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The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830

Title

The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830: no. 25 [Journal 36]
September 16-December 8, 1816. Part 2

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/0x07q31h>

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Publication Date

2008-06-18

[Box 3]

no.25 [Journal 36]

September 16-December 8, 1816. Part 2.

Travels in Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, Italy,
and France in the years 1816 and 1817.

Vol. 2^d

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[16. September. 1816] Grimsel and Furca

Novoziltkoff, Pahlen, Gorietz, Wright, Fisher, & I breakfasted together at 1/2 past 6. I took leave of Wright with the hope of meeting at Geneva. He and Fisher then set off for Meyrengen, and the three Russians & I for Andermatt. We ascended from our inn of the Hospice of Grimsel very steeply up rocks & snow -- the masses of granite were tremendous on all sides and it was very slippery on the rocks for the horses feet. At last we reached the top of the Grimsel & saw round us the tops of a forest of snow covered mountains & pinnacles, of which the Seidelhorn is the nearest. ... The view from the Grimsel is almost entirely of rocks & snow -- close by the inn we passed a frozen lake which never melts. The grand mountains of the Valais to the south, Seidelhorn, Lauteraarhorn, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, & Furca were all in view -- above all, highest of any mountain in this range (above 12000 feet high), Finsteraarhorn's grand point appeared -- its heights were scaled but recently, by the Meyers of Aargau, bold men whose conquests include even the Jung Frau. We soon began to descend to the Glacier of the Rhone, which is at the bottom of the Furca. The descent by this side of the

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Grimsel is called the Meinvand & is thought very dangerous -- it is impassable for horses -- at least they have often fallen down the precipice on the sides of which the track goes -- one place was very bad, being deep snow & very steep -- we were obliged to go on it edgeways. We sent the horses round by a long detour. We got safely along the Meinvand, which is not, I

think, so bad a place as many others -- tremendous rocks overhung us, & deep below us was the valley of the Rhone to which I thought we were near, but found the descent not only very steep but very long. In descending we saw varieties of rhododendrons & other beautiful mountain plants. The enormous mass of the Glacier du Rhone at the foot of the Furca seemed as if it would quite put a stop to our further proceedings. At last we got down to the Rhone -- here almost milky from the snow & very small. We walked up to the Glacier, and we touched its enormous blue gulfs & pillars -- the precipices of snow above it are most magnificent. The air is very cold near -- but the day was so hot it was refreshing. We rested in this wild place to eat some of the cold meat, &c. we had brought with us from the Hospice du Grimsel & which was very necessary -- as from the Grimsel to the Convent of the Capucins in the vale of Urseren, 8 leagues, there is not so much as a chalet nor any

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signs of human habitations -- or even of human beings. The Glacier is most enormous & seems ready to burst & overwhelm the narrow valley in front -- also the precipices of snow above it are very grand. It is between the Furca & Grimsel or rather Gallenstock, a high point more east than Grimsel. We waited for the horses, which we had seen occasionally gliding along among the immense masses of granite on the opposite cliffs of Grimsel. At length they came & we again set off. The Russians as usual riding in turns & I whenever I could. We began to ascend the Furca. Not very steep at first -- the road being in a sort of valley -- but the latter part of the ascent is very steep. We rode a long way upon snow & very easily, but the highest part luckily was dry & uncovered. The view from

this summit is even finer, being a fuller view of the mountains to the west, before mentioned, in which Finsteraarhorn with his attendant satellites stood like the pointed pinnacles of a gothic cathedral, with smaller points on each side, & at their feet was the valley of the Rhone, the Valais Mountains & Grimsel, & to the east the grand mountain of Realp, Oberalp, & the St. Gothard, & lots of others. On one side of us the summit of the Gallenstock, on the other the point of Furca, to which the 2 Prussians, who were off sometime before us, ascended. They looked most

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picturesque standing on the snowy steep. On this side of the Furca we had nothing but snow for a long way. It was impossible to ride -- & the descent is so very steep, it is done by sliding or by standing & sticking in the heels & then the weight of the body makes the snow give way & so one gets down. At the bottom it is almost quite perpendicular -- however the horses came down safely. It was really a stark sketch on white to see us 4, the 2 Prussians, the 3 guides, the 2 horses & 2 men with them, all in different parts, scattered on this white & almost upright wall of snow -- some coming in one way & some in another, & all with long sticks pointed with iron. At last we got to the bottom of the great snow precipice -- but afterwards it was still so steep we were obliged to walk for a very long time. Here is the source of the Reuss, which comes out of the snowy precipice we had descended. The descent on this side is longer & steeper than the ascent from the Rhone Glacier. The Oberalp has a smaller Glacier above that of the Rhone, called the upper glacier of the Rhone. At one part of the steep descent sticks, hands, knees could scarcely assist us to prevent our falling. This

was a second icy precipice, as steep & more icy, tho' very much shorter than the first, but we soon saw arbutus, juniper, & other signs of vegetation.

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We rode a short time -- & at last, still getting nearer the grand mountains, entirely of granite, of St. Gothard & Realp, we saw the little village of Realp & its convent, & farther down the green vale of Urseren, ... It is an almost perpendicular descent in many places from Furca to Realp, with terrible precipices -- I think quite as bad as the Meinwand, tho' the road is wider. The Capucins at Realp seemed glad to see us & gave us some good coffee.

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[25. September. 1816] Yverdon

... We met with Sir John Giffard at the door and he & I recognized each other. We had a great deal of talk. He told us of Pestalozzi's school, which is conducted something on the plan of Lancaster's & Dr. Bell's -- but it is only for those who can pay. Every art & science is taught by induction and by imitation & by emulation. One boy teaches another. There are classes for mathematics, algebra, arithmetic, languages ancient & modern, music, drawing, &c. We went there, and M. Pestalozzi, who is a Swiss, a very old & intelligent man, & who has now left the care of it chiefly to the younger masters, talked to us a long time & explained to us the routine of the school. The boys are employed from 6 in the morning till 8 at night -- with relaxation of near an hour in the middle of the day, & for breakfast & dinner. I think they are

rather worked too hard -- but they are put every hour for 5 or 10 minutes, between each class. One of the masters (that for mathematics) explained to us a great deal of the principles of it, of which the grand one is by imitation & explanation to make the boys make out the problems for themselves & not make use of books, which here are little used except in the languages. We heard some boys practicing singing -- & singing Solfeggi very well, tho' they had only begun it a week. We went back to the Inn, having promised to go & see the Latin class tomorrow morning.

... At Pestalozzi's school here are about 120 boys -- mostly in the castle, in which the school is held -- a very convenient place. Some boys are boarded in the town. This & the schools of Geneva, Berne, & Lucerne are the great seminaries of Education in Switzerland.

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We breakfasted in the salon, where were also at breakfast Lord & Lady de Vesa & their children -- they seemed pleasant people enough. Sir John Giffard joined us, & Pestalozzi came in to take leave of the De Vesa's, who were going away having been here two or three days. Pestalozzi is a very fine old man -- and has much the appearance of genius. La Comtesse de Ponneval, whom we met last night, also made her appearance -- she is a woman evidently of good taste & lively unaffected manners -- tho' quite of the Parisian cut. We went to Pestalozzi's school, & saw the Latin & French classes. The manner of spelling by reasoning on the sound of a word is very curious -- as in "convulsion" -- it may be spelt with a "t" or "c" or an "s" -- but they know by referring to the verb & adjective it is with an "s." This is a mere trifle -- & the manner of

teaching the mathematics & all the other sciences by induction & by memory & by the boys making out every thing for themselves is very wonderful.

... Yverdon was formerly a celebrated Roman Station, Ebrodunum, & near it have been found many Roman remains. It is now chiefly remarkable as a great thoroughfare from France to Italy by the Simplon, & from

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Neufchatel & Berne to Lausanne & Geneva. The road from Yverdun by the Vallée de Travers to Besancon in France Comte is said to be very beautiful. Rousseau lived long at Motiers, a village of the Vallée de Travers, & his apartment there, as at Ermenonville, is still preserved just as he left it.

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Moudon to Vevey

... We ascended gradually from the vale of the Broye, keeping on the road from Moudon to Lausanne till we got to Caronge, a little village. Here we turned off to the left. The country, rich & cultivated, but very high. We had a view to the left of the Mountains of Freybourg, pointed & high -- to the right of a rich varied countryside -- in front of the mountains of Chablais -- & on the south side of the lake of Geneva -- & to the front & sometimes to the left, in an opening, the snowy sides & summit of Mont Blanc, seeming tho' so distant far larger than any thing nearer, also of some of the Mountains of the Valais. High hills of wood -- the tower of Gourz on a pointed summit succeeded -- to the right a lovely green vale, to the left the little lake of Brai. Soon, very rapidly descending, we got a view of the purpled surface of the lake of Geneva & the tremendous & almost perpendicular rocks of the Dents d'Oche opposite, the receding mountains, one behind the other, in the Valais, & after passing thro' the village of

Chexbres, we all at once got the whole length, apparently, of the lake in sight -- the hill at the east or upper end are very high --

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but never did I see any thing to equal the whole surface of the lake, flat as ice & of the richest purple. The sun colored a bright red all the hills at the west end -- & the tremendous heights opposite were all tinged with red, as were the white clouds on their tops, & the patches of snow. Mont Blanc is lost when one descends near the lake: it is hidden by the nearer hills. We descended thro' terraces of vineyards -- & the road goes gradually down, hanging above the lake, till it comes to the edge, where it joins the road from Lausanne & for a mile is the same. Vevay stands on a promontory, & we crossed a smaller one to get to it. Behind the town are noble mountains, & the wild stream of Vevaise we crossed by a stone bridge. The view of Vevey, its church, bridge, mountains, & river, from the lake must be lovely. It was 1/2 past 6 when we arrived at the Inn. ... With a mind flush with Alpine splendours, I looked over the Nouvelle Héloïse. To bed at 1/2 p. 10.

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[27. September. 1816]

This morning I walked to the edge of the lake.... The view up the lake towards Lousanne shews a fine expanse of water & opposite were the rocks of Meillerie & its village just under the pointed mountains of the Dents d'Oche -- also St. Gingoulph, another very pretty village. Even at the distance of 5 miles, Meillerie & its rocks were interesting. I could not help thinking of the scene there between Julia & St. Preux & the storm -- & their return to Clarens by moonlight. ... We set off ... at 9 -- & soon passed the village of Latour de Peil, with its old

chateau celebrated in "Julie" -- it is close to the water & inhabited by an English family. Clarens is a dirty little village embosomed in walnut trees, & with vineyards behind it rising rapidly up to Le Chatelar, a Castle which stands on a conical hill of trees & vineyards. We left the carriage at Clarens and walked up to Le Chatelar, which is a short half league. Le Chatelar now belongs to a clergyman at Mottreux. It was formerly the property of the Counts de Bondelar. Rousseau staid much here -- & therefore

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selected it as the residence of the Baron d'Étange, Julie's father. We looked at the view from the terrace in front of it, & endeavored to absorb the lake's grand expanse, the forked Dents d'Oche, the plain of the Rhone, the villages opposite of St. Gingoulph & Meillerie, but above all the Dents de Jaman, Les Ormonds, & the magnificent snow-covered pointed summit of the Dent du Midi, above 10,000 feet high -- with rich luxuriance of rocks & woods & fields & vineyards & the charming village of Montreux, with its church on the side of a steep hill just below us. It is a noble view indeed. The Castle is at present inhabited by Lady Mary Ross & her children, all young except the eldest, a young lady about 18. Lady Mary, seeing us on the terrace, very kindly sent the servant to ask us in to see the house & the view from the turret. (The Castle is chiefly a very high tower which has a fine effect rising from the conical hill.) Lady Mary begged us to walk into the room where they were & where the view was the finest. She also shewed us the Saloon, a very large elegant room with panel paintings, one of which is supposed to represent Julie & her son. Miss Ross was so good as to shew us Julie's bedroom, which is now a nursery for the children --

also she mounted with us to the turret

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room, where we wrote our names close to those of Lord Byron & Hobhouse, who had been here last week. ... We descended to our carriage & proceeded along the side of the lake, close to it, passing under the lovely village & church of Montreux -- & soon getting to Chillon, a castle celebrated in "Julie" -- it stands on a rocky peninsula which it quite covers, & is accessible from the road only, the rest being all in the lake, by a bridge. It is very picturesque & is still inhabited.

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[28. September. 1816]

... We again stopped at Chillon, the Castle in the lake. Here are 3 gens d'armes to take care of it & some old pieces of brass cannon. This castle was built in 1236 -- & some of it is of that date. Here for 6 years was confined Bonnivard, a prior of St. Victor, by the Duke de Savoy for supporting the Reformation. The Bernois, however, came & besieged the Castle & took it in 2 days, & liberated Bonnivard. The Duke de Savoy was very cruel -- & used to hang many victims in the vaults. The 2 lower rooms, with beautiful gothic arched roofs, in one of which Bonnivard was confined, are very handsome & there is a fine view of the lake from

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the large hall, now used as a sort of armoury. Its old wooden roof, marble pillars, & immense fireplace are very ancient. Chillon is, however, more picturesque without than remarkable within. Lord Byron has written a poem on the subject of this Castle & possibly the story of Bonnivard, & sent it to England to be published. He & Mr. Hobhouse visited this place as well as Le Chatelar.

[3. October. 1816] Chamouny

At 1/2 past 7 we got off in a caleche to begin our expedition to Chamouny. ... Mont Saleve rocky & bright with wood, now red & autumnal, was on one side, & Mont Voirons on the other. We crossed the Menoge river & soon came to the vale of the Arve, passing thro' several

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little villages -- the vale is flat & very woody, but not rich, & the river very wild & does much mischief -- the color of the water is dismal & blue. ... We walked by the banks & by the rock above the Arve's devastating bed. ... In ascending, the valley grows much more rich & beautiful, & the river more confined. Immense trees, thickets, cottages, villages, waterfalls & rocks, & lovely meadows, & grand points of Alps on each side.

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... The rocks which overhang this narrow valley (not unlike Matlock) are fringed with wood, lovely in every color of red, yellow, & green, & studded with arbutus, nightshade, barbery, & hawthorn, most brilliant in berry -- here & there are Scots fir, & the rocks are generally from 700 to 1000 feet high, full of caverns, one or two of which are very deep & filled with fine stalactites. ... The Nant d'Arpenas is a most magnificent waterfall feathering off from the cliff like the Staubback. It has not enough water for its astonishing height, & is quite bare of trees -- yet its spray, suspended in the air 800 feet above us, was beautiful.

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This cascade wets the side of the cliff for an immense way, being blown by the wind. Going on southward, a turn gave us a view of Mont Blanc -- entirely white, with three summits & some clouds on the side -- the height far beyond what I

expected, & it seemed close to us. Most sublime & astonishing.
 ... We returned to St. Martin & sat some time on the bridge ad-
 miring the excessive red & then pink of the lower part of Mont
 Blanc which was illumined by the sun, sometime before set to us.
 I never saw any thing so very extraordinary -- an

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immense mass of snow large to the eye & filling up all the vale
 to the south & surrounded with white clouds, slightly pink, quite
 red, & then again pink -- at last it began to fade -- night came
 on -- & the snow resumed its whiteness.

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[4. October. 1816]

... Near Servoz is a very picturesque old castle -- the
 granite here is green & white, sometimes black & white -- it
 is very beautiful indeed. Soon the vale becomes much steeper
 & narrower -- the Arve is quite lost in rocks. We crossed it
 by a good wooden bridge -- the road still very steep, & above
 it immense rocks, with birch, alder, fir, & some larch -- at
 last we got to a summit, & the valley suddenly opens & widens,
 turning to the north. Here begins the valley of Chamouni. To
 the amazing dome of La Goute, one of the summits of Mont Blanc
 which we had seen from St. Martin & often in ascending from
 thence, was now added the Aiguille de Bletiere, & soon the
 Aiguille de Dreux, & other tremendous summits forming part of
 the outworks of Mont Blanc.

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... At Moncuart we turned from the road & rode up to the Glacier
 de Bossons, which is one of the largest & grandest of Mont Blanc
 -- & descends also so far into the vale that there is but a very
 short & not steep ascent to it -- it is bordered by corn -- & its
 water confined by stones, gravel, & sticks to one course. It was

never known so large as this year & is higher & larger & much more beautiful than those of Grindelwald but not in size equal to that of the Rhone. The pyramids of ice are most astonishing -- very high, transparent, & of the richest light blue. The masses that have fallen from it are tremendous. While we stood at its foot, we heard the noise of ice falling, & saw pieces fall by the sun's heat -- many parts of it were dropping fast. We left its brilliancy & returned to Moncuart & remounting our mules rode a long league to Chamouny. ...

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On the Chamouny side of the Glacier de Bossons is the ordinary route to ascend Mont Blanc. It is the work of 3 entire days to ascend & descend -- sleeping the 2 nights at de Grand Mulet in tents. ...

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The sun was retired behind the west end of the Brevens, but the snows & rocky points of the Aiguilles & falaise below down to the pines & fields were still richly gilt. It gradually disappeared from below -- the hills became red -- the snows pink -- the points of stone of the Aiguilles quite a fire-color. This, with the snow, the sombre pines & valley in shade, was indeed most astonishing. The glaciers, as the daylight grew less strong, changed their bluish white to green, but very light green, checkered with white & red & pink. Most magnificent & beautiful.

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... The moon & stars this evening were most brilliant -- the snow dazzling white -- & every point so excessively clear it had a mesmeric power. The moon rose above the smaller aiguilles very grandly, & the lights & shades on Mont Blanc were far beyond what I could have imagined. All Mont Blanc was one silver white, & the clearness of the points just under the moon was wonderful.

[5. October. 1816]

... We crossed the river & soon began to ascend a very steep fir forest. The ascent is winding and difficult, & became gradually more so. At a crevasse of the hill (which is the base of Mont Blanc) the mules were sent back, to wait for our descent at the source of the Arveiron. At a fountain called La Caillette, Florian heard from his Guide the story of Claudine, of which he has made so pretty a tale, & which nearly happened as he tells it, in this valley. We began to ascend with our sticks -- & it is very steep, the road obstructed by trees thrown down by the avalanches. Chamouny & the river Arve look small indeed from this lofty vantage. ... we came in view of the Mer de Glace -- & the Aiguilles around it -- & the platform of ice leading to the Glacier des Bois below -- the whole line of ice must be at least 30 miles long -- the Mer de Glace, now below us, is 8 leagues long & in

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most places about a league wide. It looks like a sea much disturbed stopt at once by magic -- it is nearly flat, but rises to the part nearest the Aiguilles. It is the most wonderful thing I have yet seen -- & the Glacier below, connected by a plateau of ice with the Mer above, goes so far into the vale as to fill up half of it. The whole chain of wavy ice reaching from the bottom of the Aiguilles, which rise out of it, to the middle, or more than middle, of the valley of Chamouny, is beyond conception. The Aiguilles form a grand amphitheatre round this magic sea with their forked summits rising round to enormous heights.

... The Aiguille de Dru seemed to nod & incline over our heads. The excessive blueness of the crevices, the snow, the brilliant reflexion of the sun on the aiguilles, & the wonderful clear blue sky, with the vivid green of the larches & firs of the Montanvert, formed a coup d'œil of color & scenery I could not have imagined. We scrambled over a granite barrier of tremendous blocks & got on the still more tremendous & hollow sea of ice: roaring waters were below, avalanches were falling from the plateau of ice far below us to the Glacier below that. We saw immense crevices, dreadfully deep, & of the finest pale blue: -- with some horror I stepped across them -- & we all got to a very high point, or rather to a crest of a great wave, & looked round with fear & fascination, the magic frozen sea rumbling & groaning beneath us, on the ice & aiguilles, the trees of Montanvert.

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... The trees at the bottom of the Glacier, & its enormous mass with the Arveiron starting from it in 2 or 3 places, & a most grand waterfall from the plateau of ice uniting the Mer & Glacier, while we were surrounded in trees of larch & fir, above us the Aiguilles nodding over all, formed a lovely picture. Often we stopped -- the thunder of the avalanches, brought down by the heat of the sun, was continual. Several came down from the plateau while we were opposite -- the rock is bare above the Glacier & below the Mer, except

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where the plateau (which is composed of very fine pyramids) connects them: -- we saw some very fine avalanches, in descending, opposite to us. At last we got to the bottom of the woody hill & found ourselves among the stones of granite at the outside of

the Glacier. Here is the source of the Arveiron, which flows near a league & then falls into the Arve a good way below in the valley. Above its source, in fine years, is a voute or arch of ice; but owing to the rains this year it has not been formed -- but the pyramids here are far the finest & bluest I ever saw. Here the trees, the Glacier, plateau, Montanvert, and Aiguille Dru above all, form a picture most exquisite, with granite rocks, trees, & the Arveiron for foreground.

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[6. October. 1816]

... Leaving the Prieuré or Bourg, we went up the vale under the Col de la Flechiere, opposite to the Glacier des Bois and Mer de Glace. As we passed, a most tremendous avalanche of snow came down the rock from

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the plateau above the Glacier. The appearance was like a violent waterfall, as it instantly spread itself out & continued falling most rapidly in a feathery sheet down the rocks till lost in the wood: but the sight was nothing to the sound. We, being close to it, heard the sound like the most tremendous thunder -- it lasted five minutes at least. Leaving this amazing scene, we went on by a good flat road gradually rising, & came to the Glacier d'Argentière, which is very high, with fine precipices of snow. ... From Latour we began to ascend the Col de Balme, which blocks of the vale here & divides it from

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Le Valais. The ascent is very steep at first, but soon becomes easier, & the path is generally dry & good & not at all dangerous -- no precipices. My mule so lazy he could hardly be dragged up. At last we got to the top of the pass -- all the way in ascending we had seen the Aiguilles gradually foreshorten into a foreground

to Mont Blanc, & only the Glacier de Boissons, from its position, is seen in the vale -- but the peaks of the Aiguilles are nobly surmounted by the magnificent summit, dome, & Aiguille de Goute of Mont Blanc, with the vale of Chamouni spread before like a thread -- altogether I never saw any thing to equal the scene -- but it occurred to us that by going up to the north (to the left, facing the Valais) & on the side opposite Mont Blanc, the view would be finer & that we should also see more of the Swiss Mountains & of the Valais, which here appeared low. The guide said the ascent was above half an hour, & so we found it, & very steep -- however at last we got to the top -- there are 3 summits -- this is the most western, & the 2 other are both higher, but so directly in a line east, they do no harm, but rather make a grand foreground in that direction -- only cutting off the distant view of the Blumless Alp. At the summit of the Col de Balme, 7000 feet high, we saw from east to west

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all the way from St. Gothard to the Col de Bonhomme: the whole chain of Mont Blanc from its west end to the Aiguilles de Clagentiere & de la Planiere just above us to the south -- but all the eastern part of Mont Blanc chain is concealed by the hill of Charmillon & Le Fordas to the southeast. North & northwest we saw Mont Buet, Col de Berand, & Dent du Midi very grand, & in the vale of Chamouni, opposite Mont Blanc, the concentrated points of Mont Breven & Col de Flechiere, all far below us.

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... Never altogether did I see such a grand panorama of Mountain Scenery. It is like as if the view of the Alps from Rigi were on both sides -- but Mont Blanc is itself so grand that the others

tho' magnificent give way -- & here one sees Mont Blanc to its very base -- the whole vale of Chamouny is as a thread below it.

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[7. October. 1816] St. Gingoulph

...At St. Gingoulph is a Donane where they were disposed to annoy us -- but could extract nothing. It is the entrance of the Sardinian dominions. Soon after we left it, the road becomes quite an artificial terrace above the lake, which was really beautiful -- so unclouded & so clear -- & so smooth. We soon met Lord Minto in his Gig -- & Lady Minto & the children & servants in two carriages behind him. Lady Minto Sen^r & the young ladies are going by the other side of the lake. We stopped & had a long conversation, and are to meet at Geneva in about 3 weeks.

We met also 3 English carriages -- in the last was a gloomy looking, handsome, & rather fat-faced man with his servant, whom I found was Lord Byron -- and he is very like the pictures I have seen of him. I thought he was something extraordinary. The servant had a cap oddly ornamented with brass. Lord B. had on an English hat. He looked very melancholy & wretched. In all,

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we met to-day 10 carriages, all English & all going over the Simplon into Italy. The rocks of Meillierie, so celebrated by Rousseau, are blasted with gunpowder to make the road.

[11. October. 1816] Lyons

... Lyons contains now about 90,000 inhabitants. It occupies all the space between the Rhone & Saone a little above their junction, but does not extend quite to the point, tho' L'Allee Perrache, a public walk, goes down to it. There is also the Fauxbourg on La Fourvière, west of the Saone, & that of La Guillotière, on the flat east of the Rhone. The silk manufactories of stockings, silk stuffs, and handkerchiefs, occupy about 20,000 people. We deferred seeing the silk works, Hotel de Ville, & Palais des Arts et de Commerce till to-morrow.

... Sir P. B., Charlotte, Jane, & I dined in their room. Sir P. B. & I went to the play & had good places in the parquet. It is a most elegant theatre & very large. It is not unlike Covent Garden before it was burnt & quite as large. We saw the last act of Le Médecin malgré lui. Revel was very comic in Gregoire -- he has some artistry in antic gesture & mime. ... The 2^d piece was Helena, an opera of which the music was by Méhul -- often fine & scientific, light & pleasing, yet often also very commonplace. Some very good trios, quartettes, & choruses -- but very inferior to his opera of Joseph. The piece is improbable & silly, but interesting; however I did not think it

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well acted, except by Revel & another in the silly country boy & his father, who has charge of the injured child, & his mother, who is disguised as a man-servant. Both these were very good. The orchestra, consisting of about 36, was very good -- but on the whole the performers did not appear equal to Lisle or Brussels. The women were poor.

I went home after it, & sat with Charlotte & Jane talking.

[12. October. 1816.]

... The Isle Barbe is beautifully planted with trees, horse-chesnuts in avenues. At the north end are some curious old houses, with terraces, towers, & gardens very neat.

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One of these still existing was built for the Emperor Charlemagne to retire to, after he resigned his empire. There was an abbey here very early, as it was a place where the Christians of Lyons, who were persecuted, retreated to in 203. ... In the wood above the house is a fountain & a reservoir, in a spot most secluded & cool & pleasant. Here J. J. Rouseeau used to come & think of his Julia -- here he spent much of his time during his long residence at Lyons. From a rock in the garden, near a white tower, is a fine view of the Saone, La Fourvière, & parts of Lyons. Opposite,

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nearly to Rochecardon on the east side of the Saone, is La Tour de la belle Allemande, the chateau of M. le Baron de Vouty. It is very old & very picturesque, with lattices, fossés, &c. The history attached to this old tower is curious. A Lyonnese got rich at a German court & fell in love & married a German girl of low family. The German court was scandalized at the unequal marriage, & the Lyonnese was disgraced & returned to his native country with his wife, & lived in this house. The lady, finding this place dull, amused herself by an intimacy with a clerk of her husband, who not approving of this method of her passing her time, shut up the clerk in the Chateau de Pierre Scize, just on the other side of the river, & also shut up the lady in the tower of his own chateau, which tower now bears the name of La Tour de la belle Allemande. The clerk, like Leander, swam across the

river -- but unluckily was shot by the guards of the Castle. He died just under the windows of La belle Allemande, who very soon followed him to the other world.

[18. October, 1816] Vaucluse

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... The vale grows wider a little, with a village, a little bridge, the ruined Castle on a great height above the village & hanging over it & the vale, the whole surmounted by the vast perpendicular & high rocks bounding the valley to the east, forming a grand combination. We left our carriage at the

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village, and walked up with a guide to the fountain, which is at the head of the valley. Above us were immense calcareous pointed rocks & the Castle, & the village opposite, with olive & almond trees. The vale becomes narrower & is finely terminated by a pillar under the rocks. The vale is a cul de sac, & the precipice of rock at its end is truly grand. The pillar was erected in honor of Petrarch by M. Dulâtre, Prefet of Avignon, in 1809 -- but the inscription was destroyed by some absurd adherents of the Bourbons at Carpentras, the nearest town, who fancied, as it mentioned Napoleon's name as being done in his reign, that it alluded to him, so they tore it down: -- the column remains, in front of the basin of the fountain. The fountain basin is a deep hollow filled with the purest water.

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... The rocks are most curiously hollowed into cave -- & in some place pierced through. The ruins of the Castle are most picturesque & splendid, fringed with wood; the water is clearer than even the lake of Geneva, & with a beautiful mossy green carpet below it; the village, the rocks, &c., form a most wonderful scene of striking retirement. Under the Castle rock, close by the river, & with a meadow & garden very small, is Petrarch's house, now rebuilt: --

but on the same site -- it is now a cottage & inhabited by peasants, whom we found busy making wine. Below the Castle rock is a hollow pierced tunnel, formed by a branch of the river, which once passed there. ... We got moss at the fountain & bay from the bay tree shoot, said to be planted by Petrarch. We ascended to the Castle, whence the views of the fountain & vale are most magnificent & grand. We went to a room in the Chateau of M. Comont, a large house (looking to the river) in the village, & saw the pictures of Petrarch & Laura. She looks young, beautiful, & inanimate, little trace of lauro in her manner, l'aura in her features, l'auro in her hair, & still less of that laurose, said to have poisoned the blood of the mad Marquis. He, care-worn, sensual & heavy, yet clever & penetrating, & seems about 40. They are large colored profiles, not ill done, & very old.

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Altogether Vaucluse is one of the most singular & striking scenes, the most grand, to be so confined, I have ever scene -- & its association with the passion of love & solitude, & the idea of romance attached to it, make it a most interesting scene. Jane took fair views of the different scenes.

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[19. October. 1816] Avignon

... We went next to the Church of the Cordeliers, or rather to a Garden on its cidevant site: -- here, marked by a cypress tree, is the Tomb of Laura.

... When we separated, Bullot & I went to the rehearsal of an opera to be acted to-morrow. We got in with some difficulty, as the door was locked, & so far off they did not hear us knock. We heard

a lady sing tolerably as to execution, & generally in good tune, but with a harsh voice: -- the Orchestra very so so. She sung a fine air bravura by Generali -- also Paer's bravura of "Su friselala" -- then we had a part of the Devil to Pay, chiefly the scene between the Cobbler & the fine Lady -- the music by Portojallo very pretty indeed -- the Cobbler tolerable, & the same lady as before, also pretty good.

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[21. October. 1816] Marseilles

... After many ups & downs, at last turning a corner while descending a hill, we came in view of Marseilles & the Mediterranean. The high hills, rocky & grandly formed, behind it to the northeast, we had long seen. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sea coming into the port -- the 2 islands, the high mountains, the Castle & city, surrounded with villas, vines & olive trees, & with boats & ships. It was very windy but clear & bright, & the sun declining finely, about 1/2 p. 4. Jane took the view.

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We descended to Marseilles, which is about a league from this noble view.

... Bullot & I went to the Theatre. The first piece was just over. The Facade of the Theatre is very like that of the Adlow at Paris, & has 6 noble Ionic columns, very large -- the passages & lobbies are spacious -- and the Salle is most elegant, forming a circle with 2 pillars grouped together in 4 places, not unlike that of the Grand Opera

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of Paris, and rather larger & better proportioned. It is much larger, but I doubt if handsomer than the theatre of Lisle. It is much more modern, large, & elegant than Lyons. We saw Fernando

Cortez, an opera in the Grand Style by Spontini -- all recit, & very dull. The brother of Cortez, the Prisoner, sung well -- the King Montezuma had the best songs, but sung very ill & acted worse. Cortez had a good strong voice, but was much too violent. Amazitia was far the best, & had a very pleasing voice -- & sweet face & neat little figure. She must, however, be much better in comedy. A great deal of dancing, & 3 or 4 very good ones. A good chorus of both dancers & singers, and altogether the theatre seems to be an admirable establishment.

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[22. October. 1816]

... Bulloet ... & I went to the spectacle. ... The first piece, Le Jeu de L'Amour et du Hasard, was near an end when we arrived. A vivacious Silvia was in the midst of the flirtatious & jealous scene with Mario & Dorante. There was a very full house. The second piece -- was no acting -- but merely rope dancing, tumbling, and tours de force, such

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as supporting 12 people on the arms & legs, all of them on a plank. The whole that was good consisted of what was done by Signor Stephani and his wife: -- the clown & 2 boys were but so so. Signor S. jumped thro' 7 barrels of paper & thro' double fire-arches. He & his wife ascended the cord, leaning on each other, up to the upper gallery, & in front of it turned & descended, & placed themselves on 2 chairs on the rope at that height & ate supper from a table he carried & placed -- she carried the 2 chairs laced together by fireworks. They set off the fireworks and sat in the midst of their blaze both from chairs & table. The table & chairs were drawn up to the ceiling & they descended -- when they got above the stage, a discharge of fireworks was levelled at them and they passed thro' it. It is very wonderful, & frightful more so, but not so elegant as Madame Sacchi's ascension.

[24. October. 1816]

... Bullot & I went to the Pavilion Theatre, which is neat tho' small. We saw a very comical kind of Portier-actor, called Borelli, who acts a fool admirably -- the piece was short but comical -- I did not hear the name of it. It was succeeded by M. Godin walking on the ceiling, & firing guns, eating & drinking, &c., with his head downwards. Then came Jacques de Falaise, a Miner from Montmartre, who swallowed the sword the same as the Indian Juggler did, tho' it was not quite so long. He also ate a living bird with all the feathers on, 2 large roses, a handful of walnuts in shell, and half a very long eel -- he swallowed all this, except the sword, & staid in the theatre till the end -- he never vomits any thing, so how he gets quit of them is wonderful -- he performed in this way 3 or 4 weeks at the Spectacle Physique of M. Conte at Paris, daily. He is about 55 & does not appear strong or robust. M. Godin next amused us with equilibriums & tumbling on the slack rope, which he did with great grace & ease.

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[25. October. 1816]

I got 2 trunks & packed up with all my things in them, & sent back the boxes of the carriage to Sir C. P. Belson. Paid Thomas for his attendance on me with many thanks -- the swindling of his master does not affect his services. Bullot & I hired a carriage for to-morrow for Toulon. Sir W. Dunbar called often in the course of the day with messages & letters from Sir C. P. Belson, whose meanness astonished much the Baronet: -- it ended in his paying nothing, neither for the carriage -- nor even the money he owes me: & it will be a lesson to me never again to have any partnership property, especially with one I do not thoroughly know.

... Sir W. Dunbar came again from Sir P. B. His meanness is really ridiculous & only excites contempt. Sir W. Dunbar, Bullet, Charlotte, Jane, & I went to the play

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at the Great Theatre. The first piece was just begun -- Un jour à Paris. It is a most beautiful comic opera, musique de Nicolo. It was well acted & the singing very good -- the lady sung very well indeed, & the men tolerably. The next piece was a very laughable lively Spanish one, being tricks played on 2 ridiculous lovers by 2 valets & their master, which end in their marrying the housekeeper & waiting maid. It is called "Pícaros & Diego" -- musique de Delayrac -- very light, airy, & beautiful: -- & very amusing.

... I am very glad to leave Marseilles -- as owing to the meanness of Sir P. B., there has been nothing but confusion, and getting away from here, we shall at least be out of the way of such a perfect swindler as he is.

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[27. October. 1816] Toulon

... The view of the town, ships, & harbour was most beautiful indeed, backed by the hills -- & the fine sweeps of the hills forming the rade, the quantities of country houses (bastides as they are here called), & the amazing number of forts & towers, with the town of La Seine opposite the rade, and to the east the isles of Hieres with the tower of Porquerolles (one of the isles which is inhabited), formed a fine distance. The day was very fine, notwithstanding the storm of last night. ... Close to the entrance of the Port Monchand is still preserved the Frigate Miron, in which Napoleon landed at Frejus on his return from Egypt. He had it preserved with great care, & it is now used

to ring a bell to shut the Gates of the Port, which are close by. The Gates are cross bars of wood chained together from one pier to the other. The Heros, a new ship just finished of 140 guns, is very grand, as is the Royal Louis, of 120, an old one, and the Montebello, in the arsenal, of 150.

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... After dinner we all went to the play. We got very tolerable places in the Premiers -- the theatre is long, narrow, & ill arranged & old. It was very hot & crowded. Jane & I were obliged to go home with Charlotte at the end of the 2^d act of Zaira, as the heat was too much for her -- indeed she was foolish to go. Zaira I never saw before in French. A M. Joanny, a great actor in Provence,

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played Orosmane with much feeling, especially at the end -- but his action is too studied & strained -- he is often too violent -- yet sometimes has tone of real passion. However it was a melodrame, for nobody else could do any thing but drawl. Zaira was a pretty fine looking woman, but spoke low & tamely, & had no spirit or action or feeling. Nerestan was very poor, & Lusignan still worse -- a mere proser. The last scene was capital by Joanny. His anguish on hearing from Nerestan the word Sister, & his exclamation "Sa soeur! Qu'ai-je entendu? Dieu! serait-il possible?" were true genius, true coups de theatre.

The second piece was Une Nuit de Corps de Garde Nationale -- a very droll & pretty vaudeville of 1 act, with most charming couplets & airs -- but it was both ill sung & ill acted.

[17. November. 1816] Genoa

The Cathedral of S. Lorenzo, of black & white marble, is large & grand & very gothic. The Chapel of St. John the Baptist (where his bones are said to lie) is most splendid, & its carving & marbles superb examples of early Renaissance. The Chiesa Annunziata, built by the Lomellino family, is the richest church in costly marble I ever saw -- & very splendid in every kind of ornament, with very fine Corinthian pillars of red fluted marble. It has also an immense picture of the last supper by Procaccini, hung so high & in such bad light it can hardly be seen -- also Christ's flagellation & crowning with thorns by Raphael, both good -- & also the Assumption of the Virgin by Raphael.

The Chiesa di S. Ambrogio for its fine marbles is very celebrated: there was a high mass & a great crowd, so we saw little of the pictures, but there seemed to be some good ones. We ascended the hill to Santa Maria di Carignano, a Grecian church with a dome built entirely by a rich Genoese, Bendinelli Sauli, on a plan similar to that of St. Peter's at Rome. The inside is too glaringly white, but its proportions are very fine, and the 4 colossal statues at the

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bottom of the dome, especially those of St. Sebastian & of St. Sauli, are most exquisitely done by Puget -- also a good picture of the Resurrection by Carlo Maratta -- & St. Peter & St. John carrying the paralytic man by Piolla. Of Piolla's works there are many in the various churches here -- he was a Genoese & has a fine bold style, but rather unfinished, yet a noble expression & fine conception. We went up to an exterior gallery below the dome of this church & had a beautiful view of the city & the bay & the mountains. A fine old bridge inclined in a stone & passing

over a street below it, leads from this church to the lower town, Il Ponti Carignano is its name. It was also built by B. Sauli. St. Siro is a most magnificent church within. Its ceiling by Carlino is very finely painted -- the marbles, for a variety of fine inlaying, are only equalled by the profusion of S. Ambrogio.

Besides the above, we saw the small & poor church of S. Stefano, in which are a great many good paintings by Procaccini, Piolla, &c. -- & some very good sculpture pieces of the death of saints, &c., in wood by a Genoese artist -- but the great attraction here is the Martyrdom of St. Stephen by Raphael

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and Giulio Romano, which I well remembered at Paris. It is now again re-erected in this obscure church, where it will seldom be seen at all, & still seldomer by artists to whom the study of such excellence would be useful. It is a noble picture: upright, St. Stephen's figure on his knees, the horrid Jews behind, with hands uplifted with huge stones -- the interesting & young St. Paul by St. Stephen, with hands spread out, imploring mercy -- above are God the father, Christ, & the angels -- but the lower part, which is by Raphael, is the finest: -- the coloring & expression are beyond any thing. It is a picture one can never forget.

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... I went after dinner to the Teatro di S. Agostino, the large theatre & the chief one here -- there are small theatres of marionettes & commedia di carattere without music -- but this is the opera. They seldom have any good performers, except at the Carnival & for a few weeks after it in the spring. Certainly I thought the orchestra weak & poor, & the singers very indifferent. There was one good comic actor with a good

mezzo basso voice -- & a sweet weak tenor sung with much taste & a most mawkish dullness of manner. He had plenty of graces, but no feeling & little voice, & was something like Viganoni. The chief lady was plain, with good eyes, & a very pleasing actress, but her singing was only so so. It was clear & sharp -- but often out of tune. They first acted the first act of L'Inganno Felice, which I saw at Paris 14 years ago -- & next the 1st act of I Zingari in Fiera, which

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was much the more amusing of the 2, & had the best music, tho' both are by Paesiello. On the whole, nothing could be more weak & tame than the performance. The house is very elegant, tho' its architectural effect is much spoiled by its being all, like our in London, divided into private small boxes. The entrance is bad -- but the paintings, scenes, & style of the house are elegant. It was still darker than the French & German theatres, having only the stage-lights.

[26. November. 1816] Parma

... We went first to the Palazzo Farnese, an immense brick unfinished building, adjoining which is a pavilion to it, which is finished & where resides at present the Archduchess Maria Louisa, when she is not at Colorno, her country villa some miles off. She is in Parma now, & was last night at the theatre, which is in the palace she inhabits. In the Palazzo Farnese are the Academy of Painting & Sculpture, the Museum of Antiquities, the Library of the City, and the Grand Theatre, built 300 years ago by Duke Alessandro Farnese & designed by Magnani. It is now going fast to ruin, but in point of architectural beauty is superior to any I ever saw, tho' it is all of wood. The Proscenium, the doors each side, the grand arena, & the beautiful amphitheatre, with the rows of noble

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arches behind, forming boxes, and the sloping seats of the amphitheatre very steep, have a most magnificent effect. It is exactly on the model of a Roman theatre, & the view of it from the stage is really most beautiful. It is 350 feet long & above 100 wide: & can hold 9000 people. Adjoining it is a small, neat, light gothic theatre, very gay, & suited either for plays or concerts. This was much used by the late Duke, but is now falling into the same decay as its more gigantic neighbour. Below the stage of the great theatre, the river Parma was brought, when required, by a sluice -- & used for jets d'eau. I never saw any thing more grand & wonderful than this theatre: the more one looked the more they admired.

The Library is contained in 2 elegant long narrow rooms & 2 square ones. It consists of 60,000 volumes & is open to every one to study in. The books seem admirably kept & in good order.

A most beautiful single fresco of Correggio ornaments one of the rooms. It is Christ crowning the Virgin, & is indeed richer in beautiful expression than almost any I have seen: the figures are half length & very large. Antonio Allegri, commonly called Correggio from the place of his birth, lived chiefly at & near Parma. Correggio is a small town a little north of the great road, not far from Reggio. We went thro' the Academy of Painting & Statuary. There are also fine frescoes in the cupola of the Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista by Correg

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... at 1/2 past 7 I went to the theatre. It is most elegantly fitted up with silk decorations, light & airy, but its shape is oblong & old fashioned. The stage & scenery are very good. I got a good place in the pit. It became very full -- except the boxes, which being private many of them were empty. The Imperial Archduchess came in just before the piece began. There is a grand state box in the centre, but she was in a very elegant private box at the side. She was accompanied by General Napier. ... Maria Louisa had a white silk bonnet covering the face, much in the coalscuttle fashion & very ugly. I had a good view of her. She talked much to General Napier, but seemed rather silly & not very elegant. She bowed very slightly at coming in & going out. She is pale, but not so plain as the picture

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we saw of her to-day in the Museum. There is something mild & pleasing in her countenance -- & it is impossible not to feel much interested in seeing a woman whose fate has been so varied & so unfortunate, while yet so young. She appears very young, not above 21. She did not seem, nor any of her party, to attend much to the play, & I thought they were all glad when it was

over. It began at 8 & was over at 1/4 past 10, being Frederic the Great in 5 acts. It turned on the disgrace of Enrico & his reinstatement in the favor of the Monarch by some explanation & by the noble conduct of a young man, son to the Courtier by whose means Enrico had been disgraced. There were some scenes of pathos in it, & very interesting -- but on the whole it was rather tedious, relying too much on heavy dialogue & too little on character or dramatic dilemma -- doubt & decision. A much better Frederic than Raymond, in Arnold's trivial "operatic anecdote," Bazzi played Frederic with much humor -- & Gialomi in Enrico was really affecting. The ladies had little to do -- but the wife of Enrico was pleasing. A very good natured Italian next me told me the names of the actors as well as of the Archduchess's party.

Altogether I am very much pleased with Parma, & wish I could stay longer to see the Gallery & Correggio's pictures once more.

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[27. November. 1816] Reggio

... On coming in to the Inn I found M. Armand Vestris & Mrs. & Miss Mori were arrived & had sent to know if we would go with them & take an escort of dragoons to guard us, as they heard it was a dangerous road to Bologna -- but as we had not to be out early or late, we of course would not. I went to Vestris & the ladies, & we had a great deal of conversation. He is going with Miss Mori for the winter season to Naples. Madame Vestris is left for a year at the Italian Opera of Paris. Vestris is a pleasant gentlemanly man, & I shall be glad to meet him again at Naples.

[28. November. 1816]

... Reggio is a Roman Colony -- & the inhabitants still consider themselves as Roman -- they are lively & spirited in appearance. One of Napoleon's generals was Duke of Reggio -- I can't recollect

which -- but Reggio & Modena now are once more returned to the dominion of the house of Austria, & are now possessed by Francis the 4th, Duke of Modena, of the family of Este, a branch

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of the Austrian family. As I have before mentioned, Correggio, the birthplace of that admirable painter, is only a few miles from Reggio: & it is thought that Reggio is the birthplace of Ariosto -- but this point does not seem to be exactly ascertained. It is the birthplace of Tassoni, author of *La Secchia Rapita*, a poem which gave the first idea of *Le Lutrin* & *Rape of the Lock* to Boileau & Pope: also Tiraboschi & Muratori, both celebrated as antiquaries & historians, & who were both natives of this country, but rather of Modena than of Reggio.

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Modena

... [The theatre] is large, & something between an Octagon & Semicircle -- a much prettier shape than that of Parma, but not so newly fitted up. The play was *Le cinque di Luglio*, in 5 acts -- a melodrame of comic & serious interest. The story silly enough & very improbable, & the transitions from pathos to comic were too sudden. It was very like some of our English melodramas. A very comical actor played the easy good old father who is always eager to have all right & has a great deal of naiveté & nature -- but the acting, nor the play, did not appear to me at all natural -- & the story of a poor young lady kept 4 years in a dungeon of her husband's castle is very antique & hacknied. It was not to compare with *Frederic*, which I saw at Parma, nor was there any character or actor worth naming, except the one I have mentioned. He, at the end of the 4th act came on & made a sort of droll announcement of

the play of Fernando Cortez for his own benefit on Saturday, giving an account of it facetiously & saying a great many good things (which were received with loud applause) with much odd drollery. This manner of giving out a man's own benefit so as to amuse the people & incline them to come must be very difficult & require great comic powers. This actor -- got through it very well.

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[30. November. 1816] Bologna

... I met an immense funeral procession: a long file, 2 & 2, of Priests with torches flaming -- & the body last. It was sumptuously covered with rich draperies. The church they came from was hung with black & very grand indeed. It was the funeral of the Marchese Ranusei, brother of a Cardinal -- & it was very different, accompanied by loud chanting of boys' voices, to the humble six torches & as many men with the exposed body of an old woman laid on a bier covered with muslin & in her best clothes, which I met yesterday -- the sight of a dead body unexpectedly shocks one much. I think the custom here of thus exposing the dead is horrid: like some occult rite in a dark tale.

I walked about the town & admired its noble arcades, rich palaces, & fine square irregular, in which are the Palace of the Governor, the Church of St. Petronius the patron of the city, & the arcades & fountain of Neptune & his statue, which is really a most beautiful object; all these form a pleasing combination. I got home soon after 5 & found Evans with my Sisters. He had arrived at 3 from Milan -- & had seen that & nearly all we have seen -- he brought me a letter from M. Bullot which came to Genoa just after I left it. Evans dined with us -- & he & I went to the opera -- a noble large & elegant theatre -- well filled with much elegant company. Bologna seems to be a very

place. We saw lots of parties, carriages, conversaciones, & smart people & pretty women. The orchestra was good & the music, if not really deep or fine, was by Marchesi & very pretty. We saw the 1st act of L'Agnese -- a serio-comic opera -- from Amelia Opie's story of Father & Daughter. The father, mad for the loss of his daughter, was well done, & the daughter, very pretty, sung well -- also the comic old man, & his happy self-complacency, who assists in bringing them together, tho' the mad father cuffs him well for his pains, was very diverting -- the lover sung well also -- all these 4 sung well if not greatly, & in good tune -- & the music was pretty; next came the Ballet of La Vendetta d'Amore -- very pretty grouping & dancing -- & some not bad, but very odd buffa dancing -- the serious dancing seemed very poor indeed -- but there was a most exquisite little Cupid, who acted & danced most divinely -- I never saw so animated, pleasing, clever, & pretty a child. The opera began at 8 -- the ballet was over at 11 -- the the 2^d act of the opera was to begin -- but Evans & I, being both tired, went home.

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[6. December. 1816] Florence

... We went to walk on the Cascina -- a beautiful evening. ... I went to Mrs. Stuart's at 1/2 past 9 -- and found Lady Belmore & Miss Caldwell, who introduced me to Mrs. Stuart, a neat little Irish woman. 30 English & one Italian not at all interesting, but there was a very fine singer, Signor Mengelli, a music master here, & the Miss Gunns, who are celebrated English singers. I was introduced to them, & I sung a song & a duet with Miss Gunn -- both pleased. They asked me to a concer for next friday -- & also to come & sing on Monday.

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[7. December. 1816]

... the church of Santa Croce, which is very large & heavy, has some fine

monumental designs, but it is chiefly interesting as containing the tombs of Michael Angelo Buonarroti & Lanzio, the author of this History of Painters; also of Machiavel, Galileo, Aretino, & the great tragedian Alfieri. The design of Alfieri's monument by Canova is much admired -- but it appeared to me very heavy.

... we went to the church of St. Lorenzo, which I had seen with my Sisters. Its noble octagon chapel of the Medici Family, lined with the most sumptuous variety of marbles, its fine altar, & the new Sacristy with the beautiful tho' unfinished statues of M. Angelo di Buonarotti can never be too much admired. These last, representing Day & Night reclining & Twilight & Dawn also reclining in pairs, each personified by a man & woman, are very grand -- also the figures of Lorenzo & Julia de Medici are most beautifully done above their tombs.

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... we went to the Cascina to walk -- dined & went after dinner to the Teatro Nuovo. The Teatro Pergolo, which is the finest theatre, is now shut -- but the same performers play 5 nights a week at Le Cocomero, another theatre. To-night there was no opera at any theatre, but at this Theatre Nuovo there was a most full audience to see a man, Signor de Rossi, give a Recreazione Fisica: tricks with cards, sending a lady's hat all round the theatre wrapt up small & quite spoiled, breaking a ring -- & in both cases returning them afterwards to their owners uninjured.

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The best trick was his loading the guns of 8 soldiers with real balls, which we saw & touched, & then their firing them

It seemed impossible he could have had any means

ably amused with his excla-

comical -- & still more so with the interest with which the people entered into the tricks -- & shouted & applauded & called to him what to do when he told them. It seemed to give universal delight & they seem to have quite a turn for Escamotage. He was certainly a very good one.

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[8. December. 1816]

... we went to the Palazzo Ambelaja to hear M. Sestini, a very celebrated Improvisatore. ... Sestini, accompanied by a harp, first improvised on the death of Parsinoe -- next on the reason for the spots on the surface of the sun -- he then gave the history of Montezuma. His description of the island of Mexico, of Cortez, & of the horrors of the war, was very poetical -- & always in most excellent rime. He never

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stopped nor was at any loss, yet the subjects were all given him by the company -- some by English: -- then he had a list of above 20 words given him which rime with "ricorda" -- & one of these he brought into every stanza in a poem that celebrated the ancient virtue of Etruria, always ending each stanza with "Ricorda d'Etruria l'antico vertu" & celebrating the praises of all the great men interred at Santa Croce. His meeting of Voltaire & Alfieri in the other world, & Alfieri's hatred of the French, were finely given -- also a kind of play on words relative to Canova's Venus, which I did not make out. His figure, action, & manner were very animated -- his voice loud & good & strong, yet flexible & of various modulation. I was extremely delighted: the language was very fine tho' simple. He seemed to have a perfect knowledge of all the subjects given -- & his qualities of the planets in the second poem were admirable -- altogether I never was more amused & long to hear him again. The airs he sung to, were, many of them, beautiful, tho' all very simple.