by labor; these, they assure us, are in general strangers, who resort to Naples on account of the climate, and generally contrive to beset the doors of inns and force themselves upon travellers under the appellation of *Lazzaroni*. From these vagrant and unprincipled mendicants, many writers seem to have taken the odious picture which they have drawn of that hard-working, faithful class of people*

* These vagrants are oftentimes known by the contemptuous epithet of